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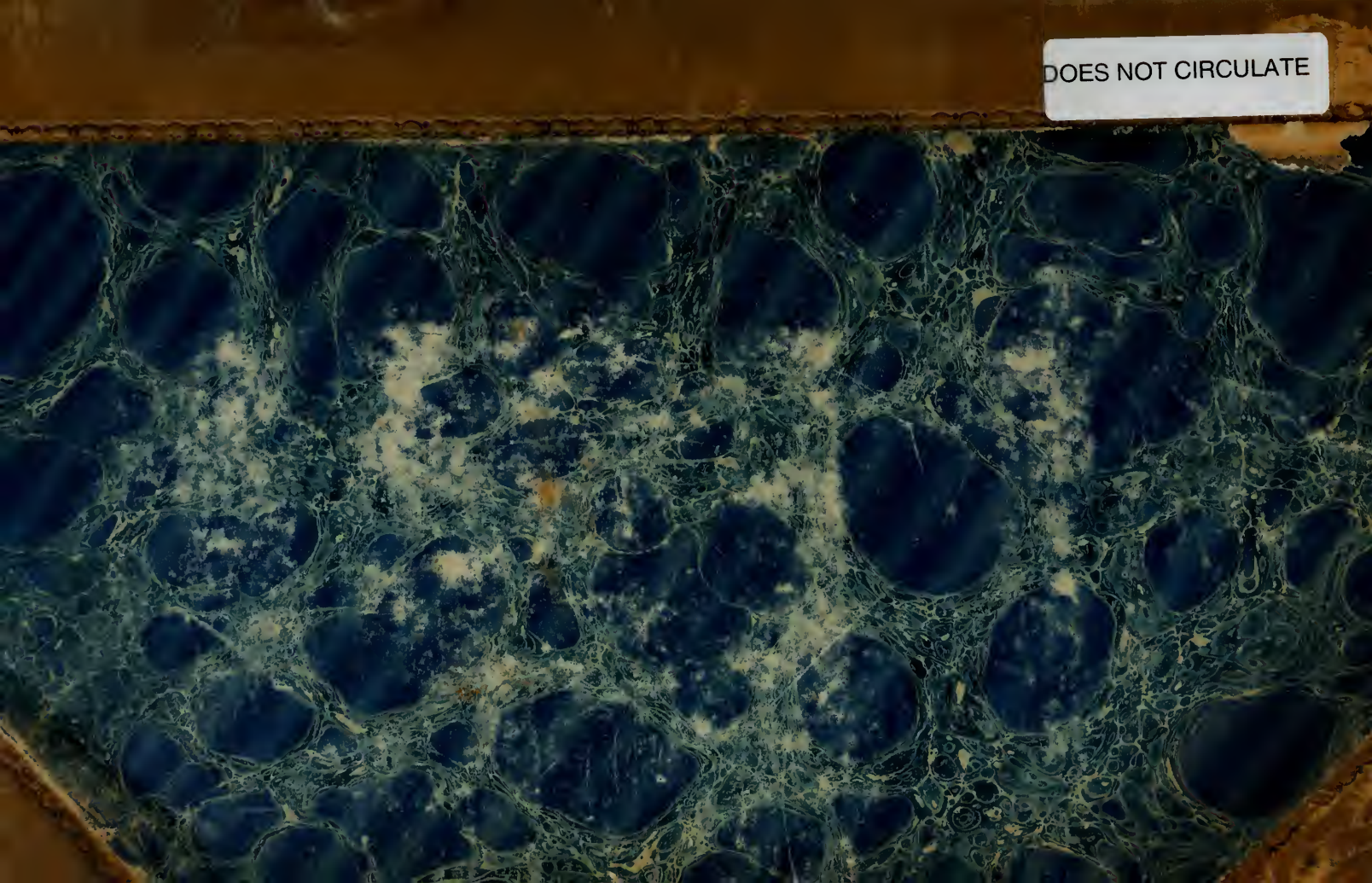

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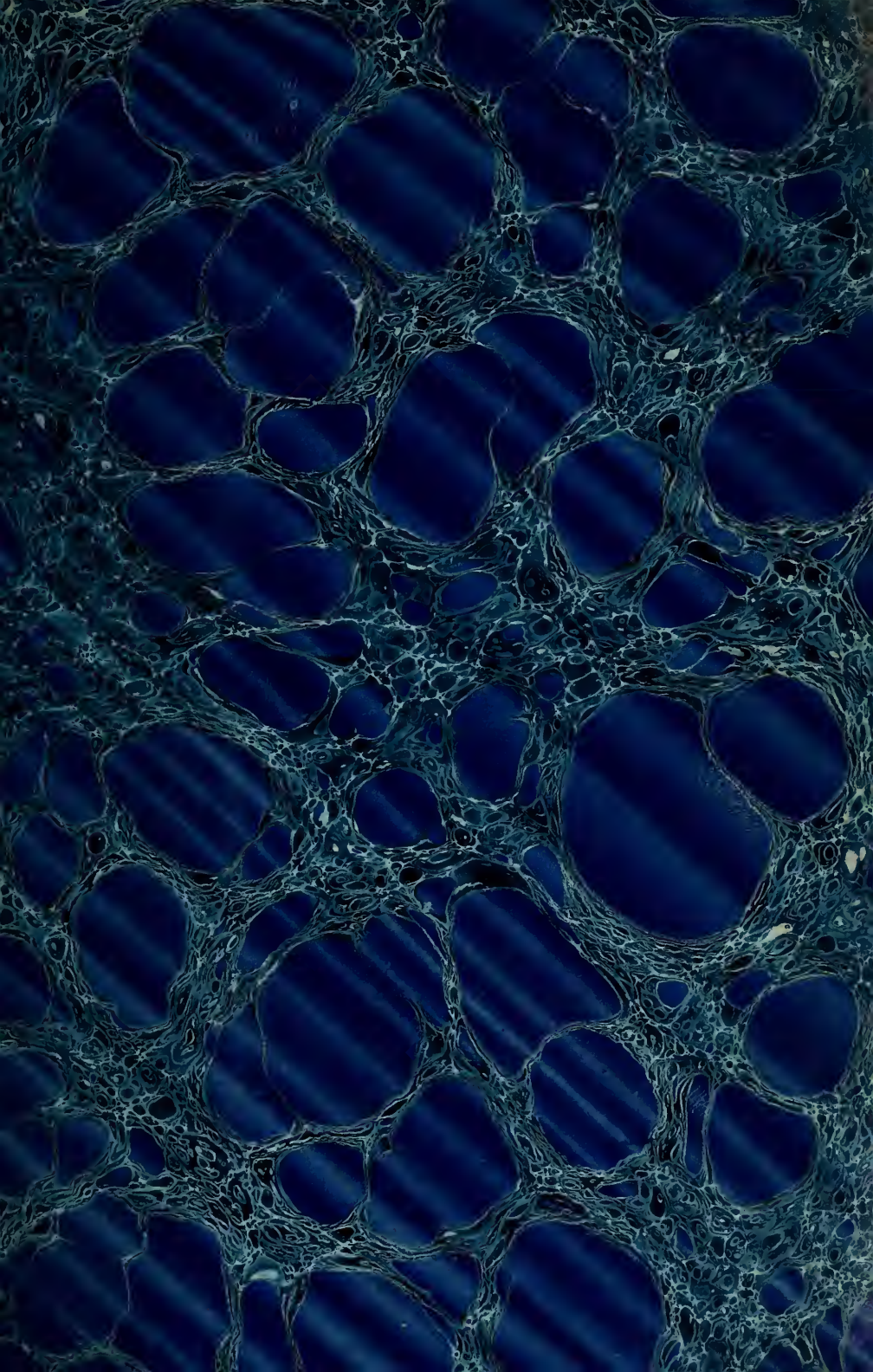

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THE

Metropolitan,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Education, Literature,

AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

Edited by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen.

Volume V.—1857.

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TO OUR PATRONS.

Five Years have now elapsed since the Metropolitan was undertaken, and for the last three years, we have had the pleasure of directing its editorial department. During this period, we have exerted our humble abilities to realize the object for which the work was designed. We have labored to render it not only a periodical devoted to the interest of Catholicity, but a periodical of general literature, upon a thorough Catholic basis.

We have from time to time directed attention to the importance of disseminating sound and healthful literature, the necessity of which was never more apparent than at present. A flood of the most fulsome and pernicious literature is daily poured upon the country:—a literature in which vice is veiled beneath an attractive style, and in which crime is encouraged by the heroes of the tale. The influences which these publications have produced upon the mind of youth, need not be told. Their doleful effects may be read in the history of the past; nay even in the daily experience of every observant individual. Almost unconsciously a whole community becomes familiarized with themes from which its members were once accustomed to turn with horror. The barrier which guards the morality of a people being thus broken down, the progress to crime, open and undisguised, becomes inevitably certain.

Such being the tendency of the vast amount of the current literature of the day, it becomes the duty of every one desirous of upholding the moral integrity of the community, and the most vital interests of religion, to aid in disseminating moral and healthful reading among the people, as one of the most effectual antidotes to the prevailing evil. How far the Metropolitan has been the medium of conveying to the people those lessons which tend to the development of morality and virtue, we leave to a discriminating public to determine. We have the satisfaction of knowing, that the work has merited the approbation of those whose judgment is worthy of the highest respect. To the friends and patrons of the work, to those who have so ably contributed to its pages, and to all who have in any manner aided in its circulation, we tender our most cordial thanks.

With this volume the united labors of the Editorial Committee will cease, and in future these labors will devolve on one of their number, who for the last three years has attended principally to the editorial duties. When we add that his undivided attention will be confined to the work, we feel that it is a sufficient guarantee, that the Magazine will merit a continuance of the confidence and liberal support it has heretofore enjoyed.

Ed. Com.

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The

Metropolitan.

Vol. V. FEBRUARY, 1857. No. 1.

We were about to prepare a brief introduction, when we received the following article from one of our most gifted contributors. It comes so opportunely, and expresses so much of what we intended, that we willingly forego our own remarks to give it place. It touches an important subject at an appropriate time, and we earnestly commend it to the attentive consideration of our readers.

THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION IN AMERICA.

"On whatever side you view the religion of the gospel, you find that it enlarges the understanding and tends to expand the feelings. In the sciences, its tenets are not hostile to any natural truth; its doctrine forbids not any study. . . . . it is not of the elements of his (man's) body, but of the virtues of his soul, that the Supreme Judge will one day require an account." Chateaubriand.

The cultivation of the faculties of the mind and soul, in order to promote the greater glory of God, is a duty flowing from the essential principles of religion. Catholic life, in a word, is summed up in this great duty. And if distinctions may be drawn in reference to that, which is always essentially the same, Religion; differences, however, arising merely from extrinsic circumstances; then it may be said, that Catholic life is more peculiarly Catholic, in these republics, than perhaps in any other quarter of the globe; by reason, simply, of the contrast it bears to surrounding objects. And it may be further remarked, that this is more strikingly the case at the present, than at any previous period of our history.

We feel that, as Catholics, we have just passed through a persecution in this land of constitutional equality of rights. Summoned before the unconstitutional tribunal of public opinion, our faith, our principles and our morals, have been made the theme of discussion in places heretofore strangers to such subjects. Thus we have seen on the floors of congress and other legislative bodies, at the hustings, and in the popular assemblies,

the spectacle of religious controversy, and, what is yet more strange, we have seen Protestants entering the lists, with ardor and party zeal, in defence of Catholic faith and morals, against the attacks of their fellow Protestants. For a time, throughout the length and breadth of the republic, the Catholic Question has been the question of the day. And the Catholic body of the country have, in spite of themselves, been made the object of deep interest and solicitude with the rest of their countrymen. Insult and proscription have been for a time our lot, but the crisis, so far as it was a persecution, has passed—the verdict of the American people has been rendered, and the Church is free.

But have we ceased to be objects of interest with our fellow-citizens—is the public gaze suddenly withdrawn from us, who were so recently the objects of universal attention? Far from it. On the contrary, the most enduring and momentous struggle yet claims our best, our highest efforts. The question now is, not whether Catholics are to be tolerated in the country or not, but rather what part they will perform in its future history, what figure they will exhibit in the great drama of American life—and, as Catholics, the question we are to ask ourselves is, how much good we will accomplish for ourselves, our country, and our Church? The first crisis, the political one, has been met, and settled by the nation in our favor; the second, the social and moral one, is a problem for Catholics themselves to solve. The future belongs to us and hope.

It seems to us that a fearful responsibility rests upon the present generation of Catholics in this country. The occasion, and the country, present a peculiarly favorable opportunity for the Church to make an impression upon the American mind and character; and it now depends upon her children to determine, whether the recent persecution shall eventuate in weal or woe. The close observer can but perceive the present favorable turn in our fortunes. It has not only ceased to be esteemed a disgrace in this country to be a Catholic, but in many respects there is a prestige of distinction in the potent name of Catholic, a name which the sects themselves are anxious to share with us. Thus, though the persecution has ceased, the public interest in us, which it aroused, has not abated, and we are still the objects, not only of interest, but of solicitude in this country. In this condition of things, we have only to exhibit in our lives the spirit and beauties of religion, to unfold the living Church, the Church militant, the spotless spouse of Christ, in all her attractive charms and captivating graces, to the eyes of an inquiring people, in order to secure a solid and glorious victory for truth and heaven.

We propose no sudden, spasmodic, or even extraordinary means. The great means we propose are the culture and fostering of a purer and healthier tone of Catholic sentiment among Catholics themselves. In the proportion that Catholics become more thoroughly Catholic, will be the success of their efforts in this good cause. Believing, as we do, that the increase and diffusion of the Catholic element in the country are destined

yet, with the blessing of God, to save it, we prefer, above all other means, those which tend to the increase and diffusion of that element. And to promote this, the work must commence at home; for we confess there is room for improvement there. By first becoming thoroughly Catholic ourselves, we may then think of infusing Catholic sentiments into others.

It is a fact in ecclesiastical history, that, although the Church makes no distinction or preference among the articles of her faith, yet, as from age to age, occasion arose to defend some one of those articles from the attacks of the world or the devil, or to define *ex cathedra* that which was before of common faith, then that particular article or dogma naturally became, for the time, the special or leading object of veneration and esteem among the faithful, and, if we may so express ourselves, became the peculiar test or proof of orthodox Catholicity. Now the Church is not without such proofs or tests, in our day, of the fidelity of her children. Every Catholic, in these, our days, should feel an especial attachment to the dogma of the supremacy of St. Peter, in the person of his successor, and an ardent attachment and devotion to that blessed dogma, whose definition in our day has occasioned joy in heaven and on earth,—that of the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. These are, as we conceive, the glorious characteristics of sincere, zealous and consistent Catholics. These blessed dogmas we commend now, and forever, to the special veneration and love of all good Catholics. They can but exert an ameliorating influence on American life, amid the wreck of faith, which we observe among the sects. This country must be saved, and made happy, free and great, by the conservative elements of Catholicity, as the only principle that can reconcile authority and liberty, check the unruly passions of the human heart, and preserve in all their rights, and in their distinct and respective spheres of duty and of action, the three great elements of Christian civilization,—the individual, the family, and society. No other moral or intellectual power can remedy the social and religious evils, flowing from the development of puritanism into infidelity, in New England—no other possesses that immutable principle of unity, and that universal or Catholic spirit of charity and love, that can reconcile the animosities now so unfortunately alienating the members of our national union from each other. Whatever may be his views of dogma, the enlightened statesman can but perceive, that in the Catholic Church there resides that principle of order, which is "heaven's first law;" the principle peculiarly required to check the prevailing evils of the day. But the force, the efficacy, with which these truths will be felt, and appreciated in the country, will depend upon the sound, the healthy, the thorough Catholic tone prevailing among Catholics themselves

Now that the times are favorable for Catholic impressions, Catholics should above all things be united among themselves. If the public could point to us, and say, as was said of our forefathers in the faith, the early

Christians, "How they love one another!" then might we rush onward to swell the teeming tide of American life, impregnating all around us with wholesome and saving sentiments. Part and parcel, as we are, of the great public body, we must act well our parts, and perform our full share of public service. In all the walks of legitimate private enterprise, we ought to be found side by side with others, competing for honorable success and honest thrift—in all useful and intellectual pursuits, and in the struggles of professional life, we ought to be found contending for the honors and glories that attend them—in all the works of public enterprise and benefit, we ought to join the active concourse—in the arts, sciences and literature, we ought to show ourselves not inferior to our countrymen. Let us walk forth like men, like freemen, to the great, the exalted work, of making for ourselves and our posterity, a home, a permanent status, in this great empire of republics. Carrying with us the saving doctrines of our holy religion, the conservative elements of order received from our Catholic education, and our fixed and unwavering principles of faith and morals; carrying these, we say, with us into the busy and onward tide of American life, we can then realize the power we wield for good; and the country will see and believe, from our earnestness, our sincerity, and our courage, that we bear with us these elements of order and virtue, which, with the blessing of God, are destined to save the republic. We are no alarmists, but, that there are destructive elements abroad in the country, we cannot fail to see. That that ancient Church, which converted the world to Christianity, carried civilization with the cross to distant and savage shores; that, in days of persecution, proved herself the fruitful mother of martyrs and of saints, and in prosperity the no less fruitful mother of statesmen, philosophers and patriots; she, who has proved herself the guardian of letters and the mistress of the arts and sciences; she, who has within herself a sure and soothing balm for all the sorrows and wounds of the human heart, and opposes her resistless arm to oppression, licentiousness and vice wherever found; that she can right the evils of the day, and protect society from dissolution, is our most firm and abiding belief. But to achieve this, she must have the united co-operation of all her children—and they, in order to co-operate with effect, must themselves be the embodiment of her perfections. Then the great work must commence with ourselves, *at home*. To Catholics we appeal, and all we ask of them is to do simple justice to themselves; in other words, we ask *self-culture*.

One of the best, if not the best of all means of self-culture for Catholics, is Catholic Literature; and for Catholics in this country, a Catholic Literature of their own. The importance and necessity, therefore, of creating, building up, and supporting, upon a liberal basis, a Catholic Literature, belonging to the country itself, cannot be too frequently, or too earnestly, pressed upon the attention of our people. Under all circumstances, a chaste and elevated literature is not only beneficial, but necessary in society, for the development of the intellectual part of the man, for the

improvement and refinement of his tastes, as a preparation for the duties and struggles of life, and an agreeable and refined recreation after the severer and more taxing exertions and studies of daily routine. This is true of every kind of literary culture, but it is peculiarly so of religious literature, in as much as it is by the latter that literature itself becomes the handmaid of religion and virtue, tends to the cultivation of the best feelings and impulses of the soul, as well as the highest faculties of the mind, and presents to us our duties towards God and society in their most pleasing and attractive forms. But for Catholics, living in the midst of a society mainly Protestant, as is the case with us in America, religious or Catholic Literature has even a stronger claim upon our encouragement and support; because for Catholics, thus circumstanced, such a literature becomes an indispensable safe-guard against the dangerous and noxious influences of a prevailing popular literature, which is either strongly anti-Catholic, or of a decidedly infidel tendency. Catholics, like their Protestant neighbors, have a thirst for reading, and what is natural with their neighbor is equally so with them—which is, that they are most attracted by contemporaneous literature, the current productions of their own day and country. They cannot, as men and citizens, be supposed to be isolated from the impulses, excitements and sympathies common to all around them, and pervading the community in which they reside, and from which they derive their support, their position, and the comforts and enjoyments of social life. So that our Catholic population will inevitably be drawn into an habitual indulgence in all the light, unnatural, anti-Catholic, and pernicious literature, with which the English and American presses are teeming, and thus be subjected to the danger of impairing their morals, or unsettling their faith, unless their wants are supplied, and their tastes gratified, as well as rectified, by a literature peculiarly their own, because peculiarly Catholic: a literature, which, being religious and pure, is free from the evils of the prevailing popular literature; and which, when indigenous to their own country, possesses another claim of sympathy upon their hearts.

The reproduction of foreign works in our own language, and the publication of translations from the copious sources of Italian, French, Spanish and German literature, would contribute much to the supply required for religious reading. But the field of original effort is still open, and is far from being exhausted; and, as we have said, a current original literature is more popular and attractive, and consequently a far more powerful instrument in accomplishing the results which we desire. The history of the Church is a rich and inexhaustible store-house of every treasure, which literature needs for the enlightenment, the improvement, the edification and the amusement of the people. From the catacombs, where the holiest prayers were offered, and the tombs of martyrs, where the pious pilgrims worshipped; from the fields on which has flowed the noblest and bravest blood of Christendom; from the temples and shrines of saints, before which

have been shed the most precious tears of devout generations, down to the exile of the Holy Father Pius IX, from the chair and city of St. Peter, and to the memorable day when that same illustrious pontiff proclaimed to the world the glorious dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the materials are so rich and varied, that ten thousand pens of lightning speed and seraphic inspiration could not exhaust them in as many years. Nor is our own young and expanding country deficient in materials for Catholic literature. From the time of that greatest achievement in modern history, the discovery of America, by one of the most devout Catholics, from the heroic labors and glorious martyrdom of Catholic missionaries, to this moment, when we see bigotry and ignorance retiring, with shame, before the modest self-vindication, of a virtuous, dignified and courageous Catholic minority, the history of the infant Church of America teems with precious lore for historians, poets, philosophers, and for the writers also of pure and virtuous historical romance. Catholic authors have but to take the field, and the Church, the guardian of letters and mistress of the arts, will not only open to them the rich store-houses of her treasures, but will smile upon and bless their noble and generous efforts.

But how awful is the responsibility of Catholic authorship! how exalted should be the standard of virtue, to which they should aspire, who propose to illustrate by their writings that spotless spouse, the holy Church of God! how unexceptionable should be the lives of those, whose pens attempt to show the beauties and charms of Catholic life! how should their hearts, their every impulse and aspiration, be purified in the crucible of the sacraments! The author is like the artist—how can he communicate externally that which he does not possess within himself? how can he give external form and representation to that to which he is himself a stranger? The example of that great Catholic artist, the blessed Angelico Fiesoli, is well deserving of imitation by Catholic authors. Vasari gives the following description of Fra Angelico: "In sum, this never sufficiently to be lauded father was most humble and modest in all his words and deeds, and in his paintings graceful and devout; and the saints, which he painted, have more of the air and aspect of saints, than those of any other artist. . . . . Some say that he never took up his pencils without previous prayer. He ever painted a crucifix with tears bathing his cheeks; and throughout his works, in the countenance and attitude of all his figures, the correspondent impress of his sincere and exalted appreciation of the Christian religion is recognisable. Such, adds Vasari, was this very angelic father, who spent the whole of his time in the service of God and in doing good to the world and to his neighbor. And truly a gift (virtù) like his could not descend on any but a man of most saintly life; for a painter must be holy himself before he can depict holiness." The painter and the author are essentially the same—the pencil and the pen are but co-laborers in the same cause—their modes are different, their work is the same.

And surely there should be no scarcity of Catholic authors in this country. We have the best educational institutions, for both males and females, that the country possesses; and our Catholic population, especially the new generation, graduates, and those nowpre paring for graduation in our colleges, will compare with the most highly educated classes in the land. What becomes of so many bright and accomplished youths, so full of promise and of hope, who graduate annually in our Catholic colleges, seminaries and academies? Why do we not hear from them after the "happy commencement day" has passed? Why is it, that from the obscurity, into which so many gifted and accomplished young men, fresh from the collegiate course, sink, that many practical men have been confirmed in their doubts of the expediency and sufficiency of classical and scholastic learning? Certainly the human intellect is not worn out or exhausted by labor or cultivation. We trust it cannot be said that all these Catholic youths lose their faith in the world. Then why is it? Is there anything ignoble in the arts and sciences, as was, with so much simplicity, imagined by the parents of Michael Angelo? Is it unbusiness-like, or unprofessional, to cultivate literature, or even to become the author of a book? If any such objections as these be raised, we have only to point, in reply, to many of the greatest productions of genius—works, which have marked an era in literature, the arts and sciences, and more especially in England, which have proceeded from men actively and successfully engaged in professional or other pursuits, or who were eminent as statesmen, legislators or ministers. In Roman history, the brilliant and illustrious example of Cicero ought of itself to be sufficient, to set at rest this question, and the splendid eulogium he pronounced upon literature and learning generally, in his great oration *Pro Archia Poeta*, should settle the scruples of the most sensitive taste on this point. But we fear the difficulty does not lie in any of these imaginary objections. It seems to be too much the habit with youths, of both sexes, to regard the acquisition of education rather as the end than the means, and to look to the commencement day rather as the goal, than as the starting point of life. And we fear further, that there must be a want of mental energy, of intellectual enterprise, of literary industry, somewhere. We hope that our words will reach those, to whom they are addressed, the graduates of our colleges, the educated young men of the country, and that they will resolve at once to enter upon and cultivate the inviting field of literary labor, which their Church and their country offers them.

But are we advocating the introduction of Catholic Literature, because the tastes and desires of our Catholic population have loudly called for it? or is our object mainly to introduce a taste for such a literature among the people? Alas! we fear the latter is the stronger motive, as well as the necessity of the case. We fear that the demand has not, so far, exceeded the supply. We think at least that there is much room for improvement, and that there are too many heads of Catholic families, whose last thought

is to provide suitable religious and edifying reading for those committed to their care. With many, who pass for Catholics, to read a Catholic book is an act of condescension, to buy one is bordering on weakness. When applied to for their encouragement and support to the spirit of enterprise, that would build up in the country an indigenous Catholic Literature, they regard it as no matter of theirs; and the Catholic periodical is neglected, or soon rejected, for its *bigoted* ultraism; while certain popular monthlies, whose popularity is kept alive by their insidious and cowardly abuse of the Catholic faith and of Catholic countries, are indispensable vade mecums in their households. It is frequently, even commonly, pitiful to observe the shifts resorted to, in excuse for not buying a religious book, or for the necessity, which compels an indefinite postponement of subscribing for a Catholic periodical. And when there is no escape from a purchase or a subscription, it is too apt to be magnanimously regarded as an act of charity to some needy canvasser or author, as though no equivalent is received in the priceless value of the good thoughts, innocent entertainment and valuable information, thus imparted to themselves and their families. The absence from Catholic families of good books and religious periodicals, is the proximate cause, in many cases, of that sinful and pernicious habit of novel-reading, which we too often have to deplore. If Catholics must, or will, read fiction, even then there is no excuse for reading the ruinous popular productions of the age and country; for there has, in recent years, sprung into existence a branch of Catholic literature, designed to meet this very case; we allude to the beautiful, edifying and truly classical Catholic novels, which some of the most gifted and brilliant intellects in the Church are producing every day, both in England and America. And here we can but admire the profound wisdom of that policy in the Church, which, yielding so far to the popular taste as to afford from her own rich stores the means of its innocent gratification, has turned, what was before an exposure to vice, into a means of virtue, and has consecrated to the task the genius and learning of many of her best and most illustrious children—scholars, philosophers and divines.

What we have said above applies yet more forcibly to our periodical Catholic Literature, which has peculiar claims upon our encouragement and support. Being a continuous effort to instruct, edify and amuse, the success and duration of each effort must depend upon the continued and unfaltering support it receives. It is besides a most pleasing mode of conveying instruction. When once taken in the family—if it has that good luck—the Catholic periodical at once becomes a favorite there. A Monthly or Quarterly, for instance, coming, as it does, from time to time, freighted with instructive and interesting news, teeming with innocent amusement, and diversified with literature, theology, arts, sciences and general information, is expected with eagerness, and, as it passes from hand to hand, is read with interest and profit by all: it thus becomes an

ever welcome visitor in the family circle, as it comes, ever new and cheerful, to announce the advent of each hopeful month or season of the year. When, at the end of the year, the numbers are bound into a volume, and become a part of the family library, the good results are thus continued and rendered permanent. With only one quarterly, one monthly, and seventeen weeklies, published among the three millions, or more, of Catholics in the United States, the failure of any such enterprise, for want of support, might be reasonably deemed an impossibility, but a retrospect of only a few years would soon convince us to the contrary of this. And we have reason to believe, that there are not wanting instances, at the present moment, in which a precarious existence is prolonged at the cost of some enterprising and persevering publisher or editor. These facts, unexplained, would certainly not be very creditable to Catholic taste and liberality; but we think we see the signs of a better time coming. The necessities of the peculiar position now occupied by Catholics in this country, to which we have more particularly alluded in the previous part of these remarks, seem to have resulted in a better appreciation of the means, which we suggest, as some among many others, for qualifying and preparing the Catholic body for fulfilling the high destiny, which awaits them. And we augur, from what we now see, the full and speedy realization of all our hopes for the future of the Church of God in America.

THE CHILD AND THE STAR.

Hast thou a home and a mother,
  Pretty bright star in the sky—
Living beyond the blue mountains,
  Where the sweet flowers never die?
Tell me a tale of my brother,
  Is he asleep in that home—
With the good angels around him,
  Where the cold storms never come?

Go, pretty star, to my brother,
  Tell him Adlina is here;
His little sister, Adlina,
  Who to his heart was so dear.
Say that she waits in the arbor,
  Ever so long in the night,
Praying to see his bright spirit
  Clothed in its garments of white.

Tell him she loves him still dearly—
  Visits his grave every day—
Sings him the song of affection,
  Though he is far, far away.
Prettiest star in the heavens,
  Spurn not a child-sister's prayer,
Watch o'er my dear angel brother,
  Till I can meet him up there.

J. J. S., JR.

MEMOIR OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP NEALE,

The ancestors of Archbishop Neale were among the earliest settlers of Maryland, Captain James Neale, the founder of the name in America, having come over with his family some time prior to the year 1642. Captain Neale had been a favorite at the court of Charles I, and his wife, Madam Anna Neale, held an office in the household of the Queen Henrietta Maria. They resided several years afterwards in Spain, where Captain Neale was the accredited agent of the King. According to some accounts, he was an Admiral in the royal Navy, in which position he acquired a large fortune from the prize money that fell to his share in the capture of Spanish vessels. Four of the children of Captain and Madam Anna Neale were born during their sojourn in the Spanish dominions, and the good mother named one of her daughters Henrietta Maria, as a compliment and token of gratitude to her royal friend, the queen of Charles I; the same name has continued through generations to be a favorite one in the family of the Neales. Captain Neale was subsequently

* *Authorities:* Davis' Day-Star of American Freedom; National Intelligencer, October 1, 1856; Notice of Archbishop Neale, by M. C. Jenkins, in the Catholic Magazine, 1844; Catholic Almanac, 1835; Bozman's History of Maryland: Life of Cardinal Cheverus, by Rev. J. Huen Dubourg; Metropolitan, December, 1855, and June, 1856; &c.

Lord Baltimore's negotiator among the burgomasters of Holland. Upon the imigration of himself and family to Maryland, they were all naturalized by an act of Assembly, in consequence, no doubt, of the previous residence of the parents, and the birth of the children, in Spain. Captain Neale purchased a large tract of land in Charles county, with the Spanish coins which he brought with him and known as cob dollars, from which circumstance originated the name of Cob Neck, the place where he settled. He was a prominent and useful man in the affairs of the Colony, in its earliest and purest days of liberal and enlightened Catholic legislation; he became a member of the Governor's Council in 1643; and in 1644 he was summoned, by a special writ of Governor Leonard Calvert, to sit in the colonial legislature. Distinguished as were the ancestors of our Archbishop, in those early days, for their many virtues, and especially for their firm adherence and devotion to the Catholic faith, they and their descendants continued, with heroic courage, to preserve their faith intact, through the long and gloomy period of persecution, which followed and continued to rage during the Protestant ascendency in Maryland. And at that auspicious moment, the dawn of the American Revolution, when civil and religious liberty was restored in Maryland, the Neales were found, as they had always been, among the sincere and unswerving followers of the faith of their fathers.

Leonard Neale was born near Port Tobacco, Charles county, Maryland, on the fifteenth of October, 1746, of parents in the enjoyment of easy circumstances and high social position. The death of the father devolved upon the widowed mother of five sons and one daughter the responsible, but holy duty, of directing and providing for their education. But, like most of the Catholic matrons of her day in Maryland, Mrs. Neale was fully qualified for the task, beset as it was with many trying difficulties, in consequence of the intolerant and narrow-minded policy, which the colonial government had adopted and continued to pursue with unrelenting severity towards Catholics. Deprived of the right to give a Catholic education to her children in their native country, Mrs. Neale, in order to attain that great object, had already endured a painful separation from two of her sons and an only daughter, who were then pursuing their studies in Europe. With a firmness of purpose, and a fidelity to duty, which religion alone could inspire, as well as bestow the strength necessary to enable the mother's heart to endure the separation, she now tore from her side and committed to the winds and waves of the ocean, two of her younger sons, Charles and Leonard, who were sent to the College of English Jesuits at St. Omer's in French Flanders; Leonard being at the time only twelve years old. These two were subsequently followed by their youngest brother, Francis, upon whom this pious and courageous mother had determined to bestow the same inestimable advantages of a collegiate and Catholic education. Gifted with a quick and capacious mind, the youthful Leonard was very successful in passing through his

academic career at St. Omer's. Having been inclined from early youth to embrace a religious life, and having resolved to dedicate himself in an especial manner to the service of Almighty God in the holy ministry, in which he was doubtlessly influenced as well by the pious training which he had received from his inestimable mother, as by the remarkable example of his brothers and sister,* he went from St. Omer's to Bruges, and then to Liege, where, with equal success and reputation, he made his course of philosophy and theology, and was ordained a priest in the Society of Jesus.

During his sojourn in Europe, Mr. Neale often turned his heart towards his home, and especially towards his good mother, whom he continued to cheer constantly by his affectionate and pious letters. One of his letters is particularly alluded to in Mr. Jenkins' Notice of the Archbishop, in the following terms: "In a letter to his mother written from Bruges, in 1770, Leonard speaks most feelingly and affectionately of his brothers and sister, then scattered about in Europe. That letter, remarkable for its filial and fraternal piety, enters into familiar detail, of the health, dispositions, and capacity of all his family, and announces to his mother the safe arrival of Francis, his younger brother, at St. Omer's. There was much in this letter to repay that mother for her noble and Christian sacrifices; much to console her for the pious direction which her precepts had given to the hearts of her children. Four of her sons had embraced the priesthood, a fifth had declared his intention of following their example; and her daughter Anne had become a nun of the order of St. Clare, at Aire in Artois. What a joyous spectacle was this, for the pious matron, whose soul was wrapt up in the spiritual welfare of her children! To see them one after another, like the family of St. Bernard, embracing a religious life and sacrificing all worldly considerations for those sacerdotal dignities, which they gloried in the more, as they doomed them to so many perils and such arduous trials." Taking up the pious thought thus suggested, it may here be remarked that this heroic family presents an example eminently characteristic of truly Catholic countries and ages, and one well worthy of imitation among Catholics in our own day and country. It was once the pride and glory of the Catholic mother to offer up her children to the special service of the God of Heaven; exhibiting in this a more sublime heroism than that of the matrons of Sparta, dedicating their offspring to the state and the god of war. It was once the hope, nay the constant prayer of the Catholic mothers of old, that at least one of

* The oldest brother, William Chandler, after having embraced a religious life, was ordained a priest and stationed in England, where he finally died in the Manchester Hospital, insane: Benedict was also a priest and died in Maryland in 1787, making the vows of the Society of Jesus on his death-bed; Charles also died in holy orders, April 28, 1823, at Georgetown: Anne, the only sister of the Archbishop, was a nun of the order of Poor Clares at Aire, in Artois: the youngest child, the Rev. Francis, after a long life of extraordinary sanctity, died in Maryland in 1837.

their sons might accept the labors and perils, together with the honors, of the Christian priesthood, and if Heaven demanded the sacrifice, all were freely offered at the altar. It is not surprising, that such heroic dispositions in the parent were frequently rewarded by numerous vocations among Catholic youth, and the instance before us is doubly gratifying, as exhibiting the example and the Catholic heroism of better and more Catholic days and countries within our own once Catholic Maryland.

Shortly after his elevation to the priesthood the Rev. Leonard Neale was called upon to suffer, in common with his fellow religious of the Society of Jesus, a most severe and cruel affliction. The courageous and incorruptible spirit of the Jesuits, in their warfare upon vice and infidelity, had arrayed against that zealous and learned Society the most rancorous and implacable hatred of the corrupt and infidel portions of society in the old world. The courtiers and the political intriguers had formed a dark and odious conspiracy against them, and had for years been pressing the Holy See in vain to suppress their order. At length Pope Clement XIV ascended the papal throne, and was weak and credulous enough to be persuaded, that the suppression of the Jesuits was necessary for the general welfare of the Church; and accordingly that Pontiff, on the sixteenth of August, 1773, issued that most unhappy brief by which the Society of Jesus was suppressed. Like his companions, Father Neale received this stroke with profound grief, but submitted to it with humility and obedience. Together with our illustrious John Carroll and the English Jesuits, he retired to England, where he was received with kindness and consideration. Accepting the care of a small congregation, he devoted himself with great zeal and success to their spiritual service, and for four years edified all by his sanctity and good example. But this field of labor was too contracted for the apostolic zeal and boundless charity of this holy priest. Those divine words, "Go teach all nations," were ever present to his mind, and he longed for an opportunity of preaching the gospel to some heathen nation that knew not God, and of suffering something for the cause of Christ. Instead of returning to his own native home, where friends and comforts awaited him, he sacrificed all, and earnestly petitioned for a foreign mission. His earnest request was granted. Demarara, a town in British Guiana in South America, was assigned him, and in 1779 he set sail from England and arrived at Demarara the same year. A field full of labor, hardships, sufferings and disappointments here awaited this faithful follower of the cross, who only rejoiced in treading a path beset with thorns, in imitation of the Saviour whom he followed. His biographer in the Catholic Almanac thus describes Father Neale's South American mission:—"In this dreary region and unwholesome climate his daily occupation was to dispel the ignorance and reform the vices of the inhabitants. The difficulties which he here encountered were innumerable, and more than once did he hazard his life in the performance of his arduous duties; but Providence crowned his efforts with success, and

encouraged him to surmount every obstacle, by leading hundreds to the sacred font of baptism, where he had the consolation of enrolling them among the followers of Jesus Christ. As he passed one morning among the tents of this uncultivated people, his attention was arrested by the distressing condition of one of the chieftain's family, who lay stretched on the bed of death, without the least hope of recovery. The chief, who was an enemy of the Christian religion, and deeply afflicted by the illness of his child, finding that every effort to restore him was unavailing, appealed at length to the charity of Mr. Neale, and assured him that if the God, whom he worshipped, would raise the youth from his state of suffering, not only he, but all his family, would embrace the faith of Christ. The child was accordingly baptized, after due preparation, and God in his boundless mercy permitted his recovery, which was followed by the immediate conversion of many."

In his efforts among the heathen natives there were many things to gratify the heart and encourage the zeal of Father Neale. But his labors among the settlers were not so successful. All his endeavors to correct their vices and improve their morals proved unsuccessful. So great was their animosity towards the faith, that they would not allow our missionary to have a church, so that he was exposed to all the rigors of that inhospitable climate in the daily discharge of the ordinary duties of his ministry. In addition to his exposures to the climate, and the intensity of his labors, his personal privations and discomforts were so great, that his health began to fail. These temporal sufferings were welcome to the holy priest, for he made them the means of his own sanctification. But it was the little fruit produced from his ministry among that unfortunate people that gave him true sorrow. After four years of zealous and unremitting effort, he became convinced that it was his duty to seek another and more promising vineyard for his missionary labors. "In his letter to the Superior of the Propaganda at Rome dated about the close of the year 1782, and just before his departure from Demarara, he bitterly laments the blindness and corruption of the inhabitants, and announces his determination to quit a people, among whom his labors are so fruitless, and where the difficulties of his mission are almost insuperable." He accordingly sailed from Demarara in January, 1783, for Maryland. After a voyage of many perils and exposures, amongst which was his capture by the British cruisers, he arrived during the month of April of the same year in Maryland, where he was cordially welcomed by his friends and relatives, and by his ex-Jesuit brethren, amongst whom was the Rev. John Carroll, who announced his arrival in a letter to Mr. Plowden in Europe. His arrival in Maryland land was just in time to enable him to take part in the re-organization in the United States of the American Church, of which he was destined to become so bright an ornament. The members of the late Society of Jesus, of which Father Neale had been a member in Europe, had been keeping up a sort of union among themselves in Maryland and

Pennsylvania after the suppression of their order, for the purpose of more effectually conducting the Maryland missions, and of managing their temporalities, of which they were not despoiled in America as they had been in Europe. The Rev. Mr. Lewis was at their head, and was also clothed with regular ecclesiastical authority as the vicar of the Bishop of London. Father Neale united himself to this association of his late brethren, and was stationed at St. Thomas' Manor, near Port Tobacco, in the midst of his relatives and friends. What might naturally have been a position of ease and comfort, he made one of labor and privation. Here, as in England and in Demarara, he led a life of "characteristic self-devotion and exemplary piety." In 1783 he attended the meeting of the clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which was called at Whitemarsh, Prince George's county, after the separation of the colonies from the mother country, and which had for its object "the preservation and well government of all matters and concerns of the clergy and the service of religion in those countries." In the first and subsequent meetings of the clergy the Rev. Mr. Neale was present in his own behalf, and as the representative of the Rev. Messrs. Ignatius Matthews, Lewis Raels and John Bolton, who were then residing with him near Port Tobacco. He took an active part in these important deliberations of the infant American Church, and signed the articles of government adopted in those meetings.

Though Father Neale's position in Charles county was one of zealous and laborious service, he yet longed for some other mission, where he could perform more extensive and more valuable services to religion. In 1793 such a vineyard was presented to his zeal and ardent enthusiasm, and he embraced it with great joy and invincible courage. The city of Philadelphia had been for some months a prey to the ravages of the yellow fever, which continued with unabated violence to strike down its victims in great numbers. In the midst of the appalling calamity, the Catholics of Philadelphia sustained the heaviest of afflictions in the loss of their devoted and untiring pastors, Fathers Grœsler and Fleming, who, while engaged in their self-sacrificing ministry to their flock, fell victims to the plague and their own zeal. Deplorable was the condition of the Catholics of Philadelphia: disease and death stalked abroad in their midst, and there was no priests to cheer the last moments of the expiring victims with the consolations of religion. At this awful crisis the intrepid and veteran Father Neale stood forth ready and anxious to accept the call of his superior, and to fly, like a ministering angel, to the city of the pestilence and of death—a favorite field for him. Undaunted by the enfeebled condition of his own health, Father Neale repaired with cheerfulness to the scene of the plague, and took the place of those noble soldiers of the cross, who had so gloriously fallen at their post. His heroic devotion to the afflicted flock of Philadelphia has ever been the theme of praise, and is a beautiful evidence of the holy character of the true faith. "Amid the scenes of distress that were here encountered, the pious missionary found an ample

scope for the full exercise of his charity and zeal. During the prevalence of the fever he toiled with a strength and cheerfulness, that could not have been expected from one so weak and shattered. He was incessant in his attentions to the welfare of his neighbor, administering the sacraments, consoling the sinner, and performing every spiritual and corporal act of mercy." Father Neale's mission in Philadelphia continued six years. He also held the office of vicar-general to Bishop Carroll. When the yellow fever visited Philadelphia again, in 1797 and 1798, we find him renewing all his exertions in aid of the sick and dying: though bending under his infirmities, he displayed an almost supernatural vigor, amid the exciting scenes of the desolating scourge. In the midst of his charities the good missionary was himself stricken down by the plague. The unalterable patience and admirable resignation to the will of God, with which he bore his sufferings, made him an example to all the other sufferers. "The measure of his usefulness was not yet filled up, for it pleased Almighty God to restore him to health, and spare him for many higher and more important services to his Church." As pastor at Philadelphia, his name is indissolubly connected with the history of the Church in that city. Though a greater part of his missionary life there was one of intense excitement and unremitting labor, in consequence of the repeated visitations of the fever, he still found time to promote the steady growth and permanency of religion there. The following account of the interesting tradition, in relation to the first establishment of a Catholic priest in Philadelphia, is from his pen:—"The Superior of the Jesuits in Maryland, having been informed that there were many Catholics in the capital of Pennsylvania, resolved to endeavor to establish a mission there. The priest* designed for this had an acquaintance in Lancaster of the name of Doyle, whom he visited, and requested him to furnish the name of some respectable Catholic in Philadelphia. Being referred to a wealthy old lady remarkable for her attachment to the ancient faith, he waited on her in the garb of a Quaker, and after making inquiries about the various denominations of Christians in the city, asked first if there were any Catholics, and finally if she was one; to which she answered in the affirmative. He informed her that he was of the same communion. Being informed that the Catholics had no place of worship, he desired to know if they would wish to have a church. To which the lady replied, they would most certainly, but the great difficulty would be to find a clergyman; for although there were priests in Maryland, it was impossible to procure one from thence. He then informed the lady that he was a priest, and of the intention of his visit. Overjoyed at the sight of a priest after many years privation of that consolation, she communicated the intelligence to her Catholic acquaintance, and invited them to meet him at her house. A

* Father Greaton, who went to Philadelphia in 1730: the house in which he first performed the sacred offices was on the north-west corner of Front and Walnut streets.

considerable number assembled, the most of whom were Germans. The priest explained to them the object of his visit, and a subscription was immediately commenced to procure the means to purchase ground and build a church. With the money raised they purchased the house and lot belonging to the lady, who also acted very generously in promoting the pious undertaking."

To be continued.

SISMONDI AND CATHOLIC MORALITY.

Sismondi has been praised for his patient research and some other qualities of a good historian. But like too many other men of genius, whose natural acquirements make them indifferent to the necessity of supernatural gifts, he shows too little regard for religion. He does not see that the virtues which illustrate the period of which he writes, were directly or indirectly a fruit of the religion by which "the Son of God made men free indeed." In his zeal for theorizing he seeks for causes of the evils which afflicted Italy, and instead of recognizing them in the rebellion of human passions against the teachings of the Church, he attributes them to the Church herself. In his large History of the Italian Republics, ch. cxxvii, he enters on the domain of Theology, of which he exhibits a very superficial knowledge, and undertakes to show that the false morality of the Church was a fruitful source of the errors and miseries which afflicted the people of Italy during their intestine wars. He seems not to remark the fact that the greatest evils of that country, had their existence during the very time when the Church had the least influence and liberty there. During the tenth and eleventh centuries, the Holy See itself was in great measure under the dominion of the petty rulers of neighboring states; and in the fourteenth the Popes could not hold their own territories, nor even live in Italy, but were forced to reside at Avignon. Sismondi's opinions on morals, are such as might be expected of a man of natural rectitude and refined feelings, but not guided by the sound principles of religion. He lays down maxims, or throws out remarks calculated to please a reader who has not well learned his catechism: and even a good Catholic who feels that they are not in harmony with the doctrines or the spirit of the Church, will often be at a loss to see where the error lies.

The illustrious Manzoni, who ranks even higher among Italian authors than Sismondi, has exposed and refuted many of these errors of his countryman, in a series of essays, entitled Observations on Catholic Morality. In each of these he quotes a paragraph from Sismondi, and then proceeds to examine the nature of the vice or virtue, or of the rule of conduct, which the Historian speaks of. He shows that the moral teaching of the

Church flows necessarily from the acknowledged doctrines of the Gospel: and what is perhaps more captivating to the ordinary reader, he probes deeply into the human heart, exhibits and analyses its interior sentiments, and shows how they too, when not corrupted by error or passion, confirm the highest moral doctrines of the Church. He does this too with all the respect and courtesy towards his adversary, which Catholic charity makes common among Italian writers. The article on Humility contains an examination of the nature and obligations of this virtue which we think will prove interesting to our readers; and we are sure it will be serviceable to every one who will take pains to read it carefully.

His observations on the confessions of Rosseau furnish an example of his close search into the human heart. And probably they form the most practical part of the essay: for many a good man may, if he chooses, recognize in the picture some features of his own interior, and perhaps be led thereby to examine whether pride is such a stranger to his soul as he might imagine.

MODESTY AND HUMILITY.

"The most amiable quality of a superior man is Modesty. This virtue does not exclude a reasonable pride, which a man finds so serviceable to support him in his weaknesses, and console him in adversity. But in the place of modesty, the casuist (the Catholic theologian) has substituted humility, a sentiment associated with the most insulting contempt for others." Sismondi—Ital. Repub. ch. cxxvii.

I shall not undertake to defend the casuists against the charge of substituting humility in the place of modesty; in other words, of inventing humility. For this virtue is so expressly inculcated in the Sacred Scriptures, that I must suppose that the words which seem to convey the accusation, have some other meaning which I have not been able to penetrate.

I shall rather confine myself to an examination of the nature of these two virtues, from which we shall see that modesty without humility, either has no existence, or certainly is not a virtue; that when a man praises modesty, either he is using a word without meaning, or he is rendering homage to the truthfulness of Catholic teaching. For the actions and sentiments which pass under the name of modesty, have no foundation nor value unless in that virtue of humility which is taught in Catholic theology.

We must call to mind one of the general principles of religious morals; that every sentiment which religion commands us to cherish, is founded on the absolute truth of some idea. I suppose it is not necessary to prove this principle: it is so perfectly in accordance with reason, that it need only be announced; every one will assent to it. If we apply it then to our subject, we see that for modesty to be truly a virtue, two conditions are necessary:—first, it must be the expression not of a pretended, but of a real sentiment existing in the heart;—secondly, this sentiment must be founded on some truth:—that is, it must be sincere and it must be reasonable.

What is modesty? I am afraid it is not very easy to give an answer. To define a term, means commonly to specify the one constant sense in which men are accustomed to use it. But when men vary in their application of a word, how can you express all the various meanings in one definition? Every one has heard of the observation made by Locke, that most of the disputes on questions of philosophy have arisen from men's attaching different meanings to the same words. He says there are very few terms conveying complex ideas, that two men will use to express exactly the same collection of ideas.* This great diversity, or more properly latitude of signification, is met with more frequently among the terms employed to express moral dispositions.

But on the other hand it is equally certain that when men make use of these broad-meaning terms, they do understand each other at least with regard to a portion of the ideas embraced under them. They could not dispute with one another, if they did not stand in some respect on common ground; if they did not partly agree in the meaning which they attribute to the word. Hence it has been said that there are no disputes about words only; they are always about ideas. The explanation I think is to be found in this fact: that every term of this kind expressing complex moral notions, always contains one predominant and general idea, which every person sees alike: but when we apply the term to real life, it is subject to numberless modifications, according to the diversity of minds. This predominant idea remains always conspicuous, and gives character and direction, if we may say so, to the whole collection of ideas to which we apply the term. Now, in the diversified group of sentiments, thoughts, and actions, and that whole comportment to which we apply the term modesty, it seems to me that this predominant idea is,—an acknowledgment of a greater or less want of perfection. I think this definition embraces better than any other all the possible applications of the term: and from this we shall be able to deduce another, not less comprehensive and more philosophical. For in matters of this kind there seem to me to be two ways of defining. We may give a definition which abstracts from all the collateral ideas, and expresses that predominant one which we have said is always to be found among the others. Or we may give a definition containing the reasons on which that idea is founded, and making our notions of it more precise; so that in applying the term we can see the reasons for doing so, and have a security of being right. Such a definition as this circumscribes the true meaning of the word, and shows in what sense it must be used, if we wish to convey a truthful idea: it may be called a philosophical definition. The difference between the two will be seen more clearly as we proceed; for I think we can find a precise definition of this second kind for the virtue of modesty.

Admitting for the present the former definition, I put this question.

* Essay on the Human Understanding. B. III. ch. x. Abuse of words.

When you praise a man's modesty because he manifests this sense of his own imperfection, do you suppose that he is truly persuaded of it or not? If he is not, then his modesty is not a virtue but a vice: it is pretence and hypocrisy. If he is persuaded of it, then he is either right or wrong in his persuasion. If wrong, he is in ignorance and error. Now we cannot give the name of virtue to a sentiment which a man will have to reject when he makes a closer examination, when he obtains a better knowledge of the truth, when he gets a clearer light to see by. For then we should have to admit that there are virtues opposed to truth, in other words, that sometimes virtue is but a chimera. When we praise a man then for his modesty, unless we mean to imply that he is a hypocrite or a simpleton, we must understand that this virtue is founded on a correct knowledge of himself, and that the knowledge of self will always furnish a man with good reasons why he ought to be modest. I say always; for if it were not so, there would be cases in which a man might reasonably entertain the sentiment opposed to this virtue: and, indeed, the more he advanced in the other virtues, the more he should have to diminish his modesty, because he would certainly be approaching nearer to perfection: and thus the improvement of the soul would lead by logical consequence to the renouncing of a virtue;—which is absurd. Now this constant reason for modesty, existing in all men without exception, is found in the two-fold idea of ourselves, which revelation gives us, and which constitutes at the same time the reason for the precept of humility. Humility is nothing else but the knowledge of one's self; and this two-fold idea on which it is based, is, that man is corrupt and inclined to evil, and that whatsoever of good there is in him, is a gift of God:—so that every one can and must say to himself on all occasions: "What hast thou that thou hast not received? And if thou hast received, why dost thou boast as if thou hadst not received it?"*

It was because of the second reason only, that the Saviour of men, though he possessed all perfections, or rather because he possessed them, was perfect likewise in humility. For he had a perfect knowledge of himself; he was inaccessible to those passions which lead men astray in their judgments of themselves, and consequently he saw with absolute clearness that the infinite perfections which he possessed in his human nature, were gratuitous gifts.

We shall give a clear and philosophical idea of modesty in all men, if we define it to be:—the expression of humility, the deportment of a man conscious that he is subject to error and liable to do wrong, and that all the good which he possesses is a gift which he may lose through his own weakness and depravity. If we do not admit this notion of modesty, it is a deceit or an imbecility: if we do admit it, it is a virtue founded on reason. With this notion of it, it is easy to explain the universal appro-

* 1 Cor. iv. 7.

bation of men for this virtue; and their approbation becomes an argument.

We praise a modest man not only because by remaining in a low place, or keeping himself out of view, he gives us a little more room to rise, and leaves a little more attention to be fixed on us: we do not admire him merely as a competitor who withdraws from the contest. It is true that the interests of our own passions have a share which we are not always aware of, in our judgments of approval or disapproval: but still every one on examination can discover in himself a disposition to give approbation without reference to self-interest, but simply because of the beautiful which he recognizes in the thing approved of. It would be easy to prove the existence of such a disposition in the heart by examples; but every one feels it in himself,—it is a fact.

We do not praise modesty only because it is something rare, and difficult to practise. There are some evil habits which but few men have, and which they have not acquired without considerable violence to themselves, and yet no one admires them.

Nor do we praise modesty even because it unites in itself the two qualities of being favorable to our interests and difficult of practice. The Old Man of the Mountain derived great advantage from the credulity and devotion of those who cast themselves down the precipice at his bidding, and he knew that it was a difficult exercise of obedience; and yet he could not have any great esteem of those men, whom he knew to be the miserable dupes of his imposture.

We approve and praise the modest man, because notwithstanding the strong inclination which every one feels to over-estimate himself, he has the virtue to form an impartial and truthful judgment of himself; the virtue to impose on himself a law to render testimony to the truth, though hard and painful. In short, modesty pleases us because it is at once useful, difficult and truthful. Examine all reasonable ideas about modesty, and they will all harmonize with this.

"*The most amiable quality of a superior man is modesty.*" Indeed it is commonly observed that modesty increases in proportion to a man's superiority: and this is easily explained if we look at it in the light of religion. Superiority is nothing else but an advancement in the knowledge and love of the true: the one makes a man humble, and the other makes him modest.

Here is a man who fears praise and shuns it. Now praise is an agreeable thing, and there seems to be no dishonesty in wishing to receive it when offered spontaneously: and yet the conduct of this man in shunning it, is approved by all who appreciate true virtue. This is simply because his conduct is conformable to reason. The modest man feels that praises set before his mind only a partial view of himself, and precisely that view which he is already most inclined to contemplate and exaggerate; whereas to know himself well he has need of considering himself on every side.

He feels that praise is very apt to puff him up and make him attribute to himself what is a gift of God, make him imagine that he possesses some excellence strictly his own,—which is an error. Consequently he avoids praise; he conceals his good actions; and his most elevated sentiments which would make men admire him, he keeps under the guardianship of his own heart. He knows that the inclination to display these things, is an impulse of pride, a desire to be distinguished from others, to be noted, and to be esteemed as high as possible, instead of being set at his true value.

But when truth and charity require it, he lets others see the good that is in him, and gives testimony in his own favor, as far as he is sure of not deceiving himself nor them. We have a beautiful example of this in the conduct of St. Paul, when the interests of his sacred ministry make it necessary for him to reveal to the Corinthians the magnificent favors which he had received from God. Finding himself obliged to speak of things calculated to exalt him in the eyes of others, he takes care to render to God all the glory of them; and then he adds of his own accord the confession of his miseries, things most humiliating to an apostle, whose sublime mission would seem to exclude the idea not only of a fall, but even of a temptation. Who would have imagined that a soul rapt up to the heavens, and given to understand "secret words which it is not granted to man to utter,"* could still be suffering from the violent warfare of the sensual appetites? He speaks of it himself: he descends from the chaste and lofty visions of the third heaven, to exhibit himself in the arena as an ordinary sinner struggling against the flesh. Since he is obliged to reveal the hidden things of his soul, he lays open the entire view, so that he may be known not in part only, but as he is.

If modesty is humility reduced to practice, it cannot be associated with pride, which is the very opposite of humility, and there cannot be such a thing as reasonable pride. The man who takes complacency in himself, the man who does not acknowledge that there is a law in his members fighting against the law of his mind,† the man who presumes to promise himself that of his own strength he will choose good rather than evil, in difficult conjunctures, such a man is miserably deceived, and is unreasonable in his expectations. The man who sets himself above others is rash: he is a party in the case, and he takes himself for judge. If by reasonable pride is meant a man's acknowledging the existence of the good that has been done, without attributing it to himself, and without being puffed up by it, that is a legitimate sentiment; a man is bound to acknowledge the truth. But that is not forbidden by humility: it is itself an exercise of humility; and to do otherwise is contrary to the teaching of Catholic morality: it is falsehood and pride. For a man who supposes that if he judges himself correctly he shall have much to boast of, and that he must

* II Cor. xii, 4–7. † Rom. vii, 23.

disguise himself to his own eyes to preserve humility, is a poor proud creature. But then, we must be allowed to call this correct sentiment by another name instead of pride: not that we wish to cavil about a word, but because pride is a term appropriated exclusively to the signifying of a false sentiment, one that is vicious in whatsoever degree it may exist. And since in many cases the exterior conduct will be the same in one who has humility, and in one who has not, it is important to confine to its own meaning that particular word which specifies the interior sentiment.* Pride then can never be reasonable; and consequently it can never afford support to human weakness, nor consolation in adversity.

These are fruits of humility. Humility supports us in our weakness by teaching us to know it and to keep it always before our minds. It is humility that makes us watch, and pray to Him who commands us to practise virtue, and gives what he commands. Humility teaches us to "lift up our eyes to the mountains, from whence help shall come to us."† And in adversity, consolations flow down upon the humble soul, who acknowledges that he deserves to suffer, and experiences that sense of joy which arises from acquiescence in the awards of justice. Remembering his faults,

* We have heard the phrases "honest pride," "virtuous pride," defended against this censure, on the ground that in English the word "pride" means properly a sense of one's own dignity,—a sentiment not sinful in itself, as Manzoni remarks, but only made sinful when it is inordinate. But we have not met any dictionary which gives this as the proper primary meaning of the word. Webster defines it first "Inordinate self-esteem." We are not aware of its being used in a good sense in the Sacred Scriptures, neither in the Catholic nor the Protestant versions:—Almost all the great vices have particular names in English, which are used exclusively in a bad sense; such as covetousness, lust, fraud, envy, &c. It would be strange if there were no exclusive name for that great sin, which the Holy Ghost declares to be the root of all the others. "Pride is the beginning of all sin." (Ecclesiasticus x. 15.) Finally we see from our Essay, that it is not a peculiarity of the English language: such phrases are used in French and Italian, although censured by clear-minded Catholics like Manzoni. If we analyze the sense in which they are used, we may often discover that it is really the sin of pride that is spoken of. When we say that such a man has too much honest pride to beg, we commonly mean that he has dispositions contrary to humility: that he is very unwilling to be lowered in the esteem of others: so that if he were obliged by a dispensation of Providence to take to begging, he would murmur against the humiliation. This is pride in its sinful sense. It can only be called honest, because it induces him in this case to do exteriorly what is honest,—bear with some privations rather than impose on the charity of others: but the interior sentiment is not virtuous:—just as cowardice may make a man overlook an insult, and yet it is a very different sentiment from generous forgiveness. The truth is, that too many modern writers, disregarding the teachings of the Church, have really like Sismondi ceased to believe that pride is sinful. They condemn vanity, arrogance and other external manifestations of pride, which are disagreeable to persons around us, but not the interior sentiment of thinking highly of ourselves, or giving to ourselves the credit of what good is in us. Looseness of language on moral subjects is closely associated with baseness of principle: and we commend it to consideration whether it would not be better for the cause of virtue, if this word expressing the interior sinful sentiment, were never used in such a connection as to soften our abhorrence for pride, the great first sin, the principle of all rebellion of the creature against the Creator,—self-exaltation.

† Ps. cxx. 1.

he looks on adversity as a visitation from God who designs to pardon, not as a blow from blind fate. He grows in dignity and purity, because he feels that every pain he bears with resignation, cancels some of those stains which make him less fair in the eyes of God. Nay more, he learns even to love adversity, because it makes him "conformable to the image of the Son of God;"* and instead of fretting himself away in weak and empty complaints, he gives thanks to God for those very things, which were he left to himself, would exhort the groans of wretchedness, or the cry of rebellion. But what can pride do? When God "has humbled the proud one as one that is slain," will pride be a healing balm for his wounds? What service can it do us in our afflictions, unless to make us hate them as an injustice done us, and keep us perpetually disquieting ourselves and chafing our sores, by comparisons between what we imagine we deserve, and what we have to suffer? The key to all peace in this life, is the conformity of man's will to the will of God in his regard; and who is farther removed from this conformity, than the proud man when he is stricken with adversity? Pride is garrulous in time of misfortune, if it finds any one to listen. It spends itself in demonstrating that things ought not to be as God has been pleased to dispose them. If the proud man keeps silent it is a forced silence, and is filled with bitterness and contempt for others: he is afraid even of commiseration. Those boasted consolations of men who pretend to find in their own hearts compensation for their sufferings,—unless that compensation be the peace of resignation and Christian hope,—are nothing else but an artifice of pride itself, dreading to let its fallen state be seen, for fear its humiliation might be a grateful spectacle to the pride of others. God knows what kind of consolations these are. It is enough to read the *Confessions* of the unhappy Rousseau, to have a good idea of them, and understand the condition of a heart that is diseased with pride, and calls in pride to its relief. He reverts to the humiliations which he has suffered in society, and recalls the most minute circumstances attending them. The philosopher who had meditated so deeply and written so much on the corruption of social man, had not prepared his own soul to meet injustice. When he encounters it, he loses all peace, and knows not how to recover it. He measures himself against those who have offended him, or treated him with neglect: he finds himself superior to them, and frets himself away with the thought that these should be the very men to offend or neglect him. Their words, their looks, their silence, all come up before his mind. He broods over it all in the bitterness of his soul. You may form an idea of the tortures of his pride, from his hatred of those who have wounded it. How he judges them! how he paints them! The chastisement is more cruel than the offence. He makes sure of imparting to his thousands of readers the same sentiments of hatred and contempt which torment his own soul; and when

* Rom. viii. 29.

he thinks he has taken his revenge, he says: "It was beyond my reach, and is beyond it now."* And yet, if there ever was what the world calls a just pride, who is there that had better grounds to build it on than Rousseau? We see in him a mind of vast capacity and of deep penetration, and what is more difficult, often independent of prevailing opinions;—an eloquence that intoxicates the reader, that stirs up to enthusiasm even those trifling souls who take nothing seriously to heart but their amusements:—an eloquence that searches out the deepest feelings common to the human heart, even in souls where they lie stifled under the passions of luxury and vanity; that breaks up for a while inveterate habits of indifference, draws men along by force and commands obedience; persuades them of the truth that false genius had forgotten or denied, and of the falsehood that reason would reject. We see a man, whose fame spread so rapidly and so widely, that the common crowd of authors had no envy, because they had no thought of rivalling him:—only those veteran writers could be envious of his glory, who thought they were merely encouraging rising merit, and applauding success which could never obscure their own. If all these qualities, united with contempt for honors and fortune, can furnish grounds for reasonable pride,—where is there another man that might have been more justly proud than Rousseau? And yet with all these endowments to console, nay to elevate him with sentiments of triumph,—after all, what are the ills he suffers? He has a worldly friend who wants to play master with him, and prescribe to him how he is to act. He has another to whom he formerly extended his protection, and who now wishes to appear his patron, and takes precedence of him at the table of a lady friend of the same kind. Alas! 'tis true, we ought not to be parsimonious in the distribution of our sympathies, and weigh in our own scales the troubles that press on others' hearts. The man who suffers knows what his suffering is, and if weakness of mind makes him exaggerate the ill, 'tis a weakness common to us all,—and 'tis another reason to excite our pity. But yet when we think over the multitude of wrongs endured by the great souls of Christendom; when we recall the persecutions, the calumnies and the ignominies of which the Saints drank so deeply, and then the cheerfulness with which they bore these trials, the patience with which they awaited the manifestation of the truth, without seeking it in this life, the delight they felt in pouring out their feelings before God alone, feelings not of complaint but of thanksgiving,—and when we reflect that they did all this because they were humble,—then we can feel and understand clearly that the great, the true source of that man's unhappiness was his pride.

If under the injustice of some few men, he had recognized the justice of God, it would have lost its bitterness. But he looks for perfect equity from men. He makes his own mind a superior court; to reverse every

* Cela me passait, et me passe encore. Confessions, ii. Partie, liv. xx.

judgment that others pass against him: and this idea of injustice growing always stronger by his struggle against it, predominates over all the others: it becomes his one idea and he applies it to all mankind: it is a worm in his soul that never dies. He thinks that all around him are taken up with himself: they are all his enemies, the study of all mankind is to dishonor him and make him unhappy. It is a pitiable phenomenon in human nature, that the predominant idea of pride, the thought of occupying a great space in the attention of others, comes to be the very source of its wretchedness. He has emptied the cup of glory, but his intoxication is painful and melancholy. The look of an unknown person whom he meets on the street, the curious gaze of an admirer, the whisper that passes in his presence,—all are signs of a conspiracy against him, they are all premeditated to do him wrong. The unhappy man while writing the history of his vexations, gives forth from time to time an expression of contempt for men's judgments, and of reliance on the testimony of his own conscience, which seem to indicate that he has recovered his tranquillity: but the very next sentence shows that his trouble weighs as heavy as before. He writes for the sake of throwing off this hatred that is weighing him down. He appeals to mankind, though he believes all men unjust: but to whose hands shall he entrust his writing, since every man is his enemy? He bethinks him of Almighty God, and resolves to deposite his justification in his holy sanctuary: but because he finds a gate closed which he had expected to see standing open, he takes that as a sign that God himself is against him!* Unhappy man! If he had approached the altar as he had intended, if he had come before it with his heart open, if he had remembered that he who is adored upon that altar, is the same who "opened not his mouth, but was dumb as the lamb before the shearer," the same who says: "come to me all ye that are heavy burdened and I will refresh you," the same whose divinity Jean Jacques had declared in such magnificent language, ah! he too would have found consolation, and it would have been great "according to the multitude of his sorrows."

Ah! if in the course of life which we have yet to run, there are difficulties and sorrows lying before us, if there is a time of trial coming for us; let us pray that when it comes it may find us humble, that we may be ready to bow our heads under the hand of God, when it passes over us.

From what has been said of humility, it necessarily follows that if there is any sentiment which makes it impossible to show insulting contempt for others, it is certainly humility. Contempt arises from comparing ourselves with others, and giving ourselves the preference. How then can it ever find root in the heart of a man who habitually contemplates and bewails his own miseries, attributes all his merits to the gift of God, and confesses that if God does not restrain him by his holy grace, he is capable of running loose into every wickedness?

* See *Histoire du précédent écrit*, annexed to the Decalogues, entitled, *Rousseau, Juge de Jean Jacques.*

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

[In his work on the Mind, Dr. Rush mentions the fact, attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended generally prayed, on their death-beds, in their native language, though in many cases they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years.]

He speaks! The lingering locks, that cold
  And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,
  When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks! and as with flickering blaze
  Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
  His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah! who can tell what visions roll
  Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
  His childhood's wakened mem'ries rise!
The fields are green and gladsome still,
  That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
  Exultant echoes bounding come!

He treads that soil, the first he pressed—
  He shouts with all his boyish glee—
He rushes to his mother's breast—
  He clasps and climbs his father's knee—
And then—the prayer that nightly rose,
  Warm from his lisping lips, of yore.
Bursts forth, to bless that evening's close
  Whose slumbers earth shall break no more!

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
  From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood! we have still, in thee,
  A link that holds us near to heaven!
When Mercy's errand angels bear,
  'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
  That blessed voice is surely thine!

God of his fathers! may the breath
  That upward wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
  As the first prayer of infancy!
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
  The old man heavenward seeks his way—
Thy light was on that morning track,
  It can but lead to Thee and day!

X.

ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION.

United States Naval Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere. Lieut. *J. M. Gillis*, Superintendent. Washington: A. O. P. Nicholson, Printer.

This is the title of a work, in two large volumes, published by the Senate of the United States. The superintendent is, if we are correctly informed, an *eleve* of Georgetown College, and was placed at the head of the Expedition on account, it must be presumed, of his learning, and standing in the navy. From his training in the above named distinguished institution, under the care and instruction of the Jesuits, we had every reason to hope that he would have accomplished the task assigned him by his country with justice as well as ability. Whether he has satisfied the public expectation by his scientific qualifications, we do not intend to examine. This, as the Senate has sanctioned his work, is supposed to be taken for granted. But as respects his impartiality, in perusing only one part of the first volume, we have found evidence enough of his want of that essential attribute of an historiographer. For instance, in the seventh chapter, in which he treats of "the Church and its ceremonies," he indulges in the following incoherent remarks, respecting the Eucharist and the manner of administering the Viaticum:

"Leaving the question of transubstantiation to be discussed by theologians, and *admitting the propriety of such pomps*, if the Catholic side of the argument be true, there are circumstances connected with the adminstration of the sacrament to bring it into disrepute."—p. 157.

The superintendent does not take upon himself to deny the doctrine of transubstantiation, and is willing to admit the propriety of pomp in conveying the Viaticum to the sick; but finds fault with the hurry with which the sacrament is administered: the priest, he says, remains so short a time in the sick room as to leave a doubt on his mind whether the "passage of the wafer had been expedited down the throat" of the dying man. Truly dignified language! Again, in speaking of the communion at mass:

"If it be the notable body of Christ they are dispensing—a belief they perseveringly endeavor to force upon others by humbling them before it, on all occasions—it is undoubtedly treated with *very little reverence even by themselves.*"—p. 158. And, then, as if to substantiate this unfounded assertion, he adds: "even the better classes being unable to control sentiments of indignation wherever there is an imagined disrespect to their observances."

Now here is a manifest contradiction. In one paragraph it is asserted that "very little reverence" is paid to the Eucharist, and on the other, that so great is their respect for it, that unbelieving strangers are compelled to comport themselves reverentially in its presence. And why should they not? Or, if the mass of foreign spectators are disposed to act with levity on such occasions, why was it necessary for a commissioner from the Uni-

ted States, one who should have acted always with decorum and dignity, to be compelled to conduct himself in a manner becoming his position and congenial to the feelings of the people by whom he was surrounded? And yet his deportment was not always in accordance with the veneration which they felt and evinced in the churches. This he has the simplicity to acknowledge:

"One morning an old gentleman felt bound to speak in behalf of the offended dignity of his Church, ... demanding in a most violent tone: 'how dare you sit there whilst others kneel?' Thinking that he might desire to read me a lecture after mass, on church behavior, ... I moved to the farther end of the bench, in order that proximity as he passed out should prevent forgetfulness of my existence: but he could not afford to waste more breath on a heretic, and was content to express his indignation and pity by looks."—p. 158.

Why did not the superintendent conform with the customs of the people, and accommodate himself to their services, in church? It would have cost him no sacrifice of principle to kneel, when they knelt, and he would have been spared the humiliation of having been publicly rebuked by the old gentleman. No wonder, that to resent the insult, he designates the conduct of that personage as the effect of intolerance and bigotry. And not content with contemning the respect required at mass, he vents his indignation upon the whole Catholic Church, his former professors included, in these courteous terms:

"They (the Catholics) would yet have us all believe the earth remains motionless in space, as mental progress undoubtedly would *do did* they universally control mankind."

The mathematician of Georgetown College, and the American Jesuits in general, must consider themselves highly complimented by their pupil, who, having derived all his learning from them, now turns upon his benefactors, and charges them with withholding all science and progressive instruction from the youth under their direction. It seems to us, if he determined to avenge himself on the Chilians for obliging him to behave himself in church, he might have circumscribed his abuse to their country, and not have extended it to the whole Catholic world.

The superintendent contradicts himself at every step. Just now he complained that no respect is paid by the people to their religious worship, and a little after, in his article on *Ash Wednesday*, he writes in these terms:

"Nothing is more impressive to the stranger's mind than to find himself in a crowded thoroughfare in which the multitude *reverentially* fall to their knees, and uncover themselves at the first stroke of the cathedral bell. . . . . The upturned faces of a silent multitude, and the death-like stillness which that single vibration has imposed on all within its sound, forces a feeling of solemnity on the mind."—p. 162.

In this passage he confesses that the multitude act with reverence, and that the spectacle produced a solemn impression upon his mind. Conse-

quently he condemns himself in his former allegations, and vindicates the people from his own aspersions.

Our author seems to have written more under the influence of temperament than of consistency and candor. If he sallies from his study on a fine morning, in high spirits and good humor, he does not complain of anything he sees: on the contrary he is pleased with the very things which, when in bad temper, or in a surly mood, he finds most fault with. When he attended the funeral services of Don —— he seems to have been in rather good spirits, otherwise he would not have written in the following terms:

"A darkened edifice, with funeral drapings lighted only by tapers and pale-blue unearthly flames of the vases, with the solemn melody of the priests and singers, as beneath the spectral gleam they passed from side to side, or knelt in obedience to the rubric, were well calculated to render the ceremonies and scene imposing. *I could not but* think the object and its results far more likely to awaken virtuous energies, to arouse philanthropic spirit, and draw man nearer to his Creator, than many of the incomprehensible pageants so often witnessed."—p. 164.

That is, we should add, so often witnessed when not in the same buoyant and ingenious mood, as on the present occasion.

In the above quotation, "obedience to the ritual" produced a very solemn effect, drew the superintendent nearer his Creator—but a short while after, assisting at a pontifical high mass, he styles these rubrical observances which edified him then, mere "theatrical shiftings;" and, bethinks him of what his Protestant readers would no doubt have considered an unpardonable forgetfulness on his part had he not brought it in at last, viz. that it would be better to read "more prayers in a language understood by the audience." Perhaps had the prayers been in Spanish they would have been just about as much understood by most strangers as in Latin. Certainly the superintendent, who had gone through a regular classic course at Georgetown, should be among the last to complain of the language of St. Ambrose and St. Leo being still used in the liturgy of the *Latin Church*. But his work would have been incomplete if he had not joined his voice with the thousands and more who, understanding neither the language nor the doctrines of the Church, inveigh, as a matter of course, against both.

No one should better know than our author the difference between the Church and the external ceremonies of religious worship. The former, in as much as her doctrines are concerned, is everywhere the same, in Rome, among the cordilleras of the Andes, and at Washington. Her rubrics are likewise the same in all climes. But the other outward display of ceremonies varies with the customs of different nations. In the United States there are no grand processions, half religious, half national, as in all countries whose inhabitants are exclusively Catholic, and where the Church is more or less united with the State. Those exhibitions, no doubt, partake very much of the national characteristics of the people, and even to an

American Catholic may appear as strange as to an American Protestant. But as the former does not identify his faith with the mere holiday pomps of a foreign people, neither should the latter assume them as an argument against the doctrinal teachings of the Church, which swayed the minds and hearts of Europe before the Andes were discovered. What right has the Protestant looker on as the procession of "nuestra Señora del Carmen" passes by, to exclaim: "what reverence or *faith* was exhibited in the countenances of the people may be told in one word—none!"—p. 174.

The Chilians, whom the whole world acknowledges to be the most enlightened and liberal people in South America, are not treated with the consideration to which they are entitled—not only their religion is scoffed at, by the superintendent, but the morality of their ladies is dealt with in an unbecoming manner. After stating (p. 146, v. i) that in all countries where the Catholic religion is exclusive, the customs of society prohibit unmarried ladies from receiving the visits of gentlemen, or from being in their company unless attended by one of the parents, a brother, or married female friend, he asks:

"Whence its origin? No one can believe that the unmarried girl has inclinations or propensities that compel the mother to exercise this want of confidence, ... and therefore that such is the condition of society in Catholic countries reflects most vitally on the honor of their men, or upon the tenets of their creed. Has Protestantism the effect to render the women of a country tolerating it more chaste, or are the men more honorable by nature: what is it? One or the other, or both, it must be. For the confessional, that terrible engine of power, (and debasement, too, perhaps,) sways an irresistible moral influence."—p. 146.

The custom which he complains of in Chili, which he traces to the want of honor in her men, and of corruption in her priesthood, is not exclusively peculiar to Catholic countries. It exists in Protestant countries in Europe, and with great rigor, especially in those cantons of Switzerland where there are no confessionals. That a Protestant gentleman is more distinguished for his honor than a Catholic, is a new theory; especially when that honor is a gift of "nature." We are of opinion that, naturally, it is neither because a man is of one or another religion that he is more or less honorable: but, we will add, that a man who is naturally honorable becomes supernaturally so by shaping his conduct according to the guidance of virtue and faith. And, moreover, a Catholic gentleman who submits to the confessional with the requisite dispositions, will be true to its hallowed influences under all circumstances. The confessional may be deemed by proud worldly men debasing: it is acknowledged by all to be humiliating, but it is the most salutary and effective check on the natural propensities of the human heart.

Lieut. Gillis was sent by government on an astronomical expedition. He should have confined himself more particularly to the national object in view, instead of playing the part of a sectarian missionary. Had he been deputed by some evangelical society for the purpose of converting

the superstitious Chilians to the gospel, he could not have indulged in a more bigoted cant than he has adopted as a volunteer against the Catholic faith. And yet, somehow or other, notwithstanding all his slang, he evinces, by turns, a strange indecision with regard to every creed. In this particular, he would seem to undo in one paragraph all that he has been weaving together, with singular inconsistency, in another: and leads the reader to conclude that he himself, critic as he may be against a Catholic people, has no religious convictions whatever. We arrive especially at this conclusion from the following passage:

"The Catholic Church on one hand, with its door so broad that tottering children, inebriate grey beards, and dissolute priests staggering under the sports of the gambling-table or cock-pit, may enter without the risk of striking the side-posts, pronounces the doom of everlasting punishment on all who do not avail themselves of it, ... on the other hand, the *ranting Methodist*, with a torrent of verbiage breathing of the fires of hell, and other gross appeals to the fears of the timid, boldly denounces the followers of the Pope as idolators beyond the pale of salvation. Here are the extremes. One adheres to the rites, ceremonies, and autocratic government *perhaps essential ere the light of education was so generally diffused:* the other is almost destitute of fixed rule, *and to a fault democratic in discipline.* Which is right?"—p. 171, v. i.

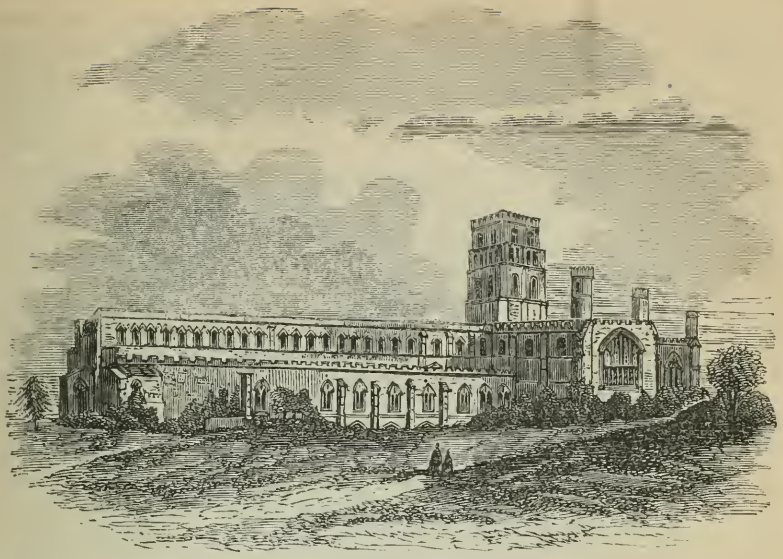
Aye, Mr. Superintendent, which is right! here lies the difficulty: here is the all important question. If you would desire to have that question seriously answered, go ask your ancient alma mater at Georgetown.

We cannot say that we are in favor of the censorship of the press. We deprecate its abuse, however, and really are of opinion that before the Senate sanctions any production, as a public document, they should see that it has been revised, and that it be purged of every ingredient that might prove offensive to any class of citizens—Catholic or Methodist.

——— corrige sodes
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc.

A public document is intended for public utility and information. But when the Catholic or "ranting Methodist" goes into the library of the capitol, and opens these ponderous tomes which are lying on the table, he reads but a few lines before he is insulted, and, of course, he closes them up and throws them aside with disgust. Of what advantage, we would enquire of the Senate, is such a document? Cui bono? Had the superintendent written a private book of travels, he might have been free to fill it with as much trash as he pleased; but then it is very doubtful whether he could have found a publisher to risk the expense of printing it. The Senate have appropriated a large sum of the people's money for the publication of slanders, misrepresentations, and puerile descriptions, which are spun out *usque ad nauseam*, in a style by no means elegant, and, in many instances, hardly grammatical. All this was alien to the specific object of the expedition he was expected to describe, and only served to swell, with extraneous matter, his narrative into a bulk which is discouraging to an ordinary reader.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY LIBRARY



VIEW OF THE ABBEY FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

THE ABBEY OF ST. ALBANS.

"They look, they can but look, with many a sigh
On sacred buildings doom'd in dust to lie:
On seats, they tell, where priest, 'mid tapers dim,
Breathed the warm prayer, or tuned the midnight hymn;
Where humbled penitents their guilt confess'd;
Where want had succor, and contrition rest;
Where weary men from trouble found relief;
Where men in sorrow found repose from grief." CRABBE.

I KNOW of nothing more interesting and instructive to the Catholic of our days than to look back upon that period of history when all Europe enjoyed the blessings of one faith, and to trace out among its mouldering records the evidences of a great and pious ancestry, whose memorials, like the giant statuary of Egypt, have outlived both the storms of revolution and the wreck of time. Our more intimate relationship with Great Britain gives her past history a double interest; and if we go back to that gorgeous era when Norman chivalry and Saxon piety raised up by a simultaneous effort the most glorious of monarchies, and enriched it with magnificent structures, where the services of the Most High were celebrated with all the pomp of a primeval piety and which were scarcely ever suspended; if we look back upon these days, fraught with a heroism and a fervent piety never to be outshone, we will find in their symbolical meanings a spirit, which must have been actuated by something higher and holier than is reflected in the efforts of our own days, for it has left behind it more lasting monuments of earnest and persevering devotion than has appeared at any subsequent period.

If the lover of the past will take a journey to that part of England, now adjoining the northern precincts of London in the neighborhood of Barnet, and wander for awhile over that primitive ground known as the

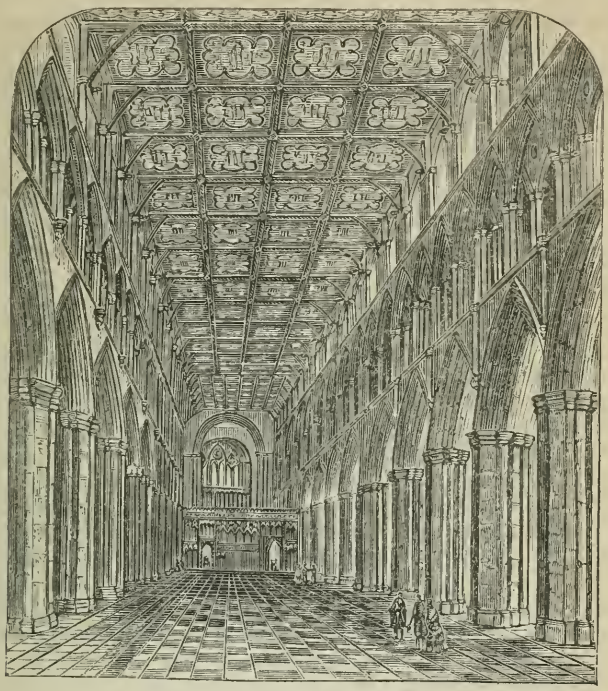
Verulam Hills, he will see enough even at this day, to tell him he is among the memorials of a mighty people, that he is looking upon the ruins of what was once a populous and magnificent city. Verulam was once what London now is; and if we turn over the pages of history we will be struck with wonder to find ourselves carried back to the remotest periods, when its population and riches exceeded many of the queen cities of the east, and formed even the theme of distant poets. At that time it enjoyed the highest privileges, from its being the seat of a line of ancient princes, called the CASSII. But the Roman conquest elevated it to a still higher position; — embellished it with all the grandeur of an imperial capital, and gave it the distinctive title of a *Municipium*, or free city. From the insurrection of the Britons however, under Boadicea, we may date the commencement of its downfall. Incited by its wealth, and jealous of its extraordinary prosperity, they made it the principal point of attack; and in the heat of victory the implacable queen, with her avalanche of Britons, destroyed nearly all its principal buildings and put to the sword nearly seventy thousand of its inhabitants. Thus fell the imperial city of Verulam. Time, the great leveller of all things, has made sad havoc of its remains, and now all that can be traced of its former grandeur is the remnants of its massive walls, and that heterogeneous mass of tiles, flints and other debris which usually distinguish the remains of Roman architecture. Amidst all this desolation of the past however, the abbey church of St. Albans, although bearing evident marks of the extremest antiquity, still retains much of its ecclesiastical splendor, and in its general style of architecture, truthful and symbolic as it is, impresses you beyond measure with the spirituality and fervor of that monastic period, which raised to its culminating point the greatest and most superb works of human art. The building is constructed in the form of a cross, its whole length along the nave from east to west being six hundred feet, and the extent of the transepts from north to south about two hundred and seventy feet, which equals, if it does not exceed, the dimensions of most of the cathedrals of England, gigantic as many of them are. At the intersection is a square battlemented tower, formerly surmounted with a conically shaped spire, which gave it the appearance of an immense awl. Originally, there were two others on the western façade, which were removed during the reconstructions of the fourteenth century, when the Pointed style began to be so universally adopted. Then it had no less than six apsidal chapels, besides the great apse, containing the high altar and the splendid shrine of St. Alban.

In point of style the present structure embraces a strange medley of Saxon, Norman and Gothic; and in the latter it has run through its various gradations from the earliest Hebraic to the more recent Florid, with all its accumulation of crockets, foils and fan-tracery, till one might suppose the architect had lost himself in the labyrinths of his own genius.

This forms one of the chief characteristics of the building. And the beholder on passing through it will hardly know which to admire the most, the finished Gothic of the clerestorys and doorways, or the massive and highly embellished Ionic which pervades the pillars, cornices and archways.

The nave for instance, one of the finest portions of the edifice, possesses a series of the plainest Norman, and the most exquisite Gothic, the two elements exhibiting in themselves all the landmarks of the Renaissance, and the poetic genius of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. This section of the church was first erected soon after the Norman conquest by Abbot

Paul, who obtained the material from the ruins of the ancient city. The surface he encrusted with plaster and decorated it with a variety of colors, a portion of which, on the left side adjoining the screen, remains to this day, presenting still a very fine effect, and losing none of its charm from its proximity to the more recent Gothic which surrounds it.



THE NAVE.

In 1197 John de Cella, one of the fraternity, commenced rebuilding it on its present exquisite plan; but owing to a series of misfortunes, and the magnificence of his design, he failed to accomplish it, leaving several of the arches on either side to be completed by his successor, William of Trumpington, in a plainer and more economical manner.

The Chapel of our Lady, in the eastern arm of the church, is a *chef d'œuvre* of the early Pointed style, equalling in all its graceful and elaborate detail anything to be found in England. The Abbot Hugh de Eversdon who flourished during the reign of Edward II, employed nearly his whole life in its construction. He was famous as an architect, but one may imagine the extraordinary genius he must have possessed, to design and bring into perfection such a complicated piece of workmanship, whose brilliant detail alone, is a triumph of art nowhere to be excelled.

Dividing the choir and the nave is the screen of St. Cuthbert, another exquisite piece of design, rivalling, says Mr. Scott, and closely resembling that of Winchester; while immediately over the *retablo* or high altar, is the master-piece of the Abbot Whethamsted, called Wallingford's Screen, from its being completed by the latter, although the coat of arms of its original designer has never been removed. Whethamsted was one of the

most able and talented men the abbey ever possessed. His rule commenced about the time of Edward IV, and continued throughout that stormy period when the wars of the Roses were at their height, and Henry VI was defeated and taken prisoner within sight of the very walls of the abbey. Thus while the fires of enmity and bloodshed raged without, the peaceful triumph of art was going on within, the one to be recorded with all the feelings of remorse, and the other to meet the just admiration and gratitude of posterity.

The history of this venerable abbey is replete with extraordinary interest. If you walk through its crumbling aisles, and examine among its quaint details the various inscriptions and histrionic fragments which are now almost obliterated, the mind is filled with astonishment, and you are forced to enquire how is it possible that an edifice, representing as it does the earlier periods of English history, could have been permitted to fall into such decay. There is a stone set in the pavement of the Presbytery which has the following inscription:

"S. Albanus Verolamensis,
Anglorum Proto-Martyr, xvii Junij, ccxcvii:"

Which points out the burial place of its distinguished founder and martyr, who was executed during the persecutions of the Emperor Diocle-sian about the year 303. For a very long period the history and incidents connected with the life of this venerable personage remained a mystery. No exact traditions could be traced respecting his martyrdom or of the origin of the institution, until about the eleventh century, during the time of the Abbot Eadmer, when some laborers employed in excavating the ruins, brought to light the foundations of a part of the ancient city. Here among other curious things, such as Roman coins, antique pillars, cornices, and vases of gold and silver of exquisite workmanship, they tore open an old wall containing a hollow repository, in which was discovered the remains of some antique volumes bound in solid oak and tied with immense silver clasps. In Brady's "Clavis," it is also stated, that some sheets of lead were discovered containing relics, with a carved plate of lead over them, upon which were engraved the following: "*In hoc mausoleo inventum est venerabile corpus Sancti Albani proto martyris Anglorum.*" One of the larger books however, was found afterwards to be in a state of perfect preservation. Its cover of polished oak, the enormous clasps, and even the strings of party-colored silk, were as free from mutilation, as if they had been placed there but the day previous. Within, the inscriptions and titles were emblazoned in letters of gold, but the dialect in which it was written was of such primitive character, that for a long time no one could be found able to read or comprehend it. It was found at last to be that of the ancient Britons, as spoken by them when Verulam was inhabited, and contained among other ecclesiastical records an account of St. Alba-nus, the heroic martyr, to whose memory the abbey was founded.

Alban, or Albanus, the more primitive name, was a citizen of Roman Verulam during the administration of Constantius, and when the remorseless persecutions of Diocletian were deluging every part of the Roman Empire with Christian blood. About this time there came to Verulam a proscribed priest named Amphilabus, who had been driven from Wales by the ene-mies of Christianity, and seeing whom Albanus gave him shelter in his house, and for a long time secreted him from his pursuers; but his retreat at last was discovered, and the governor of the city sent a requisition and

a body of troops to have him arrested. Albanus however, on receiving intelligence of their approach, had his guest privately conveyed to a place of safety, and putting on his habit, gave himself up as the person for whom they were instigating the search. Confident in the person of their prisoner, the soldiers dragged him immediately into the presence of the Governor and the judges, where the heroic Albanus, throwing off his disguise, revealed himself to the astonishment of the multitude, and boldly vindicated in the presence of the Pro-consul, the course he had pursued. But what was the consternation of the judges, when after this act of heroism he concluded by unequivocally pronouncing himself a believer in the doctrines of the Cross, and ready to receive the full judgment consequent upon such an admission. At any other time such acts of intrepidity, would have won him a golden popularity, and possibly a commutation of his sentence; but the reign of Dioclesian, was not one to obliterate the sentence of a Christian however meritorious, and Albanus was forthwith ordered to be scourged like a common felon, in the hope of inducing him to retract. This failing however, he was taken the following day outside of the city, to a place called Holmhurst, where still persisting in his adhesion to the faith of the Christians, he was summarily beheaded. At his death two miracles are confirmed as having taken place. In going to the place of execution, the multitude who followed were so numerous as to be unable to pass over the bridge, and seeing their difficulty Albanus lifted up his hands and prayed that the waters of the river might be divided, which was instantly done, and the crowd passed over in safety. Great excitement prevailed, and so astounding an influence did this act exert upon the minds of the people, that many became converted immediately, and among the number the executioner himself, who when the time came, refused to perform his office, and in consequence was himself beheaded along with Albanus. The other miracle recorded was, that the second executioner who afterwards beheaded both, died before leaving the spot, his eyes having dropt out of his head upon the body of the martyr. On one of the Abbey windows there is an inscription written by a poet during the reign of James I, which in its quaint way reminds you of the latter miracle and the execution of the martyr:—

> "This image of our frailty, painted glass,
> Shows where the life and death of Alban, was.
> A Knight beheads the martyr, but so soon,
> His eyes dropt out to see what he had done:
> And leaving their own head, seem'd with a tear
> To wail the other head laid mangled there:
> Because, before, his eyes no tears would shed,
> His eyes themselves like tears fall from his head.
> Oh, bloody fact, that whilst St. Alban dies
> The murderer himself weeps out his eyes."

It was about this time that the Britons, under their queen Boadicea, threw off the yoke of the Romans; and a century later the apostle St. Augustine, entering upon his glorious mission, diffused the doctrines of Christianity over all the country. One of the first acts of the Christians upon the banishment of the Romans was to erect a church upon the spot where Alban was martyred, which continued from that to be held in the highest veneration, daily increasing in its beauty and dimensions, while around it dwindled into decay the pagan capitol, with all its glory, and all its pride and magnificence, until St. Albans at last became its only representative.

It was not however until the eighth century, that the establishment of a

religious house was conceded it, when it remained for Offa, the King of Mercia, to put it into execution. Offa labored at its construction until his death, when Willegod, the first abbot, completed what he had begun. The community continued to increase, and for a long period under several successive abbots, it enjoyed a reputation for munificence and hospitality, not exceeded by any other institution of the kind on the continent; but during the predatory incursions of the Danes, it was despoiled of much of its beauty, and robbed at different times, of its most important treasures. Some instances are recorded though, in which at various times the Abbot has shown more than a morbid spirit, in the defence of his institution and its privileges. We may mention one of them who came to his post during a very unfortunate period, the Norman invasion. This Abbot's name was Frederic, and was immediately connected with the royal blood of the Saxons, who were of course both feared and hated by their subsequent masters, the Normans.

After the battle of Hastings, William and his followers used to make predatory forays and incursions into the neighborhood of London, scouring the country, and pillaging and slaying to such an extent, that the inhabitants at last became so terrified they allowed him to do as he pleased without any offer of resistance. In one of these sallies he had occasion to pass through the neighborhood of St. Albans, but he found the roads so obstructed with stones and trunks of enormous trees, which had been felled and dragged there for the purpose, that he was unable to effect a passage. William, boiling with rage, despatched a messenger for the Abbot, who on being asked to explain the meaning of such hostility, replied fearlessly: "I have done the duty appertaining to my birth and calling; and if others of my rank and profession, had performed the like, as they well could and ought, it had not been in thy power to penetrate into the land so far." Subsequently this same Abbot became the leader of a confederacy, whose aim was directed towards compelling William to reign either in the manner of a Saxon prince with all their usual laws, forms and usages, or to resign his seat at once, to Edgar Atheling, the rightful Saxon heir. William was much displeased at this, though in his policy he acceded to their wishes in every respect, taking a most solemn oath upon the sacred relics of St. Albans, that their rights and privileges should be respected, and that he should be bound by the laws as prescribed by the Abbot Frederic. But afterwards when his footing became more substantial, he showed less disposition to coerce in any measures whatever, and took especial pains to show how little he cared for oaths or oath-breaking in anything that appertained to, or interfered with himself, for he not only broke into the most ancient laws of the people, but showed his displeasure at everything Saxon. He pulled Abbots from their seats, and replaced them with those of his own selection; bishopries were treated with as little consideration, and wherever he entertained the slightest grudge, he visited them with seizures and confiscations like any barbaric tyrant and without the least compunction. St. Albans of course was marked with his especial indignation. Frederic was obliged to fly for protection to a monastery at Ely. All the lands owned by the Abbey between Barnet and London-stone were seized and sold by the king, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, that he was prevented from demolishing the entire structure. Paul, the Abbot who succeeded Frederic, proved himself however a very efficient and zealous dignitary. He rebuilt the entire abbey on a more modern and extended scale, and in 1115, his successor, Albanu, had the satisfaction to witness his

labors consecrated in the presence of Henry I, Queen Maud, and a vast assemblage of the greatest dignitaries and prelates of the kingdom, who were entertained for eleven days within the halls of the abbey at its own expense.

In respect to literature and arts, the Abbey of St. Albans was behind none of the great institutions of its time, in the fostering of those highest of human accomplishments; the names of Matthew of Paris, that able historian of the place, Roger de Wendover, and William Rishanger, chroniclers whose fame is not forgotten in the writings of Bede, are but a few of a class of eminent scribes, who at different periods, shed a halo of light on the establishment. The art of printing was introduced at this place, upon the very footsteps of Caxton; and it is somewhat singular to relate that the first book issued in England by that earliest of publishers was dated 1474, and the first emanating from St. Albans bore the date of 1480. In sculpture and painting they may be said to have been equally as successful. The names of John de Cella and Hugh de Eversden, the two great levers who designed and remodeled the most extensive portions of the building, and Whethamsted and Ramridge, who conceived and decorated the famous monumental chapels, are but a few of the great galaxy who figured from the time of the Abbots Paul and Albanu. During the thirteenth century, when among other specific improvements, the splendid shrine of St. Cuthbert was raised—that master-piece of ornate architecture—it is a proud fact, that all the designers and painters engaged in the building were of their body, and many of them excelling at once in both sculpture, painting and carving. The great Danish artificer Anketill, who had been employed by Abbot Gorham in the construction of some superb work, became during his labors so attached to the place, that he threw off his apron for the cowl, and became one of the fraternity.

Numerous instances such as this could be related, but while we look upon such evidences of almost miraculous self-devotion, and reflect upon the achievements won by the steady, unswerving energy of a religious body who united in themselves the common centre of good, we feel at a loss to understand why the very generation who aimed but to compete with that signal development of art, which characterized the monastic period, should have proved the most destructive to what has remained. During the reign of Henry VIII fanaticism was carried to such a pitch, that when the monasteries were suppressed, the abbey church was sold to a clothes merchant named Stump for £400, who made it answer two purposes, a warehouse for himself, and a sort of parish church for the inhabitants, who have always retained a reverential feeling for the place.

Of late years however, we are glad to see that a better spirit has been manifested, and that some measures have been taken to obtain government assistance to restore the old pile to something of its former dignity.

No one on looking into those records of monumental antiquity can fail to see the stupendous groundwork of their undertaking; those vaulted roofs and ponderous colonnades made to endure forever; those antique carvings, fraught with symbolical meanings; those pinnacles and towers, where the spirit of a decayed period may be traced in their own mightiness, are subjects whereon the historian may gather records the most truthful, and upon which no one can gaze without being convinced of the beneficial results of that monastic period, which restored to Europe the brightest germs of civilization, and to which England in particular, is indebted for the substance of her constitution, and for the high position which she now enjoys, as one of the first nations in the world.

THE WATERFORD "CRUSADERS"—THE BRAVE IRISH LANDLORD

A stray Chapter from the Note-book of an Irish Parliament Reporter.

By Wm. Bernard MacCabe.

"His valor is the salt t' his other virtues.
They're all unseasoned without it." Ben Jonson.

Previous to the great contest for the representation of the County Waterford in the year 1826, it was the custom with the "Catholic" or "Liberal" party to make weekly canvassing visitations amongst the forty shilling freeholders in the various baronies. The persons engaged in those visitations were in derision designated by their adversaries "*Crusaders;*" and the name was adopted by the individuals it was intended to depreciate, as being perfectly applicable to themselves and their pursuits—for they were fighting against the Orange Tory landlords; the old persecutors of a true and a Christian population.

There was a settled, solemn and determined purpose in all these crusading expeditions; but as they were carried on in Ireland, there was, of course, also a great deal of fun and humor—of kindliness, good nature, whim and hospitality, mixed up with them.

According to the organization then existing amongst the Catholic party, it was always known two or three days before the visit of "the Crusaders," at what particular place they would present themselves, and preparations were accordingly made to receive them. The wealthy and "*strong*" farmers, or the priest of the parish, were sure to have a plentiful dinner with an abundance of wine, and a profusion of every comfort in readiness for "the Crusaders" as soon as their speech-making had come to a conclusion. As to the poor, honest "*forties*" they did all that was required from them: they applauded the patriotic sentiments; by their numbers they made up a "great public meeting"—and they went away convinced it was their duty to sacrifice all their worldly interests in the great struggle for Catholic emancipation. And that which they had, at those Crusaders' gatherings, promised to do, they afterwards performed.

It has been too much the habit to sneer at, and to deride the Irish peasant. Every wretched driveller who fancies he can write "funny stories," and every miserable playwright who is without the genius to invent, or the humor to describe the genuine oddities that every day life presents to him, fastens, in the extremity of his dullness, upon the Irish peasant—and makes of him "*a comic character*"—putting into his mouth absurdities which the pure Irishman has too much wit to have ever spoken, and placing him in absurd positions, from which the native shrewdness of a true Irishman would preserve him.

The reply to the assailants and deriders of the Irish character is to be found in the events that occurred in the County Waterford in 1826, when "Protestant Ascendancy" received its first fatal blow.

The forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland were to a man Irish peasants—in other words, the most wretched and dependent beings on the face of the earth, and yet they, even they, rose in insurrection against those, upon the breath of whose nostrils their own existence, and those most dear to them, depended: they, who were without any resource, braved the fury of those who could crush them—they too being the only persons that had *nominally* benefitted them—if what had been done by landlords or agents could be regarded as a benefit. It was against those who had the power to serve, and the only persons who had the power to injure them, that the brave-hearted peasantry rebelled, and thereby entailed upon themselves penalties far worse than any inflicted by the British law for the crime of high treason; for this was the doom of the recusant Irish tenant—"poverty—cold—hunger—death!"

Let this fact be then for ever remembered to the eternal honor of the Irish peasantry: that when *they* were called upon in the name of their religion and their country to sacrifice themselves, *they did make the sacrifice;* and they always made it with the full consent and approbation of *their wives, mothers, daughters, sisters,* who were to be the partners of their future misery.

When Orangeism uplifts its voice in the British islands, or disguises itself under the form of "Know Nothingism" in the United States, and pours forth its slanders upon the Irish Catholic peasant, and describes him as being fickle, insincere, sycophantic, treacherous, barbarous and revengeful, let the lover of truth point to the Irish peasant, as a forty-shilling freeholder in Waterford and Louth in 1826, and in Clare in 1828, and these incontestible facts will shew, as they proved in those places, that there is in the heart of the Irish peasant all the courage of a hero, and the pure devotion of a martyr.

At the time, however, that "the Crusades" commenced in the County of Waterford, the virtues of the Irish peasantry were unknown, because they had been untried. Up to that period, although there had been a few severe contests, yet they were not fought by the *freeholders* but by the *landlords*. It was, in fact, a settled rule of electioneering tactics, that "the tenantry" were not to be canvassed, without permission having first been obtained from *their* landlords. Any violation of this rule subjected the offender to the severe penalty of being "*called out.*" A candidate therefore calculated no chances of success upon the disposition of the landlords in his favor; because he expected the tenantry would follow their landlord to the hustings, with as much certainty as the soldiers of a regiment obey the commands of their colonel.

The main object of "the Crusades" was to put an end to this state of things. The peasantry were for *the first time* directly appealed to; and for *them alone* were speeches made and patriotic sentiments uttered.

The speeches delivered upon these occasions were sometimes as curious as the auditors to whom they were addressed. Two specimens of the

oratory will show how whim and oddity were combined with a grave and serious religious-national struggle. I remember one gentlemen, who is now a barrister in excellent practice in Dublin, having occasion to deliver a speech in a barony bordering on the County Tipperary, which had never been remarkable for its tranquillity, making an oration to the following effect, and which was thus responded to by his auditors:—

"Now, boys of the barony of ———, remember that Ireland is, at this moment, like a fair green on which there is a scrimmage—and there are the two factions ranged on opposite sides. They are *the Liberals*, and *the Brunswickers:* the watchword of the one is 'Emancipation,' and of the other 'Protestant Ascendancy,' (cheers and cries of 'High! for the Lib'rals and the sky over them.') The Brunswickers have heavy purses: the Liberals have honest hearts. The Brunswickers think to cajole you; and they will try to stagger, by flinging their gold at you; but do you place the hard stone of your honest indignation, in the worsted stocking of your resentment, and give the fellows when they come within arms length of you, a braining blow, (cheers and cries of 'we will, sir—we will, sir.') Prime your guns ('we will, sir,') with the powder of vigilance. Sharpen your bayonets ('we will, sir,') with honesty. Fill the barrels of your muskets (cheers and cries of 'we will, sir—we will, sir,') with the bullets of constitutional agitation, and discharge them in the faces of your adversaries. ('Hurrah!' and 'begorra! it's we that will, sir.')"

A second of these Crusader orators—a very young man—somewhat of an oddity—and who joined in these excursions more for the amusement they afforded him, than with any higher purpose, observing that the poor people were always captivated with the sound of latin, and were sure to applaud it, determined to win their approbation for himself. He labored under one defect. He had been an idler at school; and all the learning he carried away with him was a recollection of some of the rules in *Alvarez's prosody.* This was all the latin he knew, and it was in the following manner he made use of it:

"I have listened, my dear friends and beloved countrymen, with the most intense delight to the patriotic sentiments, embodied in the philosophy of ancient Greece, and translated into English for your benefit, by that Solomon of Waterford—the wise Mr. Thomas Wyse—and as I listened to him I experienced but one regret, namely, that his ancestors had not prefixed to their name the genuine Hibernian prefix of O—so that he, through them should be known as an O-Wyse. Oh! that O is a fatal omission—for we are all Irish, because we can boast of the O, and the Mac; but more especially of the O, as it is remarked by the great and immortal poet, when descanting on the glories of Erin:

> "'O crescens numero producimus usque priore
> O parvum in Græcis brævia: producito magnum.'

(Vehement cheering.) "Yes, my friends, and beloved countrymen—upon all occasions we should remember we are Irishmen—upon all occasions we

should bear in mind we have an infuriated phalanx to contend against; and that it is our duty—be they Brunswickers, or Hanoverians, bigots, or Cumberlanders, Orangemen, purplemen, or marksmen—to defy them; that come they in numbers, in legions, or in regiments, we will encounter and defeat them. What care we for them. We shall meet them as heroes—we scorn them, we denounce them, we defy them, or as the poet says in language too forcible and too vehement to be rendered into English:

> "'IX ad YX produc: breviato *Histrix*, cum *fornice*, varix
> Coxendix, Chœnixque, Cilix, Natrixque: Calixque
> Phryxque, Larix et Onix, Pix, Nixque, Salixque, Filixque.'"

(Long continued cheering, and cries of "more power to you!")

Such speeches as these, it must be admitted were curiosities in their way, but still not less so, than some of the individuals to be met with on such occasions. I have had an opportunity of seeing much of Ireland, but I must say, in justice to "the Crusaders," that never did I fall in with more extraordinary characters than I encountered upon these and similar expeditions. One specimen as to character, will, for the present, be sufficient.

At a small town between the city of Waterford and the borough of Dungarvan, I perceived at dinner in the parish priest's, a gentleman who had in the course of the day distinguished himself by proposing one of the most violent resolutions that could be submitted for the adoption of a public meeting. The language of the resolution contrasted strongly, and, indeed, strangely with the manner of the proposer. He spoke in whispers; and at every second word uttered by him he started, as if fearful of hearing the echo of his own voice. He had however nerve sufficient to get through his task; but when a loud and simultaneous shout of applause burst from the meeting, he actually ran away, apparently as much frightened as if a captain's guard had discharged their fire arms at him. He did not again make his appearance until dinner was announced; and, at dinner, it was my misfortune to sit next to him. Instead of his joining in the fun and amusement, and responding to the smiles thus circled around him, every loud laugh and every merry joke seemed to be a new cause of terror. As the servants entered or retired from the room, he watched them with the most untiring vigilance. In one particular, however, he could not be distinguished from other members of the company, for he drank as deeply as the rest, I might truly say, still more deeply; and the more he drank, the more familiar did he become with me. At length, when the third or fourth, or fifth tumbler of punch (I cannot exactly recollect which) had been dispatched by him, he thus—with some interruptions—gave me the history of himself:—

"Sir, if I might presume—I beg pardon, sir, I had not the honor of an introduction to you to-day; but you know my name—you heard it to-day—I am Captain John Taylor, of his Majesty's Militia—a gentleman, let me say, sir, and an officer, and let me add, an estated gentleman—and a

liberal Protestant—yes, sir, I can truly say, a liberal, a real liberal Protestant. Ah! sir, you seem to enjoy this scene—but it is all delusion—a dream—a phantasy, sir—I know well what is passing around me—you don't, sir, you are ignorant—you're a stranger, sir. Oh! I know them, oh perfectly well—we are at this moment grinning over a mine—one little spark, and we are all blown into a thousand atoms. Yes, yes, I know them well—look at their smiles, a snare to catch me—listen to their songs—the songs of sirens, sir, to lure me into unsuspecting security—their laughter, the reports of pistols, the contents of which are to be lodged in my harmless, innocent, unoffending person—I know them well, except yourself, sir, there is not a man here—there is not an individual with whom I come in contact, not a being who looks upon me that is not thirsting for my blood—yes, sir, and they would take it at this moment, if they dare—but my courage, my spirit, my *animus*, sir, sustain me. I came here to shew them that I am not afraid of them—the cowards! and they know too, brave as I am, I am prepared for them, that I carry a life-protector as a walking stick: that I have a dirk in my sleeve; and a brace of loaded pistols in each of my pockets: that in fact, I am a moving park of artillery—a resistless *cheveaux-de-frise* of Protestant courage. Yes, they know it right well, or I should, instead of talking to you, be many months since laid low in Ballyfodeen church-yard, the burying place of my ancestors, sir, a place won by their valor from the ignorant, timid and besottedly-bigoted natives of this island. . . . ."

To be continued.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. 1.

THE DEATH OF A SISTER OF CHARITY.

"Sister Mary Joseph, one of the most devoted Sisters of Charity, had departed this life and her remains were being borne to their last resting place at the Cathedral Cemetery. . . One hundred and twenty-five homeless and helpless orphans [homeless but for this asylum] follow their lost mother to her nameless grave."

What a life-history! Miss Nightingale, listening to the generous impulses which are so natural to the female heart, makes them practical, and devotes herself to the care of the sick and wounded in the Crimea—her name is famous, world-known; banquets and triumphal receptions meet her return to England, the hand of a noble Earl awaits her acceptance, and a coronet will blaze with jewels on her brow. It is well!

The Sister of Charity, or of Mercy, enters the same campaign, serves at the bed-side of the sick, the wounded, or the cholera-stricken—she dies a martyr and is buried amid the scene of her glorious labors, or she returns to continue to the end the same life-struggle of charity and love for God and man. It is only Sister Paula, or Sister Mary, or Sister Dolores, actor of many unread, unpublished toils, and sweetly sorrowful labors, who wins a name as yet unknown—who receives a triumphant recep-

tion, a wedded spouse, a brilliant crown—a name, unknown in truth on earth, yet recorded in heaven; banquets and receptions greater, more joyful and more brilliant than all earthly aristocratic banquets and receptions; a spouse for whom through life she has lived, loved, and labored; a crown dazzlingly set with all the now glorified works of her days and nights of charity. It is better!

How simply grand and beautiful that life-record! "Sister Mary Joseph, one of the most devoted Sisters of Charity," and those "one hundred and twenty-five weeping orphans." It is enough! Who is it that asks what other name she bore, perhaps long years ago, amid the world, loved of a household, cherished of a dear hearth-circle, with bright worldly prospects perchance, cheerfully exchanged for brighter heavenly ones; who is it that asks, unless it be to turn with eyes of holy envy upon those, if any such can be, who have a nearer right by blood and by that other name now long hidden under the self-denying veil of the religious, to claim the assistance of her prayers and make the beauty and the purity of her interior life more nearly the model and exemplar of their own!

"Sister Mary Joseph." Long since, when first she vowed herself to the patient service of the poor and the afflicted, she gave up all other name and kindred for that.—Mary, "comforter of the afflicted," "health of the weak," "refuge of sinners," and Joseph, "example of silence and resignation," "protector of the dying," "pattern of the industrious and virtuous." These were thenceforth her names; the poor, the weak, the orphan, the sinner, the afflicted and the dying, thenceforth, were her kindred.

And she was ever, thenceforth, nameless except with those names of love. By the sick bed in the long hours of the lagging night, "Mary," "comforter of the afflicted," she stood and watched! Among the poor, struggling virtuously with their poverty, "Joseph," "pattern of the industrious and the virtuous," she cheered them on with hope and help. In the pest-house, and by the bed side of death, she united all these, and recalled to the parting spirit the blessed names of Mary and Joseph, "the refuge of sinners" and "the protector of the dying," upraised the sinking heart and filled it with holy hope that through their intercession and the merits of the Redeemer, it would wing its way from this vale of exile to join the choirs of the blessed. What need, therefore, to ask for other name than that.

Oh, beautiful humility, wonderful charity of the Church, which teaches her children this sublimity of self-abnegation, of self-sacrifice! The children of the world labor for the world; the world applauds. They have received their reward. She teaches her children to labor for God, and to seek from him alone their reward. It is not enough, in her eye, that good works be done,—literally, she will not have "the left hand know what the right hand doth." She will not have one particle of self-gratulation, of self-glory, mingle in the good deeds which she loves her children to perform; no, not even a reward of fame left behind to the name, the family and the friends of her unspotted virgins, but all shall be offered to God alone, for the love of God alone.

Thus, the holy spirit parts from its earthly tenement, then first to be known, and to meet its reward: its life record is written, here on earth,—simple, full of humility, yet, to the true Christian eye, greater, more glorious, than the eulogiums on the tombs of a thousand heroes—

"Sister Mary Joseph, one of the most devoted Sisters of Charity."

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

Prayer.—Perhaps never while we are on earth shall we realize the heavenly might of prayer, nor the exceeding riches of that treasure, which now, alas! we make so light of, seeing not how thereby God's glory is so much within our power. Oh, what might we not do by prayer! What might we not do in every remotest corner of the earth, in the cells of purgatory, and in the open courts of heaven! Yet the times are against prayer: the spirit of the age is against it; the habits of our countrymen are against it. Oh, for faith in prayer! for only faith in prayer! for faith in simple prayer! and the interests of Jesus shall spread like a beneficent conquest all over the world, and the glory of God shall beautifully cover the earth as the abounding waters cover the bed of the sea, and the choirs of redeemed souls shall multiply and multiply, till the Good Shepherd should be, were it any other than he, overladen with the sheaves of his prolific passion. Heaven opens sometimes, and gives us a glimpse of this potency of prayer. See how it opened on St. Gertrude. She was divinely instructed that as often as the angelic salutation is devoutly recited by the faithful on earth, three efficacious streamlets proceed from the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, most sweetly penetrating the Blessed Virgin's heart. Then from her heart again with efficacious impetuosity, they seek their fountains, and break at the foot of God's throne, as a sunny wave breaks upon a rock, leaving her most powerful after the Father, most wise after the Son, and most benignant after the Holy Spirit. The streams, while the Ave Maria is being said, flow around the Blessed Virgin superabundantly, and with potent impetus, and, on the other hand, flow back upon her most holy heart. So with marvellous delectation (I am using St. Gertrude's words) they seek their fountain first, and then redounding back, bright drops of joy, and bliss, and eternal salvation, are sprinkled over all the persons of the saints and angels, nay, more, over those who on earth are then commemorating that same salutation, whereby is renewed in every one all the good which he has ever up to this time received through the most salutary incarnation. Yet, what more easy than to say a devout Hail Mary? And if this be true of the Ave, what also of the Pater, and the Credo, and the Missal prayers, and ejaculations from the Gospel? *Dr. Faber.*

The Daily Life of Milton.—In his mode of living, Milton, as might be anticipated, was moderate and temperate. At his meals he never took much of wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, and, perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but, in his latter years, he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in summer, till five in winter; and, if not disposed then to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose, he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him; and then, with, of course, the intervention of breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour—generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself—and afterwards played on the organ, or the bass-viol, and either sang himself or made his wife sing, who, as he said, had a good voice, but no ear. He then resumed his studies till six, from which hour till eight he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water; after which he retired to rest. *Keightley's Milton.*

Hints for Vocalists.—Sit in a simple, unconstrained posture. Never turn up your eyes, or swing about the body; the expression you mean to give, if not heard and felt, will never be understood by those foolish motions, which are rarely resorted to but by those who do not really feel what they play. Brilliancy is a natural gift, but great execution may be acquired. Let it be always distinct, and however loud you may wish it to be, never thump. Practice in private music far more difficult than that you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some famous composer; and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific be too long. As regards singing, practice two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice; but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch with difficulty. Never dwell too long upon consonants. When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give them the proper expression. Let all your words be heard; it is a great and common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Children should never be allowed to sing much, or to strain their voices; fifteen and sixteen is soon enough to begin to practice constantly and steadily the two extremities of the voice. The voice is said to be at its height at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell; many often sing out of tune at these times who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing. *The Vocalist.*

Beautify your Home.—Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense incurred by frequent change of residence. A man who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birth place of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is founded at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy on yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sun shine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist.

The truly great and good, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest heart, like the palm tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.

The Art of Making Clocks.—Striking clocks were known in Italy probably as early as the end of the thirteenth century—one strong proof that we must date the revival of arts much earlier than that period. Their existence becomes certain about the middle of the fourteenth; probably at that period they were general. These clocks were all moved by the action of weights; and though furnished with balance regulators, were still very inaccurate. Next followed the introduction of a spring as the moving power, marking a new era in the art. Then came the age of mechanical discovery, producing Galileo's observation of the vibration of the pendulum in nearly equal times, whether the spaces travelled through were large or small. So valuable a discovery could not long remain dormant; and we find, accordingly, that it was applied by the discoverer, or, in better form, by Huygens, to the regulation of time-pieces by the means of the pendulum. The advance of chemical science soon showed a source of error in the unequal size of the pendulum, caused by alternate expansion and contraction of the metal, due to change of temperature. This was remedied by the use of the jar filled with mercury as a pendulum; and subsequently by the employment of a pendulum formed of different metals, so arranged that their different expansions should mutually balance each other. The mutual connection between the art of making clocks and the science of astronomy, in which each has alternately borrowed and lent so much, is an excellent illustration of the many points in which the useful arts are brought into contact with higher provinces. The remaining improvements would fill volumes, and we cannot pretend to enter more fully into them.

The Ideal Woman.—The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislatives exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse; and whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honor than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, slip-shod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and never argues, but adjusts with a smile; —such a wife is the one we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past. *Charles Dickens.*

Plants in the Colosseum of Rome.—Dr. Deakin, in a botanical book on this subject, says that 420 species of plants are found growing upon the Colosseum, including 253 genera, and illustrations of 66 of the natural order of plants. There are 59 species of grasses, 47 of the syngenesious plants and 41 of the pea tribe. This is in an enclosed space of six acres of ground, a limit that does not include the walls and ruins. This space includes a great variety of soil and temperature. The lower or north side is damp, while the upper walls and accumulated mould are warm and dry: and the south side is still hotter and more Italian.

A Beautiful Signification.—"Alabama" signifies in the Indian language, "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest in the south-west. Weary and travel worn, they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band stuck his tent pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!")

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

A Chapter for the Young.

The Teachings of Flowers.—Cecilia, a charming young girl of twelve years, took a promenade in the garden one beautiful morning in Spring. Her mother viewed with complacency the lovely creature as she sometimes bent her elegant form over the fragrant flowers, and again raised to heaven her eyes, as beautifully blue as the azure of the firmament. And the mother thought within herself: Of all the flowers that bloom in the parterre, my Cecilia is assuredly the fairest and purest, and none of them can compare with her in sweetness and beauty. Cecilia having perceived her mother, ran to her, and embracing her affectionately, said: "Dear Mamma, do you see those pretty flowers which the good God bade to bloom for us during the night? How beautiful the coloring, how delicious the perfume! But my cousin Amanda has assured me that flowers have a language, and that she has a little book which teaches it to her; would that I also knew their language!" Her mother then took Cecilia by the hand, led her to the centre of the parterre, and pointing to a beautiful lily that rose in graceful majesty, said: "That white flower is the emblem of innocence, which should be the principal ornament of a young girl. That crimson rose, whose opening chalice exhales so sweet an odor, is the image of beauty, which becomes perfectly radiant only when breathed on by the fragrance of virtue. This flower which blooms among thorns, represents the pleasures of life which are ever drugged with bitterness. The pretty violet which hides beneath the grass, is the emblem of modesty, and the daisy of the fields that of simplicity. The immortal teaches us to prefer the imperishable goods of the next world to the passing advantages of this, which, like the rose, fade in an instant. The sensitive plant, which contracts at the slightest touch, is the image of timid modesty; and the sun-flower, which perpetually turns toward the ruling planet of the world, admonishes us that we should incessantly raise our hearts to the great Creator of the universe. It is thus, my dear child, that a christian virgin may learn the language of flowers."

The Child and the Jew.—In 527 there was at Bourges a school much frequented both by rich and poor. It happened that the son of a Jewish artizan about twelve years of age, also went with other children to the school. He was a favorite among his companions, despite of his religion, and in hours of relaxation would join with them in their various games of amusement. He often saw them enter the church and kneel before a statue of the Blessed Virgin: there they would offer her flowers, and with that innocent and cheerful devotion, which characterizes the Catholic child, they would run to our Blessed Lady as to a mother and beg her blessing on their work or play, and render their simple acts of thanksgiving for a well-learned lesson, or a successful game.

The little Jew did the same, and with as much fervor as his companions. At the Feast of Easter the Christian children approached the Holy Communion. At the sight of the joy and happiness that seemed visible upon the innocent countenance of each, the young Israelite felt in his heart a holy jealousy, and with tears in his eyes asked himself why he should not join them? Surely the son of that beautiful Lady, whom he loved so much, that sweet Lady to whom he had so often offered flowers, would not shut him out from this happy group. And while musing thus with himself, he joined his school-mates as they approached the holy table. The priest did not know him, and gave him the Holy Communion with the rest. None perhaps gave more fervent thanks than the little Jew, and the mass being ended, and after having visited the favorite statue of the Holy Virgin, he returned home.

As he entered the house, his father enquired where he had been; the innocent youth frankly stated that he had been to the Christian church, and that with others he had partaken of the bread of Angels. The father, who combined an utter carelessness in the practice of his own religion, with a bitter hatred of any other, could not bear the idea of his son's having been in a Christian temple, and at the thought of his having participated in the Christian rites, he was fired with ungovernable rage; and seizing the helpless boy, cast him into a flaming furnace, which he was then tending.

At this moment the boy's mother entered, and enquired for her son, and receiving no answer from her husband, went calling him through every part of the house. At length beginning to feel a vague terror, she redoubled her cries. At last she fancied that she heard his voice; she called again, and again the voice replied. The neighbors who had been attracted by her cries, stood aghast with terror,—the voice came from the furnace. They hastened to extinguish the raging fire: and in a few moments, to the astonishment of all, the boy came forth uninjured from the furnace. Not a thread of his dress, nor a hair of his head was singed, and his cheeks were as cool as if he had come from a bath. As soon as the first burst of horror and joy were over, the boy gave the following simple history of his preservation:

"It was the kind Lady of the Church, who received me into her arms, and protected me from the flames in the folds of her white mantle."

The fate of the father is unknown, but the mother and her child became Christians. May the history of the little Jew, inspire children with love and confidence in our holy and Immaculate Mother; and may the mantle of her protection shield them from danger, and protect them from harm.

The Angelus Bell.—*A Song for Three Children.*

First Child—Morning.—Hail, Mary! now the sun is up:
All things around look glad and bright,
And heather-bell and butter cup,
Shake off the dewdrops of the night.
The lambs are frisking in the fields,
The lark is singing in the sky;
And man his waking tribute yields
To thee and thy sweet Son on high.

Second Child—Noon.— Hail, Mary! midway in the sky
The noontide sun its lustre sheds;
The field-flowers almost seem to die,
So low they hang their drooping heads.
The lambs have sought the woodland shade,
The lark has ceas'd her note of glee;
And pausing in the furrow'd glade,
The ploughman lifts his hat to thee.

Third Child—Evening.—Hail, Mary! now the sun is far
Adown his western path of light,
The flowers, beneath the evening star,
Drink up the dew-drops of the night.
The lambs are by their mothers laid,
The lark is brooding o'er her nest,
And when the evening prayer is made,
Then weary man shall sink to rest.

Review of Current Literature.

1. Principles of Government: or, Meditations in Exile. By *William Smith O'Brien.* With Notes to the American Edition. Boston: Donahoe, Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It has been with some surprise, but with no unkind feeling, that we have read the generally indulgent notices of Mr. O'Brien's treatise. For his good qualities, his sufferings, his abilities, we have as much cordial regard as most of our countrymen. But in discussing a question of so high a character as the "Principles of Government," in which many other topics bearing on man's present and future welfare are deeply involved, we regret to find him wanting in the very quality which, of all others, is the essential one. A man, who on the subject of Christianity is either ignorant or an unbeliever, though otherwise competent, is unfit to handle so practical and at the same time so sublime a theme. If there be any science which eminently demands in the student or investigator, Christian knowledge, Christian wisdom, and may we not add—a Christian spirit, it is the science of Government. This no one who reflects, will deny. In a heathen philosopher, or in a sophist even of the last century we bear with much, which in a writer of this, nineteenth century, we do not endure. As in the physical sciences, the progress from that age to this, has been immense; so it cannot be denied that in philosophy, history, general literature, there has been also vast improvement—witness, to cite no other evidences, the historical works written by Protestants in vindication of Catholic times, men and institutions. The author of the "Principles of Government" is *not one* of those who have advanced with the movement. If the conduct of men in this world, *does not depend* upon their religious convictions,—if their happiness in another, throughout all eternity, *does not depend* upon the opinions which they have entertained, and the actions which they have performed while on earth—then in the name of common sense and common honesty we ask—what kind of government of any form can we have? In this hypothesis, why talk of "Principles" at all? In plain language, chap. xxv of the work before us, affects to throw doubt on the existence or worth of such things as *Morality* and *Religion.* It may not have been the writer's design, we cordially wish to believe, but it is a sample of his philosophy and philanthropy. Making every allowance for him—or rather for the style of the school to which he belongs—how different was the language of a Washington, an O'Connell, as the world knows from their writings, speeches, addresses, to their immortal honor: and both of them ranking with the purest patriots, the noblest minds that have ever won the confidence of their fellow men. In thus putting in our "*Caveat emptor*," let it be understood we do not deny the merits of the treatise. It will not supersede "*De Tocqueville*," the first volume of whose immortal work, published apart, with the title "*American Institutions and their Influence*," ought to be more familiar with us than it is. But as with our contemporaries so with us, the name of Smith O'Brien has its charm. We will not allow ourselves to speak of *him* even as he has spoken of Catholic nations "which have yielded us our religion, our arts, our literature, and our laws." In these days of broad-ax criticism and sledge-hammer argumentation, we desire to cultivate more than ever the spirit "that dealeth not perversely and hopeth all things." The men who have risked all, home, friends, fortune, life, in a just cause, are not to be derided. Failure in such a cause is at least a homage paid to Truth, Justice, Freedom. And it is no rashness to assert, that failure may be predicated, at one time or another, of even the best and most successful struggles mankind have hailed with their applause. If there be one sentiment which we

cherish towards such men it is, that they may retrieve their credit, whether their errors be of the head or heart, and learn before it be too late, the full worth of Tertullian's saying—*Nemo Sapien nisi Fidelis*—the faithful Christian is the only true philosopher: and we may add, the only true patriot. We feel urged to say much more, but we desist. Mr. O'Brien's learning and sincerity we admit again. But who is ignorant that from the sanctuary to the scaffold, something more is wanting! Learning is not wisdom. Sincerity is not ability. We all acknowledge it. A man's truthfulness and general information may be above suspicion, and still in the cabinet or study, in the council chamber or the battle-field, he may prove to the satisfaction of his staunchest friends that he might still be deemed, in the language of Tacitus—*capax imperii nisi imperasset*—capable of being a leader, if he had not tried it. The closing remarks of chap. xxix appear to us, to be, in general, the reverse of fact. As matters stand in this country they are pernicious; and more anti-Catholic than we would expect to hear from one whose home, and whose sympathies both as a man and a patriot are in, and with Ireland. Even with the valuable notes on chap. xxv, many do and will regret that such pages came from the press of one to whose generous zeal—in this instance, carried too far—the ever sacred cause of Truth, Education, and Religion are already, and we wish, may continue to be deeply indebted.

2. Art and Scenery in Europe, with other Papers. By *H. B. Wallace.* Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Few will peruse this volume, without experiencing, as they proceed, feelings of cordial regard for the young but highly-gifted author. Admiration for his talents and esteem for his many good qualities, will blend with their regret that one so endowed with some of heaven's best gifts should, at the early age of thirty-five, have sunk into the grave. We can hardly reject the hope that he whose soul filled with such emotions when within that "First Temple" of our faith—St. Peter's at Rome—whose heart kindled with such rapture before the Madonna in the Santa Maria Novella; to say nothing of the loving veneration with which his *critiques* on other glorious pictures of Our Lady, are imbued—could not have died in Paris, without making a nearer approach to that one ark of grace and truth, in which alone such noble spirits realise what God has done, and is still daily doing for those that love him. There is, in our judgment, something more than the mere enthusiasm of a lofty imagination or a finely cultivated mind, in such passages, as the following:

"The Madonna in the Santa Maria Novella, is, to my feelings, a work of exalted and ever-enduring merit, worthy to be carried, at this day, *in triumph through the streets.* It is a great work, in comparison with any age; and has more inspiration than could be gleaned from all the pictures that have been painted in Europe in the last two centuries. . . . . The Virgin's face is full of beauty and expression. . . . . A spiritual power pervades the work, which stamps it as the production of a truly great artist."—p. 31.

On p. 265 we have these felicitous observations on several noble pictures in the collection at the University at Perugia:

"The face of the Virgin is not exceeded, if it be equalled, in beauty, expression, and loveliness by anything in Raphael. . . . . It is interesting to trace the progressive development in the several heads of the Virgin. The first, which is the *Annunciation*, is of faultless beauty, but calm, and not much disturbed from the natural condition of the features. The *Adoration* is a face upon which the gushing tides of natural affection have overflowed, till they have dissolved its natural beauty into a celestial radiance of loveliness too exalted for an earthly destiny. Then in the mother of the growing youth, is seen the fullest, deepest, tenderest, maternal solicitude."

Speaking of Raphael, he says, p. 269:—"It is as the painter of the Madonna, that Raphael is known, to the admiration and affections of the whole world."

Of great painters in general, and of the present condition of this noble art, he has, in the first paper of this not only entertaining but instructive volume, these just remarks:—p. 20.

"Protestantism has never produced a great artist. The last of the heroic race of painters were Rubens and Vandyke; and both were Catholics. The loftiest school of our own day, that of Munich, is composed either of Catholics, or persons who being Protestant at the outset, became Catholics in the process of becoming artists."

As for "the purer doctrine, sounder morality, better society which the Reformation gave us," Mr. Wallace substantially refutes his own statement on the very page (19) and paragraph in which he advances it; no uncommon thing, with Protestants, when they attempt a comparison between the relative good and evil of our own age and more Catholic times. Whenever earth is put before heaven, and gold before God, there we must demur to the plea, no matter by whom made; and whatever be the appearances in its favor. The repeated cry for the re-establishment of the Catholic Confessional, again heard in our own day from the heart of Germany, is but one of those expressive though humiliating acknowledgments, made by Protestantism in favor of the purer morality of Catholic lands. Ireland, the most oppressed, slandered, and humbled of modern nations, and in the judgment of our adversaries, with the most Catholic population, has within the last decade of years, if not still more recently, been weighed in the balance with Sweden, to say nothing of Norway, Denmark and Prussia, of all Protestant nations the most favored in the means of material and social prosperity, and by Protestant lips judgment has been given in favor of Catholic Ireland.

The fragment on "*the Roman Forum*," pp. 183–190, is replete with noble thoughts admirably expressed. What truthful beauty in the following! "He whose spirit Rome has once touched with her sceptre, is struck insensible to vulgar and earthly interests. Rome seems to be the magnetic pole of our moral sensibilities. In *other places* they tremble toward it; *in it*, they become riveted to the soil," p. 183—and towards the close of the fragment, p. 189: "The development of morality was not the office of Judea. That august mission was assigned to Rome, and by her nobly performed. . . . . When Christianity had become systematized and illustrated under the regime of apostles and martyrs, and the Church was fully matured and strengthened, and required only to be diffused, it coalesced with the Roman constitution in the person of Constantine, and thus was spread abroad over the world. It went hand in hand with Rome's civil constitution."

In another part of the same paper—viewing the Eternal city—her classic past, her mysterious present, in one entirety, he styles Rome "the shrine of the morality of the world—the temple whence oracles of justice went forth that still are the inspiration and the guides of life: lawgiver of the nations; parent of institutions that give civility and development to society; inventress of the arts that *establish right through reason:* source of that social wisdom which is civil power: the all-imperial city, throned in the ever-during reverence of the mind: girt with a divinity invisible perhaps to the *frivolous*, but *irresistible to the thoughtful mind.*" p. 184.

How different is such language from that of men who—but, peace to their manes! they are dead; and so is our enmity. We have said enough to enable our readers to form some opinion of the tone and contents of the papers on "*Art and Scenery in Europe*" left us by the lamented and accomplished Mr. Wallace. Even, in several places, where his language is *malé souans*, "as though his words were against us, his heart appears to be with us. Few, besides Catholics—we mean your real, high-minded Catholics, who for the cause and honor of the Church cherish all those ennobling sentiments which sons should forever cherish towards a loved and venerable mother—few besides these can appreciate what emotions such passages as we have quoted, awaken and bring forth in response from our heart the hope, the earnest wish that he who thus thought and wrote, may not have passed away without hearing in his last moments—"May the Son of the living God place thee in the ever-verdant lawns of his Paradise: and may He, the true Shepherd, acknowledge thee as one of His flock."

3. Uniform Series of the Tales and Romances of Hendrik Conscience, in five volumes. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

I. The Curse of the Village; the Happiness of Being Rich; and Blind Rosa.
II. The Lion of Flanders; or, the Battle of the Golden Spurs.
III. Count Hugo of Craenhove; Wooden Clara; and the Village Inn-Keeper.
IV. Veva; or, the War of the Peasants; and the Conscript.
V. The Miser; Ricketicketack; and the Poor Gentleman.

We have had frequent occasion to speak of the merits of the Tales of Hendrik Conscience; of the natural and simple beauty of the style, the life-like delineation of character, the flow of humor, the deep vein of pathos, and above all, the practical moral lessons, that underlay the surface and shine forth conspicuously in every page. But in our uncouth and rugged nature, we view them only in their application to the "sterner sex," overlooking their merits, as reflecting those traits and virtues that adorn the fairer portion of our race. Our attention has been drawn to this omission by the following letter addressed to the publishers, from a lady of distinguished talents and refined taste:

Gentlemen:—I beg leave to express to you the very great delight I have experienced in reading the Flemish Tales of Hendrik Conscience. I am glad to witness their publication, not only because the stories are in themselves worthy of translation for the entertainment they afford, but because they display a fine analysis of many traits which are either not usually attributed to *my sex*, or are regarded as but feebly developed in our lives. I am quite sure that Conscience has not written these tales in a spirit of mere gallant devotion to woman, but because he has found, in all ranks, that *energetic perseverance* in a good cause is almost always seen in union with that quick *directness* of *character* which makes the world regard us too often as impulsive.

In sketching the development of woman's nature, how beautifully are the virtues of high and low life exhibited in the portrait of Lenora, in the "Poor Gentleman;" of Kate in the "Conscript," and of Lisa in the "Village Innkeeper."

Lisa, combats against a weak, vain father, who sought her social elevation at the risk of her reputation, and whose ambitious views for his child, allowed him to overlook her purity and excellences, until he is roused from his selfish dream by the catastrophe his obstinate folly has produced.

Kate, in the "Conscript," although poor, and uneducated, has all the nobility of soul that ever shone in the highest ranks of society. Through the varying scenes of her lover's fortune,—while he is enlisted in the army, and goes abroad in service,—that noble girl supports and comforts his widowed mother, and unselfishly works for her as well as for her own family. When, at last, the news reaches her, of his destitution and *blindness*, with what energy does that heroic creature set out alone, on foot, through an unknown country, without friend or protector, to seek and bring him home, that he may have the sympathy and assistance of loving hearts to obliterate the darkness that is forever around him! She passes unscathed through all the hazards of her journey. Uplifted by *innate* purity, and straight forward, indomitable resolution, none dare insult the upright, honorable, *brave* girl, whose only object was to save her lover's life! Respect, admiration, and kindness followed her maiden footsteps, subdued the opposition of the evil disposed, and restored her, and her charge, after infinite toil to their honest kindred.

This character, is drawn I think, with all the simplicity and power of "Jeannie Deans" in "The Heart of Mid Lothian."

Lenora, in the "Poor Gentleman,"—unlike the two former characters,—was descended from a noble race. A long line of nobles had lived and passed away in the ancestral home, where a father's love bestowed on her an elaborate education. Deprived of a mother's care, in infancy, her whole heart centered on her remaining parent, who richly repaid her affectionate devotion, by the most assiduous care. Alone, in this poor, proud and solitary dwelling, she early strove to banish the sor-

sow, which her penetrating eyes discovered was eating away her father's life and happiness. Her joyous smile and affectionate caresses were the only balm to the poor old gentleman, who, from generosity to others, had sunk into poverty, and, in spite of his good sense, kept up a false appearance of wealth, not so much to gratify his ancestral pride, as to conceal even the thought of indigence from his idolized daughter. When the *denouement* came, and her real situation was revealed, the *energetic woman* triumphed over the *weak man*, in all the elements of endurance and resistance of ill-fortune;—yet, with what anxiety and good judgment did she strive to make her heart-broken father happy, while she earned her daily bread by sewing for those, who were her equals in birth but superiors in wealth! Not a sigh escaped her,—not a murmur:—She passes from the life of an idle lady to that of humblest toil, with all the contented sweetness that was brought out unerushed by trial. Nothing daunted her;—she adapted herself to her fallen fortunes; and, by turns, played seamstress, servant, cook and comforter, while the true nobility of her soul was never degraded even by the most menial tasks.

I have been so much charmed by Mr. Conscience's analysis of female character, that I have not said as much perhaps as I ought about the *male* personages who figure in his works. If I were to do so, I should write too long a letter;—but, while I take the liberty to commend these stories to my sex for the clear discernment with which they display what is best in *woman*, I can assure your female readers, that they will find the Flemish author, could not have been keener in detecting and exposing the amiable weaknesses of *man*kind if he had been—a *woman*.

C. M.

4. God Bless our Pope. A Hymn for Three Voices. Words, by his Eminence *Cardinal Wiseman*. Music by *Pisani*. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. and George Willig, Jr.

We owe an apology to the publishers for having so long inadvertently delayed the notice of this exquisite piece of music. This we would deeply regret, if we felt that the composition needed our praise or commendation to give it a welcome to the public. It is nevertheless refreshing, while we see so much musical trash daily sent forth from the press, to meet with a piece of music, having not only outward adornment, but an intrinsic merit rarely found in songs for the piano.

The beautiful words of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, are arranged so as to be sung in part as a solo, and in part as a duett and chorus. The music, by Pisani, is of a high order. The harmony is rich and graceful, while the accompaniment is not so difficult as to be beyond the reach of a performer of ordinary ability. We think this hymn must become a great favorite among all lovers of good poetry set to stirring music; but especially to all Catholics, who must gladly hail any tribute of respect and love to our Holy Father Pius IX.

5. The Twelve Mysteries of the Holy Childhood. With Engravings of each Mystery, by Artists of the School of Dusseldorf. By the Rev. *H. Formby*. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This charming little volume is as pleasing to the eye, as the devotion which it inspires is grateful to the heart. Whatever relates to the actions of our divine Redeemer, cannot remain an object of indifference to Catholics; and those devotions which have been established to do special honor to the mysteries of his sacred life, have always been held in the highest esteem.

The exercise of the beautiful devotion of the Holy Childhood was first established in France by the Fathers of the Oratory, and is practiced in several parts of Italy, especially by the nuns of the order of St. Elizabeth. It is divided into twelve parts, beginning with the Annunciation, and ending with the finding of the child in the temple disputing with the doctors. Each part is handsomely embellished, and contains the scriptural history of the mystery which is honored, together with appropriate devotional exercises. To encourage the faithful the Holy Father, Pius VII, has granted an indulgence of three hundred days to all those who devoutly recite this devotion.

Literary Intelligence.

Abroad, as well as at home, the close of the year seems to stop for a time announcements of forthcoming works, as though publishers required a breathing space before commencing the labors of a new year. Two works having a bearing on this country have recently appeared in France; and we may here state the fact, as it does not appear to have been noticed in any American periodical. One is "Le Clergé Français emigré aux Etats Unis" (Sketches of French Missionaries in the United States), by Moreau, one of the contributors to the Correspondent; and the other a French translation of the well-known "Defence of Catholic Principles" of the Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, whose biography we gave our readers last year. The translation appeared under the title "Un Missionnaire Russe en Amérique."

The most important announcement is one by the Abbe Martinet, the author of the "Salve for the bite of the Black Serpent," "The Solution of Great Problems," "Religion in Society," "Plason Polichinelli," "The Philosophy of the Catholic Catechism," &c. His new work is a project of a new course of theology, adapted in its form to the wants of our time. The matter of Catholic teaching cannot vary; but Martinet, who has long been at the head of a seminary, deems a reform necessary in the plan of instruction. His whole course is now looked for with great interest in France and Savoy, where his project has been most favorably received.

Such of his works as have hitherto been presented to English readers—and the credit of presenting them is due exclusively to the Catholics of the United States—have been greatly admired, and confirmed the trans-Atlantic reputation that he is a man of marked ability, who keeps apace with the age, its wants, its follies, and who seeks the cure of each new form of disease. Messrs. Murphy & Co. have in press "The Philosophy of the Catholic Catechism," by the same author.

In Belgium a typographical luxury is announced by Vanderreydt. It is an edition of "The Gradual and Antiphonarium" of the most sumptuous description. This magnificent edition is to be in two volumes folio, 60 centimetres by 90, printed on English vellum, from new type, with borders, vignettes, &c. of exquisite finish. The subscription is 3500 francs, or $700.

In this country, some important works are announced, both reprints and original. Several relate to Ireland, and among these we may number a new edition of "Thomas Moore's History of Ireland from her earliest kings to her last chiefs," announced by Dunigan; and in spite of its acknowledged faults, its no less fully acknowledged beauties will make it well deserving a place in each library. O'Mahoney's new translation of the "History of Ireland," by Rev. Geoffrey Keating, announced by Haverty, will also soon appear. This work, written in Irish, has, we believe, never been published in the original, although the eminent author died more than two centuries ago (A. D. 1625). The world has become critical since Keating's day, and more intolerant of the supernatural, but it is time that so really deserving a work was presented faithfully to English readers: and such is now to be the case. Another work on Ireland, "The Star of the North," a life of Dr. Maginn, Bishop of Derry, from the able and eloquent pen of Thomas Darcy McGee, will soon be issued by O'Shea, of New York. The manuscript narrowly escaped destruction in a recent conflagration, but is now actually in the hands of the disciples of Caxton.

A new life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the pen of the accomplished Donald McLeod, is announced by Scribner, and will, we are assured, be the fullest vindication of Mary ever issued. Bolder than De Marles, and having better access to the writings of her enemies, he will out of their own mouths condemn them. Much as we admire the work of De Marles, just seasonably published by Donahoe, and justly as we may commend it to all, there is not in it a tone of conviction of Mary's innocence that leads us to judge her kindly, and yet Scotch Presbyterians themselves have gone further than we dare go in denouncing the set of perjurers, schemers, reformers, and Elizabeth-bought traitors who worked Mary's ruin and reformed religion in Scotland.

In ascetical literature, we are to have from the press of Dunigan that grand old work of the Benedictine Father Baker, "The Sancta Sophia," so applauded by Butler, by

Milner, and by Faber; while the Messrs. Murphy & Co. announce the "Ritus et preces ad Missam celebrandam in usum præcipue eorum qui sacris initiantur," a pocket volume, designed for the clergy and those preparing themselves for the sacred ministry, containing in a succinct form all the instructions necessary for the proper celebration of the holy sacrifice of the mass. Also, "St. Ignatius' Method of Meditation," and "A Series of Practical Meditations," which will be most acceptable additions to that portion of our literature, in which we are most deficient. If any part has been overdone it is that of prayer books, in which we have had our "Paths to Paradise" and "Ways to Heaven," "Keys to Heaven" and Keys to Paradise," "Gems of Devotion" and "Flowers of Piety," "Daily Exercises" and "Pocket Companions," with manuals of all orders and saints: but the supply increases, and just as Messrs. Dunigan & Brother issue their "St. John's Manual," the Messrs. Murphy & Co. announce the "Visitation Manual," compiled by the Sisters of the Visitation, and which by its name promises devotions drawn from St. Francis of Sales, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and the B. Margaret Mary Alacoque, the heaven-raised promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart. They also announce a prayer book much needed, and that is the "Roman Vesperal, containing the complete Vespers for the whole year, with Gregorian chants in modern notation." Now that the Holy Father has so clearly expressed his disapprobation of figured music in churches, vespers will, we trust, be chanted, and not merely chanted in full, but chanted according to the Vesperal. As the preface observes, "It will take time in our new country to bring the people to take part in the chant. Yet if this work is introduced into our parochial schools, academies, colleges, &c., a few years will effect a great change; and in place of hearing extracts sung by the choir alone, our voices will unite in those liturgical chants that have ever formed the grand public worship of the church militant.

The division of the work is admirable, and we cordially join in the wish of the compiler, that it may lead to the general introduction of the chant. One of our Rt. Rev. Bishops has been long anxious for a work like this, and in order to supply his own diocese was about to have a work compiled.

Passing to lighter literature, we find the same house announcing Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "Lady Bird" and "Ellen Middleton," both works of established reputation; and also a new novel from the pen of Conscience, "The Golden Demon," said to exceed in interest any of his previous works. To be followed by a revised edition of that popular and humorous tale, heretofore published in the Metropolitan, "The Yankee in Ireland," by Paul Peppergrass, Esquire—also, a series of cheap Popular Tales for the young, intended as premiums for Sunday and parochial schools, &c.

Dunigan announces a new tale by the authoress of "The Hamiltons," to be entitled "The Three Eleanors," and also "Lizzie Maitland Hamilton," a tale edited by Dr. Brownson. In this department American Catholic literature seems to have excelled, if we may judge from the fact that three Catholic tales published in this country last year have been already reprinted in England, Ireland and Scotland.

We learn that the Jesuit Fathers, under the direction of several of the bishops of the United States and the British Provinces, are preparing several works, including an illustrated compendium of the Bible in the Indian tongue, for the use of the Indians residing in the north-eastern borders of the United States, the British Provinces, and Canada.

The New York Historical Society are about to issue a new volume of their collections, which will be of more than ordinary interest to Catholics. It will contain the journal of Father Jogues' captivity among the Mohawks; the journal of Father Gabriel Druillete's embassy to Boston in 1650, whither he was sent by the governor of Canada; and also the proceedings of the first session of the Colonial Assembly of New York in 1683. This was convened in the reign of James II, when Thomas Dongan, an Irish Catholic, and afterwards Earl of Limerick, was governor. The laws of the session were smothered by the subsequent Protestant ascendancy, but were remarkable for their tolerant spirit, their vigor and usefulness.

Editors' Table.

Tempus fuget! Time passes. It rushes onward with lightning rapidity. Our days, months and years flow by like the resistless tide of a mighty river, each bringing us one step nearer to the goal of our departure hence. Another year dawns upon us, and finds us again at our post, willing with the smile of Providence to do our part to alleviate the ills of fallen humanity; to enlighten, to instruct, to entertain our readers; to make light in their progress through life's dreary vale to the shores of another and a better world.

Tempus fuget! we repeated again to ourselves, as we hastened to our apartments to commence the labors of another volume. And here we think, it will not be deemed out of place to introduce our readers to a view of our humble quarters. Fortune, which smiles so propitiously on the rest of mankind, is exceedingly sparing of her favors to editors; hence if we cannot boast of luxury, we may console ourselves, that we but share the common lot of our fraternity.

Our sanctum (a description of which may be edifying, if not instructive) is a bleak little room, ten by fifteen, and is accessible by five lengthy flights of stairs. A small window supplies it with light, and from which, the cheerless prospect of roofs and chimneys greets the eye. In a recess, a few unpainted shelves support our scanty library. An old grate in a fire-place of diminished proportions, scantily supplied with fuel, serves to keep the temperature of the room a little above the freezing point. The oaken floor well polished by time, is a stranger to any covering. In the centre of the apartment stands an oblong table, of antique appearance. It wears a revered aspect from its contact with the many distinguished personages who in former time sat around it. It contains a lamp, a few quires of foolscap, writing materials, and the "green bag." Three or four venerable rush-bottomed chairs, such as would have done honor to the drawing-rooms of our early republican fathers, are all the firms of which we can boast.

Such is the general appearance of our sanctum, and such is our entire furniture except a few ornaments bequeathed to us by our learned and distinguished predecessors. The following are a few of the most important:

Upon the low and time-worn mantel-piece, stands a beautiful statue of the renowned *Maga*. A wreath of flowers rests gracefully upon her head, and the cross upon her breast reflects a dazzling brightness. Her look is majestic; a ray of intelligence sparkles from her eyes, while a benignant and fascinating smile plays upon her countenance. With her right hand she points to heaven, as if to remind us that we labor not for earth; that the first and great duty, especially of a Catholic editor, is to furnish to his readers such lessons as will be useful to them in time, and which will tend to influence their conduct in reference to the great affair of eternity. In her left hand she holds a scroll of parchment, on which is inscribed the following:

"*Religion and Literature.*—To vindicate the one, to support the other, and to subserve the best interests of both, is the first duty of a Catholic periodical.

To expound and defend the dogmas of faith, to shield from attack the doctrines and institutions of the Catholic Church, to exalt virtue, to vindicate truth, to inculcate those sublime principles of morality which are sought for in vain beyond the portals of Catholicity; to promote science and literature upon a pure, elevated basis; to chasten their study, and render them truly the handmaids of religion and subservient to man's best interest in time and in eternity, are the ennobling objects contemplated by the *Metropolitan*."

Within a frame, which is suspended to the wall, are inscribed the following words:

"Let the Catholic editor pursue the object of his high calling by the light of the torch that burns upon the Catholic altar. Let his sanctum be illumined by the flame of fraternal charity; let no unkindness enter there. Let Catholic editors have one common aim—the interests of religion, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of sound principles of morality."

These, with several similar bequests, constantly admonish us of our obligations and our duty.

On the margin of the table, the following truisms are inscribed:

"There is a mutual relationship between editors and their readers. The former build the edifice, the latter support it. The one gives animation to literature, the other sustains it. Without the former, Cremian darkness would encompass this habitable globe; without the latter, the temple of science would fall, and crush beneath its ruins the whole fraternity of authors, publishers and printers.

Here the printers' —— messenger entered, imperiously demanding "copy," and giving us only time to add the following poetic gems, the first from our esteemed contributor *Fidelia:*

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Adore, my soul! thy Saviour is near,
Circled with silence like a sleeping babe;
The fount of life, yet passive as in death,
The fount of glory where no radiance seems,
All veiled, in pity unto thee, my soul!

Adore, my soul! thy Saviour is near;
The rose, the lily, and the passion flower
Doth sculptured from His sacred dwelling place;
Emblems of suffering, purity, and love—
The emblems of His life on earth for thee!

Adore, my soul! thy Saviour is near!
Within the hollow of the silver lamp
The watchful light is burning steadfly,
Flinging its crimson where His feet hath been;
Thus let thy love still burn for Him my soul!

Oh! Jesus God! Thy sacred peace flows round
In this sphered stillness like a noiseless wave,
Hushing all restless thoughts which are not thine
Into forgetfulness — now time seems o'er,
And death itself is but to love Thee more! FIDELIA.

We are not aware that the following patriotic ode has ever appeared in any of our Catholic periodicals. It was originally written for a College Celebration of Washington's Birth-day, February 22d, at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, and may serve as an illustration of the spirit that animates, and for many a long year after, binds the hearts of our Catholic students to their alma mater:

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

AIR—*Draw the Sword! Scotland, &c.*

Strike the Harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
Thy hero has triumph'd thy Eagle 's on the sea
And glory is sounding, sounding, sounding
The praise of thy chieftain, of freedom and thee.

The foe—they are silent, silent, silent;
The foe!—they are silent for ever and aye:
But the soul of thy hero, hero, hero,
Is glowing in millions of freemen to-day.
Strike the harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
Thy warriors are round thee, all fearless and free:
Their hearts — they are burning, burning, burning,
To conquer or die! Columbia, for Thee!

Wreathe the Harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
O! bright in its verdure the garland shall be,
O'er the chords that are glist'ning, glist'ning, glist'ning,
With tears for the Chief. who has parted from thee.
From the battle he 's resting. resting, resting,
From the battle he is resting, but dwells not alone:
Then weep not my country! my country! my country!
Thy son 's where the mighty before him have gone.
Strike the Harp! Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!
From the face of the foeman thy sons shall ne'er flee;
But bear o'er the ocean, the ocean, the ocean
The fame of thy Hero, thy Eagle and Thee.

Record of Events.

From December 20, 1856, to January 20, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—On the first Sunday of Advent, the Holy Father assisted at pontifical mass, at the Papal Chapel in the Sistine. The chapel was thronged with strangers, including most of the foreign Catholics in Rome. After mass the procession was made to the Pauline chapel to inaugurate the commencement of the ecclesiastical year. The ceremony on this occasion is described as unusually grand and imposing. The Holy Father walked with his head uncovered, and a gorgeous canopy supported over him. He was preceded by his court and the Sacred College, carrying tapers, while the *Pange Lingua* was chanted as the procession moved forward. The Pauline chapel was splendidly decorated, the altar especially was resplendent with innumerable lights. In the evening, the Scala Regia, and all the avenues to the chapel were illuminated, and immense crowds of devout adorers thronged the sacred edifice. The Holy Father, attended by his chamberlains, made a visit of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament on the evening of its exposition.

The anniversary of the dogmatic declaration of the Immaculate Conception, was celebrated with great magnificence, in the various churches, but especially at the Papal chapel in the Sistine, which was attended by a great number of strangers, among whom was the Dowager Queen of Spain, with her family and suite. On the day previous to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Queen had been honored with an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, and presented to him the members of her suite. The Commission of the Roman Philodramatic Academy, appointed by his Holiness towards the close of 1853, has published its report, and made an award of prizes. Knowing the great talent of his people for dramatic literature, the Holy Father has been anxious to employ it in the services of religion, and made it a condition, when offering encouragement for bringing this talent into action, that in every drama the cause of true morality and virtue should triumph. Fifty dramatic compositions were handed to the

members of the Commission; these were all original, never having been published or represented. Two tragedies, one melo-drama, eight dramas, thirteen comedies and two farces were entirely rejected; the others were divided into three classes—those deserving the gold medal, those deserving encouragement, and those deserving praise. The lowest class comprised one lyric tragedy, one memoranda, two lyric dramas, and one comedy; the second class comprised fourteen comedies, a tragedy, and a drama; the tragedy *Corso-Donati*, was written by Signor Massi, Professor of Eloquence at the Roman University, and is much praised for the purity of its style and language; the author was rewarded with a silver medal. The same honor was accorded to Signor Merli, the writer of no less than twelve of the fourteen comedies. The highest prize, a large golden medal, with an appropriate inscription, was adjudged to a native of Tuscany. The successful comedies are entitled, "The Georgian System;" "The Mother's Ring;" and, "A Voyage for Instruction."

Crawford's Studio—A correspondent of the *New York Commercial*, writing from Rome, gives a description of the statuary in Crawford's studio, designed for the Capitol at Washington. The statue of "America" to be placed in the dome is thus described:

"The figure is twenty feet high, and stands with the right hand resting on a sheathed sword, and the left on the shield of our country. On the breast are the initials of the United States, and a delicate drapery is so arranged as to form rays of light proceeding from the letters. The ample folds of an outer drapery fall majestically around the statue, leaving only the hands and a portion of the neck uncovered. For the usual cap, the artist has substituted a helmet, the crest of which is an eagle's head, with a richly falling plume of feathers. The countenance is wondrously beautiful, full of dignity and lofty purpose, earnestly and thoughtfully looking out into the great future.

The statue of an 'Indian,' intended for the eastern pediment, is expressive of profound grief for the death of his nation. The anatomy and pose of the figure are admirable; but the great speechless woe that bows the head upon one open palm, while the other is clenched in agony, is a triumph of art. The Indian woman, too, bending over the child calmly resting on her bosom, while before her lie the lonely graves of her race —those graves beside which is her only place of rest—is a sad, sweet poem, and a touching embodiment of a woman's and a mother's grief."

Naples.—The affairs of this kingdom are quiet; the threatened violence on the part of England and France scarcely forms any longer a subject of comment. The most startling news is an attempt to assassinate the King. The particulars of this affair are thus stated: On the 8th of December, the Festival of the Immaculate Conception, the King was present at a review of the entire garrison of Naples. After mass, which had been celebrated in the open air, benediction was given, and the troops were defiling before his Majesty, when a soldier of the 4th division of the 3d battalion of Chasseurs, called Agesilao Milano, of San Benedetto, in the province of Cosenza, rushed from the ranks, as if to present a petition. He then made a thrust with his bayonet at his Majesty, who backed his horse, and the bayonet, grazing the side of the King, struck against the pistol holster, and was bent. The man slipped and fell to the ground. At that moment, a captain of the Hussars, riding up, nearly crushed the man, while another officer collared him. The assassin, aged 24, was one of the Calabrian insurgents of '48, pardoned in '52—entered the army six months ago. He was sentenced the day after his murderous attempt to be hung.

All classes presented addresses of congratulation to the King on his providential escape. The English and French residents went in a body to offer their congratulations. The city of Naples was brilliantly illuminated at night. It was officially announced that the railway from Capua to Cessrono on the Papal frontier, would be commenced during December.

Sardinia.—The political news of this country is unimportant. The following statement of the death-bed repentance of one of those unhappy men, who did so much to oppress the Church of Sardinia, will be read with interest:—

General Collegno, a member of the Piedmontese Senate, who voted for the law which confiscated church property in Sardinia, has recently died. Before his death he called a gentleman, notary and two witnesses, made in their presence a solemn retractation of the support and sanction he had given to a law, which his conscience told him was unjust and irreligious, and he charged them to give all possible publicity to his retractation.

Spain.—The foreign papers announce, that a reconciliation will soon be perfected between Spain and the Holy See. The Bishops of Dreuse and Almeria, have presented an address to the Queen in which they express their gratitude for the benefits she has

conferred on the Church of Spain. In the early part of December, a circular was addressed by the Minister of Grace and Justice to the Bishops, charging them in the name of her Majesty, to cause to be celebrated before the end of the year, "the ineffable mystery of the Immaculate Conception, in a manner in accordance with all the ardor of Spanish faith and all the pomp of Spanish worship." The circular states that the Spanish nation may hope to be able to reform itself, "since it was the first to accept the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, under whose protection all the Spanish dominions are placed."

Railway construction in Spain is making great progress. The line from Madrid to Alicante will be completed by the spring, and a portion of the section to Saragossa will shortly be opened. More than 10,000 men are employed on these works.

France.—The re-assembling of the Paris Conference is the engrossing subject at present in the French capital. The body met on the 31st of December, but at latest dates had transacted no business of importance. The interpretation of some of the articles of the late treaty of peace, seems to be one of the chief objects of the Conference. Frederick William, Prince of Prussia, was at the latest dates at Paris, as the guest of the Emperor. For his entertainment the Emperor reviewed at the Palace du Carrousel a large detachment of troops, and manifested toward him every mark of respect. The Prince is said to be the bearer of an invitation to the Emperor to visit Berlin in the spring, which it is believed his Majesty will accept, circumstances permitting. The approach of the cold weather has brought forth the proverbial charity of the French. Cheap kitchens have been established in the different quarters of Paris, owing to the exertions of the government and of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and an association numbering for Paris alone 7000 gentlemen of station and fortune, who have enrolled themselves for the purpose of carrying succor and consolation to prisoners, and to the poor at their miserable domiciles. These kitchens are open from nine until eleven every day, with the exception of Sunday. The food is prepared and distributed by the Sisters of Charity, and consists of three different kinds—one of soup, another of meat, and the third of vegetables, each portion costing two sous. The Emperor and the Empress, with several members of the Imperial family, lately attended a ball given at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the poor.

England.—The British Cabinet has on hand at present quite enough to give it active employment. The Paris Conference, and the game that may be played there, will require a close eye to be kept on matters near at hand, while two or three *little* wars abroad, demand a slight degree of attention. War has been declared against Persia, and Herat has been taken. As to the cause of the war, it is difficult to ascertain. The British version is, that the Persian monarch entered into a contract with England that he would not molest or disturb the frontier city of Herat, unless under certain contingencies. If the enemies of Persia attempted to obtain possession of the city he was permitted to advance his troops sufficiently far to disperse them, but on their dispersion he was to retire. Recently, it is said, under pretence of the necessity so provided for, he marched his troops to the city, and took possession of it contrary to the treaty. The war seems to be very unpopular with the people of England.

While these things are being transacted in Persia, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have incurred the wrath of the British lion, and the city of Canton has been bombarded by the English fleet. This took place about the middle of November. The cause of this is said to have originated from the capture and the forcible detention of the crew of a British vessel by the Chinese, who refused to deliver up the prisoners, or to give a satisfactory explanation for their conduct. Such is the statement of the British journals.

On the 23d of December a dinner was given to the officers of the United States Navy who brought to Portsmouth the Arctic ship Resolute. It will be remembered that the Resolute was one of the vessels sent by the British government to the Arctic regions in search of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin and his crew; that she was abandoned by her officers and men, and finally found by the American exploring expedition and brought to the United States; that the vessel was subsequently repaired by our government, and by a vote of congress returned to the British government. The Queen and Prince Albert paid a visit to the Resolute at Portsmouth, and treated the officers and men with the utmost respect.

Ireland.—We have not room in the present number to say more of recent events in Ireland than to record the death of the great apostle of temperance, the Rev. Father Mathew, which took place at Cork on the 9th of December last. The illustrious deceased was born in Thomaston, Ireland, October 10, 1790. He was left an orphan at an early age, adopted by an aunt, and educated in Kilkenny Academy and Maynooth. He was ordained to the priesthood at Dublin, and entered with zeal upon the duties of the holy ministry. The evils brought on his flock by the abuse of intoxicating liquors, touched his generous heart, and led to his exertions in the cause of temperance, which were attended by so much good.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—The beautiful church of St. Ignatius of this city has recently been further adorned by the addition of a most magnificent painting, executed by Constantine Brumidi, a distinguished artist. We avail ourselves of the following description of the work, furnished to one of our city papers:

"The centre panel of the elegantly stuccoed ceiling has been supplied with a splendid work of art, which has thus far excited the unqualified admiration of the best artists of Baltimore. The dimensions of the panel are 35 by 20 feet, and the new ornament completes the edifice and makes it a real bijou of architectural beauty. Indeed we do not remember ever to have seen a more impressive painting than that which graces the ceiling of this church. Its general idea is taken from Murillo's celebrated picture of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of the Saviour, but the modern artist has added of his own much that would be worthy even of that famous master. The main figure is the Holy Virgin herself, crowned with twlve stars, and crushing with her foot the serpent, uniting, as Catholic writers explain it, the two prophecies of Apocalypse and Genesis, "The great sign that appeared in heaven," and the promise of God to our first parents after their fall. The crescent moon, which those writers have made the emblem of the Virgin Mother's spotless conception, is her support, while her face, upturned to the Holy Spirit, symbolised in the dove of scripture, is glowing with thankfulness, and exhibits her joy in the possession of so exalted and singular a privilege.

The artist has most admirably succeeded in the delineation of this spiritual beauty, and it is impossible to contemplate it without feeling how much "the human countenance divine" can become diviner under the magic touch of genius. There are thirty-nine figures, representing angels of various sizes and in various attitudes, around the main figure, which heighten and relieve its effect by the beautiful contrast of their coloring. The grouping of these secondary figures, and the various emotions of simple joy, admiration, veneration and affectionate regard depicted in their countenances, are the additions of the modern artist, and evince how perfectly he has mastered all the difficulties of his beautiful art. Murillo would himself, we are sure, be proud of such a composition."

A Beautiful Altar.—The venerable church of St. Patrick, under the pastoral care of the energetic and zealous Father Dolan, has lately been improved by the introduction of a most beautiful marble altar, the workmanship of Messrs. Sisson & Baird. The entire structure is about fifteen feet wide and nearly the same height. It is made of the best white Italian marble, panelled with Irish green marble, the latter being imported from Ireland expressly for the purpose. The tabernacle is of white with green panels, and surmounted with the cross; on either side of it are representations of angels, five feet in height, and highly gilt. The centre one of the three large lower panels has in it a centre piece of brass, fine gilt, representing the bible and the cross, with a lamb silver plated. It may be added that the altar is a present from the pastor to the church.

Ordination.—On Friday, the octave of the festival of St. Stephen, protomartyr, the order of subdeacon was conferred by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Carrell, of Covington, Kentucky, on Mr. E. H. Brandts, theological student of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg. The ordination took place at the church of St. Ignatius, in this city.

2. Diocese of Philadelphia.—*Ordination.*—On the 20th of December the Rev. Timothy Hanigan, who had previously received the order of deaconship, was promoted to the order of priesthood. The Rev. gentleman was appointed assistant pastor of the Church of the Assumption, in the city of Philadelphia.

Confirmation.—On the 28th of the same month, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia conferred the sacrament of confirmation on ninety-seven persons, in St. Mary's church, Beaver Meadow; and on the following day the same Rt. Rev. Prelate confirmed sixty-seven at St. Gabriel's church, Hazleton.

Religious Reception.—On the 27th of December the Rev. Dr. O'Hara gave the religious veil to four young ladies at St. John's Orphan Asylum, who assumed in religion the names of Sister Mary Euphrasia, Sister Mary Xavier, Sister Rosalie, and Sister Mary Gabriel.

New Churches.—We are pleased to learn that a beautiful new church is under erection in Ashland, Schuylkill county, Pa. Another splendid stone church is nearly finished at Tamaqua, in the same county, under the direction of the Rev. Maurice Walsh.

Fairs.—The fair held during the holidays for the benefit of St. Patrick's church, Philadelphia, cleared over two thousand dollars; and the orphans' fair recently held at Wilmington, Delaware, also realized the sum of over two thousand dollars—a result which reflects the highest credit on the Catholics of Wilmington, considering the smallness of the place. The sisters, as an evidence of their gratitude, published in the Wilmington papers the following card:

"The 'Sisters of Charity' return their sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who visited the fair for the benefit of the orphans during the last week in the City Hall. They tender their grateful acknowledgments to the ladies who had charge of the tables, for their kindness, patience, and readiness to aid them in support of the poor orphans. They also return thanks to the pastors, and citizens in general without exception, for the patronage extended to this charitable object; to Mr. Eckel and Mr. Johnson of the press, for their liberality and kindness in publishing a 'notice' of the fair, for those who are unknown to them, or known only in so far as they are the children of the common 'Father' of us all. In behalf of the orphans we return our thanks especially to the members of the 'Council' who gave us the privilege of the hall. The orphans' prayers shall be offered for all their benefactors, that they may enjoy happiness here, and eternal happiness in the world to come."

3. Diocese of Pittsburg.—*Religious Reception and Profession.*—We learn from the *Pittsburg Catholic* that on January 17th, the following gentlemen received the habit in the chapel of the Franciscan Monastery, at Loretto:—Brother John Brusnihan and Brother Andrew Gildea. On the same day were professed, Brother Thomas Smith, Brother Christopher Matthews, Brother Lewis Sullivan, Brother Anthony Goold, and Brother Stephen Castello (a Mexican). The Rev. C. M. Sheehan, president of the Seminary, and ecclesiastical superior of the Franciscan Brothers, officiated on the occasion. The ceremony was very imposing and beautiful, and connected with the religious associations which hover around the memory of the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, the founder of Catholicity on the Alleghanies, added a peculiar solemnity to the heroism of the act of consecration of those happy religious, who sealed their eternal separation from the things of this world by solemn vows.

Church Dedication.—On January 18th a beautiful new church at Latrobe was dedicated. The Very Rev. E. M'Mahon, V.G., performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. M'Cullagh, Pollard, Farran, Keogh, and two Benedictine Fathers, from St. Vincent's Abbey. After the dedication a grand high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Farran, and the Very Rev. E. M'Mahon delivered a most eloquent and impressive sermon on the Sacrifice of the New Law. Having refuted in the most masterly manner the objections commonly urged against the Catholic dogma of the mass, he presented to his hearers, with a most stringent logic and lucid development, the many proofs the holy scriptures afford us wherewith to sustain our faith on this point.

4. Diocese of Brooklyn.—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception confirmation was administered in the chapel of the Visitation Convent at Brooklyn by the Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Cassidy and Turner; and on the same occasion the Right. Rev. Prelate received seventeen members into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, instituted in that new and thriving convent. The bishop closed by a beautiful instruction on the high privileges of our Immaculate Queen, and the necessity of imitating her virtues, to become true "Children of Mary."

☞ *For want of space, we are obliged to omit many interesting items of intelligence and other matter, which will appear in the next number.*

The

Metropolitan.

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AMERICAN CATHOLICS, AND CATHOLIC IRELAND.

A great deal has been said and written about the Irish in America, and the subject will perhaps continue to be discussed, as involving one of those elements in the population of the United States, which must necessarily have their influence upon the national character, and be felt in the determination of political measures and in the administration of the Church. While some writers charge the Irish with adhering too strictly to their nationality in this country, and think that its interests, at least in a religious point of view, would be better promoted by a more American tone of sentiment and action, others are of opinion that, even granting these propositions, it is impolitic and dangerous to agitate such topics, and that the remedy of the supposed evil, if it exists, must be left to the natural course of events, and not be expected from any systematic effort to change the peculiar ideas and customs of an emigrant population. We do not intend to examine the merits of these different views, but to suggest the consideration of a subject which may perhaps give a new aspect to the whole question about the Irish in America, and tend to harmonize the contending parties, by diverting the attention from disputed points of comparatively minor moment, and concentrating it upon a topic which all candid and reflecting minds in the Catholic body, whether American or Irish, will admit to be of grave importance.

It is probable, that if the population of the United States were altogether free from the Irish element, and from all foreign composition whatever, the Catholic portion of the inhabitants would still be viewed with the same fierce prejudices that now prevail so extensively among their fellow-citizens of other denominations. It is not opposition to foreigners as such, that has excited such a ferment in the public mind and given birth to a new political organization, the first systematic and powerful attempt to substitute a sectarian despotism for the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution; but it is the Catholicity of foreigners; it is the strentgh and development which the Catholic Church in this country has derived in a great measure from emigration; it is her steady progress under the favorable circumstances of our republican form of government, that have aroused the jealousy of her enemies, and rekindled the fires of religious bigotry and hatred. If any thing foreign has contributed to evoke this

angry and denunciatory spirit, it is the idea of a foreign pope, the impression that the Catholics of this country are under the control of a foreign potentate, which is false, indeed, in a political or temporal point of view, though it is certain on the other hand that the spiritual supremacy of the bishop of Rome is a fundamental article of Catholic belief, that it is very generally misunderstood by American Protestants, and is the great bug-bear against which their most active champions invariably direct their attacks. It is the Catholic Church, therefore, as such, in the constitution of which the spiritual headship of the pope is an essential element, that chiefly awakens the hatred of her enemies in this country. Her supposed foreign character, so falsely inferred from this circumstance, no doubt contributes to nurture anti-Catholic prejudice among the masses: but among the leaders of the sects, among those who are in the high places and who in a great degree regulate popular opinion on matters of religion, it is the Catholic Church as the representative of Christianity, as claimant of the divine prerogatives which belong to the Christian religion, that excites the anger and opposition of her adversaries. This hostile spirit can never be extinguished while heresy and infidelity remain. It is the essential destiny of the Church to be hated, calumniated, and at times persecuted by the sects; and although their rancorous opposition may appear for a time to be overcome, the fire is only smouldering under the ashes, and it will burst forth anew according to circumstances, and with a violence proportionate to the exciting cause. It requires only a Maria Monk, a Gavazzi, or a Ned Buntline to stir up occasionally the inflammable material, and a whole community, nay, the whole country will be enveloped in a fearful conflagration. "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake,"* said our Saviour to his disciples—"they will put you out of the synagogues; yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God."†

If the foregoing observations are correct, it would seem that the efforts of Catholic writers might be very profitably directed to the elucidation of such topics, as would create a healthy and vigorous spirit in the Catholic body at large, in order to prepare it for those emergencies to which it is always liable in a country like this, where heresy and infidelity are predominant. They who wish the Irish to drop something of their national peculiarities, no doubt suggest the measure with a view to render them more acceptable to the rest of the population, and thus by removing prejudice to advance the interests of the true faith. But, whatever might be the advantages arising from such a policy, it cannot be denied that it is a point of infinitely greater importance to improve and elevate the condition of Catholics in general throughout the United States, whether Irish or American, English or German. In one case, it is drilling the whole army in the spiritual tactics which are the best guaranty of victory; while in the other, it is making but a brief truce with the enemy. Whether it be the lot of the Catholic Church in this country to continue the untramelled action which she now exerts, or to be hampered by restrictive or persecuting laws, is a contingency which no human penetration can foresee. But, whatever may be her condition hereafter in relation to the civil power, whether that of entire freedom as at present, or of oppression as in some other countries, the interests of religion and the prosperity of the Church absolutely require that the members of her communion should become

* Matt. x, 22. † John xvi, 2.

more fully sensible of their high vocation, and more firmly "rooted and founded" in the holy faith which they profess.

The steady progress of Catholicity in the United States in point of numbers, has led to the impression that the members of the Church, as a body, are all that they should be in virtue of their profession, at all events are prepared for any emergency that may arise. It is supposed that their past success in building up churches, and establishing schools and other institutions, has removed the most formidable difficulties from their path. The triumphs already achieved are considered as the certain harbingers of more signal victories, and the future looms up before them glorious with every indication of prosperity and joy. We are far from being or wishing to appear alarmists; but we think that these sanguine views and expectations betray a very grave delusion. The real prosperity of the Church in any part of the world does not consist merely in large or increasing numbers, in the multiplication of churches and institutions, or in the grandeur and beauty which our growing resources may enable us to bestow upon them. All this constitutes but the shell of religion: it may indeed, to a certain extent, be indicative of faith and of zeal for God's honor on the part of the Catholic body: but, it is not an indispensable accompaniment, and it may exist independently, of those sentiments and manners which form the substance and life of a Catholic nation or community. In the apostolic age and for several centuries after it the Church possessed no external glory, while she displayed on every side a vitality which gave birth to the most heroic virtue. At a later period of her history we behold the reverse of the picture. In the fourth and fifth centuries, when she enjoyed a profound peace, when large accessions were daily made to the numbers of the faithful, when temples were erected at every point to the honor of the living God, the Christian faith lost much of its practical power over the popular mind, and, as St. Jerome expresses it, "ecclesia nunc potentior et divitiis quidem major, virtutibus verò minor facta est."* It is a grave error, therefore, and a very common one in the United States, to estimate the progress of Catholicity amongst us from this outward stand-point. They who enter upon this interesting investigation should not forget, that "all the glory of the King's daughter is within,"† and that the question is not simply whether the number of our churches, and clergymen, and lay-members is steadily increasing; but whether this outward expansion is accompanied by a corresponding vigor of the spiritual life, by a strong and invincible faith in the doctrines of religion, by a profound reverence for ecclesiastical authority, and by the general practice of that sober, just and godly living, which the apostle inculcates, as an epitome of the obligations incumbent on the professors of Christianity, and the basis of their hopes for the rewards of eternal life.‡ The question, so far as the prospects of Catholicity in this country are considered, is not merely whether the churches are increasing in number, but whether they are sources of spiritual life and grace for those who frequent or ought to frequent them; not, whether accessions are continually making to the list of clergy, but whether the clergy are of the right stamp and possess the necessary qualifications for their holy and exalted office; not, whether we have large congregations or numerous conversions, but whether the peo-

* "The Church has become more powerful and rich in our days; but it has lost in virtue." In vita Malach. tom. i, p. 41.

† Psalm xliv. ‡ Titus ii, 12.

ple obey their pastors, whether they value their faith above all human considerations, or as our divine Saviour enjoins the obligation, "seek first the kingdom of God and his justice," and whether they adopt the requisite means to secure these advantages for themselves and all under their charge.

Without attending to these circumstances, we would be exposed to form a very erroneous judgment of the future that is in store for a Catholic nation or community; we might *multiply the nation and not increase the joy:** for it is not the outward or material strength of a Catholic people that will support its dignity, its prosperity or its influence, but the inward life that animates it. What availed to England her noble cathedrals, those splendid achievements of art, with her numerous and wealthy clergy, and hosts of believers all united in the profession of the same faith, when the lust and avarice of a tyrant resolved to strike out the corner-stone of the religious structure? What has it profited the Catholic nations of South America to have studded one half of a continent with magnificent temples, to have possessed so many conventual and other institutions, and even to have shut out from their social system the organizations of sectarianism, when the light of faith, practically speaking, has well nigh become extinguished among them, and they themselves yielding to the corrupting influence of worldliness, have become as it were a bye-word to the nations, and a fatal stumbling-block to those who are not in the communion of the Church? The external glory of religion did not suffice to check the assaults of heresy and infidelity in one of these countries, nor to prevent in the other that torpor and degeneracy of faith which has given birth to the most crying scandals, and almost irremediable abuses. Have we not the same evils to fear for the United States? If the Church continue to enjoy her present freedom, is there not some reason to apprehend, lest, with the enlargement of her boundaries and the increase of her material resources, the piety and faith of her children may be seriously affected by the growing sensualism and corruption of the age? On the other hand, if she be destined to pass through the fiery ordeal of persecution, will her children prove firm and invincible in the hour of trial? One of these battles they must inevitably sustain. In the event of a long continued peace in this country, the faith of Catholics, we mean their general adherence to that sound code of morals which is the only conservative element of social virtue, and can alone be effectual in improving our civilization, will meet with a formidable enemy in the increasing luxury and all devouring avarice of the times; while, if civil oppression be their lot, the sufferings and humiliations incident to such a condition, especially for those who once enjoyed all the privileges of freemen, will prove a dreadful temptation for many to renounce the Church, and to barter away their spiritual birth-right for a mess of pottage. It is difficult to say which of these evils is the more to be dreaded. If the decline of faith, the "decaying of truth from among the children of men,"† could produce the horrors of the French revolution, it may be considered a more fearful calamity for a nation than the violence of persecution; for, in the latter case, where a strong and practical attachment to the Catholic faith prevails among a people, nothing short of an exterminating policy can alter the state of things—this indeed may bring forth martyrs, while the decline

* Multiplicasti gentem, et non magnificasti lætitiam. Isaias ix, 3.

† Diminutæ sunt veritates a filiis hominum. Ps. ii.

of faith can only produce apostates. In the case of England, which lost her proud position among the Catholic nations of Europe at the time of the Reformation, it is not improbable that this disastrous revolution was occasioned more by the religious apathy of her population than by the tyranny and cruelty of the civil power. Certain it is, as history shows, that this was the principal cause that contributed at that period to the rapid diffusion of heresy over the continent.

Were there no particular grounds for apprehending the degeneracy of Catholic society in the United States, the general causes which have produced such a result in some other countries, would suffice to excite our just alarms. But, the growing materialism and luxury of the age and the peculiarity of our social system, furnish additional reasons for supposing our liability to the evil in question. It cannot be denied, that the American people are unequalled, save perhaps by the English nation, for the love and pursuit of mammon, and this devotion to worldly interests must naturally, by force of habit, increase, take a stronger hold upon the popular mind, and produce a corresponding alienation of thought and affection from spiritual things. We have only to compare the people of our day with the past generation or that which preceded it, to be convinced that all classes of society have greater wants than were felt by their forefathers. This increasing ardor for material objects is encouraged in no small degree by the particular structure of American society: for De Tocqueville has well observed, that in countries where social distinctions are clearly and permanently marked, the aristocracy have no anxious aspiration after the comforts of life, because these comforts constitute as it were their very existence; while the lower classes, aware of their inability to attain rank, feel no incitement to the ardent pursuit of worldly enjoyment. But, in a country like ours it is vastly different. Here, every man is part of the sovereign people: here, the highest honors of the State are open to the ambition of all: here, the humblest individual in the community may rise, by his successful industry, to the most brilliant circles of society. Hence, the enjoyments of life are for Americans a prospect always before them, an end which is always inciting their ambition, and we may imagine how powerfully the continual aspiration after this end must operate, flattering as it is to the pride, vanity and other passions of the human heart. With such difficulties to contend with, we may conceive that it is not impossible for American Catholics to degenerate, and to become, like their brethren in some other parts of the world, languid in faith and altogether unfit for the great battles which Catholicity has to fight in these modern times. There are reflecting persons who fancy that they already perceive in the Catholic body symptoms of this spiritual decline. The increasing want of reverence for the ecclesiastical character and office in the higher classes; the neglect of parents to instill virtuous sentiments into their children from the earliest age, and later in life to restrain their worldly desires; the general disregard of parental authority, and almost universal want of knowledge in regard to the relations between authority and obedience; the constant thirst after pleasure as an end of life; the loathing of religious instruction; the habit of divorcing secular affairs from the spiritual, as if the former were altogether independent of the latter; the practice of confining religion to external duties, and overlooking its essential spirit—these with other indications which cannot be mentioned here, prognosticate no good and will never secure a Catholic people against the dangers which we have described.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? The answer to this question may be promptly given in those words of the Psalmist,* "beatus populus cujus Dominus Deus ejus—happy is that people whose GOD IS THE LORD." The only means of insuring a bright and glorious future to the Church in the United States, is the elevation of the popular mind to the true standard of Catholic sentiment. The god mammon must be dethroned and the true God substituted in its place. The spiritual and divine element must become dominant in the heart of the people. They must be made to know and feel the superiority of heaven over earth, of eternal things over temporal, of God over the world. For this purpose it will be necessary to give religion a more ample part in the education of youth, to follow up the lessons of the catechism with a fuller and more intelligent exposition of the doctrines of faith, of the grounds on which they rest, and of the various obligations which they impose. Men must become deeply convinced, that the study and practice of religion belong not only to children, but to persons of every age and condition in life; that as the dignity and happiness of individuals in all stations and professions, and therefore the interests of social order, depend altogether upon the practical regard that is shown to her teachings, she is essentially the noblest, the worthiest, the most interesting and the most profitable object that can occupy their thoughts; that there are no circumstances in which it is lawful to be divorced from her authority,—no business, no undertaking that must not be subjected to her guidance; that the Church as the depository and exponent of revealed truth, as the mother that brought us forth to a life of grace and will conduct us by her vigilant care and heavenly ministrations to a life of glory hereafter, should hold the highest place in our esteem and affection, and should receive from us every mark of obedience and respect. To produce this enlarged, active and lively conviction of divine truth, the pulpit, the school-room, the domestic fireside, must all concur, in their respective departments, with a zeal and fidelity commensurate with their grave obligations and worthy of so exalted an end.

It would be irrelevant to our purpose to enter more fully into the means of accomplishing so desirable a result: our object is chiefly to show, that however laudable may be the views and motives of those who aim at the reformation of a class in the community, there is a want amongst us, a necessity of far greater moment, touching as it does the very vitals of Catholic society and extending through the whole Catholic body, and that the enlightened activity of the press should combine with the varied appliances of religion to meet this emergency, both in its present and prospective relations. There are those who indulge the pleasing fancy, that the people of this country will in course of time be aggregated to "the one fold under one Shepherd." This is unquestionably a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and to be solicited by the most earnest prayers. The most laborious and the ablest Catholic writer in America, has more than once endeavored to represent it as an end to which we are specially called, and one deserving of our most active efforts. But, while he finds reason to hope for this glorious result, he is "saddened as well as gladdened" at the prospect before us, because it is not to be realized without "all the strength of Catholic faith, Catholic charity, and Catholic zeal."† Assuredly, if the Catholics of the United States be not fortified, by a

* Ps. ii. † Brownson's Review, Jan. 1857.

better knowledge and more ardent love of religion, against the dangers that await them, far from becoming instrumental under God in the conversion of their fellow-men, they will not be able even to hold their own. We have no hesitation in asserting, that the Catholics of this country as a body are not half educated, considering the wants of their position and the great work that is before them, and that a much deeper attachment to their faith and more visible evidences of its heavenly power will be requisite, to gain the love of our proud and worldly-minded population.

But, is there a Catholic people on earth that may be proposed as a model to their American brethren? Is there any Catholic nation that exhibits and has always exhibited that fervor and constancy of Christian faith, which is the richest element of a true civilization and the best safeguard of national dignity and popular worth? We unhesitatingly answer, yes: the people of Ireland stand out pre-eminently great in those traits of character which claim the imitation of Catholics in this country and throughout the world. There is something in the history of that people which raises it to a much higher level, than that at which we are accustomed to survey and estimate the nations of the earth. How, through the long lapse of centuries, amid cloud and sunshine, and especially amid the dark storm of persecution which for ages swept over the land, the Irish have clung to the faith of their fathers and become bound to it perhaps by still stronger ties, is a moral phenomenon well worthy the study of the Christian philosopher, and suggestive of the most significant and practical lessons for any Christian people. Were we to say, that the writer of these remarks is not of Irish birth nor even of Irish extraction for several generations back, and that he is far from thinking that the Irish people are destitute of faults, we would only assert what is necessary to forestall at least one objection from a rabid and inconsiderate criticism. Let it be admitted that the Irish have their faults; but let it be admitted also, that as a Christian nation they possess superior and enviable qualities—traits of excellence that cast all other Christian nations into the shade. The Irish have their imperfections as well as other people: but how do these defects dwindle into insignificance when we consider, that of all the Catholic countries upon the globe, Ireland is the only one whose people, as a body, are characterized by an unqualified submission to the voice of their pastors, by a profound veneration for the priestly character and office, and by a warm and thorough appreciation of sacred things, especially the sacraments of religion, the sources of spiritual life. We may smile perhaps at the simplicity of the man who, stricken down by disease, despatches a messenger for the priest of God, and upon being told by him that he should send for a physician, replies: "Och! you are the best doctor:" but these words contain a mine of wisdom, and are more than sufficient to confute all the sophistry of infidels and worldlings. Let it be remembered that the Irish know, emphatically, how to esteem and requite the services of their clergy, and will never under any plea whatever turn away a priest from their door who appeals to them in the name of religion or humanity. Every thing that religion touches, is great and paramount in the estimate of an Irishman, and no human respect, no fear of the world will prevent him from showing this fond attachment which he cherishes for the blessing of the Church. It is this deep, sovereign and all-controlling love of their holy faith, that renders the Irish people great and admirable at home, and makes them, after emigrating to foreign climes, the founders of churches and other religious institutions, and the

most zealous and generous co-operators in every effort of missionary enterprise. There is scarcely a corner of the inhabitable globe whither they have not penetrated, driven from their emerald isle by the ruthless hand of oppression; but, wherever they are found, there have they erected, for the refreshment of their own hearts, and for the consolation of all who are travelling the gloomy pilgrimage of life, the cross of Christ, the symbol of redemption, the pledge of immortal life. When we contemplate in the Irish nation that deep, warm, and abiding love of the Church and every thing appertaining to her faith and discipline, and reflect that these extraordinary impressions of divine truth remain in all their intensity and efficiency, after every machination of earth and hell combined has been exhausted in endeavoring to crush out Catholicity from the popular heart, we are led to think that Divine Providence has reserved for the Irish people some great and glorious mission; and, as in the times preceding the advent of the Saviour the family of Abraham were set apart, to perpetuate the original promise of a Redeemer, and to preserve amid the darkness of heathenism the knowledge and worship of the true God; so in modern ages, amid the desolating influence of infidelity which threatens in so many forms the purity and efficacy of Christian faith, the children of St. Patrick have been elected, in the counsels of the Most High, to be as it were a beacon-light to the world; to exhibit continually before the nations the true spirit of Catholic faith, the invincible constancy which it begets in presence of mighty foes, the paramount importance which it attaches to sacred persons and things, and the profound reverence and humble docility which it inspires when God speaks by the mouth of his representatives. This fact, while it calls for the profound gratitude of the Irish people, imposes on them a grave responsibility, and should animate them to correspond faithfully to their high vocation. Especially when they emigrate to foreign lands should they remember the obligation incumbent on them, of guarding against vices which were before unknown to them, and striving rather to diffuse on every side the fervor of Catholic faith. To this Ireland is called, and it must be a subject of proud exultation for Catholics of every nation on earth, that the Church still produces and exhibits so brilliant and unparalleled an illustration of deep attachment to her cause as that exhibited by Ireland. She is but a portion of the Church to which we belong, and therefore her glory is in some measure ours—the lustre of her high position is reflected in some degree upon us as members of the same spiritual communion: it only remains for us to appropriate it to our own hearts and firesides, by catching the sacred flame that warms her bosom and makes her invincible. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, OUR FAITH."*

* I John v, 4. Since writing the above, we have read with pleasure an abstract of a lecture recently delivered by the Rev. Dr. Manahan, in which he expresses similar views regarding Ireland.

MEMOIR OF THE Most Rev. ARCHBISHOP NEALE.

Continued from page 25.

Notwithstanding the extended labors of his mission in Philadelphia, which were rendered unusually arduous by the continued and repeated visitations of the fever, Mr. Neale found time to undertake the realization of a great and holy design, which he had long before formed and ardently cherished; this was the establishment in the United States of a religious community for pious females, devoted to the service of God and the education of the youth of their own sex. There seems indeed to have been something providential in the circumstances, which brought together in the same city, the projector and father, and the foundress and first mother, of the Visitation Nuns in America. Among the penitents of Father Neale in Philadelphia was a lady of great zeal and piety, and of remarkable amiability and cheerfulness of disposition, and whose mind and soul were enriched with every faculty and grace which could mark her out to the observant eye of Mr. Neale, as the future head of the religious order which he had so long desired to found. This lady was Miss Alice Lalor. She was born in 1766, in Queen's county, Ireland, but was reared in Kilkenny, whither her pious and worthy parents had removed shortly after her birth. Here she enjoyed the advantage of the spiritual guidance of the saintly Father Carroll. So ardent was her piety and so devout and exemplary her life, that not only her confessor, but her bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lanigan, were charmed with her example and conceived the highest estimate of her virtues. She ardently longed to dedicate herself to Almighty God, and disclosed her aspirations only to her bishop and confessor. Finding insuperable difficulties in her embracing, at that time, a cloistered life, she desired at least to honor God by making in the world a vow of perpetual chastity. After long and successful trials of her constancy and piety, the bishop permitted her to make this vow. Bishop Lanigan was himself meditating the establishment of a religious community in Kilkenny, and designed Miss Lalor for one of its future members. But in 1797 her parents emigrated from Ireland and settled in America, and she felt it to be her duty to submit to their desire that she would accompany them; but she promised the bishop to return in two years, in order to accomplish their cherished plan. On arriving at Philadelphia she became acquainted with the Rev. Leonard Neale, whom she took for her confessor, and to whom she confided all the secrets of her soul, and especially her promise to return to Ireland and enter a religious order. Feeling convinced that it was the design of Providence, that she should not abandon America for Ireland, Father Neale, who as her confessor was invested with authority in the case, released her from her promise to return to Kilkenny in two years, in order that she might become his co-operator in the foundation of a religious order in the United States. Well prac-

ticed, as was this extraordinary woman, in the virtue of obedience, she yielded to the counsel of her confessor, as the representative of God himself, and followed his directions. There were two other ladies among Father Neale's penitents, to whom he communicated his plans, and whose souls were ripe and ardent to aid in their accomplishment. Not having determined upon the particular institute he would adopt for his sisters, Father Neale commenced simply with a female school to be conducted by these three ladies. But the plague overtook this good work in its infancy: Miss Lalor's parents, with thousands of others, fled from the city; as she preferred to remain at her post of duty in the midst of pestilence and death, they could not induce her to accompany them. Her two companions, however, fell victims to the fever, and Miss Lalor was left alone; she did not, however, for an instant abandon her hopes of some day consecrating herself to God by a life of seclusion and prayer.

In 1798 the Rev. Leonard Neale was summoned by Bishop Carroll from Philadelphia to Georgetown, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Dubourg in the presidency of the college, and in the following year he repaired to Georgetown to enter upon the duties of his new position. Under the able and enlightened administration of Dr. Dubourg this institution had greatly increased in favor with the Catholics of the United States, and had acquired great reputation among all classes as one of the best classical schools in the country. To the duties of president, Father Neale added those of tutor, which he continued several years to discharge. He was the first president, who, in compliance with a previous resolution of the directors, took up his residence in the institution. But heretofore, Georgetown had been nothing more in fact than an academy; it was under Mr. Neale's administration that it was raised to the grade and usefulness of a college. The board of directors met on the twenty-seventh of July, 1801, and passed the following resolution: "That the first day of October next be the day appointed for those of the students, who shall be judged qualified, to commence their course of philosophy, whereof due notice shall be given by the president jointly with the prefect of studies, to the parties concerned; and that the President be requested to carry the present resolution into effect." Thus, under the energetic and wise administration of Mr. Neale, this venerable and invaluable institution took its position among the colleges of the country, and remained such until 1815, when, under the administration of President Madison, it was raised to the dignity of an university. As President of Georgetown College, Father Neale left a high reputation behind him, and his many virtues will long be remembered. The following recent remark of a writer in the Metropolitan will prove how the memory of his virtues has remained amongst those who knew him well:—"It would seem from the affectionate manner, in which the old Catholics of Maryland remember Father Neale, who was for several years president of the college, that he died but yesterday. His labors were not in vain."

His arduous and extended duties as the only bishop in the United States, had as early as the year 1791 induced Bishop Carroll to apply to Rome for a division of the country into two bishoprics, or the appointment of a coadjutor bishop to the see of Baltimore. The latter plan was finally adopted and carried into effect. No one was better acquainted with the profound learning, the ardent zeal and eminent qualifications of Father Neale than Bishop Carroll. He had consequently nominated Mr. Neale without his knowledge, as the coadjutor, with the right of succession to the see of Baltimore. While that humble priest was in the discharge of his duties as President of Georgetown College, he was surprised by the arrival of the papal bulls appointing him Bishop of Gortyna *in partibus* and coadjuator to the Bishop of Baltimore, *cum jure successionis*. Gladly would he have shrunk from this appointment, but as a follower of Loyola he had been well trained to the virtue of obedience—Rome now spoke and he obeyed. He was consecrated by Bishop Carroll in the course of the year 1800. His biographer in the Catholic Almanac thus speaks of the manner in which he accepted and bore the high and unexpected dignity in the Church, which had just been conferred upon him:—"As the humility of Mr. Neale had prompted him to shun the honors and dignities to which his merit and virtue were entitled, they affected no other change in him than that of a still greater fidelity to God. His mind was neither elated by prosperity, nor depressed by adversity; and the peaceful spirit, which accompanied him on all occasions, seemed to extend its influence over all who approached." In this spirit he continued as before to discharge his duties at Georgetown College, where he held the office of President till 1806, when he resigned it into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Molyneux.

During the period that Mr. Neale presided over the college, he did not cease to think of his long proposed and cherished institution, nor relax his exertions for its early establishment. At Georgetown were settled a few religious of the order of St. Clare, or Poor Clares, who, for their support, were compelled to teach a school, which was situated on Lafayette street. By the advice of Bishop Neale, Miss Lalor repaired to Georgetown, accompanied by another lady of Philadelphia, who took up their residence with the Poor Clares, in order that in retirement and prayer they might be enabled to discover the particular religious order for which they had received vocations. Shortly afterwards, Miss Lalor and her companion opened a separate school, and they were soon joined by another lady from Philadelphia, whose accession was of very material service to them, as she brought with her a small fortune. This was chiefly expended in the purchase of a frame dwelling and lot, embraced within the present enclosure of the Sisters of the Visitation. Not long after his appointment to the coadjutorship, Bishop Neale, after much reflection and constant prayer, determined to prescribe for them the institute of the Nuns of the Visitation, as founded by St. Francis de Sales, with the co-operation of St.

Jane Frances de Chantal and other sisters, and whose first efforts at Annecy, as has been well observed, were strikingly similar to the first commencement of the Visitation at Georgetown. Encouraged in his efforts by the desire of the Catholics of the District of Columbia to have a school established there, for the education of their children in religion and in learning, and by the gradual increase of the community, the good bishop drew up a form of rules for the sisters, whom, however, he did not as yet permit to enter into even simple vows. He permitted them however to observe enclosure as far as the circumstances of their position would render it practicable. The members of this interesting little community were known among the people of Georgetown and vicinity as the "Pious Ladies," a name strongly indicative of the edifying and holy lives they led.

Having, as we have stated, determined to adopt for the new community the institute of the Sisters of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Bishop Neale applied to the sisters of that order in Europe for a small colony of nuns to aid in the commencement of this new foundation, but his request failed in consequence of the poverty of the Georgetown ladies, who could not defray the necessary expenses of transporting the sisters from Europe. This and many other difficulties attending the introduction of the Visitation order into the United States at that time, caused many of their friends to believe that it would become necessary for the "Pious Ladies" to unite themselves to the Carmelite Convent near Port Tobacco. Bishop Carroll himself advised them to take that step. But Bishop Neale, being convinced of the superior and peculiar fitness of the Visitation Nuns for a country, whose inhabitants were mostly Protestants, was not so easily deterred from his favorite plan. So firm was he in his purpose, that he declined the offer of a rich lady, who proposed to go herself to Ireland for sisters, provided the bishop would adopt the Ursulines instead of the Visitation Sisters. Fortunately, Miss Lalor and her companions had accidentally discovered, among the books of the Poor Clares, a complete copy of the constitution and rules of the Visitation Nuns, and they continued to live according to its rules and recommendations, as far as their circumstances would permit. In 1805 the Poor Clares lost their abbess; her successor, Madame de la Rochefoucault, sold their convent property to Bishop Neale, by deed bearing date on the twenty-ninth of June of that year, and the community of St. Clare returned to Europe. Bishop Neale immediately installed his sisters in the new establishment he had purchased for them, and by deed bearing date on the ninth of June, 1808, confirmed by a second deed bearing date on the ninth of June, 1812, conveyed the property to Alice Lalor, Maria McDermott and Mary Neale. In 1813 their numbers had reached thirteen, and the good bishop then permitted them to enter into simple vows, which they were to renew annually. Miss Lalor, who, like Bishop Neale, had been so long and perseveringly laboring in this good and holy work, and whose efforts were now about to be crowned with success, was with great propriety

selected as the superior of the new institution. She was eminently qualified for the task of leading and directing others in that life of holiness and self-sacrifice, which had been her chief aim and study for many years. It was also the greatest solicitude of Bishop Neale to conduct his spiritual daughters to the practice of Christian perfection, and to the full realization of the high and sacred vocation which they had embraced. This he did not only by his fervid and inspiring exhortations and instructions, but still more by his pure and saintly example. In the many trials and difficulties which the sisters encountered, in their efforts to introduce into the United States the institute of the Visitation, they ever found in their holy father and spiritual director a source of consolation and encouragement, and his humble, patient and firm example always inspired them with fresh vigor and perseverance.

By the death of Archbishop Carroll, on the third of December, 1815, the succession to the archbishopric of Baltimore devolved upon Bishop Neale, who, at the age of almost seventy, was called upon to assume the arduous and awful duties of that high office. In the following year he received the pallium from Pope Pius VII. Enfeebled by old age, disease and the labors of an active life of missionary service, Archbishop Neale felt that the duties, labors and responsibilities of his position were far beyond his strength. He entered however upon his office, with the energy which belonged to his character, and the courage of a veteran soldier. Residing mostly at Georgetown, near his beloved Sisterhood of the Visitation, he appeared in Baltimore on all solemn and important occasions, and whenever his duties or the interests of the archdiocese required his presence there. On these occasions he devoted himself, with remarkable promptness and energy, for one of his age and infirmities, to the business of the vast diocese committed to his government. The Catholic Almanac thus describes his mode of life after his accession to the see of Baltimore:—"Though the highest dignitary in the Church of the United States, he lived in the silence of retirement, which charity only, or the duties of his station, could induce him to interrupt. He was never unoccupied. If the duties of the ministry left him a leisure moment, he had recourse to prayer, which, even in his intercourse with others, he did not entirely abandon. His attention always fixed on God, imparted to his words a spirit of piety which was a source of edification to all. Whatever related to the interests of religion, was a matter of deep concern for Archbishop Neale, who, like the illustrious founder of his order, proposed to himself the glory of God, as the principal end of all his actions."

One of the first acts of Archbishop Neale, upon his accession to the see of Baltimore, was to petition the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VII, for the power to establish a monastery of the Visitation order at Georgetown, clothed with all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the religious houses of that institute in Europe. Pius VII cordially approved the motives and objects of this petition, and readily granted the request. Thus Arch-

bishop Neale had the happiness of seeing his favorite work of benevolence and religion crowned with success, and the Order of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as founded by St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, was regularly established in the United States. He also displayed his paternal care and goodness for his spiritual daughters by appointing as their spiritual director the Abbé Cloriviere, a holy priest distinguished for his energy, his prudence and his ardent zeal and piety. His efforts and success, in founding and fostering the order of the Visitation Nuns in the United States, are the crowning glory of Archbishop Neale's life, and entitle him to the gratitude of his country. Since his death, that excellent and devout community have continued to flourish and expand, and have now in several of our principal cities convents of their order, conducted by over three hundred sisters, who are daily devoting their talents, labors and pious examples, to the education and edification of the rising generation, who will carry with them into society those elegant accomplishments and Christian virtues so becoming to the female character. "Such was the origin of the Visitation Nuns in the United States, nor is it without striking points of resemblance to its foundation in Europe. The energy and perseverance of Bishop Neale recall the pious efforts of St. Francis de Sales for the same holy enterprise. In both cases a bishop gave the first impulse: in both hemispheres an isolated lady lays the first foundation undeterred by any obstacles; and if in Europe the Visitation soon opened its convents in twenty different spots in France, so in America the mother-house at Georgetown soon had branches on every side."*

The death of the saintly Father Nagot at St. Mary's College, in 1816, made a deep impression on Archbishop Neale. The holy prelate had for a long time felt the heavy hand of time and the inroads of disease upon his constitution. His own humility, still more, induced him to believe that he was unequal to the task of governing the vast diocese of Baltimore. Under these circumstances he looked around for some person who would be a suitable one to be associated with him in his office. The eminent qualifications and exalted virtues of Bishop Cheverus, of Boston, at once induced him to select that prelate, and Archbishop Neale accordingly applied to Rome to have Bishop Cheverus associated with him in the archiepiscopal office, with the right of succession. The Sovereign Pontiff readily consented to make the change, but suggested the necessity of finding a suitable person to succeed Bishop Cheverus in the see of Boston. Archbishop Neale then requested Bishop Cheverus to visit him, in order to confer on subjects of grave importance to the American Church. On visiting the archbishop, the Bishop of Boston was greatly surprised and deeply afflicted at the nature of the correspondence with Rome. So urgent and cogent were the reasons assigned by Bishop

* De Courcy's Catholic Church in the United States.

Cheverus against the proposed change, that Archbishop Neale was constrained to acquiesce. But being anxious to secure the assistance of Bishop Cheverus, the archbishop proposed that the former should remain Bishop of Boston and visit Baltimore from time to time, in order to give the archbishop the benefit of his advice, aid and consolation, and in the event of his death to succeed him in the see of Baltimore. But Bishop Cheverus saw in this plan insuperable difficulties, and proposed in lieu thereof that Archbishop Neale should have a coadjutor bishop appointed, with the right of succession, and proposed the names of several Jesuits for the place, besides that of the Rev. Ambrose Maréschal of the order of St. Sulpice. The archbishop after much consideration and prayer, decided upon Mr. Maréschal, and he applied to the Holy See to appoint him his coadjutor and successor. This arrangement was approved by the Holy See, and a papal brief of twenty-fourth of July, 1817, appointed Mr. Maréschal coadjutor, with the right of succession to Archbishop Neale, with the title of Bishop of Stauropolis *in partibus infidelium.* But before the arrival of this brief the saintly and venerable Archbishop Neale had sunk under the weight of his years and infirmities, at his residence attached to the Convent at Georgetown, on the fifteenth of June, 1817. His remains were deposited in the convent chapel, under the altar, where they still rest, surrounded by the precious remains of those of his spiritual daughters who have followed him to heaven, and an object of veneration to those who remain to speak his many virtues and praise his good deeds. "Thus in death was he placed where his affections were strongest in life, and thus in the last honors to his mortal remains was presented the parallel to the last sad tribute to St. Francis of Sales. The body of Archbishop Neale sleeps under the convent he founded in America; that of St. Francis under the church of the convent which he founded in Europe. Annecy has her saint, so may we hope Georgetown has hers."*

* Notice by M. C. Jenkins.

Microscopic Art in Ancient Times.—A glass has been discovered at Pompeii, about the size of a crown piece, with the convexity, which leads one to suppose it to be a magnifying lens. Now, it has been said that the ancients were not aware of this power, and the invention is given to Galileo by some, to a Dutchman in 1621 by others, while a compound microscope is attributed to one Fontana, in the seventeenth century. But without a magnifying glass how did the Greeks and the Romans work those fine gems which the human eye is unable to read without the assistance of a glass? There is one in the Naples royal collection, for example, the legend of which it is impossible to make out unless by applying a magnifying glass.

BEAUTY AND FAITH.

"Guido was so distinguished by his passionate enthusiasm for the Madonna, that he was supposed to have been favored by a particular vision which enabled him the more readily to represent her divine beauty . . . . . But, though he painted lovely Virgins, he went every Saturday to pray before the little black *Madonna della Guardia*, and, as we are assured, held this ancient Eastern relic in devout veneration."

Mrs. Jamison's Legends of the Madonna.

The Painter turned him to the sky,
And, as he gazed, a cloud went by,
  Whose purple seemed to fold
A vision, round whose golden hair
The morning stars a glory were
  And worshipped as they rolled.

Beneath his flashing pencil then
Grew forms of light, unknown of men,
  And lo! the canvas gleams
As if the Painter's hand had caught
The vesture of a Seraph's thought
  To robe immortal dreams!

Time hath not dimm'd them! Pilgrims bow
Before that dazzling beauty now
  As when, from opened Heaven,
Rapt genius snatched its kindling ray,
And revelled in that glorious day
  To inspiration given!

But he, the Painter, did he kneel
And in his own high phrensy feel
  The awful, present God?
Not so! The shrine was poor and dim
Where faith, not beauty, lit for him
  The path that angels trod!

Ah! for ourselves indeed 't were well,
If Love were part of Fancy's spell,
  And all things bright were dear—
If we could bless as well as build,
And Deity and worship filled
  What temples we might rear!

In vain our hands shall altars raise,
Though meet they be for proudest praise,
  And genius grave the stone—
For howsoe'er the gods be shrined
That lure the incense of the mind,
  The heart adores its own!

X.

IRELAND AT ROME.

BY HENRY DE COURCY.

Rome is the patria of the human race; and the unbeliever alone can deem himself a stranger there. As Gerbet has so well remarked: "Beneath the shadow of the vast basilica of the Popes, most Christian nations have their respective churches, their feasts, their national tombs. Each of us meets reminiscences of his native land in some sacred monument; each one breathes therein the atmosphere of religion, the air of his natal soil." The Eternal City is then for every Catholic the city of memories; and the piety of past generations had even provided for the duties of hospitality for the numerous pilgrims who came, from all parts of the Christian universe, to venerate the tombs of the holy Apostles. As early as the eighth century the Saxon kings founded a hospice at Rome to shelter their subjects; and Brittany even before its union with France had erected and endowed an establishment for its pilgrims under the invocation of the glorious St. Yvo, the advocate of the widow and the poor.

When the revolt of Protestantism dried up in many countries the sources of Catholic teaching, new wants were created for Catholicity, and the sovereign pontiffs favored with all their power the foundation at Rome of colleges and seminaries, to assure recruits for the body of missionaries. Thus was baffled the work of iniquity of the spoilers of the Church. They had destroyed the Catholic convents and universities: they had butchered or exiled the faithful clergy, closed the schools, burnt the libraries, and condemning the people to ignorance by depriving them of priests and teachers, they had hoped to consummate the work of heresy. But new establishments of religious education were soon opened at Rome, in France, Flanders, or Spain, and they were intended especially to recruit the ranks of the Irish and English clergy. In time, better days have dawned on the Catholics of the three kingdoms, and they have been enabled to restore the work of lay and clerical education; but the establishments at Rome and on other parts of the continent still continue to form a part of the secular and regular clergy; and besides these services rendered to religion, they have furnished America with missionaries and bishops. We propose to make some of these establishments known, and we shall begin with the Convent of St. Isidore, at Rome.

This convent is occupied by Irish Franciscans of the strict observance, and is the Roman novitiate of the Irish province; but the name of the saint which it bears, shows that it must have been originally the abode of Spanish religious. In fact, St. Isidore, the pious peasant of Madrid, is especially honored in Spain, where he died in 1130; and it was in 1622, when Pope Gregory XV had proclaimed the canonization of this saint, that the Spanish Franciscans desired to have a church at Rome under the

invocation of St. Isidore. The Holy Father gave them a site on Monte Pincio, in one of the most beautiful positions in Rome. A Roman noble, Ottavio Barbiani, as well as the Alaleoni family, contributed by abundant gifts to its foundation, and the architect, Antonio Cesani, soon erected the church of St. Isidore, with a little convent adjacent. But the Spanish Franciscans occupied it only two years. The Superiors of the order then recalled their friars to the principal house of Ara Cœli, and gave up St. Isidore to Father Luke Wadding, an Irish Franciscan, who installed his countrymen there in the year 1625.

Luke Wadding, one of the greatest men that Ireland can boast of, was born at Waterford, in 1588. At the age of thirteen he wrote with great ease in prose and verse in several languages, and after having studied with distinction at the Irish seminary of Lisbon, founded by Cardinal Ximenes, he became in 1595 professor of theology at Salamanca. Philip III having sent an extraordinary embassy to Rome to treat of ecclesiastical matters, and especially to urge the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Luke Wadding accompanied the embassy as theologian. On this occasion the Irish Franciscan wrote several treatises. He was raised at Rome to the post of Commissary General of his order; but the multiplicity of his labors did not divert his gaze from the religious position of his native land, and he availed himself of his influence to become the benefactor of Ireland. At that period the Irish Franciscans had no house but the college of St. Anthony at Louvain, and the young men whose zeal prompted them to consecrate their lives to the Irish mission, had to be scattered in the various convents of their order on the continent, in order to perform their novitiate. Wadding resolved to establish a mother house at Rome for the Irish Franciscans, and found a generous coadjutor in Cardinal Ludovisi, nephew of Pope Gregory XV. With the aid which he received from this prince of the Church, and with collections made in Rome, Father Luke was enabled to purchase the church and convent of the Spanish Franciscans. He enlarged the church by adding the six lateral chapels: he built the college and convent in their present state, and bestowed on it his splendid library of 5000 printed volumes and 800 manuscripts. He himself wrote the constitutions of the College of St. Isidore, and obtained of Pope Urban VIII a bull confirming them. He then invited the Irish Franciscans scattered in various parts of Europe to assemble at St. Isidore, and pursue their studies there, preparing in prayer to brave the persecution which was to meet them in Ireland. The college was opened on the 24th of June, 1625; under the name of Cardinal Ludovisi, its generous founder. Since that day it has unceasingly formed missionaries according to the views of the founder, except during the interruption caused by the French occupation of Rome at the commencement of this century. Father Wadding, first warden or guardian of the convent, was five times re-elected to this dignity, which he filled till his death. The first professors were Fathers Anthony Hickey of Clare, Martin Walsh of

Waterford, Patrick Fleming of Lowth, and John Ponce of Cork; by their teaching and that of their successors, have been formed a portion of the bishops who have governed the Church in Ireland during the last two centuries.

Not satisfied with this work, Father Wadding obtained of Cardinal Ludovici the erection of an Irish college for secular priests, of which we shall speak elsewhere. He founded also a convent for novices at Capronica, fifteen miles from Rome, and never during his life ceased laboring for the good of religion in Ireland. This great man, who wrote a prodigious number of works, and among others the Annals of the Franciscans, and a treatise on the Immaculate Conception, died at St. Isidore's, on the 18th of November, 1657, at the age of seventy. He was interred near the high altar of the church, and his epitaph recalls his claims to the veneration of the faithful.

The college will contain sixty novices, but generally receives no more than thirty at a time, the number of vocations in Ireland being limited. The walls of the cloister are covered with edifying frescoes painted two centuries ago, by a lay brother, Emmanuel de Como. They represent the portraits of sovereigns and princes who have been members of the third order of St. Francis, where they learned to be poor and humble amid pomp and grandeur. The refectory is also decorated with frescoes painted at the expense of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, who visited Rome in 1794: but above all the great hall of theology should be visited for the beauty of its paintings. All around are the portraits at full length of the bishops and doctors that the Seraphical order has given to Ireland: Thomas Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin, who died during Cromwell's usurpation; Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, and founder of the Irish Franciscan College at Louvain; Hugh McSavell, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1626, and was interred at St. Isidore's; Maurice de Portu, Archbishop of Tuam, who died in 1516. The fresco at the extremity of the hall, and which is on a still larger scale, represents Fathers Wadding, Ponce, Hickey and Harold, engaged in the library of St. Isidore's in the composition of their great work, "The Annals of the Franciscans." This painting is worthy of Rome, where such fine ones are to be seen, and Lord Arundel had an exact copy taken twenty years ago, to decorate his castle in England. The church of St. Isidore, which is scarcely remarked at Rome beside so many magnificent temples, would be the object of general admiration if transported to France, England, Ireland, and especially America. The facade is adorned with statues of its blessed patron and of St. Patrick the Apostle of Ireland. The interior is lined with precious marbles, the vaults are covered with beautiful frescoes by good masters, and the altars of each chapel are surmounted by excellent paintings, among which we may notice especially the Immaculate Conception, and the marriage of the Blessed Virgin, by Carlo Maratta. Another of great merit portrays to us Saint Joseph expiring in the arms of our Lord. The expression of the Blessed

Virgin is admirable, and her streaming eyes, turning from her chaste spouse to her divine Son, seem to foresee the new trials which await her. One of the chapels was built by Bernini, and contains two monuments from the chisel of that artist's son. But what gives this church especial interest to the Irish pilgrim, is the number of monuments of his countrymen who repose here under the protection of the pious Franciscans. One of the most recent and most beautiful is that of Miss Octavia Bryan, who died at Rome, in 1846, at the age of twenty. Her statue crowned with roses, rests on a bed of slate; her clasped hands hold a crucifix, her eyes are closed, and the white marble recalls in all truthfulness the pallor and fixedness of death.

The Fathers of St. Isidore enjoy at Rome an unsullied reputation for austerity and sanctity, and they are sought as confessors by the English speaking Catholics who winter in Italy. They live in part on alms which they collect in Rome; but with all their poverty, they share their daily bread with the poor, and we were not a little touched to see the daily distribution of bread at the convent door, as we bent our way to the learned library of St. Isidore. The Franciscans are also restoring the beautiful vault of their church, which was greatly injured during the time of their expulsion by the French, at the period of their occupation in 1798. The republican armies devastated especially the English and Irish establishments in the Eternal City, to avenge themselves for the war carried on by Great Britain. The Convent of St. Isidore was sold at auction by the French, and was purchased by Prince Piombino. He then hired it out in portions to a number of families, and one of the expelled Franciscans unwilling to quit his cell, was permitted to remain as a tenant. For seventeen years, Father John McCormick continued in this way to serve the church, till the restoration of Pope Pius VII to the chair of St. Peter gave the whole of St. Isidore's once more to the Irish Franciscans.

As we have said, the Ludovici College has not only for two centuries furnished Ireland with missionaries, but has also sent several to America, so that the Irish Franciscans have the glory of contributing with the old Maryland Jesuits and French clergy, exiled by the reign of terror, in founding the Church in the United States. In 1789, Father Michael Egan was guardian of St. Isidore's, and for several years taught theology there. About 1802 he embarked for America, and by an apostolical rescript of September 29, 1804, was authorized to found a province of his order in the United States. This project, however, was not then to be realized, in consequence of the poverty and small number of the faithful, and Father Egan continued his ministry alone. He was stationed successively at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and at St. Mary's, in Philadelphia. In 1808 he was appointed first bishop of that city by a bull of April 8th. Bulls of the same date erected Baltimore into a metropolitan see, and founded besides Philadelphia, the new dioceses of New York, Boston and Bardstown. This was the commencement of that development

of the Church in the United States, which has since so wonderfully increased under the protection of Providence. Bishop Egan contributed his part in this result, and died full of merits on the 22d of July, 1814.

Another friar of St. Isidore, Father Charles Maguire, was the second missionary who preached the faith in Pittsburg, that great industrial city, the Newcastle of America, where in 1843, Bishop O'Connor founded one of the most flourishing dioceses in the union. Father Maguire was a professor at St. Isidore's, when the French invasion of 1798 compelled him to retire to Germany. He there received from the exiled family of the Bourbons considerable aid and every mark of respect. In 1812 he came to evangelize western Pennsylvania, and in 1820 succeeded Father O'Brien at Pittsburg. Father Maguire baptized most of the present generation of Pittsburg Catholics, and left a memory still revered. Full of ambition for God's glory, he was not satisfied with the little church then existing, and resolved to erect a cathedral long before the erection of a see at Pittsburg had been thought of. Many deemed the good Father imprudent, and obstacles of every kind retarded the execution of his work; but Father Maguire was not discouraged. For ten years he exhausted all the expedients of his zeal to continue the construction of the cathedral of St. Paul. If he did not live to behold its completion, he lived long enough to see justice rendered to his foresight. Father Maguire died in 1833. The next year the church which he had erected was opened, and now fifteen churches and chapels are scarcely enough to contain each Sunday the Catholics of Pittsburg and its suburbs.

In 1854 a wealthy Irish Catholic from the United States (Nicholas Devereux, Esq.), being at Rome, made most generous offers to the Franciscans of St. Isidore's, to induce them to send a colony of their order to America. Father Hanrahan, the Guardian, could not spare a sufficient number of Fathers from his community to begin a new foundation. Their presence was too necessary either at Rome, or in the parishes confided to them in Ireland: but he presented the charitable Mr. Devereux to the General of his order at Ara Cœli, and the request of the fervent Catholic, supported by his bishop, Dr. Timon, was favorably received. There was an emulation among the Italian Franciscans as who should devote himself to the missions of the diocese of Buffalo: and on the 9th of May three Fathers and a brother left Rome, appointed to found a province of their order in America. Mr. Devereux gave them two hundred acres of land, and five thousand dollars, and on the 20th of August, 1856, the corner-stone of their convent was laid at Alleghany, in the State of New York. The prior of the Franciscans is Father Pamphilo de Magliano, who was long professor of divinity at St. Isidore's, and there learnt English. They have charge of several parishes in the diocese of Buffalo, covering a number of counties, and are erecting a college for the instruction of American Catholic youth.

Thus has Rome baffled the plots of the enemies of the Church, who by

destroying the many convents of St. Francis, which once sanctified the Irish soil, hoped to root out from the isle of Saints the seraphical order of St. Francis. The asylum opened at St. Isidore's by Father Wadding has preserved these good Fathers. There have been formed those numbers of missionaries, who often at the expense of their lives maintained for generations the faith of their countrymen, and America has profited and still profits by the generous foundation of the nephew of Gregory XV.

THE PARABLES OF CHRIST.

To the most careless reader of the gospels the peculiarity of our Lord's teaching by parables must be apparent. It is well to say, that it was to adapt himself to Jewish customs, but we know that neither the prophets before, nor the apostles whom he instructed, ever taught in parables. They are peculiarly the teaching of our Lord, and meditate on them as we will, are ever full of instruction, consolation and encouragement.

Many are proverbs, perhaps common at the time, now stamped with a spiritual meaning. How can we think of the parable, "Can the blind lead the blind? do they not both fall into the ditch?" and not see its application in the Church. Man left to his reason is blind. He cannot see his true end. "There is a way which seemeth right to a man, and the end thereof is death." What has caused all heresies, schisms and scandals, but this attempt of the blind to lead the blind? What better lesson is there of the necessity of an unerring guide to save us from the pit?

Such parables are numberless in our Lord's discourses: others are drawn from every action of life, the household and the field, the flock and the banquet, the fishery and the shop. These are comparisons, and in this way the kingdom of heaven is likened to leaven, to a mustard seed, to a net, to the pearl of great price. So too he compared his own coming on the last day to the lightning flashing across the heavens: "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and appeareth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." At the same time he added another, to show the suddenness of his coming: "Wheresoever the body shall be, there shall the eagles also be gathered together,"—a comparison whose force they will easily feel who have seen the birds of prey coming like spots on the horizon with the wind and against the wind, rapidly and surely to the body which human sense could not perceive.

Other parables of our Lord are more detailed and developed, such as the prodigal son, the wicked servant, the wedding garment, the sower and his seed. Others were prophetic of himself, and depicted his career on earth, as his loss in Jerusalem at the pasch in his infancy portrayed his three days loss to his disciples in the tomb. Such was the parable of the vineyard: "A certain man planted a vineyard, and let it out to husbandmen: and he was abroad for a long time: and in due time he sent a servant to the husbandmen to receive the fruit of the vineyard, but they beat

him and sent him away empty. He sent another servant: him too they beat, insulted and sent away. He sent a third, who was cast out wounded. Then the Lord of the vineyard said: What shall I do? I will send my beloved son; it may be, when they see him they will reverence him. Now when the husbandmen saw him, they thought within themselves, saying, this is the heir, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours. So casting him out of the vineyard they killed him. What therefore will the Lord of the vineyard do to them? He will come and destroy those husbandmen and will give the vineyard to others."

To us this is a picture, a history, beautifully setting before us the Jewish people, their treatment of the prophets to the time of John the Baptist, their rejection and crucifixion of our Lord, and the destruction of Jerusalem.

And in a certain sense do we not see it fulfilled age after age in history, where the husbandmen usurping the vineyard, the princes and dynasties that would usurp the spiritual power and oppress the Church, who slay the servants of Christ and crucify him again, are in the midst of their course swept away, unless, like the ruler of Sardinia, they turn in penitence as they see mother, brother, wife and child fall suddenly around them.

LIFE.

How wild and dim this life appears!
One long, deep, heavy sigh,
When, before eyes half closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly gliding by!
And still forgotten while they go!
As, on the sea beach, wave on wave
Dissolves at once in snow,
The amber clouds one moment lie,
Then like a dream are gone!
Though beautiful the moon-beams play
On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay;
Soon as the radiance melts away,
We scarce believe it shone!
Heaven-airs and the harp strings dwell;
And we wish they ne'er may fade:
They cease—and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never played!
Dreams follow dreams through the long night hours,
Each lovelier than the last:
But ere the breath of morning flowers,
That gorgeous world flies past;
And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and fondness speak,
Glides by us on the earth:
While in the day we cannot tell,
Where shone the face we loved so well,
In sadness or in mirth.

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE.

THE CATHEDRAL MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

Cordova, one of the most ancient of the picturesque cities of Spain, possesses to the antiquarian of our times the most interesting and extraordinary attractions. Its location, which is eminently romantic, has been heralded in songs and ballads. At the foot of the Sierra Morena, and extending along the right bank of the famous Guadalquiver, it hails at once two magnificent vistas: the one, commanding the prospect of the elevated chain of mountains, "which," as Mr. Inglis says, "pushes forward its picturesque outposts almost to the walls of the city." The other takes in all that smiling level lying to the east and west parallel with the banks of the river, which is not alone prolific in all the productions of Spain's favored clime, but is also beautifully diversified with gardens, pavilions, orange groves, arbors, and all those luxurious inventions of which the Mahommedans are so wonderfully prolific. The antiquities of this ancient city are of a mixed character, combining the Roman and the Oriental. Their types are extremely singular and histrionic, and in the Arabian portion they are to be found as freshly preserved—at least in many instances—as when the Moorish Caliphs issued from their divans in the halls of the Alcazar. The exact period of its foundation is unknown; but when the Romans inhabited it, it was a place of considerable importance, especially as a seat of learning. The reputation of its schools extended even to

Rome; and in rhetoric and philosophy particularly, the fame of the two Senecas who were born and educated in the city, were triumphs acknowledged by the schools of that city, and even of Athens itself. The city also gave birth to the poet Lucan. At that time it bore the name of Corduba and Colonia Patricia. After the fall of the Roman empire however, and the subjugation of Spain by the Goths, the fame of Cordova became considerably diminished; and it was not until the descent of the Saracens in the eighth century, that its original dignity and importance became restored.

After the elevation of the Abassides to the Caliphate of Damascus, Abdurrahman, the sole survivor of the exiled house of Ommaiya, passed with his remaining adherents over into Spain, where following up the successes of Tarik, he established himself after a final and desperate struggle, in the city of Cordova, which under his rule soon became the capital of that highly flourishing and independent sovereignty, afterwards dignified by the title of the "Western Caliphate." "Then," to use the words of a historian of the last century, "began those flourishing ages of Arabian gallantry and magnificence, which rendered the Moors of Spain superior to all their cotemporaries in arts and arms, and made Cordova one of the most splendid cities of the world, the centre of politeness, industry and genius. Tilts and tournaments, with other costly shows, were long the darling pastimes of a wealthy and happy people; and this was the only kingdom in the west where geometry, astronomy and physic, were regularly studied."

In its wealthiest days, when the worshippers of Mahomet flocked to it as to a European Mecca, it embodied within itself the very essence of African civilization; diffusing from its schools all that remarkable ingenuity of art, which has made Spanish Granada the wonder and admiration of all the world. In those days the Mahommedans were not idlers. When the sovereignty of the Caliphate became formally established, they industriously set to work to obtain the aid of all the science and art which Constantinople and other eastern cities could afford. They invited to their shores all the promiscuous talent of foreign countries, without regard to denomination, whom they received and entertained in the most liberal spirit. Byzantine architects were employed in the construction of some of its own buildings. Christian astronomers and linguists presided over its schools; and thus, by being brought into contact with nations and scholars more polished than themselves, they arrived in a short period to that high order of ingenuity and refinement, which apart from Christianity, rivalled the highest order of excellence in either France or Italy.

The evidence of this rapid advancement is visible at this day, more in the remains of their architecture than in anything else; and if Moorish genius was wanting in other branches of intelligence, this proficiency would in itself be sufficient to place their name prominent in the calendar of nations.

Omitting for the present, all the other notorieties with which the city abounds, even to the Arabian aqueduct with its vast arches, and the

Moorish bridges spanning the waters of the Guadalquiver, we will proceed at once to the Cathedral, which above all the others, contains within itself the substance of the wonderful. Victor Hugo, in his high appreciation of the beautiful, pays it the following flattering compliment:

"Cordoue aux maisons vielles
A sa mosquée où Pœil se perd dans les merveilles."

Another French traveller, still more recent, says of it: "But Cordova still possesses its Mosque, which is without a rival in the whole world, and quite new, even for those travellers who have had an opportunity of admiring the marvels of Arabian architecture at Granada or Seville." Judging from its exterior, one would readily suppose these high eulogiums to be vastly overdrawn; for you can see nothing but its immense walls daubed with a murky colored wash, intended no doubt to have been yellow, and Spanish hovels and edifices singularly oriental, piled up promiscuously about it, as if this vast museum of architecture, with all its magnificence and interior splendor, was occupying more room in the world than its antiquity deserved. The only satisfactory view to be obtained is on your approach to the city, when you can sum up all its greatness at a glance, without perplexing your brain by venturing inside, for the labor of a year would not be sufficient to collect together all that extraordinary combination of detail, which blinds and confuses you with their very complications, the moment you enter a door.

This marvellous edifice was constructed in the latter part of the eighth century, by the Caliph Abdurrahman, who exhausted his treasury in the effort to make it one of the most astonishing buildings of the world, and to a certain extent he succeeded, for Mecca itself could not boast of a greater multifariousness of Mahommedan ideas, or a shrine more worthy of the great prophet of Islam. What is most singular to relate, in connection with its origin is, that it took but twenty-one years to complete all this mountain of masonry, and that too in an era when human progress was beset by every difficulty, and when Spain, the natural enemy of Moslemism, was stirring up war at its very walls. It is almost incredible to think that a people now so sunk in barbarism, could have ever effected such astonishing miracles of art; and in gazing at their remains, you are inclined to concede them a greater portion of your sympathy, than you had ever done before, even when reading the "Thousand and One Nights," or the "Tales of the Alhambra." One of Abdurrahman's sons succeeded in finishing it, and for four centuries and a half it continued to be the greatest Mahommedan mosque of the west, and rivalled in richness and grandeur, any in Constantinople, or even Mecca itself. But in 1234, when Cordova was captured by the Christians, it was converted into a Catholic cathedral, and many of its most beautiful features thrown into bad effect by the super-additions and alterations introduced in order to conform it to Christian principles. In 1528, a plan was made to introduce the Gothic, by erecting chapels and other appendages, which quite

destroy the unity of the interior, although in themselves exquisite pieces of that style of architecture.

As originally built, this beautiful edifice occupied an area of six hundred and twenty feet in length, by four hundred and fifty in breadth; about one-third of which was laid off in court-yards and gardens, where sparkling fountains and orange trees subdued the African temperature, and which forms to this time the most delicious retreats during the heat of the day that can be imagined.

Seventeen massive gateways opened into the building, beautifully wrought and carved with plates of bronze, upon which was engraved verses of the Koran, and crystal letters wreathed in the most beautiful arabesques. When you passed through and entered the aisles, the vision must have been enchanting. The vistas of columns and arches receding away to a most painful distance: the spangled roofs, glittering with stars and enamel: the mosaic pavements, and the complicated tracery which covered every inch of space from dome to floor, went far to justify the old Moorish inscription "To pray once in Cordova, was equal to praying thrice in any other mosque." Nineteen rows of columns traversed the whole length of the edifice from north to south; each one containing in itself thirty-five columns of the most beautiful finish, formed from the most precious marbles of every shade and color, and enriched with studs, which threw a lustre of magic over all the compartments. Two ranges of pillars, each more massive than the other, crossed at right angles, and divided the area of the mosque into four nearly equal parts. Since the occupation of the Christians however, many of the columns have been removed, several of the arches thrown down, and the ceilings in different places, with all their soffits, lozenges and Arabian heraldry, torn away and replaced with half cupolas, and designs of a more modern pattern, which, however beautiful they may be, has never the startling effect of the original. The number of entrances have been reduced since then, from seventeen to seven, the Saracenic style still being preserved, although the ornamentation has been entirely defaced. One of these opens into a magnificent court yard, called the *patio de los naranjeros*, which is surrounded with galleries and arches, with a marble pavement, shaded by orange trees of a most exquisite height and flavor, cultivated no doubt for the refined palate of the Caliph himself. From the *patio de los naranjeros*, you pass at once into the body of the Cathedral, where you lose yourself in the endeavor to explore the forest of columns, horse-shoe arches, domes and pilasters, which extend away in all the mystery of subdued light, and reflecting all the hues of a microscope. "The impression produced upon you," says Gautier, "when you enter this ancient sanctuary of the Moslem faith cannot be defined, and has nothing whatever in common with that generally caused by architecture: you seem rather to be walking about in a roofed forest than in a building. On whatever side you turn, your eye is lost in alleys of columns crossing each other, and stretching away out of sight, like marble

vegetation that has shot up spontaneously from the soil." You are in the very heart of Arabia; you see nothing but Moorish ornature, superimposed arches, wreaths, arabesques and columns in quincuncial order, entangled within each other like a convolvula in a forest of Brazil. There are thirty-six naves and nineteen transepts, each in themselves containing such an immensity of space, that an army of soldiers might be mustered in any one of them. The pillars and architraves supporting this vast entablature, are remarkable; possessing a peculiarity of style, which in the ordinary acceptation of architecture, is neither Byzantine nor Corinthian, but a development of both, truly Arabic, wild, and singularly beautiful. The caps are an invention after the Greek Acanthus; the leaf bearing a resemblance to the African palm; and the shafts are so diminutive (being only ten to twelve feet from the base to the capitals), that the magnificent horse-shoe arches, loaded with arabesques and vermicular work like the drapery of a Chinese fan, seem to be too gigantic for such a support, and almost touch the floor. These lilluptian columns which number in all about nine hundred, only half of the original number, are carved from the most rare and exquisite stones—such as porphyry, jasper, verd-antique, breccia, and variegated marbles of the most vivid patterns, veined and streaked like the heart of an opal—which in the obscure and mysterious light, which always veils the interior of this edifice, gives a rainbow hue from their polished surfaces worthy of oriental magic. The walls and ceilings wherever they have been left in their original state, are covered with a profusion of the most delicate ornature, tre-foils and cinque-foils, wreaths, garlands and foliage, a supreme net-work; verses from the Koran intertwined with mosaics and crystals; and a profusion of *chefs d'œuvres* of every description, forming one vast and delicately minute complexity of workmanship, that actually intoxicates you, and which you find impossible to follow or understand. You are carried on by a feverish desire from one transept to another, wishing to see every thing, but all the while finding it impossible to retain one hundredth part of what you have seen in your memory, until at last nature becomes exhausted with the effort, and you retire confounded and dizzy, unable to form in your own mind anything but the general idea of the magnificence you have passed through. It would require the labor of months to examine it thoroughly, and afterwards volumes to describe it, with all its variety of remarkable objects, so closely condensed together in every part of the building.

When the Caliphs held their devotions within it, these long aisles were illuminated with thousands of silver lamps, diffusing the odor of aromatic oil, which reflected back the polished jasper and the symbolic crystals wreathed about upon the walls, and lighted up the gilded *patios*, fragrant with the breath of oranges, where none but Ommyades moved, and where marble fountains threw up their jets of water like showers of diamonds. Then the mussulman opened out his voice and cried, "Allah be praised!"

for he had risen to his highest measure of bliss, and the apogee of Mahommedanism had been gained. But suddenly the Christian sweeps over him like a deluge. The flaming cross burns in the heavens; and with a cry of despair he is hurled from his paradise, and driven hopelessly out of Europe to take refuge among the barbarians of the east from whom he sprung, and also whom he despised.

The conversion of the edifice into a cathedral and chapels has done much to dispel its former magnificence; and although in themselves elaborate pieces of architecture, are not congenial to the other parts of the building, and serve only to disfigure it. This was accomplished during the reign of the emperor Charles V, after the models of Herman Ruiz, a distinguished Spanish architect, who filled up the aisles and spaces with *retablos*, sacristiés, half-cupulas and arches, and finished by running an austere dome through the beautiful moresque-work of the roof, tearing away all the delicately carved tendrils and mosaics. The artesonado ceiling which once glittered like those of the Alhambra, has been much defaced. The choir however is a master-piece of art, worthy of the fame of its inventor, Don Pedro Duque Cornejo, who spent ten years of his life carving the mahogany figures, and embellishing it with prodigies of his almost miraculous skill. The stalls also exhibit a profusion of splendid carving, nowhere to be excelled. It is said by some, that before the landing of the Moors, the site of the present edifice was occupied by a Christian church; a supposition which no doubt had some influence in the determination of the Chapter to carry out their plans. A legend is related in connection with this, which illustrates the strong faith and patriotism of the early Christians.

It seems that after Roderic, "the last of the Goths," had been defeated in 711 at the great battle of Xeres, Tarik, the Mahommedan leader advanced upon Cordova with a detachment of 700 men, and surprising the city by a night assault, drove the governor with a few hundred adherents into the principal church, where they fortified themselves, determined to resist to the last. A stream of water was secretly conveyed to them underground, from a spring at the foot of the mountains, which with what provisions they had, enabled them to maintain their position for three months. About the end of that time, however, it happened (according to the Arabian writers) that a black man belonging to the Moslem army was captured by the Christians and conveyed to the Church. The besieged, who had never seen a human being of the same color before, took him to the conduit of water, with the serious intention of washing his face. This man remained a prisoner in the church for seven days, when he contrived to effect his escape; and having informed his commander how the prisoners were supplied with water, the conduit was discovered and destroyed. After this unfortunate occurrence, the Christians had no prospect of relief; yet so firm did they remain to their faith, that when freedom was offered them, on conditions of their embracing Mahommedanism, they unhesitatingly refused, and the church being set on fire around them, they perished in the flames.

To be continued.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XI.

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

The glorious spouse of the Immaculate Mother has been from the earliest times recognized as the special patron and protector of North America, and heaven itself has so revealed it.* From the northern ice of Hudson's bay to the volcanoes of Nicaragua, French and Spanish, Irish and English Catholics delight to honor and reverence the name of St. Joseph.† Most beautifully does Faber depict the rise and progress of devotion to the illustrious Saint who filled in regard to our Redeemer the place of an earthly father.

"Devotion to St. Joseph lay, as it were, dormant in the Church. Not that there was anything new to be known about him, or any fresh revelation to be made of him. He belonged exclusively to the Sacred Infancy. The beginning of St. Matthew's gospel contained him. By two evangelists he had been left in complete silence, and the third had barely named him in the genealogy. Tradition held some scanty notices of him; but they had no light but what they borrowed from St. Matthew. All we have now of St. Joseph was there then; only the sense of the faithful had not taken it up; God's time was not yet come. The sense of the faithful was not like the complete science of the apostles. It was not equal to it: it had to grow to it, to master it, to fill it out with devotions, to animate it with institutions, to submit to it as a perfectly administered hierarchy. But God's time came for this dear devotion, and it came like all His gifts when times were dark and calamities were rife.

Beautiful Provence! it rose up in the west from your delightful land, like the cloud of delicate almond blossoms that seems to float and shine between heaven and earth over your fields in spring. It rose from confraternity in the white city of Avignon, and was cradled by the swift Rhone, that river of martyr memories, that runs by Lyons, Orange, Vienne and Arles, and flows into the same sea that leaves the shores of Palestine. The land which the contemplative Magdalen had consecrated by her hermit life, and where the songs of Martha's school of virgins had been heard praising God, and where Lazarus had worn a mitre instead of a grave cloth, it was there that he, who was so marvelously Mary and Martha combined, first received the glory of his devotion. Then it spread over the Church. Gerson was raised up to be its doctor and theologian: and St. Teresa to be its saint; and Saint Francis de Sales to be its popular teacher and missioner. The houses of Carmel were like the holy house of Nazareth to it, and the colleges of the Jesuits its peaceful sojourners in dark Egypt. The contemplative took it up and fed upon it;

* Charlevoix—Vie de la Ven. Marie de l'Incarnation.

† Vallejo—Life of St. Joseph. Gentilucci—Life of the Blessed Virgin.

the active laid hold of it, and nursed the sick and fed the hungry in its name. The working people fastened on it, for both the Saint and his devotion were of them. The young were drawn to it and it made them pure; the aged rested on it, for it made them peaceful. St. Sulpice took it, and it became the spirit of the secular clergy. And when the great Society of Jesus had taken refuge in the Sacred Heart, and the Fathers of the Sacred Heart were keeping their lamps burning ready for the resurrection of the Society, devotion to St. Joseph was their stay and their consolation, and they cast the seeds of a new devotion to the Heart of Joseph, which will some day flourish and abound. So it gathered into itself orders and congregations, high and low, young and old, ecclesiastical and lay, schools and confraternities, hospitals, orphanages and penitentiaries, everywhere holding up Jesus, everywhere hand in hand with Mary, everywhere the refreshing shadow of the Eternal Father. Then when it had filled Europe with its odor, it went over the Atlantic, plunged into the damp umbrage of the back-woods, embraced all Canada, became a mighty missionary power, and tens of thousands of savages filled the forests and the rolling prairies at sundown with hymns to St. Joseph, the praises of the foster father of our Lord."*

In France, two centuries and a half since, the Society of Jesus diffused this devotion with a zeal not unrewarded: a Lalemant, a Nouet, a Coton, made it familiar to every roof-tree: the missionaries sailed to the west under the patronage of St. Joseph, and reared their Indian missions in his name. To the same period and the same society does the Church owe the congregation of which we are writing, a congregation which under the blessing of heaven seems destined in Joseph's land to increase and extend like the devotion itself. Among the holy men of the Society who devoted themselves to these home missions in which Saint John Francis Regis sanctified himself, was Father John Peter Médaille, whose scene of apostolic toil was the diocese of Puy, with those of St. Floar, Rodez and Vienne, the land of Dauphiné, and the mountains of the Cevennes. In the course of his missions he found many widows and young women, anxious to lead a more perfect life, devoting themselves to the service of God and their neighbors. The convents then existing required a dowry, and were cloistered, thus on the one hand excluding many, and on the other precluding themselves from many works of mercy. Father Médaille after having selected such as he deemed best fitted for the new congregation, and formed them by his teaching and instructions to the life which they were to lead, laid his plans before Henry de Maupas du Tour, Bishop and Count of Puy. That prelate eagerly entered into the project of Father Médaille, foreseeing the immense good which his diocese would reap from such a society. At his request the new sisters came to Puy, and after

* Faber—The Blessed Sacrament, pp. 141–3. (Murphy's approved edition.) The singular beauty of this work must plead our excuse for giving so long an extract, and will, we trust, excite many to peruse the eloquent pages of this gifted and pious author.

enjoying for a time a hospitable reception beneath the roof of Madame Lucretia de la Planche, the first protectress of their order, were soon after transferred to the Orphan Asylum, which the bishop committed to their care. There, on the 15th of October, 1650, the festival of St. Teresa (the saint of devotion to St. Joseph), the pious prelate, after exhorting them to the love of God and the most perfect charity towards their neighbor, placed them under the protection of St. Joseph, and directed the congregation to bear the name of that great saint.

Such was the origin of this society two centuries ago. Approved by the bishop, who drew up their rule and prescribed their dress, it soon, under his auspices, extended to other parts of the diocese, and under subsequent bishops of Puy, to almost all the dioceses of Southern France, everywhere carrying out all the works of mercy. In the hospitals of the poor, the asylums of the fallen, the roof that sheltered the orphan or gave instruction to the children of the poor, in the cell of the prisoner, or amid the young working girls engaged in daily toil, you will find the modest Sister of St. Joseph, in her plain loose black dress, with the wooden crucifix on the white kerchief, the angels directing, as they have erected all these refuges for the wretched, or solacing with the consolations of religion the abodes which society has made for the transgressor.

Each house is governed by a prioress, an intendante and a coadjutress. On Sundays and holidays, they say in common in the chapel the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and they recite daily the Little Office of the Holy Ghost, the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, that of Loretto and that of St. Joseph with the Rosary. They meditate twice a day and fast every Saturday. A chapter is held in each convent on Friday, and a conference on Sunday. The novitiate is prolonged to two years, after which they take simple vows, from which the bishop can dispense them. The special object of the congregation is expressed in the vow in these beautiful terms: "I promise, according to the rules of the congregation, to profess, aided by thy grace, O Lord, the most profound humility in all things, and the most cordial charity towards my neighbor, whom I desire to serve by the exercise of all the works of mercy, both spiritual and corporal, comprised in our institute."*

The Sisters of Saint Joseph were not swept from the soil of France by the terrible storm of the Revolution. They remain and still extend the sphere of their usefulness, resembling in their objects and institute the Sisterhood of Mercy recently established in Ireland, and so wondrously spread over the British Empire and our own land. Savoy, the land of St. Francis de Sales, "the preacher of devotion to St. Joseph," soon welcomed the sisterhood that bore his name, and in 1836 North America claimed these daughters of the foster father of Jesus. The Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, induced we may infer by the Rev. Mr. Fontbonne, a mis-

* Henrion—Histoire des Ordres Religieux. (Ed. Migne) II, 689.

sionary in his diocese of St. Louis, resolved in 1836 to apply to the congregation in the diocese of Lyons for a colony of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and that same year six sisters, under the guidance of Sister Febronia Fontbonne, crossed the Atlantic, and proceeding to Illinois, then a part of the diocese of St. Louis, established the first house of their order in the ancient French parish of Cahokia, long since dedicated to the Holy Family of Nazareth.* Two other sisters joined them about a year after, and a second house was founded in 1838 by Sister Delphine Fontbonne, at Carondelet, in Missouri, where the sisters devoted themselves also to the care of the deaf and dumb. This is the mother house of the order in the United States, and the residence of the Superior General.† The house at Cahokia which continued until 1843, was suspended for several years, but has recently (1854) been restored. By 1848 the congregation had increased to such a degree in the diocese of St. Louis, that it comprised three houses; one at Carondelet, where there were five professed sisters, seven novices and two candidates; having under their care a boarding and day school, a deaf and dumb asylum, and an orphan asylum: two in the city of St. Louis, with five professed sisters and six novices, directing an orphan asylum and a day school.‡

About this time the Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia, applied to the house in Missouri, and a colony of sisters repaired to Philadelphia, and under Mother St. Joseph assumed the care of the orphans in St. John's Asylum, as well as of St. Joseph's school at Pottsville. This colony has prospered wonderfully, and the house at Philadelphia has become the parent of two other establishments. In 1849 they opened a novitiate at Sherrystown, which last year contained twelve novices and seven postulants.§ The sisters at the present time direct in the diocese of Philadelphia, St. John's Orphan Asylum, St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Anne's Widow's Asylum, St. Joseph's and St. Vincent's Schools, all in Philadelphia, together with St. Patrick's School in Pottsville, and St. Joseph's at Brandywine.‖

In 1851 the Rt. Rev. Armand de Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto, in Canada, obtained of the house in Philadelphia, a community of four sisters, with Sister Delphine Fontbonne as superioress, to take charge of an orphan asylum in his diocese, and undertake such other works of mercy, as their numbers would permit. Many schools have since been confided to them, and the Sisters of St. Joseph (so well has the grain of mustard seed prospered near the spot where the old Jesuit missionaries thrice established missions of St. Joseph) now number eighteen professed, as many

* De Courcy—Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada, p. 126. Catholic Almanac, 1837, p. 138.
† Catholic Almanac, 1838, p. 113; 1839, p. 149. Annales de la Prop. de la Foi, xii, 274.
‡ Catholic Almanac, 1848, p. 206.
§ De Courcy—Catholic Church in the United States, pp. 262–3.
‖ Catholic Almanac, 1856, pp. 122–4.

novices or postulants, and have under their care 135 orphans, and 600 pupils: besides sheltering a great number of poor girls temporarily.*

The Bishop of Brooklyn, the Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, when on his appointment he sought to endow his diocese with religious communities, obtained from the house in Philadelphia a colony of sisters, who in September, 1856, opened a school in Brooklyn, with every prospect of success.

Meanwhile the mother house at Carondelet was also sending out its holy colonies. In the spring of 1853 a community was made up for the city of Wheeling. It consisted of three professed sisters and three novices, who under Mother Agnes as superior, immediately took charge of the Wheeling hospital,† and have since opened an orphan asylum.

This was not the only colony sent from St. Louis in 1853. In that same year a community was formed at St. Paul, where Bishop Cretin confided to them an hospital which he had erected on a site given by Mr. H. Price. The sisters, at whose head we find Mother Seraphine, long superior at Carondelet, also opened an academy, which they have since conducted with most consoling results.

The following year beheld the sisterhood in Missouri once more send forth its devoted members to face the trials and difficulties of a new establishment. This new house is situated at Canandaigua, in the State of New York, and is due to the zeal of the Rev. E. O'Connor, the laborious pastor of that place. On the eighth of December, 1854, the very day when all the Christian world exulted at the act of His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, who on that day, surrounded by members of the episcopate from every quarter of the globe, solemnly defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin, Mother Agnes, with Sisters Francis, Joseph, Theodosia and Petronilla, arrived at Canandaigua, giving a home to the order of St. Joseph in Western New York, where in other days Father Stephen de Carheil had reared his mission of St. Joseph among the Cayugas.‡ The little community at Canandaigua was soon joined by a sister from St. Louis and another from Philadelphia. Besides an orphan asylum, they have a home for poor girls of good character, when out of place or overtaken by malady, thus saving them from temptation in health, or the poor-house in sickness.

The Sisters of St. Joseph at present comprise the following houses in the United States: 1. Carondelet (1836), 53 members; 2. Philadelphia (1848), 72 members; 3. Wheeling (1853), 5 members; 4. St. Paul (1853); 5. Cahokia (1854), 4 members; 6. Canandaigua (1854), 9 members; 7. Brooklyn (1856), 9;—total number in the United States, over 150.

* De Courcy—Les Servantes de Dieu, pp. 125–8.

† Catholic Almanac, 1854, p. 131.

‡ De Courcy—Catholic Church in the United States, 488. Shea—History of the Catholic Missions, p. 287.

THE WATERFORD "CRUSADERS"—THE BRAVE IRISH LANDLORD.

A stray Chapter from the Note-book of an Irish Parliament Reporter.

By Wm. Bernard MacCabe.

Continued from page 52.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but if I am not greatly mistaken—if my eyes, my exceedingly keen sight, does not deceive me, that tall, gaunt, ill-conditioned, crooked-eyed, red-haired servant of the popish curate, has a pistol in his right hand. Yes, and as I live it is cocked, too—sir, the fellow is going to present it at me. Oh! sir, save me—save—but no—the cunning scoundrel knew well I would be watching him—treacherous and infamous race as they are!—instead of a pistol, I see it is only a bottle of port-wine that he is handing to his master. Oh! sir, there is no knowing, no guessing what arts those apparently ignorant, simple-looking and sweet-spoken barbarians will not resort to. I assure you, sir—I give you my honor—upon my veracity that might as well have been a loaded pistol to shoot me, because I am a Protestant, as a bottle of port-wine destined to titillate the palate of a popish priest. Oh, sir, it requires the eyes of Argus, the watchfulness of Cerberus, and the courage of a Hercules to observe, to guard against and counteract the murderous machinations of such a set of sycophantic assassins.

"I'll give you an instance, sir, I'll show you into what a dilemma the immovable firmness of a most valorous gentleman may bring him. I have a very large property here—I mean in this neighborhood. I have a very numerous tenantry—a parcel of cut-throats, sir, who, because I differ from them in religion, would, with delight, offer up my life as a grateful victim to the Moloch of their idolatry and superstition. Now, as I avow myself to be a liberal—truly liberal in my politics (the fact is, between you and me, I do not care a pin about the matter, only I hope the papists will always be kept down), but as I am a liberal, I think the least advantage I can have from my liberality is to get a much higher rent from my tenantry than those who do not profess themselves to be of the same line of politics as myself. Another thing too, sir, should these villains (who hate me, just as much as I abhor them) steal upon me at a moment when I am not prepared to encounter them, and basely assassinate me, it will in my dying moments be a comfort to me, that the assassination of a liberal landlord of my religion, will be another argument against the emancipation of such scoundrels. I therefore, you see, sir, like a prudent general endeavor to cover my position in every possible way, and if I cannot make a great deal of booty in my campaign, at least to preserve my life in it. Considering then, sir, that for the sacrifice of my political predilections, I am at least entitled to a small recompense in a pecuniary form, I have made it my

principle to charge the highest possible rent for my land, and if that rent be not paid to the day, I *cant* and eject without mercy. This, sir, is the very least that a *liberal* landlord is entitled to. Now, what do you think of the ingratitude of these villains? About one year since, twenty of my tenants got into arrear—they said they had a bad harvest, but you know I could not keep off the rain nor send them the sunshine, it was therefore no consideration of mine—but not being paid I immediately turned them all out on the road with their wives and brats, I suppose to the number of about one hundred and forty individuals. There was resolution and courage for you, sir! If I was not as brave a man as ever lived, do you think I could attempt to do it—nay, if I were not as I am, the bravest of the brave, I could not even think of it! I knew the risk and I therefore was especially cautious in my proceedings. But now let me tell you what happened. The most extraordinary and providential escape of a gallant gentleman you ever heard of, and which his own—that is my own—foresight saved from a most horrible death.

"I know not how it happened, but about a week after my tenants were ejected, I found myself not less than three miles and a half from my own house, on the public high road, and in the middle of the open day! It only then occurred to me, that such were the times and places generally selected for barbarities to be perpetrated upon divers landlords and their agents, in this brutal, inhuman, and uncivilized country. I looked about me—I was determined to be guarded against every surprise. Will you believe it, sir, that at a distance of not less than a mile from me, I perceived two countrymen coming deliberately towards me, and armed, oh! sir, in the most cut-throat, banditti-like manner. They each carried long, immense Queen-Anne pieces (an antiquated species of fire-arm to be found still in this country, and with which these monsters can hit the smallest object at a distance of two miles). I saw it all at once—it was plain I was beset by the blood-thirsty cannibals; I knew, sir, I must be slaughtered—there were two to one. What was I to do? I at first resolved to show myself a Fabius, and win a victory, by declining to fight. A moment's reflection, however, proved to me, that I was cut off from any such resource, for I was within full view of the enemy, and one shot from a Queen-Anne piece must overtake me before I moved twenty yards—then, too, I must be hit in the posterior portion of my person—my wound must be in my back, and for no consideration would I consent to have my death-blow thus inflicted. Besides, before I died, they would have boasted that I had *run away*—yes! for the ignorant villains never would designate it a *retreat*. You perceive, sir, how cool I was when I made all these calculations. I give you my honor, sir, I was so perfectly cool, that in the midst of my imminent peril, I could remark a refrigerating sensation pervade my entire frame. But in the midst of danger I could not stop to calculate my various and momentarily changing feelings. The question was, in such awful circumstances, what was I to do? Before me an implacable and

overpowering foe, behind me no place to retreat upon—then how was I to meet them? I resolved upon an ambush. Yes, I give you my honor I adopted an expedient worthy the strategy of the Duke of Wellington. I determined to let the fellows see I was aware of their approach, and was resolved upon employing all the devices that legitimate tactics allow to a hero, before he yields up his precious life into vulgar hands. I could perceive by the countenances of these remorseless, pitiless sharp-shooters, at the distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile, that they were meditating murder—and that too my own individual murder. I could read that in their faces, sir, as plainly as you can read the gilded letters that emblazon the front of a shop-keeper's domicile. Now, I again ask, what do you think I did? Oh! sir, you never could guess, none but a mind constantly engaged upon the dangers of life-destroying war could have hit upon such a manœuvre. Upon the left hand side of the road, there was a deep ditch, over which hung some thinly scattered bushes—in a moment I saw all the advantage to be derived from such an ambuscade. Without hesitating a single instant I flung myself into the ditch—it was half filled with a thick, heavy, gluey slime, over which there ran a thin sheet of black-looking water. Yes, sir, like the gallant and ever memorable Schomberg, when crossing the Boyne, or the never-to-be-forgotten Julius Cæsar, upon the shores of Britain (for I lay down in the ditch), there I was, ready to encounter death, and up to my neck in water! The moments I passed there were awful, eventful, full of high daring and deep resolves. I actually was trembling with a superabundance of animosity while waiting for the approach of my sanguinary-minded assassins. I was conjecturing all the pains I must feel, when a bullet should fly through me with the rapidity of lightning, the agonizing sting, the thrilling pang, the gush of blood, the sob of exhaustion, the gradually receding consciousness and the last glimpse of expiring reason illumined by the ferocious grins of the atrocious monsters who had cut me off at that interesting moment when the flower of youth has just ripened into the fruit of manhood! I was determined that I would shoot the first who turned his head towards the spot where I had concealed myself, without a word of explanation, and then to fire at his companion, and thus, perhaps, by my heroism, to terrify for the future all such low-lived villains from their dire machinations against my invaluable life.

"There I was, sir, in that interesting and romantic position I have just described, shaking with anxiety, so much so indeed, that I felt the pistols slipping out of my hand two or three times, shivering with rage and full of courage, sir. *Never* was I more full of courage than at that awful crisis of my fate. There I was, shaking, shivering, trembling with anxiety, courage, apprehension, and gallant daring, when I saw the two countrymen approach. Yes, they took right good care to walk on the opposite side of the road—they knew my character, and were resolved to keep as far from me as possible—and what do you think? Will you be-

lieve it? Is it credible? Those two fellows, who had been armed with Queen-Anne pieces, when three-quarters of a mile from me—those fellows who under such circumstances saw me take up a fitting position to encounter them (for they must have seen me jumping into the ditch), these very fellows, fearful of the consequences, had exchanged their fire-arms for common walking-sticks, and now came along the road carrying their cudgels in the same manner I had observed them bearing their guns. Oh! the trickery, treachery and duplicity of the peasantry of this country! They saw they could not take me unawares, and they therefore masked their hostile intentions towards me. They pretended to be two plain, poor persons, travelling the high-road upon their common avocations, and the better to cover their felonious designs, they never even once turned their heads towards the spot where I lay couched, brave as a lion, and ready to meet them in mortal combat! The wily, hypocritical, atrocious monsters! I assure you it requires the talents of a Machiavelli to guess at, and countermine the direful and never ending plots of these viper-like idolaters—for they are, after all, sir, nothing better than idolaters.

"Now, what was the next plan for slaughtering me? The infernal machine which was manufactured for the destruction of Napoleon, was scarcely equal to it in atrocity. One morning my servant man, Patricius, or, as he is vulgarly called, Paddy Regan, brought in and laid upon my breakfast table, a letter, very neatly folded,—mark that, sir,—and with an unusually large wax seal upon it, but without any impression—mark that too, sir! Upon looking at the superscription I perceived it was written in a very vulgar hand, and my name incorrectly spelled—observe that also, sir! I am not at all suspicious—I think well of every one, and to show my liberality, I have none but Roman Catholic servants; but knowing, mind I say, knowing them all to be brutes, blackguards, and murderers, I watch every movement of theirs, for so long as they are in my house, I feel that I am sleeping in the camp of an enemy.

"I had, as of the rest, a very bad opinion of this Paddy Regan, and after looking at this frightfully suspicious letter for a moment, I gazed steadily at Paddy—the fellow turned away—he could not endure the pathetically searching glance I gave him—it was as much as to say, 'Paddy, you rascal! do you want to embrue your hands in my innocent blood?' He turned away and then said, 'Does your honor want any hot water on the tay-pot?' There was cold-blooded callousness for you! After that, sir, who can say that the Irish can be assuaged by mildness, or tempered by kindness? Oh! never, never; they are nothing better than talking jackalls, and two-legged hyenas. 'No, Paddy Regan,' replied I, 'I do not want hot water on the tea-pot, but I want you to break the seal of that letter.' The very instant I said that, I give you my honor, sir, I saw through the plot at once—I, in a moment, perceived that the letter was charged with some deleterious combustible matter, which it was intended would explode when being opened, and perhaps shatter me to pieces!

Can anything surpass the diabolical inventions of these remorseless savages? Paddy Regan actually turned ashy pale when I desired him to open the letter—he said he never had opened a letter, for he did not know how to read (such a paltry, miserable, pettifogging subterfuge!) and stated that perhaps he might spoil it in the opening. I took down a blunderbuss, deliberately cocked it, and told Paddy to take the letter out to the lawn, about thirty yards from the house (lest I might be blown up as well as himself), and there open it for me, or I most assuredly would shoot him. Under this threat, for he knows my nerve and valor, he did take out the letter—I saw him tremble excessively, he went most quietly (evidently he knew the secret way to manage it), and then pulled the letter into two pieces, and—*not the slightest explosion!!!* You see how exceedingly acute these fellows are—had he opened the letter in the usual way, the most direful consequences must have followed, but knowing the secret, he opened it as I have told you, in a manner in which no gentleman would think of getting at the contents of an epistle addressed to him. I then, sir, desired him to tear off the seal (and, for fear of any bad consequences, to throw it into the pond), and then bring the remaining portions of the letter to me. The document fully justified my apprehensions respecting it, for at the head of one page, was the picture of a coffin, and under it these lines:—

> 'Mister Teylar, you're a grate and mighty horrid vilyan
> To bee by your harshness your pore ten ants killien.
> If you don't let every one of them back to his spot
> Of ground, sure as a gun some night you'll be shot,
> And an ugly eorpse you'll make when you are raielly kilt.
> And the daisies for the rest of your life growin out of your quilt.'

"That, sir, is what, in my dispatch to government, I designated so appositely and appropriately 'the minacity of miscreancy.' Only think of the horrid joke they made upon my being laid in my cold, cheerless tomb—that when I was interred I should have 'the daises growing out of my quilt.' Most pervicacious and stony-hearted people! To discover the writer of this letter, the Lord Lieutenant only offered a reward of £10. The Privy Council would not believe that it was intended to blow me up. You see the secret of this, sir—on account of the liberality of my opinions, I am no favorite in the Castle—had I been of different politics, I have not the slightest doubt, but that for my bravery in repulsing the two assassins in the manner I have described, I should have been made a stipendiary magistrate, and a reward of a thousand pounds at least given for the discovery of those who would, through the means of a threatening letter, send me up, up into the elements as ignited and full of powder as a sky-rocket! Disappointed at the Castle, I applied to the Lieutenant of this county, to the Marquess of Waterford, for what I am at least entitled to since those diabolical attempts have been made on me,

—the protection of six policemen, four to guard my house, and two, at least, to wait upon me, wherever I go. As I am a gentleman, sir,—as I may flatter myself I am a courageous and valiant gentleman, when I made the application to the Marquess of Waterford, and stated my reasons for it, he (upon my honor he did)—he—*laughed* at me and hinted that I was afraid of my own shadow—he did so, indeed, he—but you see, sir, I am determined to be revenged upon him, and accordingly, I, and every one of my tenantry will vote against his brother at the next election.

"And now, I beg pardon, really, sir, for intruding upon your attention for so long a time, but I have been so occupied in detailing my sorrows to so kind and sympathetic a listener, that only this moment I have observed that two or three strange persons have got into the room. You see, there is a tall, dark, black-whiskered man, who was not at the meeting to-day, and who is now leaning over the parish priest's chair. Upon my life! they are whispering together—and see, the parish priest now whispers to the curate—the curate is going out—no, he has returned—oh! I see, it was to swallow the remaining half of his tumbler of negus, and now he is off. Oh! I see through it all—it is, by the way, a sick call he has received, but I should not be at all surprised if it were a plan laid to entrap and murder me on my way home. I will disappoint them, however, for I will go around; but if I should be so unlucky as to be murdered, massacred (as they would do it) in cool blood, you will be so good, sir, as to remember the words of a dying man, and to say, that such were my apprehensions, but that I was of too dauntless a disposition to be deterred by their wicked manœuvres from returning to my own home. If I should, as I suppose it will be my fate to, fall beneath the knives of rebels who have no religion, you will be so good as to detail at the inquest how liberal I was in my sentiments, and how benevolent in my opinions. I shall now, sir, bid you good night—the sooner I go, the less time I give to my relentless foes to plot mischief against me. Methinks I see you looking through your silver-rimmed spectacles at my poor gashed body, pierced with innumerable wounds, and dropping the tear of pity upon my blood-bedabbled countenance, which, even in death, will retain the impress of the fearless spirit that animated me. Do, my dear sir, take pity upon a liberal, brave gentleman. If I am killed to-night, do me at least the favor, to-morrow, to attend the inquest. You know all that you ought to say of me. Good night, my dear, dear sir, and mind now—you are to attend the inquest."

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. II.

"Found, Frozen to Death!" "Starved and Frozen!" Found in the midst of large cities, with bright warm rooms, radiant with luxury and splendor, or glowing with homely comfort, inside of the cold ice-bound outer walls, that bleakly shut out God's perishing poor to the merciless freezing street! Music and gladness within—destitution, darkness, death without! Wherefore is it then, that this word goes forth so often in the morning papers of the city, and the weekly in the country, in a land abounding in wealth, and munificent in its way? And wherefore that the same columns, groaning with domestic sorrow, sin, and suffering, still draw at least one breath to utter those other common words, "Priest-ridden Italy," "lazy monks," "religious drones," "Romanism and pauperism."

I love to look on pictures and to study them; "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the impress of a true picture from the hand of genius, goes on through life, giving matter of thought and reflection to the mind. I have seen many such; and one now comes up before me, vivid and distinct, like life. Alpine peaks rise whitening the sky, with an ocean of snow piling its frozen billows up to the dim summits; and through the air, thick and indistinct with the fast descending cloud-fleece, I see a group not soon forgotten. A female form—pale, death-like rigid, with snow-whitened garments, lies in the gathering drift, her head raised up by a gray-haired monk, whose coarse garb is almost covered and concealed by the heaping flakes upon it, while he pours into the blue lips already stiffening under the touch of death, a vivifying cordial; and near him, watching with almost human interest, crouches patiently the noble dog of St. Bernard, with the hope-hearing bell upon his neck, and the little basket by his side: while, farther in the chill frozen mountain gorge, is still another monk, youthful and vigorous, with health and nobleness glowing from his face and form, bearing in one arm a child wrapped in its mother's cloak—hers, who still lies there yet scarcely reviving, sacrifice of mother's love—while with the other he supports and urges on to active, warmth-restoring motion the father whom he has snatched from death. Thus, on the frozen summits of the Alps, hearts are not frozen too.

In our cities, and in rural regions, we have here and there our monks, our nuns, and Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and faithful ladies laboring for the poor and suffering, yet too few and weak in numbers for the work around them. Their deeds are not often told in widely published lists of fame-winning, large donations; but come, unseen by worldly eyes and yet as full of generous help and ardent charity as ever nerved the heart of the self-devoted martyr-monk of Mt. St. Bernard. But otherwise, how close built in by those frozen outer walls of selfishness, are most

hearts, revelling in the brightness of their garnered joys, while others perish in their hopeless want. And no St. Bernard dogs are here trained, like their sires of the bleak mountain pass, to rescue the bewildered wanderer; but only taught by the instinct of the mammon worshipper to drive the poor, the beggar, from the inhospitable door Then, while the falling snow mantles softly around the perishing frame, the last sigh goes out with the last frozen tear, and the morning's record is—"Found frozen, dead!"

And yet the American heart is not ungenerous, nor niggardly. What is earned laboriously is spent grandly. Organization and combination is so much the habit of all American life and action, that even its charity takes that turn and commits its alms, however splendid they may be, to associations, and rests contented that all its duty is performed. This doing good by proxy, and at stated times, and in the gross, however praiseworthy it may be, steels the heart to the daily needs of many sufferers who are never reached by the official almoners, and the true life of charity, giving, even if little, often and lovingly, dies out or grows faint and cold. The heart is not softened and purified by the sight of the sorrow which it hastens to relieve, nor humanized by the pleasure of personal benefaction, but seeks to drive away and keep out of view the painful spectacles, which in poor-houses, in wretched hovels, and dark alleys, rebuke its own selfish indulgence.

How truly grand and noble would this great impulsive American heart become, with its munificence, its wealth, its innate generosity, uncramped by selfish habits, if it were inspired and vivified by the true spirit of Catholic charity; by love of the poor for the sake of Christ, instead of mere human pity alloyed perhaps with contempt; by beholding in the beggar the person of the Saviour, instead of the miserable outcast who is sent with cold, and sometimes harsh words, to the public almoner; by despising wealth as mere wealth, and honoring its possession only in the unostentatious distributer of its benefits among the suffering and the needy. This spirit, pervading the whole country, living and acting by every fireside, softening and elevating by its supernatural grace the natural goodness of the heart, expanding into the broad and higher charity of man for man,—the true and only basis of freedom, equality, republicanism,—would develope the noblest attributes of this people, and make the land, a land of love, and its national character the model and the highest type of true Christian civilization.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

The Church of Saint Mary-Major at Rome.—In the year 590, when the plague ravaged Rome in a terrible manner, Pope Gregory the Great ordered a grand penitential procession. Before arriving at Saint Mary-Major's eighty people fell dead in the ranks, such was the fury of the frightful malady. Gregory then, taking in his hand the image of the Madonna, proceeded towards the basilica of Saint Peter; he wore sackcloth and his feet were bare; many followed him also, wearing a penitent's dress. The procession advanced slowly and silently along the deserted streets of Rome; when they had come in front of Adrian's Mole, they heard in the air the sound of an angelic voice pronouncing these words: "*Regina cœli, lætare, alleluia, Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia.*" The pontiff and the people penetrated with joy and a holy fear prostrated themselves, and Saint Gregory, as if inspired, cried out: "*Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.*" At that moment a celestial messenger, standing on the summit of the Mausoleum, appeared to sheathe his sword, to signify that the Eternal One, appeased by the pious supplications of his Vicar, was willing to put an end to the evils that desolated Rome. In effect, the very same moment, the plague ceased its ravages, and those that had been attacked instantly recovered. The Mausoleum of Adrian is now called the castle of Saint Angelo, and on the summit can still be seen a colossal statue of the angel sheathing his sword.

In 1075, when Gregory VII, according to custom, was celebrating, on Christmas night, the divine sacrifice in the church of Saint Mary-Major, Cenci, the Prefect of Rome, the active partisan of Henry IV, of Germany, and excommunicated on account of his scandalous life, burst into the holy place at the head of a troop of assassins, wounded the Pontiff severely, seized him by the hair of the head, and dragged him to a tower on the banks of the Tiber; but the people rose immediately, restored Gregory to his liberty, and carried him in triumph to the basilica, where he completed the mass so tragically interrupted.

Dangers of Private Interpretation of the Scriptures.—Balmes in his "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," quotes the following remarkable admission of the dangers of private interpretation from O'Callaghan, a Protestant writer:

"Led away by their spirit of opposition to the Church of Rome, the first Reformers loudly proclaimed the right of interpreting the Scriptures according to each one's private judgment; but in their eagerness to emancipate the people from the authority of the Pope, they proclaimed this right without explanation or restriction: and the consequences were fearful. Impatient to undermine the papal jurisdiction, they maintained without exception, that each individual has an incontestable right to interpret the Scriptures for himself; and as this principle, carried to the fullest extent, was not sustainable, they were obliged to rely for support upon another, viz. that the Bible is an easy book, within the comprehension of all minds, and that the divine revelations contained in it are always clear to all; two propositions which, whether we consider them together or apart, cannot withstand a serious attack.

"The private judgment of Muncer found in the Scriptures that titles of nobility and great estates are impious usurpations, contrary to the natural equality of the faithful, and he invited his followers to examine if this were not the case. They examined into the matter, praised God, and then proceeded by fire and sword to extirpate the impious and possess themselves of their properties. Private judgment made the discovery in the Bible that established laws were a permanent re-

striction on Christian liberty; and, behold, John of Leyden, throwing away his tools, put himself at the head of a mob of fanatics, surprised the town of Munster, proclaimed himself king of Sion, and took fourteen wives at a time, asserting that polygamy is Christian liberty, and the privilege of the saints. But if the criminal madness of these men in another country is afflicting to the friends of humanity and of real piety, certainly the history of England, during a great part of the seventeenth century, is not calculated to console them. During that period an immense number of fanatics appeared, sometimes together and sometimes in succession, intoxicated with extravagant doctrines and mischievous passions, from the fierce ravings of Fox to the more methodical madness of Barclay; from the formidable fanaticism of Cromwell to the silly profanity of 'Praise God Barebones.' Piety, reason, and good sense seemed to be extinct on earth, and to be succeeded by an extravagant jargon, a religious frenzy, and a zeal without discretion. All quoted the Scriptures, all pretended to have had inspirations, visions, and spiritual ecstasies, and all, indeed, had equal claims to them. It was strongly maintained that it was proper to abolish the priesthood and the royal dignity, because priests were the ministers of Satan, and kings the delegates of the whore of Babylon, and that the existence of both were inconsistent with the reign of the Redeemer. The fanatics condemned science as a Pagan invention, and universities as seminaries of antichristian impiety. Bishops were not protected by the sanctity of their functions, or kings by the majesty of the throne; both, as objects of contempt and hatred, were mercilessly put to death by these fanatics, whose only book was the Bible, without note or comment. During this time, the enthusiasm for prayer, preaching, and the reading of the sacred books was at the highest point; everybody prayed, preached, and read, but nobody listened. The greatest atrocities were justified by the Scriptures; in the most ordinary transactions af life, scriptural language was made use of; national affairs, foreign and domestic, were discussed in the phraseology of Holy Writ. There were scriptural plots, conspiracies, and proscriptions; and all this was not only justified but even sanctified by quotations from the word of God. These facts, attested by history, have often astonished and alarmed men of virtue and piety, *but the reader, too much imbued with his own ideas, forgets the lesson to be learnt by this fatal experience; namely, that the Bible without note or comment was not intended to be read by rude and ignorant men.*"

The History of Newspapers.—The first newspaper was issued monthly in MS. form, in the republic of Venice, and was called the *Gazetta*, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, and which was the common price at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it are still preserved in a library at Florence.

It was long supposed that the first newspaper published in England was at the epoch of the Spanish Armada, but it has been discovered that the copies of that bearing the imprint of 1538, in the British Museum, were forgeries. There was no doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets was not published in London till 1622,—150 years after the art of printing had been discovered; and it was nearly one hundred years more before a daily paper was ventured upon. Periodical papers seem first to have been used by the English during the times of the Commonwealth, and were then called "weekly news-books." Some of them had most whimsical titles. It was common with the early papers to have a blank page, which was sometimes filled up, in the paucity of news, by selections from the Scriptures.

The first newspaper printed in North America was printed in Boston, in 1690. Only one copy of that paper was known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and was about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter-paper. It was stopped by the government. The Boston *News-Letter* was the first regular paper. It was first issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allen, in Pudding Lane. The contents of some of the early numbers were very peculiar. It had a speech of Queen Anne to Parliament, delivered 120 days previously, and this was the latest news from England. In one of the early numbers there was an announcement that by order of the Postmaster-General of North America, the post between Boston and New York sets out once a fortnight.

Negro men, women, and children were advertised to be sold; and a call was made upon a woman who had stolen a piece of fine lace work, 14s. a yard, and upon another who had conveyed a piece of fine calico under her riding hood, to return the same or be exposed in the newspapers.

This pioneer paper was published for 74 years; it was the leading Tory paper, prior to the Revolution. The Boston *Gazette* was the organ of the patriots, and was issued at Watertown. At the commencement of the revolutionary war, there were but 37 newspapers in the United States. Of this number, only eight were committed to the British Government, but five others were brought over. The oldest existing paper in Massachusetts was the Worcester *Spy*, first published in this city during 1770, but removed to the western part of the State on the occupation of Boston by the British troops.

Professor Henry on Acoustics.—Professor Henry states that while the principles of sound have been studied with care for half a century, these principles have but rarely been applied to the construction of rooms intended for public purposes. What is wanted is a combination of scientific knowledge, the results of careful investigation, till the highest practical skill in determining the question of the application of acoustic principles to public buildings becomes necessary to institute experiments. In experimenting on practical acoustics it is, according to Professor Henry, necessary to place the speaker opposite a wall, and to note the distance at which he ceases to take cognizance of the reflection of the sound of his voice. A wall lined with thin board will produce a reflection loud but short. A steel wall will produce the highest degree of resonance; so will a wall of glass. The principles of acoustics thus laid down have been applied with success in the construction of the new lecture-room in the Smithsonian Institute.

First Suggestion of Electric Telegraph.—On lately looking over a curious Latin poem on Electricity (says the London *News*), I met the following notice of an electric telegraph, which I should think was the first that occurs. The title of the work is "Josephi Mariani Parthenii Electricorum, libri vi, Romae 1767." I may mention that the poem is dedicated—"*Deiparæ Virginie sine macula peccati originalis conceptæ.*" The report to which I refer occurs in a note at the bottom of page 34. After showing that the electric current would proceed through a long metallic wire, rather than through a shorter but less perfect conductor, the writer goes on to say: "Bury a wire under the ground and let part of it appear in the house of your friend with a small division in it. If you discharge a jar the fluid will proceed along the wire and a spark will be seen between the divided parts by your friend. Now, could not an alphabet easily be composed from these sparks?" &c. The author of this experiment was Joseph Bezolus, a Jesuit and lecturer on natural philosophy at Rome.

Modern Inventions.—Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800; the electro-magnet in 1821. Electrotyping was discovered only a few years ago. Hoe's printing press, capable of printing ten thousand copies an hour, is of very recent discovery, but of most important character. Gas-light was unknown in 1800; now every city and town of any considerable note is lighted with it, and there is the announcement in France of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat, and motive power may all be produced from water with scarcely any cost. Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gun cotton and chloroform were discovered but a few years ago. The magnetic telegraph first commenced in 1843.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to the full extent.

A Chapter for the Young.

An Amusing Duel.—A French paper relates the following:—

The morning was cold and rainy, and seeing before him a "chalet" through whose windows shone a glorious fire, and whose curious external stairway descended even to his feet, as if coquetishly inviting him to share mountain hospitality, Dupont did not hesitate to mount to the door; he found the key in the lock, opened and entered. A man was seated at a desk with his back to the door—at the noise of the opening he turned his head, and recognizing the intruder, cried:

"Ah, is it you, Dupont? We will take a turn immediately."

It was Fournier who thus spoke.

"Faith, I am ready," said Dupont.

Fournier took his sword from the corner of the room; they fell into position; they crossed weapons. All this passed in a moment—to see, recognize and provoke, and attack each other was as natural and spontaneous as to breathe. It was only between the passes they conversed.

"I thought you were employed in the Interior," said Fournier.

"The minister gives me the fourth division."

"Indeed, how fortunate! I command the cavalry there. So you have just arrived?"

"This instant."

"And thought of me the first thing—how amiable you are!"

"No, really. I did not know you were here; seeing a fire through these windows, as I was about to pass, I stopped to warm myself."

"This exercise will warm you sufficiently."

The fight became fiercer—Fournier hazarded a pass, which Dupont taking advantage of, pushed him so vigorously that he was forced to give back step by step.

Dupont advanced steadily within distance, crying:

"Aha! You run! You run!"

"Not at all. I only retreat. Do you think I am going to let you spit me like a sparrow?"

"The room is small; I shall drive you to the wall!"

"We shall see!"

"See then!" and as Dupont said this, he pressed Fournier literally into the corner, and his sword piercing the muscles of F's neck, pinned him to the wooden wall like a family portrait badly hung.

"The devil!" cried the spitted general.

"You did not expect this!" said Dupont.

"On the contrary, it is you who did not expect what will happen?"

"Indeed, what is about to happen, then?"

"Why, the moment you draw out your sword, I shall then thrust mine into your stomach, and you will fall!"

"True," replied Dupont, pressing his sword with great force into the logs of the cottage wall.

"Well, what the devil are you piercing the wall for?"

"I am taking precaution against your lunge in my stomach."

"You cannot avoid it; the moment you withdraw, you die!"

"I shall not withdraw till you throw down your sword."

"It is impossible for you to keep your arm thus strained for ten minutes, it must drop, and you receive my thrust."

"You are unreasonable, your blood is flowing, in ten minutes your eyes will close."

"We shall see."

"Very well. I am not impatient."

"Nor I. We will abide the result!"

This contest would probably have been prolonged to a fatal termination, had not the noise of their dispute at length been heard by some officers in another part of the house, who, coming hastily upon the scene, separated with much difficulty the obstinate combatants.

When parted, they each claimed the victory, and finally demanded, with great gravity, to be replaced exactly as they were when separated, Dupont promising to refix his sword through Fournier's throat without increasing the wound.

They were finally obliged to force the latter to bed, and the former out of the chalet.

The Liar.—Alphonsus had nearly attained his sixteenth year before he could read, but had he possessed the knowledge of a Newton or a Cuvier, he would still be vile and contemptible, for he was stained with the most odious crime that can degrade man: he was a liar. Did he filch fruit or any other delicacy, he would persuade the world of the contrary, and that it must be the cat or the dog that made away with the dainty. Did he break a glass or an article of that nature, he would suffer all the servants to be discharged sooner than acknowledge himself guilty—such a disposition is, doubtless, frightful; but we should not hate the poor Alphonsus for it, we should rather pity him, since he had never known either father or mother; and his guardian was too much occupied with commercial pursuits, to have leisure to think of the education of his ward; he left it to his servants to attend to his physical comforts, and troubled himself about nothing else. The guardian, however, blushed at last for the ignorance of Alphonsus, and ordered his housekeeper, under penalty of being discharged, to conduct him daily to school. The discipline of the school was very distasteful to the young boy, and he taxed his ingenuity for pretexts to excuse his absence; but the housekeeper was inexorable. Once, however, Alphonsus triumphed over her sternness, by pretending sickness. This stratagem did not prove of long success; for the physician was called in and pronounced him well; so he was obliged on the morrow to resume his paper and books. The following Monday, Alphonsus deceived again the vigilance of the house-keeper, persuading her that it being the anniversary of the teacher's birth, all the scholars got a holiday. But the latter sent to demand the reason of Alphonsus' absence, and the housekeeper, in a passion, declared that she should be no longer the young knave's dupe. On the morrow she entered Alphonsus' room at the usual hour. The latter complained of pains through his body and a violent headache. The housekeeper, persuaded that he was lying as usual, pulled him out of bed, dressed him hastily and led him off to school despite his tears and piteous appeals. The air was very penetrating; and Alphonsus, who was this time really sick, became much more so in consequence of this imprudent egress. When he arrived at school, he could scarcely stand; unfortunately he was still believed to be acting, and the teacher instead of pitying him, became irritated at his wiles. At last he swooned off: he was then obliged to be carried home and put to bed. He was seized with a violent fever; the small-pox made its appearance, and the unfortunate Alphonsus remained several weeks in suspense between life and death. He finally recovered, but his face was terribly picked with the pox, and he continued disfigured the rest of his life. The liar, says the Scripture, is an abomination in the sight of God; and his punishment on earth is, never to be believed, even when he tells the truth.

HYMN TO ST. ELIZABETH.

To thee, bright saint! our Patron blest,
Enthron'd amid the choirs above,
Rejoicing in thy bliss, we come
With sacred hymns of grateful love.

Chorus.—O! Thou! our Father, God and King,
Eternal praise to Thee be given;
Let every heart thy mercies sing;
Thy sons on earth, thy saints in heaven.

The clouds of time have passed away:
The tears of earth are dried fore'er:
And radiant with the smile of God
His angels hail thee "welcome here."
Chorus.—O! Thou, &c.

The cross thy heart so meekly bore;
Thy wrongs, thy griefs, thy holy vow,
All, all are gems and flowers to form
A crown of light around thy brow.
Chorus.—O! Thou, &c.

O! what is now the way of thorns,
Thy youthful feet so bravely trod?
The thorns are crushed—and thou hast won
The love, the kingdom of thy God.
Chorus.—O! Thou, &c.

From that bright realm now deign to hear
Our fervent hymns and humble prayer;
With Mary plead to Mary's Son
That we thy joy, thy bliss may share.
Chorus.—O! Thou, &c.

A mother's heart on earth was thine,
A living font of light and love:
Then love thine own! thy suppliants hear!
And guide us to our home above.
Chorus.—O! Thou, &c.

"Naked Truth," its Origin.—Truth and Falsehood traveling one day, met at a river, and both went to bathe at the same place. Falsehood coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes, and left his own vile raiment, and then went on his way. Truth coming out of the water, sought in vain for his own proper dress, disdaining to wear the garb of Falsehood. Truth started all naked in pursuit of the thief, but not being so swift of foot, has never overtaken the fugitive. Ever since he has been known as "Naked Truth."

Many "Mickles make a Muckle."—Those islands which so beautifully adorn the Pacific were reared up from the bed of the ocean by the little coral insect which deposits one grain of sand at a time. So with human exertions. The greatest results of the mind are produced by small but continued exertions.

In matters of conscience, *first* thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, *last* thoughts are best.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Psalms, Books of Wisdom, and Canticle of Canticles. Translated from the Latin Vulgate, diligently compared with the Hebrew and Greek, being a revised and corrected edition of the Douay Version, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by *Francis Patrick Kenrick*, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers. Murphy & Co.

In opening this learned volume, we are reminded of one of the admirable sayings of another illustrious member of the Catholic Hierarchy—"*Ubi amatur, non laboratur; aut si laboratur, labor amatur.*"—"Where there is love, there is no labor; or if there be labor, the labor itself is loved." Nothing but this remark of St. Augustine will explain how amid the high and often arduous duties of the Episcopate, and at the same time always in the midst of his people, easy of access to all, the most reverend author has been able to contribute so many valuable works to that American Catholic Literature, which within the last few years has certainly taken an honorable place in our native land: some of the works which have come from the Catholic press, we do not fear to assert and maintain it, being worth scores of the ephemeral, popular productions, which after having had their day, are laid down and forgotten, even by their once warmest admirers. And what must afford to every true lover of his country and his church the purest joy, to say nothing of the homage which such testimony renders to the Archbishop's erudition and zeal, the substantial learning and value of his writings, especially on the Sacred Scriptures, have won praise and confidence where it was hardly looked for—a homage most honorable to those who offer, and to him who receives it. The present work contains no less than six of the inspired books of Holy Writ, namely—the Book of Psalms; Proverbs; Ecclesiastes; Canticle of Canticles; Wisdom; and Ecclesiasticus, with a brief commentary on each. By those accustomed to read daily some portion of Scripture, and who are therefore best able to appreciate the value of having, for example, a faithful version of such an inestimable portion of the sacred volume as the Psalms, this publication will be received with profound gratitude. Who, whether priest or layman, religious or secular, but must desire to be familiar with those divine pages so often quoted by Jesus Christ himself whilst on earth?—words from which, Ps. 30—he uttered on the cross of Calvary as he "breathed away his soul" into his Father's hands—hymns from which were chaunted by him and his apostles, St. Matt. xxvi—on that ever-memorable night which beheld the institution of the most holy Eucharist—and his sore agony in the garden of Gethsemane—to which same pages he again referred on the very first day of his glorified life, the day of his Resurrection and triumph over all our enemies—St. Luke xxiv, 27–44: "These are the words which I spoke to you, while I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me." And then, the *devotional* use of the Psalms, to which we fear too many among us are utter strangers, notwithstanding the well-known desire of the Church that they should aid us in our exercises of piety, and in preparation for the Sacraments,—who that reflects on this but will experience emotions of grateful joy, that we have at length a version of these inspired hymns and prayers, which long before Israel ceased to be "the chosen people," were chaunted in the temple-service, and in the valleys and on the mountains of Judea—hymns and prayers that formed part of the Church service from the very dawn of Christianity—as, v. g. on that eventful night when the *Quare fremeuerunt gentes*—"Why do the gentiles rage and the

people devise vain things," rose in united chaunt from the little band assembled at "the house of Mary" in thanksgiving for the deliverance of St. Peter from the dungeons of Herod, and from "all the expectation of the Jews."

The more we make ourselves familiar with the Psalms, the better will we be able to feel how justly the ancient Fathers of the Church, those *Vera Mundi Lumina*, extolled their excellence and recommended them to the constant perusal of the faithful. Listen to St. Basil, so truly named "The Great;" for in any age or land he would have shone a bright light for the guidance and encouragement of his fellow men: "THE BOOK OF THE PSALMS comprises all that is useful in the others. It foretells the future: it commemorates the past: it lays down rules for life: it suggests measures of a practical utility. The Psalm calms the soul, imparts peace, restrains the tumult of the passions, softens anger, sobers wild impetuosity. It is a security for children, an ornament for youth, a consolation for the aged, a most becoming vesture for women. The Psalm serves as a commencement for *beginners*; it is the means of advancing for those who *progress*; it is the support of those who attain to *perfection;* it is the voice of the Church. It makes festivals joyful; it inspires sorrow according to God:—it is a spiritual incense, an angelic work, a heavenly occupation."—(*Introd.* p. 24.) With these eloquent words which should bring this volume, containing six of the most instructive books of Holy Writ, into the cell of the religious, the library of the priest, the study of the professional man, and into the hands of all who desire to improve daily in the knowledge and the practice of God's divine law, we close for the present our notice of this last and valuable contribution to the literature of the Church in America, and to its means of spreading still more widely that kingdom of light and life which our Redeemer came to establish on earth.

2. FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY; or, *An Introduction to the Study of the Heavens, illustrated by Celestial Maps, and upwards of* 200 *finely executed engravings.* To which is added a Treatise on the Globes, and a comprehensive Astronomical Dictionary. For the use of Schools, Families and Private Students. By *Hannah M. Bouvier.* Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

An admirable work on a great subject. We have given the title in full, that those engaged in the education of youth, and those who may desire to refresh the recollections of former studies, may be induced to turn to its pages. The work *embraces all the recent observations of the heavenly bodies*, "and is intended to be a complete treatise on Astronomy, conducting the pupil, step by step, from the base to the summit of the structure; explaining as far as practicable, by figures and diagrams, all the celestial phenomena, and the laws by which they are governed, without entering into these mathematical details which properly belong to treatises designed for those who propose to make Astronomy their chief study." This idea of the work is realized in a manner which renders the treatise of our highly accomplished countrywoman, the most complete that has appeared on this side of the Atlantic; and we are tempted to add, the most thoroughly interesting from first to last, that has for many years issued from the press in our native tongue. The *form* of the work is simple: its substance is of sterling value. It is moreover pervaded by a spirit worthy of a Christian lady and of a high-minded devotee of science. It would be well for the reputation of such eminent scholars as the late JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and his still living compeer, the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, if on certain vexed questions, they had shown the same *reserve*, that we notice in this professed Treatise on Astronomy. If for no other motives than those of self-respect, our public men should abstain from such statements and reflections as only become the rabble of the republic of letters. The most indifferent Catholic that walks the land cannot but be tempted to lay up for some future occasion the un-

called for taunt, the gratuitous insult to his Church, or creed, which, with regret we say it, we are still doomed to feel when and where we least expect it. *Verbum sat.* The following brief analysis of the work before us will give the intelligent reader some clew to its contents.

Part I. *Physical Astronomy.*

Part II. *Descriptive Astronomy*—giving us, besides the usual facts, &c., very satisfactory chapters on the familiar, but always interesting topics—*Time*, the Tides, and Comets—and closing with a brief account of the four systems of Astronomy—the Ptolemaic, Egyptian, Tychonic and Copernican.

Part III. *Sidereal Astronomy.* Chapter V, of this part, on the appearance of the Stars—on temporary, compound, double, multiple Stars, is full of singular interest.

Part IV. *Practical Astronomy.* Chapter I, an admirable chapter on the general properties of Light. Chapter V, Instrumental Adjustments—in Section vi, p. 280—*The Transit Clock*—we have the following: With one of these clocks, the difference of longitude between the National Observatory at Washington, and any other point connected by telegraph, may be determined in one night so closely, as to show *in what part* of the observatory, the observations were made. "And thus, in the words of Lieutenant Maury—this problem which has vexed astronomers and navigators, and perplexed the world for *ages*, is reduced at once, by American ingenuity, to a form and method the most simple and accurate. While the process is so much simplified, the results are greatly refined. *In one night the longitude may now be determined with far more accuracy by means of the Magnetic Telegraph and Clock, than it can by years of observation, according to any other method that has ever been tried.*"

Part V. *Treatise on the Globes.*

Part VI. *History of Astronomy from the Earliest Times to the middle of the Nineteenth Century.* In four chapters, with notices of the Astronomical instruments in use in the different epochs, &c.

Notes—Copious and full of important information; valuable Tables, with a comprehensive Astronomical Dictionary, of which the author very justly remarks: "The value of this feature of the work must be obvious to all," close the Treatise.

From the cordial commendation given to this valuable work, our readers may infer, that if we do not dwell on some expressions or passages that might afford room for carping comments, it is because we regard them as so few compared to the many excellencies of the Treatise, that we may safely leave them to the judgment of the intelligent Catholic. With firm attachment to their glorious religion, all such Catholics are ready to make generous allowance for the influence of habit, education, and early impressions among those separated from us, with regard to many matters in the history and usages of our Church. Well would it be for our common country if this disposition were more generally reciprocated. We cannot close this brief notice without expressing the wish that this work may find its way into the hands of all charged with the education of youth: into the studies of all who aspire to understand better the wonderful ways of God. The style of the work, as regards paper, printing, &c., is a credit to the publishers. The tone that pervades the Treatise as a scientific production, reflects the highest honor on the author's mind and heart, and will lead all who cherish "*Filial love*," to entertain still deeper cordial respect for the name of Bouvier.

3. Amicable Discussion of the Church of England, and the Reformation generally. By the Right Rev. *J. F. M. de Trevern*, D.D., Bishop of Strasburg. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers. Murphy & Co.

We are pleased to see a new edition of this venerable standard of Catholic controversy. Its increased dissemination in this country, especially at the present time, is destined to do good; for we have every reason to believe, that there are thousands of our dissenting fellow-citizens, notwithstanding the outcry against Catholicity, who are sincerely desirous of embracing the truth if they were con-

vinced of their own errors. It is, moreover, one of those books which ought to be found in every Catholic family in the country. Living as we are, surrounded on all sides by Protestant neighbors, we should have constantly at hand the proofs of the most controverted points of our faith. When discussions arise, or inquiry is made concerning some point of Catholic doctrine, who can estimate the immense benefit that might result to our holy religion, if Catholics had in their possession, the "Amicable Discussion," the "End of Controversy," or some similar work, and could point the enquirer to the proofs of the faith they profess. It is a mistake to imagine that these works are intended only for the clergy and the learned of the Catholic laity. This is a mistake too prevalent among Catholics. Controversial works, and works explanatory of Catholic doctrine and discipline are least of all required by the clergy. They are designed chiefly for the great body of Catholics; those whose position in society throws them most frequently in contact with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. But, alas! in how few, in how very few Catholic families do we find such works? It would seem so far as our observation extends, as if these works were intended to fill the shelves of the Catholic bookseller, rather than adorn the Catholic family library.

4. The Betrothed. A Romance of the Seventeenth Century. By *Alessandro Manzoni*. London: Lambert & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Betrothed! We confess that we are not in the number of those who enthusiastically admire that class of works, which treat of that mysterious feeling called *love*. It may be that our obdurate hearts are impervious to its tender impressions. But it is no use for us to exhibit our likes or dislikes: the world will pay but little attention to our murmurs, and will go on as it has done since the days of Adam. There will be betrothing, and marrying, and giving in marriage, until the last trump sounds the knell of time; and works which treat of the joys and the sorrows of those who have fallen victims to the heart's tenderest affections, will possess a fascination that will cause them to be devoured by the young. Since this is the case we can only recommend such works on this subject, as have been drawn by a master hand; such as make religion the ground-work; virtue and heaven their aim. And such, we are happy to state, is the work now presented to the American public from the pen of Manzoni.

But independently of the moral lessons found in its pages, as a work of art it possesses a high order of merit. "In this beautiful work," says a French Review, "Manzoni has given, under the charming frame-work of the simple history of two lovers, a broad and graphic sketch of Italian social life in the seventeenth century. It resembles an extensive panorama, where the reader sees passing under his eyes the various classes of society, showing the ideas and manners of the time —the peculiar characters of the age and country—as well as the ordinary passions and feelings of our common humanity: all of which are portrayed in this romance, in the most exquisite types of verisimilitude and life. Lucia, Renzo, Agnes, Don Abbondio, Don Rodrigo, Father Chrislifero, the Archbishop of Milan, the *Unknown*, that last representative of the feudal bandit lords—grand in his crime and in his penitence,—all these principal personages of the drama with many others, which the author delineates with a happy stroke of his pen, are drawn with a hand at once skilful and brilliant, and form the materials of a work of fiction, which, as a production of art, leaves scarcely anything to be desired."

5. The History of Jean-Paul Choppart; or, the Surprising Adventures of a Runaway; with numerous illustrations. London: Lambert & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another volume of the "Amusing Library," and, like those that have preceded it, abounding in mirth and healthful entertainment. It seems to us a happy example of the kind of books fitted for children. Its racy and agreeable humor will both please and instruct. We admire the under current of principle that runs through the work. It contains neither sourness in its laugh, nor bitterness in its censure: its humor is the relaxation of a good and thoughtful mind: its smiles play around the lip of wisdom.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—Abroad since last month we see with pleasure that Hendrik Conscience, whose tales are such a valuable accession to light literature, has been made an honorary member of the "Deutsche Gesellschaft" of Berlin. We may also notice the progress of Baron Henrion's new history of the Church, a distinct work from his former one, and announced by the Abbe Migne as "plus complete que les plus completes." A new work is also announced from the pen of the Abbe Huc, whose travels in Tartary and Thibet so charmed all readers a year or two ago. His new volume, "Le Christianisme en Chiné, en Tartarie et au Thibet." The vigorous style and rich fluency of M. Huc, will undoubtedly give this history of the Chinese Church a charm and a beauty that its glorious annals deserve.

Among the other recent issues of the French press we may notice Nowrisson's Life of Cardinal de Berulle, the founder of the French Oratory, and strangely enough the Life and Adventures of Count Raousset Boulbon, killed as a fillibuster in Sonora. Another work relating to America is a volume on Cuba by Lobe, the Dutch consul in that Island.

The Irish Archæological Society are about to publish an edition of St. Adamnan's Life of St. Columba from a manuscript of the early part of the eighth century, collated with six others. The volume is edited and fully annotated by the Rev. William Reeves, already favorably known by his work on the antiquities of Down and Connor.

American.—The new volume of Archbishop Kenrick's translation of the Bible, announced some time since by Lucas Brothers, containing the Psalms, Books of Wisdom, and Canticle of Canticles, and noticed in this number, is looked for with interest. The high reputation of our venerable Archbishop at home and abroad, with Catholic and Protestant, as a biblical scholar, makes his version of the Psalms and Sapiental books a literary authority secured by his previous labors. The works of this illustrious Prelate will remain a monument of the study and ability of the American episcopate of our day.

The Protestants have kept King James' Bible almost unscathed by the lightning of criticism and the nibbling of emendators: but while the Baptists have moved here, and made a lamentable failure, drawing ridicule on the whole endeavor, the Westminster Review comes out in England with staunch resolution and calls for a new and fit translation. "If we are," say they, "to have the 'pure word of God,' let it be *pure;* if we are to have 'the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible,' let it be nothing but the Bible. Let us put to the test the sincerity of those who once raised a renowned battle cry—'the Bible without note or comment.' We see indeed and without surprise of what school they are who now shrink from an honestly translated English Bible; who would prefer an English vulgate to be declared authentic for all time, which should tie down both the theology and the language of England to an antiquated standard, and become the basis of translations worse than itself in all the languages of the known world."

Walsh, of Cincinnati, announces in pamphlet form, Cardinal Wiseman's article from the Dublin Review, in vindication of Italy, so admirably timed and so certain to do immense good in removing false impressions and prejudices. The same publisher announces "The Religious Military Orders," a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Catholic Literary Institute by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, whose services to the Church from the period when he presided over Mount St. Mary's, of which he is the oldest surviving president, down to the present time, have never been portrayed, though none can be insensible to them.

The house of Dunigan & Bro., leaving the paths of English literature, have in press an Indian prayer book for the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, Abnaki, Micmac, and Caniba Indians of Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. This volume, due to the labors of Father Eugene Vetromile, comprises a Catechism also, and is adorned by plates of several memorable spots, St. Saviour's on Mount Desert Island, where the Jesuits began a missionary settlement in 1613, and where one Brother was killed; Indian Old Town, where Father Rale was killed, and where the monument erected to his memory by Bishop Fenwick now lies prostrate on the earth, and also their present village.

We are happy to see Ticknor, of Boston, announce editions of Mrs. Jameson's works, Legends of the Monastic Orders, of the Madonna, &c.: as a knowledge of Christian art is most needed among us, these works, like Rio's which have lately been translated, will do much to diffuse information with regard to it, and at the same time give correct views.

Even the mysteries of the middle ages are coming up on the counters of Protestant publishers, and we are hardly less surprised than Thaulerus himself would be to see his work issued side by side with a tirade against Catholicity.

Editors' Table.

A Magnificent Donation.—There are some men in the world who delight in the accumulation of great hoards of money apparently for the posthumous honor of leaving unrivalled estates behind them; but not of these is Mr. George Peabody, the far-famed American London banker, who more wisely desires to witness the happiness of his fellow men springing from his superabundance. For many years back this distinguished gentleman has done honor to his name and nation abroad; and upon returning to the scenes of his early life, he takes occasion to make his visit memorable by more than one act of munificence. In this city, in former days, he laid the foundation of his present prosperity and eminence; and he makes now a noble return for all favors then received. He bestows upon the city a free gift of $300,000 for establishing an Institute for the benefit of all classes, which shall comprise within itself a grand public library; an academy of music: a gallery of paintings and statuary, and various specific *et ceteras*, calculated to confer the highest advantages for improving the intellect and elevating the taste of our large and growing community,—rearing thus another proud monument in this city of monuments.

The donor, with characteristic liberality of sentiment, enjoins upon the trustees of the Institute to exclude forever from its management the jarring discords of sectarian theology and party politics, infidel philosophy and sectional jealousies, in all of which it is to be hoped his wishes may never be frustrated. We have no doubt but the language of the letter is fresh in the minds of our readers, but it becomes here so earnest and forcible, that we feel impelled to reproduce the following paragraph with its powerful appeal to the patriotic virtue of our fellow-citizens:

"My earnest wish to promote, at all times, a spirit of harmony and good will in society; my aversion to intolerance, bigotry and party rancor, and my enduring respect and love for the happy institutions of our prosperous republic, impel me to express the wish that the Institute I have proposed to you shall always be strictly guarded against the possibility of being made a theatre for the dissemination or discussion of sectarian theology or party politics; that it shall never minister, in any manner whatever, *to political dissension, to infidelity, to visionary theories of a pretended philosophy which may be aimed at the subversion of the approved morals of society; that it shall never lend its aid or influence to the propagation of opinions tending to create or encourage sectional jealousies in our happy country,* or which may lead to the alienation of the people of one State or section of the Union from those of another. But that it shall be so conducted throughout its whole career, as to teach political and religious charity, toleration and beneficence, and prove itself to be, in all contingencies and conditions, *the true friend of our inestimable Union, of the salutary institutions of free government, and of liberty regulated by law.*"

In his published speeches elsewhere, we find this gentleman is not unmindful of the glorious example set by good old Catholic Maryland in her early history, and it is his evident desire that the future shall do honor to the past of the olden time, as expressed in the following extract from his reply to the reception address of the Maryland Historical Society:

"Your Society, Mr. President, has been formed since I left the city in 1836; and from a small beginning I am glad to find it vigorous, healthy and prosperous. As an honorary member I rejoice in its well merited success. No historical society in this country has a more enviable field of labor than the 'Maryland Historical Society.'

"The early history of this State is a record of freedom such as the annals of few

if any of the States of our Union presents. The settlers of this colony were in advance of their age. When the ancestors of my neighbors in Danvers and Salem (and very likely of my own) were hanging old women of that part of the country, with the help of Cotton Mather's pious sermons, the founders of Maryland were establishing freedom of opinion as the basis of their political fabric. The task of preserving the records of such deeds is a noble one, and could not be committed to better hands than those of the numerous and highly respected association of friends who now surround me.

"Again thanking you for the warm-hearted welcome which you have given me, I will conclude, by proposing a sentiment—

"'*The Maryland Historical Society*'—May the record which it makes of the glorious deeds of the departed, stimulate the present and future generations, to emulate their patriotism and justice."

The Institute will not be unlike many great European establishments, existing in all the large Catholic cities we believe, where free libraries and free galleries of art invite the citizens to æsthetic studies. It is remarkable how liberal those cities are, as Rome and Florence, for example, in opening their treasures without price, equally to citizens and strangers; and travelers have more than once drawn a contrast between them and London, where every sight has its price, from Westminster Abbey down to the farthing peep-show. Even in South America, supposed to be so behind the times, there is in the city of Rio Janeiro, a great free library of upwards of 70,000 volumes open to every one without charge, besides public museums and botanical gardens of great extent, beauty and variety. He who will may profit by all of these, as we know from personal observation. It is certainly a great boon to our city to found and endow an establishment resembling these among us; and we hope the trustees and their successors will never fail to carry out the expanded views and liberal intentions of the donor.

Baltimore wants yet another monument, which we hope some other favored son of fortune will one day erect; and that is, a benefaction to the corporal wants of afflicted humanity—a great free hospital. In this at least we wish the distinguished gentleman may find a rival, whose name shall be handed down with his to future generations.

The following lines from the pen of a youthful poet give indication of talents, which only require to be cultivated to insure the author a high position in the temple of the Muses:

GREEN ERIN.

Green Erin—Green Erin! thy harp's thrilling numbers
Awaken to melody's fingers no more;
No bard can arouse the sweet spirit that slumbers,
The spirit that fired thy heroes of yore.
No more shall the beal-fires thy mountains illume,
Thy chieftains no more their high festivals hold;
To the sway of the Briton thy children are doomed,
Their beautiful "Sunburst" they no longer unfold.

Through thy palaces old the breezes are sweeping,
And sadly when fanning thy lone abbeys gray,
A requiem breathe for the kings 'neath them sleeping,
For exiles who wander in lands far away.
Oh, where are thy chieftains whose names are the brightest,
Whose deeds are the bravest on history's page!
And where are thy minstrels whose tones were the lightest
For youth's sunny days and the sweetest for age!

Gone—gone as the shadows when twilight's embrace
Have hid the fair sun in her dew-dropping breast;
Where honor resided there is nought but disgrace,
And bigotry's minions thy valleys infest.
Bright Emerald Island! though tyrants oppress thee,
And curb thy free soul with the chains of the slave,
Still where is the freeman refuses to bless thee—
Green Isle of the ocean!—pure gem of the wave. R.

The verses below bear reference to the following extract from Chateaubriand's admirable work, the "Beauties of Christianity."

"God hath various ways of calling his servants to him. Captain Caraffa was soliciting, at Naples, a recompense for the military services which he had performed for the crown of Spain. One day on his way to the Palace, he happened to go into the church belonging to a convent. A young nun was singing; he was affected even to tears by the sweetness of her voice, and the fervent piety of her accents; he concluded that the service of God must be fraught with delight, since it confers such charms on those who have devoted their days to it. He immediately returned home, threw all his certificates into the fire, cut off his hair, entered a monastic life, and founded the order of 'good monks,' whose efforts were directed to the relief of all the afflictions incident to mankind."

POEM.

The organ's mournful voice was heard thro' the convent chapel old,
And oft in tenor sweet it soared, and oft in thunder rolled,
At length with one ethereal wind it faded to a sigh,
Where, in sweet symphony entwined, there burst unto the sky
The soft voice of a youthful Nun—the soul-sworn bride of heav'n,
And all, who heard that holy one, might weep upon that Even;—
The fervor of the Seraphim, who harp before the throne,
Was in her mellow matin hymn, and sadness in its tone,
For, all from which she chose to part, and all she hoped on high,
Was working deeply at her heart, beneath the melody.
There stood a man, aged and devout, attentive in the aisle,
Devouring every golden note that left her lips the while,
And he had heard the battle-jar, and played a hero's part,
And felt the wild delight of war, that thrills the noble heart;
And he had stalked amid the crowd, who whispered oft his name,
The man who trod the fiery road, that leads to death or fame;
And oh! his heart had had its fill of glory here below,
But never felt he half the thrill that stirr'd his bosom now;—
He learned that truest glory shone in that young spotless maid,
Who cast away this world for one whose bloom would never fade.
To feel her triumph on that day, long long time had he yearned,
And aged had he grown and gray, but never yet had earned.
Here set the star, for many a year he had pursued in vain,
Within the Convent, even here, where cold and silence reign.
Short time he mused, then dashing down the orders from his breast
Assumed the cowl, and shaven crown, and friar's sable vest,
And to the Abbey-cell fled he to bury him in gloom,
And fight the fight whose victory is gained beyond the tomb.

Wallingford, 1857. M. A. W.

Record of Events.

From January 20, to February 20, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—The Holy Father has lately delivered in Secret Consistory an Allocution on the state of the Church in Mexico, South America, and Switzerland. The venerable Pontiff mourns over the unhappy condition of the Church in these several States—the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, the banishment and imprisonment of the bishops and priests, the suppression of religious orders, the interception of pastoral communications between the bishops and their flocks, and between the bishops and the Holy See, the abolition of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the tampering with the law of marriage. Against these wrongs, which militate not only against the Church, but also strike at the well being of society, the Holy Father raises the voice of authority; and while he declares null and void the several laws by which these evils were accomplished, he pours forth the tenderest admonitions to their authors and abettors.

Apart even from the solemnity of the document, it is important and valuable as a historical monument, showing clearly that the Holy Father is exceedingly well posted on the proceedings of foreign nations, and so far as relates to Mexico, much more so than ourselves, who live next neighbor to it.

Encyclical Letter against the abuses of Magnetism.—The care and solicitude with which the Church watches over the morals of the people, have ever been a subject of admiration even to those who belong not to her fold. A new evidence of this solicitude is manifested in the following letter from the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition against the abuses of magnetism:

"At the general meeting of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, held in the Convent of S. M. Supra Minervam, their Eminences the Cardinals Inquisitors-General against heretical pravity over the whole Christian world, after having ripely examined those things which, from all parts, were reported to them by men worthy of credit, concerning the experiments of Magnetism, decreed that these present Encyclical Letere should be uttered to all bishops towards restraining the abuses of magnetism.

For it has been found that a certain new kind of superstition has been introduced from the phenomena of magnetism, to which many of the moderns apply, not for the sake of developing physical science, as would be proper, but for the sake of deceiving and seducing men in the idea that secret, remote and future things can be discovered by the art, or imposition of magnetism, especially by the aid of weak women, who depend solely on the magnetiser's nod.

Some answers in particular cases have already been given concerning this matter by the Holy See, by which those experiments are reproved as illicit, which are made to obtain an end either non-natural or immoral, or by use of unlawful means. Thus, in similar cases, it was decreed, April 21st, 1841, that the use of magnetism, as exposed, is not lawful. Thus the Holy Congregation decided on prohibiting certain books obstinately disseminating these errors.

But since, beside particular cases it was necessary to decide generally on the use of magnetism, it was resolved, by way of rule, on the 28th July, 1847, that all error, all soothsaying, all express or implied invocation of the fiend being excluded, the use of magnetism, viz., the simple act of employing physical means otherwise lawful, is not morally forbidden, provided it do not tend to an illicit or in any way bad end. But the application of purely physical principles and means to really supernatural things and effects, is a wholly unlawful and heretical deception.

Although by this general decree the lawfulness and unlawfulness of the use or abuse of magnetism is sufficiently explained; yet the malice of men has so far increased, that neglecting the lawful desire of knowledge, and rather pursuing things curious, to the great injury of their souls and loss of civil society, they boast that they have got some principle of prophecying or divining. Hence these weak women, delivered over by not always modest gesticulations to the delusions of somnambulism and clairvoyance, as they call it, prate that they behold things invisible, and with rash daring presume to discourse on religion itself, to evoke the souls of the dead, to receive their answers, to discover things unknown and far distant, and to practice other superstitions of the kind,

with the certain result of gaining by their divinations great profit for themselves and their masters.

In all these things, whatever art or illusion they use, when physical means are employed for non-natural purposes, there is a wholly unlawful and heretical deceit, and a scandal against good morals.

Therefore, in order to restrain efficaciously this great evil, most ruinous both to religion and to civil society, the Pastoral solicitude, vigilance, and zeal of all Bishops ought, as much as possible, to be roused. Wherefore, as far as by the aid of Divine grace the Ordinaries in each place are able, now by the warnings of paternal charity, now by severe reproof, now by the legal remedies, according as they may deem it expedient in the Lord, with due attention to the circumstances of places, times, and persons, let them apply every endeavor to repress and root up these abuses of Magnetism, that the Lord's flock may be defended from the enemy, the deposit of faith may be kept safe, and the faithful be preserved from the corruption of their morals.

Given at Rome in the Chancery of the Holy Office at the Vatican, August 4th, 1856.

V. Card. Macchi."

The Feast of the Sacred Heart.—While the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff burns with zeal for the suppression of vice, it is equally zealous for the increase of piety and devotion among the faithful. The following decree by which the Festival of the Sacred Heart is rendered universal under the rite of a Double Major, will be read with pleasure by all good Catholics:

Decree of the Cardinal Vicar.—"From the time when Pope Clement XIII permitted some churches to celebrate, with an Office and the Mass, in honor of the most Holy Heart of Jesus, the faithful in all places have felt excited with so much ardor to honor the inexhaustible mercy of the Sacred Heart, that there is scarcely a diocese that does not rejoice in having obtained from the Holy See the privilege of celebrating this festival.

Therefore, being desirous that this festival, so dear to the hearts of the faithful and followed with such unanimous piety throughout almost the whole Catholic world, should henceforth be celebrated by the universal Church, when lately the Cardinal undersigned fulfilled in France the functions of Legate, the Right Rev. Bishops of that country humbly made known their wishes that this matter should be submitted to our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, availing themselves therefore of the happy occasion which offered itself to give a public and solemn testimony of their veneration for the Apostolic See in the person of the Cardinal Legate, they waited on him in Paris, and after having expressed their full and entire adhesion to the Roman Pontiff, as the centre of Catholic Unity and the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth, they earnestly prayed that His Holiness would be pleased to command that throughout the universal Church, the festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus should be duly observed: on his return to Rome the Cardinal undersigned reported to our Holy Father the prayers of the Episcopacy of France, so devoted to the Holy See. It has pleased his Holiness to accede to their desires; and with the wish to give to the faithful new motives of love, and more fervently embracing in their souls the Sacred Heart of Him who has loved us and washed out our sins in His blood, the Holy Father has ordained that the Office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the Kingdom of Poland and the clergy of Rome, approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the 11th May, 1765, with the Mass corresponding, "Miserebitur," shall henceforth be celebrated annually throughout the Church, under the rite of a Double Major, the sixth feria after Octave of Corpus always observing the rubrics, and without interfering with the special indults granted up to this day, by the Apostolic See, to the churches which enjoy the privilege of celebrating this festival, or with higher rites or with a different office. And this, notwithstanding anything to the contrary.—23d August, 1856.—C. Bishop of Albano, Cardinal Patrizzi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.—H. Capalti, Secretary."

A deep sensation was created at Rome by the announcement of the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris. The *Univers*, under the head of intelligence from Rome, of the 15th of January, gives the following particulars:

Public attention continues to be occupied by the frightful crime committed in the church of St. Etienne du Mont, in Paris, and the details of the atrocious affair are eagerly sought for. The Holy Father has testified the deep sorrow he feels for the painful mourning into which the Diocese of Paris has been plunged, by ordering a solemn service in the church of the Holy Apostles, for the repose of the soul of the martyred Mgr. Sibour, on the 14th of January. An affecting reminiscence caused this church to be selected for the requiem service. It was here that the funeral obsequies of Mgr. Bouvier, Bishop of Mans, who died in the Quirinal Palace at Rome, the 29th of December, 1854, were celebrated by the late Archbishop of Paris, who celebrated the High Mass for the Dead for the repose of the soul of his venerable colleague. The Sovereign

Pontiff, recollecting this circumstance, elected that this Basilica should be the first in which prayers should be offered for the murdered Archbishop. The Holy Father sent the choristers of his own chapel to assist at the Mass, to which were summoned the whole of the Archbishops and Bishops present in Rome, as also were the Ecclesiastical members of His Holiness' household. Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Barbolani, Patriarch of Antioch, and Almoner to His Holiness. The Count de Rayneval, Ambassador from the Court of France, was present, as also General de Goyon, Commander of the French troops in Rome, attended by the whole of his staff, and the greater part of the French residents, among whom were many ladies. Their Eminences Cardinals Marlot and Villecourt, were also present.

Naples.—Matters in this kingdom are quiet. The recent attempt on the life of the King has confirmed his majesty in the affection of his subjects, and has made him more firm in refusing to make any change in his system of government. The leaders in the late insurrection were shot at Palermo on the 20th of December last. The news of the tragical death of the Archbishop of Paris caused universal gloom. The King on hearing it, countermanded the ball which was to be given at the palace, ordered the theatres to be closed, and prescribed that prayers should be offered for the repose of his soul.

Spain.—The only news of any importance from this peninsula is a confirmation of the accounts already given of the return of peace to the Church of Spain. The ministry has declared the Concordat of 1851 to be the only one in force, and abolished all laws which had been since enacted in opposition to its provisions. A reconciliation, therefore, between Rome and Madrid seems to be completed. It is rumored, however, that Narvaez is likely to retire, and that O'Donnell will be again restored to power.

France.—*The Assassination of the Archbishop of Paris.*—One of the most appalling tragedies that has happened of late years recently took place in Paris. The exalted station occupied by the victim, the sacred spot chosen for the perpetration of the deed, the character of the assassin, all conspire to invest the occurrence with more than ordinary interest. The particulars of this tragical event, which we gather from our foreign files, are as follows: On the 3d of January the Novena, which takes place every year, in honor of St. Genevieve, the patron Saint of Paris, was commenced at St. Etienne du Mont. Mgr. Sibour, the Archbishop, assisted by M. l'Abbe Surat, Vicar-General, presided at this solemnity, which had attracted a great concourse of the faithful. After the sermon, pronounced by Mgr. Racarriere, the procession began to move round the church. The *cortege* had passed the lower sides, when at the moment that Mgr. Sibour was passing near the grand door, in order to enter the nave, a man clothed as a layman advanced, and raising with one hand the sacerdotal vestments, with the other struck the prelate with a Catalonian knife, which he had hidden under his paletot.

Mgr. Sibour, struck in the right side, fell back a step or two, crying—"Ah, le malheurent,"—*Ah, unhappy man!*—and sank down, his features suddenly changed to a mortal paleness, and he shed waves of blood from a gaping wound. The murderous act was so suddenly accomplished, that although the Archbishop was surrounded by many priests, no one could prevent or turn the stroke of the assassin.

While the assistants, in the midst of indescribable confusion, seized the assassin, others transported Mgr. Sibour into the sacristy. The M. l'Abbe Surat, suppressing his emotion to think only of the salvation of the dying Prelate, conferred on him the viatic absolution in presence of his colleagues kneeling, weeping and praying for him, who had been during his episcopacy, less their master than their father. After some minutes of agony, the venerable Archbishop yielded his soul to God, at a quarter before five in the evening.

The body, still clothed in the sacerdotal dress, was borne into the Presbytery of St. Etienne du Mont, where the relations and friends of the Prelate, and high Ecclesiastical functionaries soon assembled. It is impossible to describe the heart-rending scenes which passed during that evening.

The lamented Prelate was in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Before his elevation to the Metropolitan See of Paris, he was Bishop of Driznes, in the neighborhood of the Alps. He was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See to fill the place of Mgr. Affre, who

met his death while mediating between the insurgents and the soldiery on the barricades in June, 1848, and one of his first acts after his installation was to visit the very spot, in Faubourg St. Antoine, where his predecessor had fallen. He distinguished himself mainly by his practical piety and zealous discharge of those duties which seem more eminently of a pastoral character. He felt that the heart of the Parisian populace had been too much and too long alienated from the clergy and Church, and he determined to make his people known to him and himself to them. Accordingly he threw aside all pomp and show, and spent days and weeks in visits, on foot, to the high and low, the rich and the poor, to schools, and hospitals, and prisons. The good results which he thus wrought were immense. About the same time Monsignor Sibour published his famous pastoral letter on the subject of the desecration of Sunday in Paris and the larger towns of France; and it is mainly owing to his efforts and high influence that the Sunday movement has spread so widely and so rapidly through that country.

The Funeral of the Archbishop.—The funeral of the Archbishop took place on the 10th of January, attended by an immense crowd of people. The *cortege* moved from the Archiepiscopal Palace to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at an early hour, reaching the latter place at 10 o'clock. The ministers, a numerous deputation of the Senate, with Marshal Pelissier at their head; deputations of the Council of State, of the Legislative Corps, of the Municipal Council of Paris, of the magistracy, the Clergy of all the parishes of the diocese, the Ecclesiastical colleges, and the other religious institutions were present. In the choir of the church were seated the Nuncio, the Bishops of Nancy, Beauvais, Amiens, Orleans, Chartres, Guadaloupe, Evreux, Toronto (Canada), Adras, and Prussia *in partibus*. The Bishop of Blois, Suffragan of the Archdiocese of Paris, was prevented by illness from attending. Among the higher lay functionaries were Marshal Magnan and General M'Mahon, the superior members of the magistracy, and the members of the Institute.

The throne of the Archbishop was vailed in black cloth, over which stood a large crucifix in white. The catafalque was placed between the nave and the choir, nearly in the centre of the church, with statues at the corners, and encircled by countless tapers, and above it rose a canopy of black cloth and ermine. The *cortege*, which had passed along the Rue de Grenelle, the Rue de Bourgogne, the Place du Palais Bourbon, the Quays, the Pont Neuf, the Quai des Orfevres, and the Rue Notre Dame, reached the cathedral about ten o'clock. Crowds lined the streets, and the remains, borne slowly along, received marks of profound veneration; every man bared his head and bowed; several knelt on the ground, all mud and melted snow as it was, and the women, some of them weeping, made with every mark of devotion and sorrow, the sign of the cross, beat their breasts, and repeated aloud prayers for the repose of the departed. On its arrival at the entrance of the church the prebends and honorary Canons, and the Parish Priests of the diocese, preceded by the Cross-bearer, went to the door to receive the remains of their late Archbishop, and with the Canons who had brought it from the palace, bore them to the catafalque before the high altar. Then rose from the choir the solemn music of the dead, and after the mitre, crucifix, and crosier of the Prelate were deposited on the coffin, the funeral service began. The solemn dirge of the *Dies Iræ*, was entoned. The Bishop of Meaux was the officiating Prelate; the service was performed with all the pomp of the Church. During the Mass salvos of artillery were fired, the bells tolled mournfully, and, at the Elevation of the Host the troops in the body of the cathedral knelt on one knee and presented arms. At the close of the Mass the five absolutions ordained by the Church for an Archbishop were slowly and solemnly pronounced. The Bishops and Clergy and all the personages present advanced towards the centre, and sprinkled the coffin with holy water. After the service was concluded the coffin was left exposed in the catafalque. At three o'clock vespers for the dead was recited, and at four o'clock the coffin was deposited in a vault near the entrance of the choir, which is destined for the remains of the Archbishop of Paris. The coffin of the Archbishop contains the following inscription:

"This coffin contains the body of the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Father in God, Monseigneur Marie Dominique Auguste Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, Senator,

Commander of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour and of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus of Sardinia; died Jan. 3d, 1857, aged 64 years and 5 months.

The Assassin.—The unhappy man, who perpetrated the atrocious deed is named Jean Louis Verger. He was born at Neuilly-sur Seine, and is about thirty years of age. He was a priest, and was under the Bishop of Meaux. For repeated irregularities he had been several times suspended from his functions by his bishop, and was under sentence of suspension when he committed the murder. Verger went to Paris and applied to the Archbishop to remove the sentence of suspension, and restore him to his functions.

The Archbishop required that all the proofs and documents on which the Bishop of Meaux founded his censure should be laid before him. They were submitted and examined with the greatest care and deliberation. The result was that the Archbishop, in the mildest terms, informed Verger that, with such evidence, he could not relieve him from the censure of the Bishop of Meaux. He at the same time treated him with much kindness. He entreated him to be cautious of giving scandal, to amend his life, to avoid in future the errors which had brought down punishment on him; and he hinted that the restoration of his functions would depend on his own conduct in future. In the meantime the Archbishop gave him 300f. to provide for his present necessities, and informed him that he should do all in his power to save him from falling into destitution. The Archbishop on subsequent occasions relieved his wants; but still declined, from conscientious motives, to remove his suspension. This refusal on the part of the lamented Prelate seems to have been the only cause that urged him to the perpetration of the horrid deed; and on his trial even admitted that he had premeditated the crime since the 26th of December last. In some journals it is stated that he had preached and written against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and at the time of the assassination of the Archbishop he exclaimed, *a bas lu diesse;* other journals contradict these statements. His trial took place on the 17th of January, in the Assize Court, M. Nogeut Saint Laurens being his advocate by appointment of the Court. The facts in the case being proven, and indeed admitted by the prisoner himself, the case was handed to the jury, who after an absence of twenty minutes, returned a verdict of *guilty.* The sentence of death was then passed upon him in the usual form. It was thought at first that Verger was insane, but the calmness and deliberation which he afterwards manifested dispelled this impression.

At seven o'clock in the evening the clerks of the Court repaired to the prison of the Conciergerie, where Verger is confined. They entered his cell, and announced that they come in conformity with the law of the 9th of September, 1855, to read to him the copy of the minutes of the trial after he had been removed from the court. Verger was then somewhat calm; he stood up, and declared that he was ready to hear them. After the reading of the minutes and of the sentence of the court, he became at once much excited, and addressing the clerks, he cried out, "Now, sirs, be off—get away—administer justice. You also shall be condemned. Quit this place. I drive you from my presence, and I despise you!"

The governor of the prison at once gave orders that Verger should put on the dress appropriated to those under the sentence of death. It consisted of a *camisole de force,* or strait waistcoat. He made no resistance, nor used any violent words, while the operation was going on. He merely said, "I know now that I am no longer my own master."

He passed the night quietly, and even slept soundly, and in the morning seemed quite calm. He asked for his breakfast, and partook of it with appetite. The governor inquired if there was anything he wished for. "I desire," he said, "to appeal to the Court of Cassation at once." He was informed that it was impossible to do so to-day (Sunday), but he promised him that early to-morrow he should communicate his demand to the clerks of the court.

"There is another service I have now to ask you." Verger said, "I wish to address a petition for pardon to the Emperor, but I cannot write it myself, as this *camisole* impedes the use of my hands." He was informed that he could dictate his petition, and that he should have his hands at liberty to sign it. Verger thanked the governor. He was then asked if he had any objection to receive the chaplain of the Conciergerie, who was

anxious to see and console him. "I agree with pleasure," was the reply. The Abbe Nottelet was then introduced, and the moment he entered he received him with the greatest apparent pleasure. The governor and his attendants then retired at some distance, in order to allow the chaplain to have an opportunity of conversing with him. The effect of the conference seemed to be favorable. Verger appeared more tranquil, and he made the chaplain promise he should visit him again to-morrow.

Ireland.—The political news is unimportant. The Tenant Right movement is still kept in agitation. A great meeting of the friends of the movement was held at Castlebar on the 15th of January. A meeting was held in Cork against the Income Tax, at which the Mayor presided; and a meeting in favor of it was lately held at Belfast.

Oceanica.—*The Martyrdom of a Priest.*—A letter from the Bishop of Enos and Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceanica, gives the melancholy intelligence of the martyrdom of the Rev. Father Chanel, the Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceanica. The Rev. Father was laboring in the conversion of the natives of Walli's Island, and indeed had succeeded in many cases in bringing over the natives, among others the king's own son, which, it would appear, roused the royal fury, and it is freely attributed to his orders that the Rev. Father has earned a martyr's crown. Some time previous to his death a fellow missionary mentioned to him that the intention of killing him was known. His answer was—"You know what we read in the life of one of the saints." If, he was asked, any one came to announce to you that within an hour you would die, what would you do? I would continue to do as I am now doing, replied the saint. Well then, observed Father Chanel, let us imitate the saint. The Rev. Father Chanel was of the Diocese of Belley, and was at one time Superior of the little seminary of that diocese. It would appear that the chief of the village, which Father Chanel inhabited, was not aware of the evil intentions of the king towards the good father, and that when he learned the sad fate of his friend and missionary, he mourned his death, and did all in his power to give him an honorable sepulture.

India.—*Progress of Catholicity.*—The Rt. Rev. Dr. A. Hartmann, Capuchin, Bishop of Derbe, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Assistant Prelate to the Pontifical Throne, Count of the Holy Empire, Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, and Administrator Apostolic of Poona (otherwise Southern Vicariate of Bombay,) lately arrived in England. The Bishop is already well known in connection with his great struggles against the Goa Schism. He visits Europe on important business for his mission, which extends over the whole Bombay Presidency. His two educational establishments are a principal object of this visit. The male orphanage, as well as the English schools in the town, require absolutely qualified masters belonging to a religious congregation, such as the Christian Brothers. In Bombay—it might well be said, in India—the greatest difficulty is to procure, even on a great salary, a competent Catholic schoolmaster; and if he is found, he soon resigns his post, on finding some more lucrative place. The school then becomes vacant, and in several instances had been broken up, or, of necessity, placed in quite incompetent hands, till by chance a somewhat better master had been obtained. But these masters have neither the will nor the skill to give to their pupils a religious education, so much needed. The consequence is, that a great many Catholic boys frequent Protestant schools, with the loss of the Catholic faith. In fact the youth runs the greatest danger of losing religion altogether. The prelate has, therefore, for a long time tried all he could, through letters and agents, to get the Christian Brothers, or masters from amongst some religious corporation. Being unsuccessful, and daily witnessing the ravages amongst the youth of India, he resolved to proceed to Europe in search of masters such as he wanted, firmly resolved not to rest till he had found them.

The education of the female youth has, since his arrival in Bomby (1850), been entrusted to the religious ladies of Jesus and Mary from Lyons, several of whom are British born. They have now five establishments in India.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—*Religious Reception.*—On Monday, the 2d of February, Miss Jane Sharp, daughter of the late Dr. Sharp, of Boston, received the habit of the Sisters of Mercy, under the name of Sister Mary Xavier. The Rev. Father Hickey officiated on the occasion, assisted by several other clergymen. The ceremony was performed at the chapel of the Convent in this City.

Lecture before the Catholic Institute.—The Rev. E. J. Sourin, S.J., lately delivered a lecture at the Hall of the Catholic Institute, choosing for his subject, "What must we Read?" The Rev. gentleman, in a clear and practical manner, pointed out the advantages of reading, and then proceeded to enumerate such works as should be read and studied by all who would lay any claim to being well-informed men. Among these he mentioned The Genius of Christianity, Balmes, Brownson's Review, Symbolism, and Democracy in America. Subsequently the same Rev. gentleman lectured before the Young Catholics' Friend Society, at the Assembly Rooms, on "The Church and the People."

2. Archdiocese of New York.—It will be a subject of general interest to Catholics to learn, that the Sisters of Charity of New York, have purchased the splendid country seat of Edwin Forrest, known as Font Hill, and intend to make it the future site of Mount St. Vincent's Academy. The ground attached to the building consists of fifty-four acres, and has been purchased for the sum of $100,000. The terms are liberal; and when the sale was completed, Mr. Forrest generously made the purchasers a present of $5,000.

3. Diocese of Brooklyn.—A new Orphan Asylum for boys, is now being erected on Willoughby Avenue, in the city of Brooklyn. The building is large, being 117 feet by 73 feet deep, with a basement and three stories in height. The inclement weather has interrupted its progress, but it is expected that the asylum will be finished by the first of August next.

4. Diocese of Philadelphia.—The parochial schools of St. Paul's church have been placed under the charge of two brothers and two sisters of the Holy Cross.

5. Diocese of Vincennes.—It is with much regret we learn the destruction by fire of the Convent of the Franciscan Sisters, at Oldensburg, Indiana. The fire occurred at three o'clock on the 23d of January, and caused the destruction of the entire building. The Rev. Mr. Rudolph was absent at the time attending the mission preached by the Rev. Father Weninger.

OBITUARY.—Died, of pulmonary consumption, at the parochial residence of the Franciscan Fathers of St. John's church, Cincinnati, at 9 P. M. on Saturday, 17th January, Rev. William Unthertiner, O. S. F., in the 48th year of his age and 26th of his holy ministry.

Died, on Monday, February 9th, at the convent of the Carmelites, Sister Margaret, in the 79th year of her age, and in the 57th of her religious profession.

Died, at the convent of the Visitation in this city, on the 11th of February, Sister Mary Aloysius Gibson, in the 26th year of her age and the fourth of her religious profession. The deceased was a convert to our holy faith.—*May they rest in peace.*

The

Metropolitan.

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THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION IN AMERICA.—No. 2.

"If we seriously reflect on the vitality and fruitfulness of this (the Christian) civilization, we shall find therein new and powerful claims on the part of the Catholic Church to the gratitude of nations." . . . . .

"It alone at once embraces everything great and noble in the others (other civilizations); it alone survives the most thorough revolutions; it alone extends itself to all races and climates, and accommodates itself to forms of government the most various; it alone, in fine, unites itself with all kinds of institutions, whenever, by circulating in them its fruitful sap, it can produce its sweet and salutary fruits for the good of humanity." BALMES.

It is one of the inestimable fruits of Catholicity, that it not only brings forth from social and political chaos, a civilization suited to the wants and capacities of society, but also, like a faithful parent, sustains it in vigor and preserves it from decay and debasement. Even when the vices at the foundation of society cause it to decline, if the Church is there, there is hope; for she can restore that which she has once produced. From the wrecks of a heathen or other inferior civilization, Catholicity can draw forth a pure Christian civilization, by infusing into the tottering institutions of a corrupt society "its fertile sap," which, by its "vitality and fruitfulness," "can produce its sweet and salutary fruits for the good of humanity." Thus the effete civilization of the old Roman Empire received a new and regenerated life, by a gradual and peaceful revolution, in which no blood was shed but that of the victorious. She even turned the northern barbarism, that poured down to brutalize and destroy, into an element of health—for she touched it with her ameliorating hand, and it was gradually moulded into the fruitful germ of a new Christian European civilization. This was the civilization brought with them by our ancestors to America. Catholicity is its parent, and, consequently, the parent of American civilization. No statesman could wish to see any other civilization substituted in its place. Its great fundamental guarantees are Order, Liberty, and Religion.

Without order, there can be no liberty; without liberty, religion is restrained in her peaceful and saving conquests; and without religion, order is impossible, and liberty an empty name. As therefore religion, the

religion that civilized Europe, in other words, the Catholic Church, has everything to gain from order, so it has everything to gain from liberty. One of the most zealous Catholics of our day, an obedient son of the Church and an inflexible opponent of arbitrary power in France, in a recent work on Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century, has devoted an entire chapter to the sublime proposition that "Religion requires the support of Liberty, and Liberty that of Religion."

It may thus be seen, merely from a consideration of her true interests, where the hopes and sympathies of the Catholic Church are, in all contests between liberty and despotism. It is not necessary, for this purpose, to wade through the history of those frequent, long, and angry contests in Europe, in which despotism and arbitrary power found their greatest and only victorious enemy in the Roman Catholic Church.

Good Catholics are loyal citizens under all forms of government. To question, at this late day, the loyalty of the Catholic citizen to the American Constitution, would be as insane as it would be for a person at noon, on a cloudless day, to deny that the sun shines. The Catholics of the revolutionary period were eminent for their advocacy and support of the present Constitution. As Catholics they had two reasons for this course: first, they saw that it contained nothing repugnant to the laws of God and the teachings of the Catholic Church; second, because they saw, that since the Church acquired under it liberty in common with all the sects, she could but succeed and flourish, where her only weapons, argument, charity and grace, were left free and unrestrained. This Constitution received, in its earliest infancy, the official recognition of the Roman Catholic Church.* This recognition has never been withdrawn, but has been reiterated in our own day.† The present flourishing condition and increasing progress of the Church, under the benign protection and guarantees of American freedom, surely afford no reasons to Catholics for violating that solemn pledge for its support and maintenance by "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," made in their name, for all posterity, by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

If the Catholic Religion were to be proscribed in this country, then the American Constitution, to which all Americans profess such ardent attachment and inviolable fealty, would *ipso facto* become a dead letter. The doors being once thrown open, any amount of oppression and persecution might be practiced with impunity. It makes no difference who the victim might be, the principle is in all cases the same. And so long as the American Constitution lives, so long will the Catholic Religion be free to exist and flourish, as well and as vigorously as its own energies and merits may enable it to do, without infringement upon the rights of others. Thus the fate of the Catholic Religion in this country, and that of the American Constitution, are indissolubly bound up together. The violence or wrong that would strike down the one, would annihilate the other. He that attacks the one, attacks the other. He that defends the one, defends the other. The charge against Catholic loyalty cannot be sustained, either by arguments drawn from the tenets of the Church, Catholic interests, or the facts of history.

In the recent great crisis in the Catholic Question, wherein Order, Lib-

* See in the Church Histories the proceedings relative to the establishment of a Catholic Bishop in the United States in 1784 and 1790.

† Reception of Mr. Cass as American Minister to the Court of Rome, and the mission of Mgr. Bedini to the United States.

erty and Religion, achieved a double victory over the two-fold development of fanaticism in this country, the fanaticism of religious intolerance on the one side, and the fanaticism of sectional intolerance on the other, the conservative elements of Catholicity were found, as they have ever been found, battling on the side of right and truth. The Church could not be a party in the contest; but her children, as citizens, had as deep and dear an interest in all respects in the triumphs of the Constitution, as any other class of citizens. As Catholics they were peculiarly interested, because, as Catholics, they were threatened with deprivation of their constitutional rights. The Catholic sentiment of the country stood in opposition to both these developments of fanaticism; and well it did; because there would have been no scruple with the leaders in forming a coalition of the two, and the sacrifice of the constitutional rights of Catholic citizens would have been one of the points conceded by the one to the other, as a consideration for the alliance. Thus there were two enemies in the field. There was more in the Catholic Question than mere resistance to an open and avowed enemy. While Religion and Liberty were endangered on the one side, the Constitution and the Union were imperiled on the other. Catholics, as citizens and as individuals, are still to be warned against being drawn into the current of sectionalism, however popular or materially advantageous, whether it be sectionalism at the North, or at the South. Catholics, as well as all good American citizens, have but one common country to love and defend, and to which they owe the undivided allegiance of their hearts. As members of the Church, relying on the divine promise, we know that she is not susceptible of dissolution. She can never be any other than the *one fold* under the *one Shepherd*. So that, come what will, the Catholic Church would survive the shock, and would stand out, amid a general dissolution, the only united and entire institution. Her cause might suffer, but her integrity could never be destroyed. We therefore regard Catholicity as the most potent element of union, and the greatest safeguard of the American Union. We remember how the late and lamented Calhoun, when he saw the Methodist Society in the United States split in twain upon the question of slavery, arose in the American Senate and pointed to that as the rupture of another link that bound the Union together. No statesman, no patriot, will ever arise in the American Senate, or elsewhere, to announce the dissolution of another bond of the American Union by the loss of unity in the Catholic Church. For this we have a promise that cannot fail. No—the Church is unity itself; and she imparts her own inherit strength to society and its institutions. Unity, which is a part of her essence, exerts a sensible and powerful influence, for their preservation, on all institutions with which she is brought in contact. And when we view the causes tending towards dissolution, we know of no other element, which, working as it does by charity, can restore the fraternal love and confidence so essential for the safety and happiness of our beloved country. Should the dread calamity of dissolution ever come upon this country—which may God in his mercy avert for all time—then these salutary elements would be found at work assuaging the evils, healing the wounds, and restoring the scattered elements of society; thus adding another to the many "powerful claims on the part of the Catholic Church to the gratitude of nations."

As Catholics, we know that the interests of religion are deeply involved in the preservation of the Union. As obedient children of the Church,

remembering the lessons we have received from our holy mother, we know that we owe it to the State, as a religious duty binding upon our consciences, to be loyal, faithful and patriotic citizens. As Americans, participating, in common with our fellow-citizens, in all the natural feelings, affections and hopes of men and members of society, we know that our earthly glory, our worldly prosperity, and our future prospects, are bound up with the destinies of our country. As men, grateful for the benefits and protection we have received in the Union, we are resolved to cherish and defend it. We, therefore, love the Union from motives of gratitude. We also love it, because it is good, beautiful and majestic. It should, therefore, be the aim of all, who are engaged in the care and direction of Catholic interests in this country, to foster and encourage a love of the Union in the Catholic heart, and to discard all narrow-minded and selfish local or sectional jealousies and affiliations, however popular, influential, or otherwise advantageous they may appear. Those especially, who are in the habit of addressing the Catholic mind and heart through what is reputed the Catholic press, or through our Catholic periodical literature, owe it to the cause of the Union, to the cause of order, liberty and religion, to their country, and to their Catholic constituency, to pursue this uniform, dignified, and patriotic course. We must regard any departure therefrom, as but the expression of the opinions and feelings of individuals, not responded to and not approved by the Catholic sentiment of the country. So far as writings, having a contrary tendency, may express individual opinions, they are not of great interest or consequence to the rest of the world. So far as they may be supposed to be representative, they are at least not the exponents of the Catholic sentiment of the country; though the danger is not the less on that account, since the public will persist in connecting them with the cause and interests of the Church, of which their authors may be members and known advocates. If there be a constituency, it is not a Catholic constituency, which is thus represented. We do not recognize as Catholic exponents such publications, and we cannot understand the consistency, in this connection, of Catholic representatives with a non-Catholic constituency. There may be freedom to act, but we cannot admit the prudence or the consistency of the act. Catholic interests are not promoted, but are retarded; the Church will of course survive, but the cause of religion and charity may suffer.

But it is not only in this respect that the Catholic mind and heart are to be addressed. Whether as a preparation for trials yet to come, or as the means of availing ourselves of the present moment of peace and security for promoting Catholic interests, much remains to be said, and still more to be done. We expressed, in our first article on this subject, great confidence in the recent verdict of the American people; we dwelt upon the present favorable turn in our fortunes and the propitious occasion for promoting Catholic impressions, and pointed out some of the means to be adopted. We must not, however, be too sanguine, for there are indications of future storms. The leaders, among the enemies of religious liberty and equality, are rallying their forces, and they are anticipating future victories, by recruiting their ranks by the anticipated dissolution of the elements which recently shielded the Constitution from their attacks. They expect, at least, to acquire sufficient strength to hold the balance of power in their own hands. We hope for the best; but it is well to be prepared for the worst. We know that the Church on earth is the Church militant—her triumph is in heaven. And whether our

words avail as a warning for a future contest, or as an appeal to avail ourselves of a past victory, we trust they may serve some good purpose.

But have our remarks been suggestive of a Catholic political organization for the protection of Catholic rights, or the promotion of Catholic interests? God forbid that they should suggest such a thought in any one's mind. We leave Catholics, as men and American citizens, to avail themselves of such lawful and constitutional means of protection and defence as their own good sense, their charity, and their consciences may suggest and approve. We have no political course to propose, or political cause to promote. We treat of the Catholic Question solely from a religious point of view. We have more faith in moral than in political means of warfare. Religion is our shield; faith, hope and charity, are our weapons. With these alone has the Church ever conquered, with these alone do we ever wish to see her triumph. We believe in the mild and blessed counsels of the Prince of Peace, breathed forth so sweetly on the mountains and in the august assemblies of his apostles and disciples. We believe in the providence of God, who makes use of the weak to confound the strong, and the little to confound the great. These we invoke, and we enlist in our cause those great Catholic elements which civilized Europe, and which cherished a germ from that noble civilization, transplanted to the virgin soil of America, and caused it to bloom and fructify here. This civilization, like its parent Catholicity, is an exotic nowhere, but is the offspring of Heaven, which covers, enlightens, and refreshes equally, all portions of the earth. With the learned and illustrious Balmes, by comparing the effects of Protestantism and Catholicity on the civilization of Europe, we might show from history how salutary have been the workings of these principles upon society. But our task lies not in the past, but in the future. Fervet opus.

No, we do not propose, as we have said, extraordinary means. To improve themselves is the great duty of Catholics at this time. A correspondence with the graces they receive in the true Church of God, and self-culture in all that graces and adorns life, are the chief means. Contact with society, as citizens, friends, relatives, and as men, breathing the spirit of charity, discharging all the duties of their state, and preaching by a virtuous example, will work out the result. It is for this purpose, and in this sense alone, that we address Catholics—not as a Catholic body, but as individuals—as a definable portion of the American people, it is true, but a part that is naturally and perfectly incorporated in the whole. It is not *isolation*, but *identification*, that we propose. Educated in a strict school of duty, viewing their obligations to the State as enjoined by religion, conservative in politics, and national in their patriotism, the more thoroughly Catholics become identified with the great mass of their countrymen, the more thoroughly will they impregnate the current of American life with the social, moral, and loyal virtues which distinguish them.

We have advocated, among the means of promoting Catholic interests, the creation and support, upon a liberal basis, of a national Catholic literature. How is this literature to be circulated among Catholics? Public education! how vast the theme—how potent the element—how profound the problem! We are not alluding to elementary education. Not childhood, but youth and nascent manhood are what we wish to see educated. This is the most momentous, the most precious period in the life of man. It is Catholic youth, and Catholic man and woman, that

need our solicitude and care after they have thrown off the restraints of the school-room. We would approach the young man on the threshold of life, and as he casts aside the toga prætexta we would claim the task and the honor of investing him with the taga virilis, in order that we might adjust its folds and girdle him for the journey. It was a beautiful and salutary custom, which required the Roman youth to carry his right arm modestly concealed in the folds of the toga, for one year after assuming that vesture of manhood. Thus, also, in the Christian republic, we would see the youth trained for the duties and responsibilities of after life. The young are precious to the future of the Church and the country. No opportunity or means should be lost of advancing them in virtue, intelligence, and manliness. With proper care and culture, they may be made to adorn the Church or to sparkle like jewels on the bosom of society. It was, therefore, with extreme satisfaction we recently read an able and generous vindication of their cause from the pen of one of our distinguished and learned fellow-Catholics and countrymen. In their name we thank Dr. Brownson for his noble and eloquent appeal in their behalf, and with him we exclaim: "O, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute and inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves in their affections from their country and her glorious mission."

As channels for circulating Catholic literature among the people, there seems to be nothing better adapted than public circulating libraries, well stored with instructive and edifying Catholic publications. A judicious assortment of unobjectionable works in general literature might well be added. In every parish in the United States, there might be a parish library for all who can read, without distinction. Such libraries need not be very large, nor are they usually composed of costly books; so that it is a means at once cheap, easy, and most convenient for promoting self-culture. Besides this, there should exist in every city of considerable size, a public institute upon a more general and extended system, having for its object the moral, intellectual, and social advancement of Catholics, by means of libraries, lectures, and periodical literary and social re-unions. The clergy, we respectfully suggest, would do well in all instances by becoming active and zealous members of such institutes, in order to guard and protect them from any influences that might be injurious, to strengthen their own influence as pastors with their flocks, and to exert a wholesome direction over their pleasures and studies. The parish circulating library and the Catholic institute possess, each its peculiar advantages not common to them both; so that there should be secured, if possible, a combination and co-operation of the two. The parish libraries are kept at the church itself, where all the faithful so frequently assemble, and they are thus enabled to procure books without additional effort or inconvenience. These libraries afford the means of improvement to the younger members of the community, and to such as would not be likely to become members of an institute. They are excellent preparations for the more advanced purposes and studies of the institute. They are also capable of being used, with great advantage by the institute, as the more immediate means of circulating Catholic influences, spreading Catholic literature, and promoting Catholic interests among the people. The institute, on the other hand, affords the means of a higher and more thorough culture to the more advanced and experienced members of the community, and by its public functions and transactions, possesses the means of bringing Catholic

influences to bear upon general society, and upon non-Catholic and worldly circles. It is also one of the objects of the institute to exert an influence upon Catholic literature, by promoting its culture and encouragement.

In a country like ours, where the Catholic population, outside of the very large cities, is both small and sparse, it may not be practicable for the Catholics to establish institutes for the promotion of self-culture and the encouragement of religious literature. But our Catholic brethren, thus situated, are not without the means of this excellent improvement, nor wholly deprived of the refreshing pleasures and wholesome enjoyments of Catholic literature. Two means are presented for all such as these. First, wherever there is a church there may be a parish circulating library, and its adaptation to this end is another advantage possessed by the parish library system, not enjoyed by Catholic institutes. Second, there is a periodical Catholic literature in this country peculiarly suited, by its circulation in small towns and in the country, as well as in large cities, for spreading the excellent influences of religious reading, and for promoting outside of large cities, where they generally have their center, the growth of Catholic interests. Whatever advantages are enjoyed by Catholic institutes and parish libraries where they exist, the same are proportionately enjoyed by the Catholic periodical in places where the institute and parish library cannot be brought immediately into the field. This consideration at once gives a prominence and importance to our Catholic periodical literature, not heretofore sufficiently enforced upon the public consideration. We have in this vast Republic, with its three or four millions of Catholic population, only one monthly periodical, the *Metropolitan*, published in the metropolitan city of the Church and in a central city of the Union, and devoted, in the language of its own classic motto, to letters, religion, our country, and the Church. Its contents are varied, instructive, amusing and edifying. Its tone is elevated, pure, dignified, healthy, and truly Catholic. The commendations it is receiving every day from the Catholic press and from all Catholic sources, prove its title to the confidence and liberal support of that vast Catholic population. It supplies a great want in the country, and we feel no hesitation in thus particularizing it, because it is the only Catholic Monthly our literature possesses. What we have so urgently recommended, in our preceding and present article, is the *communication*, or *inculcation*, of Catholic impressions and influences, and by these means the promotion of Catholic interests in America. Considering how peculiarly adapted to these purposes a periodical, properly conducted, must be, we commend it as one of the most efficient means of forwarding the great cause of religion. The Monthly is, by its nature, a circulating library. It teems with current literature and news, and is issued at most convenient intervals in twelve parts, each of which may be circulated by itself among families and friends; and scarcely has a previous number gone its round of instruction, amusement and edification, ere another comes to keep up the perennial supply of refreshing reading for that healthy thirst, which is thus created and is thus perpetuated by the very means that relieve it. We would, therefore, suggest it as a task worthy of the attention of Catholic institutes, which we regard as among the leading instruments for advancing Catholic interests, to take the Catholic periodical literature of the country by the hand, and make it one of their principal aims to extend its many advantages, not only in every town and village, but also to every Catholic fireside in the land.

There is another advantage in the parish library, to which particular attention ought to be drawn. This is, the bestowal of its benefits equally upon both sexes: a feature in their organization which cannot be too highly valued. Woman needs culture, and especially the species of culture of which we have been treating, as much as man. And why should Christian Catholic woman be neglected in this age, and in this country? Has she not a high and holy mission to perform? Has she no virtuous and holy influences to exert upon man, the family and society? Has Providence assigned her no vocation in the Christian economy? Or, rather, is she not a most powerful element in the Christian civilization? Yes, in religion woman is everything. It was religion, not the sword of chivalrous man, that emancipated woman. It was through woman, pure, holy and immaculate, that man received a Redeemer, and religion has consecrated the devout thought that honors her, who found such favor with God, and was the blessed channel of such benediction to man. Her sex became emancipated, beloved and honored, through the influence of this holy devotion. In the Catholic Church there is a place for woman, and her virtues are not the least among the treasures of the Church. Thus, in all past ages no less than in our own, woman enlisted in the religious orders of the Church, has astonished and edified the world by the prodigies of her labors, her charities, and her heroism. Our superiority in this respect is acknowledged by an eloquent and distinguished English writer, a Protestant, who attributes to this fact, "the safety and the triumph of the Church of Rome at the close of the sixteenth century." Mr. Macaulay, in his review of Ranke's History of the Popes, says of the Church:

"Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is, that though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the Bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntington would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and first Superior of the Blessed Order of Sisters of the Jails."

Such is the spirit of the Catholic Church in regard to woman no less than to man. Nor is it confined to the religious orders. For the Church honors and sanctifies woman in all the relations of life. For though Catholicity contrasts so remarkably with Protestantism, in regard to the religious orders, the contrast is not less striking in regard to secular life. The Catholic Church alone numbers matrimony among the sacraments. The Seraph of Assisium established in his institute a third order, for holy men and women in the world. Thus, the king or the queen upon the throne, the soldier on the field, the statesman in his council chamber, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the artisan, the laborer and servant, wore under the dress of the sovereign, the soldier or the civilian, the coarse girdle of St. Francis, and gained the merit of a special consecration to God. Apart from all this, for we do not propose or recommend any extraordinary or new means, woman has a high and holy mission in the order of Providence. We analyzed, in our first article, the elements of our

civilization into society, the family, and the individual. Man and society may, in a moment of intoxication, discard the influence of woman; but in the family, the middle element, she reigns supreme by force of her virtues, her affections, her gentleness and charity. This great element is committed to the guidance and the sway of woman, and such is the order of Providence, that the fate of the individual and of society, the other two elements, depends in a great measure upon the constitution and the influences of the family. How potent then is the influence of woman! How momentous, how paramount is the necessity of educating that influence, of exalting and elevating it, and thus fitting it for the accomplishment of the high and beneficent designs of God towards man! We would be distinctly understood as regarding the family or the social circle as the peculiar and proper sphere of woman, nor would we see her depart therefrom, unless it be in the manner sanctioned by the Church, by enlisting in one of those holy and heroic armies, the religious orders, which, at all times, have exerted so splendid and excellent an influence upon the Christian civilization.

But our subject would lead us too far. In conclusion, two suggestions are here ventured to be thrown out for our Catholic institutes. First, let provision be made for extending the benefits of their libraries to females, without requiring personal application at the library rooms, or other publicity that might conflict with their love of retirement. Second, it is a work worthy of the most energetic efforts of such institutes, and clearly not without their scope, as we understand them, to provide for the establishment of small circulating libraries in every parish within their respective cities. If the parish cannot raise the means, the funds of the institute could not be applied to a better purpose. Thus Catholic literature, and with it Catholic influences, would be carried into every family, however poor or humble; and every individual who can read would become a conduit for such influences. Thus Catholic institutes would become, what they should be, the promoters of Catholic interests; and every member of the Church, however humble, would become an instrument in forwarding this work of improvement and amelioration. For, in the language of the eloquent and truly Catholic Montalembert, "each of us, obscure and infirm Christians as we are, is however called upon, in his own particular sphere, to co-operate in the great action of the Church upon society."

R. H. C.

Temperature of the Earth.—It has been ascertained, by accurate scientific investigation, that the increase of temperature in the earth is about ten degrees Fahrenheit for every fifteen yards of descent. In all probability, however, the increase will be found to be in geometrical progression as investigation is extended, in which case the present crust will be found to be much thinner than it has hitherto been calculated to be. Taking, then, the present observed rate of increase, the temperature would be as follows: Water will boil at 2,430 yards; lead melts at the depth of 8,400 yards; there is red heat at the depth of seven miles; gold melts at twenty-one miles; cast-iron at seventy-four miles; soft iron at ninety-seven miles; and at the depth of one hundred miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed—a temperature capable of fusing platina, porcelain, and indeed every other refractory substance known.

IRELAND:

HER EARLY HISTORY AS SEEN IN THE LIVES OF HER SAINTS.*

The miraculous powers of God's Saints have, in different ages, been very differently regarded. Since the reformation, especially, public opinion has been against miracles; the Lives of the Saints picture them individually more, and give us comparatively few miracles, and these so well attested as to defy doubt. This is due to the influence of Protestantism, and the suppression of miracles has been carried to a most undue extent in some cases. Butler has in this way given, in many cases, ideal characters to certain saints by eliminating much of their supernatural and miraculous character.

Many of the greatest living ornaments of the Church have deplored this reaction, and have endeavored to make the Lives of the Saints once more a source of aliment to Christian piety. The Oratorians have done much in England, and issue many works that would have been frowned down a quarter of a century ago. In France, Baillet and Godescard, as Butler is usually called from the name of his translator, have fallen into disrepute, and new, less rationalistic collections are prepared, while that delight of our forefathers, Ribadaneira's Flos Sanctorum, has been retranslated, and by its unction and piety revives the feeling of Christian heroism.

Dom Gueranger, Abbot of Solesmes, *the* Benedictine of our day, whose liturgical works and labors are so well known, thus treats the matter in the preface of his new work, "The Acts of the Martyrs." The last century suffered the enthusiasm of our fathers for the Lives of the Saints to expire. Just as the preachers in the great cities, as Cardinal Maury tells us, avoided pronouncing the name of our Lord, and replaced it by some circumlocution to flatter philosophic ears; so the rare hagiographers of that age, took care to banish from the Lives of the Saints which they published, the wonders of divine grace, the heroic acts of virtue, the extraordinary ways and especially the miracles. They wished to conform all to a certain measure, and that measure was not taken from the sentiment of the Church, but from the instincts of an age, in whose bosom the faith, already enfeebled by its struggle with Jansenism, defended itself with difficulty against the inroads of a philosophy for which the etiquette of the day required some concessions.

The seventeenth century, so little appreciated even now in its influence, had bequeathed to its successor a system of criticism towards the Acts of the Saints, that that successor had only to apply by the hands of Voltaire to the Scriptures themselves, and hurry generations into doubt and incredulity. Launoy and Tillemont, soon followed by Buillet, their disciple, disposed minds to this antipathy for the marvellous, which may be a more or less proper disposition in a philosopher, but is surely most misplaced in the Christian, whose faith reposes on the supernatural communication of God with man, and who should never forget the promise of Christ,

* Histoire Legendaire de l'Irlande par L. Tachet de Barneval, Professeur au Lycee de Douai. Paris: 1856.

"'Amen, amen, I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do." (John xiv, 12.)

The distrust with regard to miracles, the reluctance to acknowledge and admit them, became then one of the essential characters of the new hagiographers, and the re-casting of liturgical works even, undertaken in such dispositions, completely broke off all communion with a past of simple and unstudied faith. True historical criticism was doubtless often violated amid all these charges of falsehood flung on the testimony of ages; but this was unthought of in the joy felt, on at last offering to the public, whose rationalism became daily more exacting, the Lives of the Saints, expurgated, as far as possible, of all that was wonderful.

In no case, however, has this expurgation of miracles gone so far as in Ireland, where it has gone so far as almost to consign to oblivion the lives of the early Saints, the Apostles, and Virgins of the Isle, of whom the current literature gives only such bald and tame sketches, that beside them Butler becomes enthusiastic, and Baillet full of unction and Christian persuasiveness.

Compare, for instance, the life of Saint Patrick by Jocelyn and that by Lynch—which is, we believe, the only one now published in Ireland or this country. According to the one, he was a Thaumaturgus, wielding miraculous powers as great as those of Saint Vincent Ferrer, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Francis of Hyeronimo, or Blessed Peter Claver; according to the other, he wrought so few that it would be pretty difficult to obtain his canonization in our days. There is certainly an error in this. We conceive it as evinced by God's ordinary providence in the conversion of nations, that the first apostle of a land, the one who wins it to the faith of Christ, is almost uniformly endowed, to an extraordinary extent, with miraculous powers, not accorded in an equal degree to his successors. God fits every man for the ministry to which he calls him, and for the overthrow of idolatry and implanting of the truth, usually gives the gift of miracles. We should, then, be disposed rather to prefer a life of Saint Patrick, that would thus portray him, than one which divests him of that gift. In the accounts which centuries of pious reverence have accumulated with loving care, and perhaps fond credulity, there may be chaff, but there is certainly wheat which will repay the winnowing of judicious criticism.

"The miracles of the Irish Saints," says Barneval, "are not, I think, articles of faith; without questioning then their merits, we may then call in doubt many of the wonderful signs with which they are invested; but if we admit that their whole legend is only an epic, half monastic and half popular, by turns ingenious and rude, vulgar and poetical, simple and brilliant, dramatic and plain, we must admit that most of these accounts are symbolical. Men passed amid the nations doing good. Gratitude has transmitted their actions, imagination has transformed them. Their miracles may be inventions: their virtues are not; and there is always something true in these fictions, something human in this supernatural, some moral in this fancy."

Detesting with all our heart these modern writers who so dislike the miracles of St. Patrick and the early Irish Saints, who so upbraid Jocelyn and Acamnan and Cogitosus, and all those of whom Ireland may really be proud, and biassed as we are by our belief in the frequent manifestation of divine power in Ireland's conversion, we took up the book of Mr. Tachet de Barneval with some misgivings, when we found that his

work was one not on Irish legends, in their popular acceptation, but a work on the Irish legend in its ecclesiastical meaning; in other words, a volume on the Irish saints. "In the French and Catholic meaning of the word the Legend is the Lives of the Saints."

Mr. Tachet de Barneval is a Frenchman, but of Irish descent, who, after his family's two centuries of exile, preserves a love for Ireland, with something of Irish blood and Irish instincts in him. We like him for this, and we like him better when he says: "In the seventeenth century, when reason became severe, when in the very bosom of Catholicity the worship of reason was inaugurated, the legend was attacked. The Bollandists soon criticised it, and the Benedictines expurgated it. Perhaps it then scandalized the unbeliever a little less: perhaps too it edified the faithful a little less. What the wise ridicule or proscribe; what the learned neglect or despise, what even the *litterateurs* disdain, is precisely what I have in preference explored."

His theory as to these lives is not ours: they are to him symbolical, and he seeks to trace by them the history of the times, the struggles of the early Church, and writing with ease and grace, and with something of Irish instinct, as he well says, he has made a volume which we have read with unfeigned pleasure and interest, and a feeling that in giving us the result of his long and extensive study of the early Irish hagiologies he has done the cause of Irish history an incalculable service. He has opened a new path, and we trust that others following in his steps will avail themselves of the same sources to paint the characters and life of the saints, whom we learned in childhood to revere, a Patrick, a Bridget, a Kieran, a Maccarton, a Columbkill.

To some of these saints, Barneval devotes separate chapters, and the Apostle of Ireland, the Holy Virgin of Kildare, the Dove of the O'Neills, Saint Fursey, Saint Brendan, Saint Columban of Bobbio, are all portrayed fully; but the most interesting portion is that in which he draws out, from the legend, the attitude of the Saints, the first Apostles of Ireland towards the princes on the one hand, and the people on the other; towards the haughty tyrant, who knew no law and bent to naught but an overwhelming power, and towards the oppressed people, who were the daily sport of the pride or revenge of the chieftain, whom, as faithful clansmen, they must follow to death. This political influence of the early heralds of Christianity is especially marked in the legend, if we take pains to gather up the little traits which are prominent in the account of every miracle and wonder. Nor is their social influence less clearly signalized by the monastic writers in their way, or less beautifully described by Barneval in his. The early alliance of the bard and the Christian priest furnishes him with a theme which he does not mar, and which, though familiar, comes before us in a new light as connected with the implanting of the truth, and also as the origin of some of the doubtful portions of the legend, where the minstrel, using his poetic license, engraved his version more deeply on the minds than the plain account of the prosaic priest.

The missionary saints of Ireland, from Saint Brendan, of whose voyage no one has yet discovered the key, down to Saint Columbanus and his associates, are the last of the tableaux which this true-hearted descendant of the Irish race exposes to our view. In the lives of the missionary saints of Ireland, as traced by Continental writers, he shows us the same characters that stamp those written in Ireland. "They show," he says, "what a remembrance foreign countries preserved of their Irish guests.

But the pure life, the sympathetic and benevolent character, the evangelic soul of these holy men, left to the nations that had welcomed them, not only poetic and marvellous inspirations, but, also, the national traditions which they bore with them from their native Isle. They taught their French and German disciples the legend of their Church, and all too that the filcas recounted of the remote origin and primitive ages of the ancient race of Heber. Strangely enough, we find these traditions in the life of an Irish saint, written at Metz in the tenth century, or, at the latest, in the early part of the eleventh. This presence, this persistance of the national traditions of Ireland among the German monks of Lorraine, is a still more interesting and remarkable fact."

But, while we linger with pleasure over the pages of Barneval, where he follows his monastic chroniclers, we cannot, with the same delight, listen to his words of doubt, his questions as to the influence of the Church on the nation, and his opinions as to Irish barbarism, drawn chiefly from Gerald Barry. These are pages which the work might well spare, and the questions demand another course of reading from that which he has so faithfully followed. The day has passed when men in their blind idolatry of trial by jury, the legal non-existence of married women, and the fictions of law which characterize the English common law, can speak with scorn and contempt of the Irish Brehon law. Only in our day has it begun to be studied and appreciated in itself and for itself. To condemn the nation as barbarous for refusing to accept a barbarous for an enlightened system, cannot be considered just even by English writers or their American imitators. And whatever Barry found worthy of his scorching condemnation at the time of Ireland's invasion by the murderer of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, the last of England's saints, one thing is certain, that every possible vice of the Irish system was continued and improved upon by the invaders, who added new vices of their own. The alleged barbarism of the Irish prior to the invasion, rests on the accusation of their enemies, but the latter, in their own annals, show their barbarity, their faithlessness, their inhumanity, and loss of Christian truth, in their haughty denial of the unity of the human race.

As a specimen of the author's style, we take at random a part of his chapter on Saint Bridget:

"In the stories which nourished the easy faith of the Irish people, and which enlivened their misery; in the inexhaustible, yet simple, story of charity, one name returns more frequently than others, it is the name of Saint Bridget. Bridget was the most generous heart, the tenderest and most feeling soul among all these holy souls, all these benevolent hearts that loved and succored poor Ireland; but it seems, too, as though the popular imagination took pleasure in portraying, in the form of a woman, the sweetest of powers, the dearest of virtues. 'Why,' asked the King, 'have you given to the poor the sword which I had presented to your father?' 'If my God,' replied Bridget, 'told me to give my father too, and you yourself, I would give both with all that you possess.'" In the legend other saints, and before all Saint Patrick, represent, doubtless, Christian and apostolic perfection; Bridget represents mercy and charity. The greatest and best had in their sanctity something dazzling and awful; their mission was to do good, but, especially, at the same time, to govern and sometimes to punish. Bridget, too, governed. Patrick seems, in dying, to have bequeathed her his spirit, and when the Irish Church, at the death of her powerful apostle, seemed for an instant to halt and totter,

it was Bridget who supported it and led it on in its path; she was for an instant, so to say, Bishop and Primate of Ireland; but this too human and almost masculine part of her history the people seem to have sought to forget, so as to behold in their sweet patroness only the woman, the merciful virgin, whom they place in a radiant trinity between Patrick and Columbkill.

Bridget and Patrick are moreover as inseparable in their history as in the memory of Ireland. From the assembly of Tailten, where Patrick beheld her and adopted her as his daughter,* she was attached to him, she walked, so to speak, in his shadow; she became also, thenceforward, the greatest after him in the Irish Church. "Thou art my equal," said he to her at Leth Glass. Patrick was interred in the winding sheet that he would have her make him with her own hands; and later, when Bridget died, the piety of the faithful would not suffer them to be separated in death; their bones reposed in the same tomb, waiting for Columbkill to come and share it with them. * * *

While the people preserved her memory and repeated the wonders of her life, saints, abbots, bishops, felt it an honor to commit them to writing; if in the time of Nennuis sixty-six had written the life of Saint Patrick; Kilian, in the eighth century, writing that of Saint Bridget, enumerates those who had written it before him: they were Ultan, Eleran, Animosus, illustrious names in the Irish Church, without speaking of Cogitosus, and others. And who knows how many after them took up again the sweet and wonderful theme? for biographers had not only to relate the benefits where her power and gentleness were displayed in prodigies, simple and familiar, easy doubtless to do for any Irish virgin saint, easy to be believed by any Irish auditory, but a little too vulgar perhaps to charm or strike the imagination, the ear, accustomed to miracles. Bridget had not only done good, she sometimes did it with an ingenious and lovely grace; sometimes she was pleased to show in her works, not only the charity and power of a saint, but also the poetic and romantic imagination of a daughter of Erin.

"Virgin," cried Connal, "make haste and bless me, for my brother Corpre is on the way to kill me." Bridget blessed him; when Corpre came up he, too, asked her benediction, and the two brothers did not recognize each other; they embraced, and went with Bridget walking peacefully together.†

In those days the saints of both sexes traversed Ireland, evangelizing and preaching, edifying the faithful by their virtues and miracles, and followed by a vast crowd, whom imagination and piety drew to their company. They visited and instructed each other, celebrating pure and holy agapæ like those of the primitive Christians. One day Bishop Broon came to Bridget followed by a great number,‡ but they lost their way in the dense woods, and while astray night came on; now it was a cold winter's night. But Bridget, knowing what had happened, prayed for them. And lo! the travelers behold Bridget and her virgins coming. She led them with their chariots and horses into a spacious house and showed them Christian hospitality, washing their feet, repairing their strength by an abundant nourishment, and preparing couches, where they soon sank into gentle slumbers. They believed, therefore, that Bridget was in the midst of them, and really received them into her house. Yet,

* Vit. Brigid, auct. Animosus. † Vit. Brigid, auct. Ultan. ‡ Id.

Bridget was afar off; and when morning came, they beheld around them the forest and the spot where they halted the night before, and Bridget coming, really with her virgins, to offer them a real hospitality in her real home; for all that had passed in the night was but an illusion, miraculously effected by her prayer.

Amid this hospitable race, in this land where every house was open to the stranger, where every tribe had its guest master, its Biatach, whose lavish hospitality it generously supported, where the harp and the minstrel's song, and the joyous salutation of the host welcomed whoever knocked at the door, how could the saints but be hospitable? Happier than many others, they could pour out, without exhausting, wine and hydromel; their wealth, inexhaustible like the faith which created it, defied all prodigality. Hence, frequently we find kings with their suites, their armies even, sit down and eat their fill at the ordinary frugal, but ever miraculously renewed, table of a poor bishop or anchoret. Sometimes, even, a holy traveler would come to the succor of his host taken by surprise, and the guests, after a moment's disquiet, beheld the viands re-appear on the platter, and the wine foam again around the goblet's brim. Then they blessed God, and the feast went on more joyful and more Christian than before. Nor was the verse or the music wanting there, for all, austere hermits, mystic virgins, grave abbots, venerable bishops, all were children of Erin, and the metallic chords of the national harp vibrated harmoniously to Irish ears. Bridget entered the dwelling of a king of the country of Blioch, and while awaiting the lord of the mansion,* Bridget saw harps hanging on the walls: "Let us hear some chants," said she. The foster-father of the prince and his sons, who were present, excused themselves, the minstrels were away. "But, if the Virgin will bless our hands," said they, "perhaps they will become skilful." Bridget blessed their hands, and they took the harps and drew forth sweet accords; and the king, as he approached his home, asked, with surprise, who could perform so well. Nor did they ever after forget the art which Bridget had taught them. Such had been her welcome gift, a present as gracious as the sweet and amiable virgin who offered it.

And such were always the graces obtained of her. Who would have dared to cover himself with her blessing, in order to do evil? * * * *

Such are the accounts of the legendaries. And while some gathered these fantastic stories, others related the daily wonders of her life and the benefits which her solicitous mercy unceasingly scattered over the little and the poor. She had passed everywhere, everywhere her charity had left ineffaceable traces, and the country of Kildare had not a rivulet, a house, or a stone, which did not relate a virtue or a miracle of Bridget.† Can we wonder that so alluring a history charmed the imagination and the heart of a poetic race, and that the sweet form of the heroine shines radiantly amid the saints of the legend as the most beautiful star in the sky of Ireland.

* Vit. Brigid, auct. Ultan.

† Topog. Hibern.

MEMOIR OF MONSEIGNEUR SIBOUR,

LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.*

By JAMES BURKE, Esq.

The New Year has been mournfully inaugurated. The sanctuary has been stained with the life-blood of an amiable and pious prelate. The Church in France has, for a second time within a few years, given to the sacred roll of martyrs in the cause of duty an honored name, and again has a French Primate met with a violent end.

Marie Dominique Auguste Sibour, whose murder has fallen like an appalling blow upon the Christian world, was born on the 4th April, 1792, at St. Paul Trois Chateaux, in the diocese of Valence, and had therefore nearly attained his sixty-fifth year at the time of his assassination. From the period of his entering on his sacred profession, he devoted himself assiduously to its duties, and rose through the regular ecclesiastical gradations, till he became in 1839 Bishop of Dignes.

* From the *Lamp*, London.

When in 1848 Monseigneur Affre fell a victim to revolutionary violence, as he bore a message of peace to those who raised the barricades, General Cavaignac selected the Bishop of Dignes for the Metropolitan See. The choice was ratified by universal approbation, for Bishop Sibour's reputation had extended widely, and his learning, piety, and zeal were well known.

Mgr. Sibour was the fifteenth Archbishop of Paris since its first creation into an archiepiscopal see in 1621. This diocese, the most important in France, since it contains more than 1,700,000 inhabitants, had for its first bishop St. Denis, who was beheaded in 272. This apostle of the Gauls was succeeded by 109 bishops. Out of that number six are revered by the Church as saints, and ten were cardinals. Since the commencement of the nineteenth century this great see has only been occupied by five archbishops. Cardinal de Belloy held it from 1801 to 1809; then came a blank of eight years, during which Cardinal Maury, who had been named, could not take possession in consequence of the refusal of Pope Pius VII to give him the canonical institution. In 1817 Cardinal de Talleyrand Perigord was called to the see of Paris, and died in 1821. He was replaced by Monseigneur de Quélen, his coadjutor, whose death took place on the 31st of December, 1839. Monseigneur Affre succeeded him on the 10th of August, 1840; and then came Monseigneur Sibour, who filled it for eight years two months and sixteen days.

Monseigneur Sibour took possession of the vacant see in October, 1848, when he made his solemn entry into the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, and a *Te Deum* was chanted on the occasion. One of the first appearances of Monseigneur Sibour in public, after his installation as Archbishop, was on the occasion of his visit to the very spot in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where his predecessor had fallen, like a good shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep. Monseigneur Sibour distinguished himself by his practical piety and zealous discharge of those duties which are more eminently of a pastoral character. He felt that many of the Parisian populace had been too much and too long alienated from the Church. Such being the case, he determined to make his people known to him and himself to them: accordingly, he threw aside all pomp and show, and spent days and weeks in visits, on foot, to high and low, rich and poor, to schools, and hospitals, and prisons. The good results which he thus wrought were immense, and will not readily pass away from the minds of his flock.

About three years ago the deceased prelate was nominated by the Emperor Louis Napoleon a member of the Senate of France. About the same time Monseigneur Sibour published his famous pastoral letter on the subject of the observance of the Sabbath; and it is mainly owing to his efforts and high influence that the Sunday movement has spread so widely and so rapidly through France.

The character of the illustrious deceased has been of late familiarized

by his remarkable Pastoral on the subject of the "Dogmatic Definition," which was translated and published by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, with an introductory Pastoral of his own. All who have been near the venerable prelate knew the elevation of his mind, his touching charity, and his devotedness to the interests confided to him, and will retain an imperishable remembrance of his eminent virtues. Monseigneur Sibour evinced in the administration of the diocese of Paris all the foresight and all the sagacity of his mind. He applied himself to the development of religious studies in his diocese; animated the zeal of the ecclesiastical school of Carmes, which soon presented the most brilliant candidates for the highest examinations of the faculty of letters; established public conferences, where, four times a year, in his presence, solemn discussions on theological questions took place; and, in order to secure to the sacred ministry persons the most worthy of filling its imposing duties, he ordered that during the first five years of the priesthood examinations should be gone through by the young priests on all matters important for them to be acquainted with. He caused to be revived the old *fête des écoles*, which was a kind of fraternization of religion with philosophy and poetry. His own inaugural address in the Church of St. Geneviève, delivered to a congregation of divines and lay professors of the university at the head of their classes, was regarded as a model of Christian eloquence. Monseigneur Sibour endeavoured also to increase the number of churches in the most populous quarters of Paris. Thanks to the co-operation of the Government, his efforts were crowned with success. On the 29th of December the Archbishop consecrated in the Faubourg St. Antoine the new parish church of St. Eloi, and he rejoiced at every day witnessing some fresh guarantee of moral progress in his diocese. Only very lately he was occupied with the foundation of a hospital for convalescents. On the day before his death, on receiving the members of his clergy on the occasion of the new year, he talked to them about the care of poor children, and awakened their most lively solicitude in favor of all the sufferings which could be consoled by religion. So he pursued his task, marking his days by fruitful works. All this indefatigable devotedness and this life of conciliation and charity could not protect him against a sacrilegious hand. At the moment when he was leaving the archiepiscopal palace to proceed to St. Etienne-du-Mont the virtuous prelate distributed abundant alms. It was his last adieu to those whom he was never again to relieve. He was of an exceedingly gracious deportment. His face had a most charmingly benevolent expression, and might be called beautiful. The liberality of his mind was in harmony with the winning grace of his manners.

We now come to the melancholy event which has made the name of Archbishop Sibour so sadly memorable in the annals of the Church.

Paris was plunged into profund consternation on Saturday evening, the 3d of January, by the report that the Archbishop of Paris, whilst offi-

ciating in the church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, had been murdered by a priest. At first no one could believe in the reality of so awful a crime committed in such a place and by such a hand; but it was soon ascertained, lamentable to relate, that the sad intelligence was only too true. The following is a detailed account of this dreadful crime:—

It was the *fête* of Ste. Géneviève, and the archbishop went to the church, according to announcement, to preside over the opening of the annual *Neuvaine* in honor of the saint, who is patroness of the city of Paris. After Vespers, and after a sermon preached by Mgr. Lacarrière, bishop of La Basse-Terre, a procession was formed and paraded round the church in the customary way, the Archbishop in his robes walking at the head of the lady patronesses of Ste. Géneviève. Just as the Archbishop arrived opposite the outer door, and was about to turn up the nave, a man advanced towards him from the crowd of spectators, and removing the prelate's cape with his left hand, plunged with great force with his right hand a large Catalan knife into the prelate's breast, near the heart. The Archbishop fell back two steps, cried out "*Ah, le malheureux!*" staggered, and fell into the arms of the priests who surrounded him. The wounded prelate moaned two or three times, as if in great suffering, and was the moment after bathed in the blood which flowed from the wound. He was immediately conveyed into the vestry, and medical assistance sent for; but all human aid was found to be useless, as he expired almost immediately. The fatal blow was struck with such extraordinary rapidity that it was impossible to prevent it. The assassin, a young man of about thirty years of age, dressed in dark-colored clothes, was immediately seized: he had at the moment the knife from which the blood was dropping still in his hand. Just before the venerable prelate breathed his last, Abbé Surat, Vicar-General, who was close to him, gave him absolution.

The assassin was conveyed to the Mairie of the twelfth arrondissement, and M. Moignon, substitute of the Procureur Imperial, and M. Treilhard, examining magistrate, were immediately summoned, and commenced an interrogatory. M. Cordouin, Procureur Imperial, and M. Pietri, Prefect of Police, subsequently interrogated him also. From what he said, it appeared that he was a priest of the diocese of Meaux, named Vergér. He had been four or five times interdicted for misconduct, and some months back was again suspended for having preached against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In November last he displayed great zeal in defending a woman who was tried at Melun for poisoning her husband, and though she was convicted of the crime, and condemned to hard labor for life, he printed a pamphlet declaring that she was innocent, and casting the grossest imputations on the judges and the public prosecutor. The pamphlet was seized by the authorities before it could be distributed, and it caused a new complaint against him to be made to his bishop. A little later, he uttered menaces against a respected clergyman of the

diocese of Paris, who had done him many kindnesses; and the clergyman deemed it necessary to make representation to the police. On the 24th of December he came to Paris, and took up his residence at an hotel, No. 2, Rue Racine. He was accustomed to pass days in the public libraries, and even on Saturday he went to one as usual. He endeavored to obtain an appointment in the diocese of Paris, but it was notified to him that the archbishop would not grant him one. On hearing this, he appears to have projected the death of the prelate, and he purchased for the purpose a knife at the shop of a cutler in the Rue Dauphine.

The Papal Nuncio, immediately on hearing of the assassination, went to the residence of the curé of St. Etienne-du-Mont, where the Archbishop's body lay. The Nuncio was much affected on beholding the inanimate remains of one whom he had only seen two days before, at the Palace of the Tuileries, in full possession of health and faculties, and for whom he felt so great an esteem. The body of the Archbishop was embalmed, and laid out in state for some days.

The obsequies of the Archbishop were celebrated on the tenth of January, in the presence of an immense crowd of people, who evidently wished to testify their respect for the venerable prelate who had been so suddenly taken from among them. The morning was gloomy and intensely cold, and the ground still covered with the hail and melted snow which had fallen during the night; yet the bitterness and gloom of the weather did not prevent the approaches to the Archiepiscopal Palace and the Cathedral of Notre Dame from being thronged with a multitude. At eight o'clock the Metropolitan Chapter proceeded from the church to the residence of the Archbishop to receive the body, which had been placed on a catafalque, raised under the principal entrance. The clergy and attendants knelt around it, and, after some time spent in prayer, the *cortége* formed in the following order:—A detachment of Municipal Guards; the band of the Guides; a detachment of the regiment of Guides; a battalion of the Gendarmes of the Imperial Guard, with the band at their head; a battalion of the line, with the drums muffled, and beating at intervals; six mourning coaches, in which were the members of the Metropolitan Chapter, and attendants bearing the archiepiscopal insignia—the crosier, the pectoral cross, the mitre, and the pastoral ring, covered with crape; the hearse drawn by six black horses, led by footmen, and surmounted by a silver cross. On it was placed the coffin, covered with black velvet, with gold mouldings, but without any other ornaments. Immediately in advance of the hearse walked a domestic in livery, bearing the star and riband of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, the riband of the Legion of Honor, and other decorations of the Archbishop; he was followed by the household. Then came the members of the Archbishop's family, accompanied and followed by a crowd of people belonging to every class of society; among whom were mingled officers of the army and navy, simple seamen, and soldiers of the army of the Crimea, operatives in

blouses, women, Sisters of Charity, and the brethren of the Christian Schools; a battalion of the line, with its band of music and muffled drums; the carriage of the Archbishop; the Emperor's carriage, with the Grand Chamberlain, the Duke of Bassano, representing the Emperor, and Prince Jerome's, followed by a long train of private carriages. The ground was occupied by a double line of troops of the 20th, 11th, and 40th regiments. The *cortége* was closed by a squadron of dragoons. The grand entrance of the Church of Notre Dame was hung with black from the gallery known by the name of the *Galerie des Rois de France*, to the ground. The walls of the interior were covered with the same sable tapestry.

On the arrival of the remains at the entrance of the church, the prebends and honorary canons, and the parish priests of the diocese, preceded by the Cross-bearer, went to the door to receive the remains of their late Archbishop, and with the canons who had brought them from the palace, bore them to the catafalque before the high altar. Then rose from the choir the solemn music of the dead, and after the mitre, crucifix and crosier of the prelate were deposited on the coffin, the funeral service began. The solemn dirge of the *Dies Iræ*, which more than any other, except perhaps the *Miserere*, awakes with the thoughts of the grave those of atonement and redemption; the gloom of the old building, made darker still by the sombre atmosphere and the melted snow, which pattered against the high windows; the black tapestry, varied by the armorial bearings of the prelate; the funeral costume of the attendant bishops and clergy; the body beneath the altar before which the departed had so lately ministered; the pealing notes swelling through the lofty aisles, and floating along the vaulted temple; the consciousness that the man whose remains all were sorrowing over had not been removed from among them by mortal decay, but had been foully murdered while in the performance of his sacred office —all this seemed to make an appeal to the heart which it would be difficult to express, but which was told in many a moist eye.

The bishop of Meaux was the officiating prelate; the service was performed with all the pomp of the Church, and, from the number of priests that joined in it, was most impressive. During the mass salvoes of artillery were fired, the bells tolled mournfully, and, at the elevation of the Host, the troops in the body of the cathedral knelt on one knee and presented arms. At the close of the mass, the five absolutions ordained by the Church for an archbishop were slowly and solemnly pronounced. The bishops and clergy, and all the personages present, advanced towards the centre, and sprinkled the coffin with holy water.

The crowd then gradually dispersed. The coffin was left exposed on the catafalque. At three o'clock numbers returned to attend the vespers for the dead; and at four o'clock the coffin was deposited in the vault near the entrance of the choir, which is destined to receive the remains of the archbishops of Paris. This vault only contains five coffins; those of Monseigneur de Juigné, who died since the first revolution; of Monseig-

neur du Belloy, who gave his resignation at the period of the Concordat in 1808, but did not die until 1811; of Monseigneur de Périgord, who died in 1821; of Monseigneur de Quélen, who died at the close of 1839; and of Monseigneur Affre, who was killed in 1848.

Such are the leading circumstances connected with the career of the late Archbishop of Paris, and with the awful close of his life. The event which has robbed the Church of so valuable on ornament, has arrested the attention of all. The ecclesiastical rank of the victim, the scene of his assassination, and the profession of the assassin, combine to give solemnity and awe to the entire appalling transaction. Let us hope that such an act may remain for all time isolated in its peculiar horror, and never again stain the history of the Church. We may confidently trust that the good prelate has reaped the reward of a well-spent life, and that he, whose heart was pierced for his love for God, and His Mother, and for his resolute adherence to duty, has "entered into the joy of his Lord." On earth the memory of his zeal will be honored as long as man shall retain those feelings which instinctively prompt him to reverence piety and virtue.

TRUTH AND REASON.

How beautiful the fantasy
That warmed the brain of him of old—
The watcher of the midnight sky—
Who, as the stars above him rolled,
Untaught of dim Primeval Cause
And crowned will and sceptred laws,
Had glimpses of a spirit-band,
Careering through the trackless air,
Each shaping, with a giant's hand
The orbit of a blazing sphere!

A holier thought and not less bright
It is, that o'er the sands of time,
We walk not in the mystic light
Of Providence, far off, sublime,
Nor Fate, nor Chance, with baleful ray,
Kindles the load-star of our way—
But, that where'er our tents are cast,
Each hath an Angel by his side,
From the first life-sigh, to the last,
His guardian, champion, friend and guide.

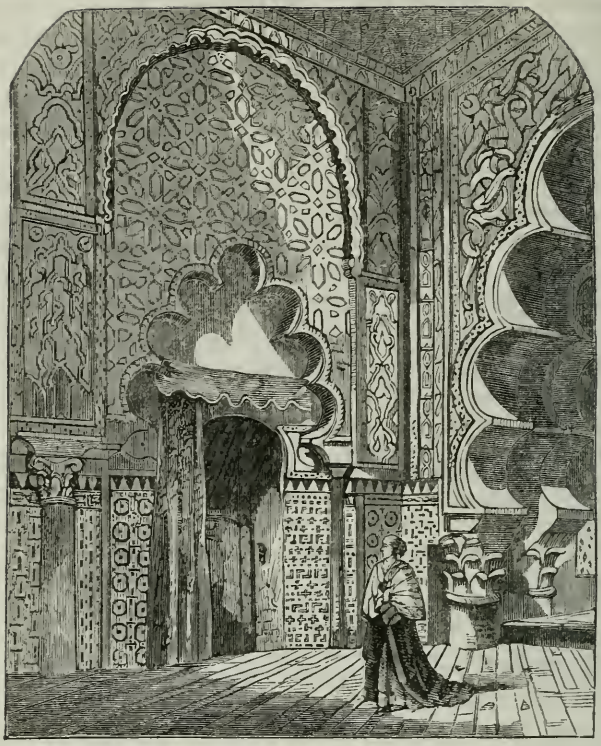
Such faith seems half idolatry
To speculation's earth-turned eyes,
But wo befall us! if we see
No truth save that in reason's guise!

The simplest child, in sun and storm,
Hath visions of God's awful form,
That dazzled science could not paint,
And he, who bends to laws alone,
May mock the worship of the saint,
Yet kneels unto a graven stone!

The Heathen, when his fancy gave
Their deities to all things fair—
Set Neptune's trident o'er the wave,
And, temples made, of earth and air—
Had more of worship in his heart,
More of religion's better part,
Than he who dives in reason's well
For all the truth to mortals given,
And from its depths alone, will tell
The starry mysteries of Heaven!

I would not, that the dreams of old
Should veil, again, the wakened mind,
Nor mine their faith who idly hold
That to be wise we need be blind;
But, when I see how darkly lie
The plainest things before mine eye,
That, with each turn of reason's wheel,
Falsehood and truth, both, upward go,
I can but think that what I feel
Is best and most of what I know! X.

Progress of Life.—Men rejoice when the sun is risen; they also rejoice when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless, the revolution of seasons is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift-wood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for a departed relative, has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow you. Why, then, should a person grieve, when journeying the same road which has been assuredly trodden by all our forefathers? Life resembles a cataract rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.



CHAPEL IN THE ZANCARRON.

THE CATHEDRAL MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

Continued from page 103.

Of the chapels which have been devoted to the services of Christian religion, the interior of a few remain in the most perfect state of preservation exhibiting all their original splendor and harmony of detail. One of these the *Zancarron*, or the Chapel of Mahommed against the southern wall surpasses in beauty any other part of the building. It contains three enclosures separated from each other by columns of jasper, and archways in double tiers, which were sanctified by the presence of the Caliphs themselves, who resorted thither as to a sphere above the reach of mortals. These apartments with their mosaics have something of a Byzantine appearance, and but for the inveterate horse-shoe arches, remind you strongly of the ancient Greek churches. One of the outer ones, called the *Mirah*, still possesses all its original beauty. Its carved ceiling of wood glitters with spangles and letters of gold; the delicate colonnades covered with trefoils and crystals, and the *plateresco*

work, hanging to the walls like cemented diamonds or the stalactites of a subterranean grotto, retain all the lustre of their Saracenic origin, and cause you to regret the passing away of that brilliant epoch, which gathered together such freshness of genius, such poetry of art, as to almost realize the gorgeous descriptions of oriental fiction.

From this chapel you enter a small apartment in the centre, whose beauty of style and finish far surpasses either of the others and indeed anything in the building. It is an octagonal inclosure of about fifteen feet, faced with arabesques and glittering with mosaics of the most exquisite patterns. The walls are literally covered with tracery in relief, mingled with which are bands of gold and black with arabic inscriptions, and lace work of the most variegated tints and as delicate as gossamer. In the adjacent archway, a large painting by Cespedes, covers a great portion of the elegant work upon the wall, marring much of its beauty, but forming in itself another object of curiosity. Twelve columns of variegated marble with bases and capitols of polished gold support the roof, which is a single block of virgin-white marble, carved with the most infinite delicacy and of the form of a scallop shell. The Moors believed this to be the nearest spot to heaven on earth, where the presence of the Deity was more sensibly felt, and wherein the Paynim priests consulted with the spirit of Mahommed. The author of "Glimpses of Spain," says: "With all its massiveness, it seems so delicate and pure, that you might half believe it had been found on the sea-shore—a mermaids palace thrown up by an earthquake, or a chariot of state new-made for Amphitrite!" The Cordovese will tell you, that the Sultan of Constantinople pays to this day, a tribute to the crown of Spain for this little sanctuary, in order that Christain services may not be performed there, and to preserve it from spoliation. The pavement beneath the roof has been worn down with the tread of visitors, till it has the appearance of a concave. The transparent shell, which seems to be suspended above your head, forms a delightful contrast in connection with the high coloring of the walls, which are richer than a cashmere shawl, and more studiously ornate than the finest Egyptian fret-work. The inscriptions are mostly taken from the Koran, and are quite in character with the nature of the other embellishments, seeming wholly to belong to them. But the mosaic work, with all its ingenious diversity, and the peculiar beauty of the receding ornaments, illuminated with gradations of leaf-gold, violet, pink and opalescent purple, are what more than all, strikes the beholder with amazement. The delicacy and accuracy with which this chaos of arabesques are fitted to each other, the miraculous and almost endless profusion of geometrical forms, beautifully harmonized, and the perfect state of preservation in which the finest plaster-work and most delicate carvings are found, are sufficient to demonstrate, that a far higher order of ornamental architecture, existed among the people of that day, than we have any idea of and which the ingenuity of the nineteenth century is unable to reach

A writer in the "Penny Cyclopedia," speaking of this class of Moorish decoration, remarks the following: "Their geometrical patterns exhibit singular beauty and complexity, inexhaustible variety of combination, and a wonderful degree of harmonious intricacy, arising out of very simple elements; to which must be added the variety produced by color also, whereby the same arrangement of lines and figures could be greatly diversified. Hence, though apparently quite unnecessary, and intended only to gratify the eye, such embellishments must have powerfully recommended itself to a people both imaginative and contemplative, and whose fancy would find occupation in patiently tracing and unravelling the manifold intricacies and involvements, the mazes of what at first sight looks like a mere labyrinth until its scheme unfolds itself." Apart from this sanctuary is another little chapel, called *Capilla de los Reyes Moros*, which is said to have been the oratory of the Caliphs, and which must have rivalled in its time, with even the richness of the *sanctum sanctorum*, which we have just left. But the inveterate use of white wash, which the Spaniards use to daub over everything, has completely nullified the original beauty of which it boasted, and all that can be traced now, is the charming multiplicity of its detail, without the coloring. The little alcove, where they say the Koran laid, and the sacred volume, written by the Caliph Othman, enshrined in its case of gold and glittering with emeralds and rubies is still visible, and the window with its crescent-shaped arch, from which the commander of the faithful dispensed his blessings. These exquisite apartments, are the ones tradition assigns to the labors of Al-Haquem, one of the descendants of Abdurahman I, whose talents were brought to light by rather an amusing circumstance. Sismondi gives the anecdote as taken from a work published in the 14th century, called *Count Lucanor*, one of the first ever written in the Castilian language. It was a collection of novels, forty-nine in number, on very nearly the same plan as the *Decameron*, though not of the same character:

"There was once a Moorish king of Cordova, whose name was Al-Haquem. He governed his kingdom with tolerable discretion, but he did not exert himself to accomplish any great and honorable exploits, as kings are in duty bound. It is not enough in them barely to preserve their dominions. They who would acquire a noble fame, should so act as to enlarge their territories without injustice, and thus gain the applause of their subjects during their life, and at their death leave lasting monuments of their great achievements. But the king of whom we are speaking, cared nothing about all this; he thought only of eating, and amusing himself, and spending his time idly in his palace. Now it happened one day, that he was listening to the music of an instrument of which the Moors are very fond, and which they call albogon. He observed that it did not sound so well as he could contrive to make it; so he took the albogon, and made a hole underneath opposite the others. The effect of this was that the albogon yielded a much finer note than before. This was a very clever invention, but not exactly suited to a royal personage. The people in derision, pretended to praise it. It passed into a proverb,

and when speaking of any useless improvement, they say: 'It is worthy of king Al-Haquem himself.' This saying was so often repeated, that it came at last to the ears of the king, who inquired its meaning, and, in spite of the silence of those whom he questioned, he insisted so pertinaciously on an answer, that they were obliged to explain it to him. When he knew this, the king grieved sorely, as, after all, he was in truth a very good king. He inflicted no punishment upon those who had thus spoken of him, but he made a resolution in his own heart to invent some other improvement, which should compel the people to praise him in good earnest. He set his people to work to adorn the great mosque of Cordova. He supplied every deficiency, and finally completed it, and made it the most beautiful, noble, and exquisite of all the Moorish mosques in Spain. Praise be to the Lord, it is at this day a church, and is called St. Mary's. It was dedicated by that holy Saint, king Ferdinand, after he had taken Cordova from the Moors. When the king had finished it, he said that if his improvements on the albogon had hitherto exposed him to derision, he expected that for the future he should be applauded for the completion of the mosque of Cordova. The proverb was in fact changed, and even unto this day, when the Moors speak of an additiou superior to the object to which it is attached, they say: 'King Al-Haquem has mended it.'"

So many curiosities of art exist within the walls of this great edifice that a person might employ himself for a year, as Owen Jones and Jules Goury did in the Alhambra, diving through the labyrinths of its long colonnades and still not come out with the conviction of having seen everything.

The riches of the present Cathedral are immense, and if not so prodigal in ornamentation and elaborateness of detail as the old Mosque, it possesses furniture and treasure of undeniable value. The sacristies exhibit a collection of reliquaries, paintings, crucifixes and robes of the most ravishing beauty and workmanship, many of them of the greatest antiquity. During the Peninsular war, when the game of plunder was being played by both French and English alternately, the Cathedral of Cordova was stripped of most of its original splendor. The ravaging French soldiery cared as little about sacrilege as did some of the followers of Wellesly, and so the pillage was valuable, were not very scrupulous as to its whereabouts. The magnificent plunderers, however, with all their avarice, failed to make a clean sweep, for we still behold statuary and other furniture of solid gold and silver, and many of them bearing such a respectable age as the 12th and 13th centuries.

In one corner of the church is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, of solid silver, exquisitely carved, and set within a shrine of gothic proportions, which is called the *custodia*. The shrine itself is a charming piece of work, executed in good tase, elegant in design, and as delicately wrought as a Chinese ear-ring. The sculptor's whole genius must have been expended upon this gem; you can see nothing but minute tracing and a perfect heaven of foliage, metriculations and cherubs, so elaborately combined,

that you cannot conceive how the genius of one man could accomplish so much. "They say, that in the war of the Peninsula, when magnanimous Dupont was plundering the dwellings and churches of the city, and carrying off gold and silver by the wagon load, he halted in front of the *custodia*, and—left it where it was, in honor of its beauty and the sculptor's genius!"* Lady Tenison in her work on Andalusia, says that Murat thought seriously of making it a centre piece for his dining table. There is another custodia in the sacristy, a master-piece of the Arfes, which is likewise beautifully wrought and covered with silver statues similar in design to the one at Toledo. Among the other curiosities which visitors always see, is a pillar on the western part of the church, where a crucifixion is engraved in the solid porphyry, said to have been done by a christian captive with his finger nail, while he was chained there by the Moors. It has all the appearance of age, is finely finished, and cut deeply in the stone. The Cordovese entertain a great respect for this relic, and have it secured with a little grating to keep off the fingers of the curious. At a short distance is the statue of the artist, in a kneeling position with his feet chained to a ring. An inscription written upon the wall close by, gives the legend in Spanish verse; it runs thus:

"El cantibo, con gran fée,
En aqueste duro marmol,
Con la uña, señaló
A Christo crucificado
Siendo esta iglesia mezquita,
Donde lo martyrizaron."

This and the white banner of St. Ferdinand, which was borne at the conquest of the city, form two of the popular curiosities of the interior. The latter hangs on the staircase as you descend to a subterranean chapel. In connection with the historic portion of the cathedral, we must not omit to mention the legend of St. Raphael, to whose special guardianship the city of Cordova and its church is consigned. A monument has been erected a short distance from the cathedral to perpetuate the legend. It is called *El Triunfo*, and is surmounted by a gilded image of the Arch-angel, with a flaming sword in his hand and wings outstretched, and glittering with gold. The column is about ninety feet in height, composed of variously covered marbles, and rests upon a base of granite, around which are grouped all sorts of allegorical images, statues, and fantastically shaped monsters, which forms the strangest category in connection with elegance and grace that can possibly be conceived. A vault in the interior of this mound contains the remains of Bishop Pascal, who during his life was particularly devoted to the honoring of the celestial patron: and the pedestal with all its ornaments is enclosed by a handsome railing, which has helped to preserve it in a tolerable condition. On the face

* S. Teackle Wallis, Esq.

of the rock is engraved the following inscription, which contains all the merits of the case:

> Yo te juro por Jesu-Christo crucificado,
> Que soi Rafael angel, a quien dios tieno puesto
> Por guarda de esta ciudad.

It seems that on the seventh day of May, 1578, the good priest Don Andres Roèla, was blest with an apparition of the holy Arch-angel, who communicated to him in the above words, his divine mission of becoming their guardian and protector. The chroniclers relate all the particulars of the interview, the length of time it lasted, and the manner in which it was delivered. Every house in Cordova is furnished with a picture of the vision; as in Mexico, every house has its memorial of the miracle of Guadalupe. There is a tract or book published in the city, which sets forth in full all the particulars of this extraordinary apparition, "to be procured," says Gautier, "at the establishment of Don Raphael Garcia Rodriguez, calle de la Libreria." In the front is an engraving of the arch-angel, with his wings outstretched, holding in his hand a fish and a travelling staff, and underneath is the title, which runs thus: "The true history and curious legend of our patron Saint Raphael, Arch-angel, Solicitor of the Plague, and Guardian of the City of Cordova."

The literary reputation of this great city of the Moors, however, has been of a character to compete with any other city in Europe. During the domination of the Saracens, and even to this day, the Cordovese are said to be the most impassioned bibliomaniacs in the world. Those who are able to purchase, pay the most extravagant prices, and many collect for the mere purpose of ostentation, for no one is considered rich or noble who does not possess his own library. In the 10th century, during the reign of the second Al-Haquem, the city possessed a royal library of 400,000 volumes, which had been collected from different parts of the world at an inconceivable cost. The Caliph himself, through whose zeal it was accomplished, was a man of considerable learning, and greatly devoted to literature. It it is said of him that out of the 400,000 volumes possessed by the library, not one, but had been carefully examined, and the genealogy, birth and death of its author written in it by his own hand.

FAREWELL.

I ask no farewell token
Of thine afar to bear;
No link of bright gold broken,
Nor lock of thy dark hair.
My soul shall still be near thee,
Tho' far from thee I fly—
I only wish to hear thee
Say "Bless you and good-bye."

This miniature that beareth
Thy resemblance I refuse,
Because my fond soul weareth
One that it may not loose.
The love that needs a token
To keep its faith may die;
Then all I would have spoken
Is "Bless you and good-bye."

FATHER PETER MARTINEZ,

THE FIRST APOSTLE AND MARTYR OF FLORIDA.

The following account of the first apostle and martyr of Florida, is taken from an old Latin work of Father Tanner, S. J., published in 1675, and treating of those members of the Society of Jesus who glorified God by their heroic virtues and the effusion of their blood.

We have not, as yet, seen published in English so full an account of this glorious servant of God and apostle and martyr of Christ, and we think that the readers of the *Metropolitan* may be pleased to peruse this translation of a venerable work, which serves at once to portray the virtues of a saint who trod our native shore, and to show the character of the ancient inhabitants of the Land of Flowers.

Father Peter Martinez, the first apostolic laborer in Florida, was born at Lerida in Spain, A. D. 1533. So earnest was he in the pursuit of Christian perfection, that even when a boy he consecrated himself to the service of God by a vow of perpetual continency. While prosecuting his earlier and domestic studies, as yet unacquainted with the Society of Jesus, he felt an aversion towards its members. But having accompanied to the College of Valencia, four students who desired to enter the Order, and having more carefully observed the virtues of its members, and especially the fraternal charity which reigned among them, he not only began to treat with them in a more confiding manner, but also conceived the desire of joining their Society. He forthwith applied for admission, and though not one of those four, whom he had accompanied to Valencia, was deemed worthy of being received into the Society, he was enrolled among its novices, by Jerome Natalis, in the year 1553. Having finished his noviceship and entered upon the study of theology, he performed at the same time the duties of preacher and minister of the house and of catechist among his rural neighbors, being accustomed to say that he was ready to discharge a hundred offices if his superiors should impose them on him. And as his industry was as great as his talents, whatever office he undertook, he endeavored to make himself perfect in the discharge of all its obligations. Hence, when through obedience, he assisted in the kitchen or performed other humble offices, he not only applied himself to the task which was assigned him, but rendered himself familiar with the entire art, so as to equal in skill those who had been his instructors. He was, indeed, versed in nearly all those arts which are necessary for the varied purposes of life, and which are exercised by the brothers in religious orders. This knowledge was of great service to him and the occasion of exercising charity towards his neighbor in the disastrous expedition of the Spaniards into Africa, A. D. 1558. Martin, Marquis of Cordova, was appointed to command the royal fleet which was destined for Africa, and F. Martinez and F. Peter Domeneccus, together with a lay brother, were to accompany the army to render them spiritual assistance. Having prosperously reached Oranum, a maratime city of the Spaniards, on the coast of Africa, while the army proceeded to Urostaganum, the fathers and brother were ordered to remain behind for the purpose of giving spiritual and corporal aid to the soldiers, who, more than five hundred in number, occupied a hospital in Oran. Rather would they have desired, and, in-

deed, well would it have been for the army, to share in all its disasters, to be at hand during that dreadful conflict which witnessed the utter ruin of the Christian forces, too few in number to cope with an immense host of barbarians. The news of this defeat having reached Spain, the three Jesuits were lamented as dead, and the usual masses and prayers were offered by their fellow-members of the Society. Providence, however, preserved them amid their incessant toils by day and by night in behalf of the sick, and especially watched over Peter, whose varied attainments made him of the greatest service in the hospital, destining him for other and more glorious combats to the honor of his holy name. In obedience he had reached such perfection, that the more hard and difficult the thing commanded, the more prompt was he in performing it, being accustomed to say that there was nothing, however troublesome and formidable, which he would not boldly undertake, trusting in obedience and the grace of God, having learned, by experience, that the divine assistance was more liberally given where that which was enjoined was attended with more danger and difficulty. Hence, he desired to be sent to countries where idolatry or heresy prevailed, preferring those into which the Christian religion was for the first time to be introduced. This long and most ardent desire of his heart was gratified in the following manner:

Peter Menendez having been appointed by his Catholic Majesty, in the year 1565, to reduce Florida under the sway of the Spaniards, accepted the charge on condition that some apostolic laborers of the Society should be granted him, whose services in his Eastern campaigns he still remembered with gratitude. St. Francis Borgia, at that time Vicar-General of the Society, destined three, one of whom was Martinez, to bear the glad tidings of salvation to Florida; but as Menendez, with his army, was obliged to sail from Spain before the Fathers had time to arrive, Martinez prepared himself for his arduous mission by daily and cruel flagellations and fasts. During the three months which he spent at Alcala, at his own request he performed the humiliating duties of the kitchen, admirable for his self-contempt, and preparing himself by such abasements for the glorious combat in which he was to triumph upon his very entrance into Florida. It may not be amiss here to describe this distant portion of territory—the field of the labors of several members of the Society of Jesus, who there shed their blood for the cause of Christ. Florida is a very extensive province of America adjoining New Spain; Juan Ponce de Leon was the first to enter its territory, on the Feast of Easter, 1512. He named the country Florida, from the festival day on which it was discovered, called by the Spaniards the Easter of Flowers. Its inhabitants are noted for the ferocity of their character, their great strength of body, their extraordinary skill in the use of the arrow, and surpass other nations in expertness in running and swimming. The sun and moon are the principal objects of their adoration—to which sometimes in the year they offer solemn worship, abstaining during three days, without intermission, from eating, drinking and sleeping. Hence, those who can fast longest and with the least detriment to their health, are in the highest repute; but they are condemned to neglect, whose weak constitutions will not allow them to practice long-continued austerities. They live for the most part on the herbs which the soil spontaneously produces, on game, fish and maize, which last is a very common food among the inhabitants of America. They call Caciques (as is also the case in nearly every part of the new world) those whose rank places them above the common people,

As yet, the seed of the Divine Word had not been sown in this vast region of the West; the Spaniards occupied a few garrisons on the maritime coast, but in consequence of the vigorous assaults of the natives, they were reduced to the greatest want. In these extremities, Menendez yielded not to despair, but said that he bore all with equanimity, for he was conscious of having consecrated his arms to the divine glory for which alone he contended, trusting especially to the prayers of the Society, with whose assistance he hoped to accomplish whatever he should undertake, and, therefore, the more anxiously awaited the arrival of the Fathers. After a year's voyage, which was attended with very great suffering, seventeen ships reached the port of St. Augustine in June, sent as a relief by the King of Spain. They were soon followed by a fleet making its way to New Spain, and which conveyed to Florida Peter Martinez and John Roger, priests, and Francis Villaregius, to whom was entrusted the management of domestic affairs. The dispositions which animated them clearly appear from the letter which, upon his departure, Martinez addressed to St. Francis Borgia, as if foretelling the glorious termination of his life.

"In a preceding letter," says he, "I thanked your paternity for the favor which the goodness of God has conferred upon me through you; and I hope from his mercy that, that favor may greatly tend to his service and glory, who is wont to commit illustrious works to the ministration of fishermen and humble men, in order that greater glory may be given to his name and that his power may be more known. By the mercy of God, I undertake this voyage with courage and with entire confidence in his grace, having frequently devoted my life and my blood to his service in the mission which obedience assigns me. Rest assured, dear Father, that we shall employ all our strength, with the assistance of divine grace, in bringing those provinces to the knowledge of their Creator and Redeemer, that those souls redeemed by the most precious blood of Christ may not perish forever. Nor shall we exert ourselves the less in maintaining that good name which the Society of Jesus, to which I owe so much, has well deserved by the illustrious labors of our Fathers, we shall rather endeavor to add to it, as duty requires, to the greater glory of God. I would wish, indeed, that some other head and leader were with us to whom I might be subject; however, the disposition of Divine Providence consoles me in this, as in all other things. With full reliance, therefore, on the virtue of holy obedience, I prepare myself for the office, congratulating myself upon having companions of such merit as John Roger, a professed priest of three vows, remarkable for his great charity and humility, and solid virtue of every kind; and as Francis Villaregius, our helper in domestic affairs, just such a man as I would wish to have—one who, I am convinced, is dear to the heart of God, and whose equal is seldom found. He is, therefore, such a one as this great work demands. We are full of joy, and would wish already to be in our province in order to endure some toils for him who, on our account, labored even unto a bloody sweat and most cruel death. Since it is an undertaking of very great importance to carry the first seed of the Christian faith into regions so vast as those to which we are going, gladly indeed would we have received the benediction of our most Holy Father Pius V, humbly prostrate at his feet. But as this was not in our power, we were sufficiently consoled by the letter which informed us that he wished us well, and, though absent, conferred upon us especial favors; and your paternity can assure him, in our name, that,

besides myself, who am bound to him by the vow of my profession, faithful sons of the Holy Roman Church are about to depart for the acquisition of a new flock, for which end they are ready, with divine grace, to shed their blood, and they account it a very great favor of God to lay down their lives for the spiritual advancement of those whom they may gain to Christ. May your paternity likewise invoke the blessings of heaven upon us, that we may ever remember that we are your children and the children of the Society to which we are so much indebted. To confess the truth, dear Father, my heart is excruciated when I reflect that during the thirteen or fourteen years in which the Society has continued, with so much care and by so many means, to train me up, I have advanced but little, notwithstanding the instructions and examples of heroes so illustrious and holy, of rules and constitution so complete and so wise, notwithstanding the so frequent use of mortification and prayer, so many pious conferences and exhortations, and, in fine, the direction of superiors so prudent and zealous—all which means, employed during so long a time, were well calculated to soften a heart even of stone; hence my heart is torn with anguish upon my departure to a country, where I shall be almost entirely deprived of all these helps. We should now gather, with diligence, the harvest into that place in which it will indeed be of service, and where the field for suffering is very wide. O, that it were given me, before I leave Spain, to speak to all the fathers and brothers of our Society, that I might express and impart to them my feelings, and admonish them to make use of the present time, carefully to gather in and store up for emergencies like mine, those treasures of grace with which they abound. But, since this is not in my power, may I at least suppliantly beg your paternity and the whole Society, to recommend my companions and myself to God, so that we may discharge the trust imposed on us to the glory of God and the advantage of our neighbor."

When the vessel, in which the Fathers were, drew near to Florida, it separated from the fleet bound for New Spain (Cuba), and took a northern direction. But as the captain was unacquainted with the land, which was then scarcely thirty miles distant, it was determined to send, in a small boat, men who would explore the country. None, however, were found daring enough to venture among fierce and cruel savages. The captain therefore ordered some Belgians to go to the shore, who positively refused to comply unless Father Martinez were allowed to accompany them. The Father being informed of this determination, fearless when others were to be served, and filled with that charity which bids us sacrifice our lives for our brethren, leaped first into the boat, being followed by nine Belgians and a smaller number of Spaniards. Scarcely had they reached the land, when a storm arose and drove far from sight the ship which they had left. Going upon shore with his companions, Father Martinez could find no traces of Spaniards—all, far and wide, was a dreary wilderness. And although on one side the rough and threatening ocean, on the other, unknown and vast solitudes were presented to the eye—they waited for ten days in the same place, with but little food to satisfy their hunger, thinking that perhaps some other vessel might present itself. Occasionally they wandered about to gather a few herbs, Father Martinez at their head, bearing the image of Christ crucified, and as his companions afterwards related, performing prodigies of charity. But at length despairing of the return of the ship (which, after many circuits, landed at the Island of Cuba), and fearing to scour the country

with which they were entirely unacquainted, being besides almost reduced to extremities from scarcity of provisions, they determined to entrust themselves to an adjacent river, against the current of which they rowed for nearly fifteen miles. As, however, nought but solitary and desert lands met their view, they returned to the sea, intending to proceed along its coast, hoping somewhere to meet with a harbor. Another river meets them after they had coasted along for sixty miles, turning into which as their boat suddenly runs aground, Father Martinez leaps first into the water, and applying all his strength, with the assistance of two Spaniards, he succeeds in extricating the vessel. Here they pass the night. On the following morning, having left a few to take care of the boat, the rest, with Father Martinez at their head, carrying his crucifix fastened to the point of a lance, went forth to explore the country, invoking the protection of the saints by chanting their litanies. They met with a few huts amid the pines—but saw only one man, who immediately concealed himself in the neighboring forest. Entering the huts with the expectation of finding something to satisfy the hunger which almost devoured them, they saw only a large fish, half of which they took; and leaving, at the suggestion of Father Martinez, a cloak and a collar of glass as the price of the fish, returned to their boat. On the following day, five natives appeared near the river and invited them by signs to the shore; the Father putting his hand to his mouth, thus indicating his desire for food. The Indians immediately hastened to their huts, anxious to gratify those whom they had found so liberal on the preceding day in paying for the fish. They returned, therefore, laden with excellent water, broiled fish and other articles of food, and indicated by various signs that they were far from being a hostile people. The Father gave them in return (it was the best that his poverty could afford), a few pictures which he cut out with his scissors from the leaves of his book. These, like children, they manifestly prized more than the armor which two of the Spaniards had presented to them. Father Martinez and his companions coasted along the shore, meeting with kindness from the various tribes that dwelt near the streams along which they passed. An old man who seemed far beyond his hundredth year, with hair flowing down to his knees, indicated by signs, that when they should have passed three tribes, who dwelt near as many rivers, they would meet with a Spanish colony. Consequently, having quickened their speed and passed by two tribes, as they drew near the Island of Tacatucurus they met with four young fishermen, who, without hesitation, offered them a large quantity of fish; one, however, of the youths, immediately withdrawing, called together more than forty of the natives, twelve of whom entered the boat, while the rest remained upon the shore. The Father reading in their ferocious looks the hostility of their minds, was yet unwilling that the boat should be farther removed from the shore until the Belgians, who had landed, should return. The charity which led him to save the life of a neighbor, procured his own death. For, while the Belgians, having returned, were entering the boat, some of the savages, judging from his dress that he came to teach a law which was hateful to them, seized the Father and two of the Belgians with sudden violence, and dashing with them into the river, carried them an easy burden to the shore. Those in the boat were witnesses of the execution—they saw the Father upon his knees, with hands uplifted towards heaven, receiving from a club repeated blows upon the head until life was extinct.

The two Belgians met with a similar fate on the same occasion, viz. September 28, 1566.

The rest, who were in the boat, escaped with difficulty from the arrows of the enemy. On the following day they met with a Spanish vessel, and related to Menendez the sad death of Father Martinez, which occurred within fifteen miles of him. They ceased not to speak of his extraordinary charity and the other virtues which he practiced among them; they spoke with grateful recollections of his kindness in accompanying them to gather herbs, which he cooked during the night upon the shore—they said that he alone constantly consoled and sustained them all, speaking not only his native tongue, but addressing the Belgians in the language of their country which he had never learned. Menendez, upon hearing these details, experienced lively regret; acknowledged that he was unworthy of such a helper, and ascribed it to his sins that he was deprived of such a man, in whom he placed more confidence than in a powerful army.

HARP OF THE FALLEN!

Harp of the fallen, how calm are thy slumbers!
Hush'd are thy chords in unbroken repose—
Where is the bard of the love-breathing numbers
Again the deep tale of thy tears to disclose?
Oh! where is that spirit, whose rapture could borrow
Rich dreams of thy freedom and fire,
And mingled so sweetly the softness and sorrow
That breath'd from the soul of his own island lyre?

In darkness he found thee—in sunshine he left thee—
Liberty liv'd in thy heart-swelling strain;
But tyrants again of thy music bereft thee,
And "silence around thee hath bound his cold chain."
Thy harpings are vanish'd—thy spirit has spoken—
The nations no more at thy story shall weep,
Whilst the hearts of thy children all lonely and broken
Shall hum thy wild songs o'er the far distant deep!

Harp of the fallen, repose on the willow!
Sigh like the breeze passing over thy frame—
Mourn like the break of the sea's weeping billow,
No more shalt thou waken to freedom and fame;
Where are the garlands of glory that bound thee?
Where are the hearts that could start at thy call?
Where are the splendors of old that were 'round thee,
The boldness of Brian—the fire of Fingal?

They are gone, my lov'd Harp, and have left thee forsaken—
Rude was the hand of the spoiler upon thee;
But all is not over—thy chords shall awaken
In full chorus, yet, to the shouts of the free.
Oh, yes! when the spirit of Liberty rallies
On the blue of the hill and the green of the plain,
And the voice of thy sons shall repeat in thy vallies
The soul-stirring cry of "a nation again!"

Examiner.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER I.—*Castle Abey-Ha.*

LORD SEYMOUR TO COUNT ALPHONSUS DE MANCINI.

WHAT a length of time has elapsed since our last interview! How many events have transpired since we met! God has directed all; let us bless him, now and forever.

Your letter of last month, convinced me, that mine had not yet reached you. Any other than Alphonsus would have doubted my friendship; but we both know how to value the motive of an affection which neither time nor circumstances can change; and in this fleeting world, after the possession of a true friend, the first of blessings is to know how to appreciate him, and to confide in him; this sweet security is the basis of happiness.

The hope of soon seeing you here induces me to send a recital of all the events, that have brought us together. You are already acquainted with Henry of Walsingham, and his sister Matilda: they are as anxious as myself to have you here, and your first interview will be the more agreeable, from your having been informed by my letter of all that concerns them and their children.

You know it is about eight years since I last saw you returning from Boyonne, where I met Sidney, and embraced the Roman Catholic religion. After our separation, I passed to the north of Scotland. Rosline Castle was a most peaceful abode. Henry of Walsingham had lost his wife, Caroline of Salisbury, who being of an extremely gentle and sensitive disposition, had suffered greatly from the misfortunes that afflicted her family, without showing her grief or the pains she endured. She had thus undermined her constitution, and they perceived when it was too late, the secret sufferings of this virtuous lady.

Henry having become a widower, he and his sister, the Marchioness of Rosline, brought up their children in a solitude, which they knew well how to render agreeable, and far remote from a perverse world, for which they had inspired them with horror. Whilst Lady Mary Walsingham received from the Marchioness the care of the most tender mother, Edmund and Silva shared equally the paternal affection of Lord Walsingham, who joining a wise firmness to the most amiable sweetness, forgot nothing that could form the mind and heart of his nephew and son. United in holy friendship, though both inclinations totally different, these two young friends were inseparable in their studies and amusements, and had but one heart and one soul—to love God, their parents, and their duties.

Edmund, quick and impulsive, like his father, Arthur of Rosline, had need of all his religion, and the power of virtue too, to repress his natural violence. Silva, on the contrary, quiet, thoughtful, silent and reserved, was more difficult to know, and had greater command of his passions.

I arrived at Rosline Castle in the month of May; Matilda and Henry received me with the most distinguished affection. I did not at first tell them I was a Catholic, wishing to give them an agreeable surprise. The Marchioness presented to me her son Edmund, a lad of fourteen years old; the daughter of Lord Walsingham was twelve.

They had just made their first communion together. I learned at the same time, that Silva, the interesting god-son of Lorenzo, who was to have shared the same happiness with his sister and cousin, had asked and obtained from his father a delay of fifteen days, and that he had gone to pass them with Mr. Billingham, at an Abbey some leagues distant, in order to prepare himself better for this holy and awful action. This recital made me doubly regret not being able to make the acquaintance of this amiable child; but urgent business demanded my presence in the south of Scotland. I took leave of the inmates of Rosline Castle, after having related to them my conversion, which overwhelmed them with joy.

I spent many years in traveling; during this time, Silva made his first communion with angelic fervor, at the Abbey where he had made his retreat. This child was gifted with the sweetest benedictions of Heaven, and he corresponded with them in a manner far above his age. Mr. Billingham, who cherished him as his son, brought him back to the castle, where he suffered cheerfully the little pleasantries, that his sister and cousin indulged in, on his decided taste for solitude.

Lord Walsingham, however, found it inconvenient to keep Edmund and Mary any longer together. He was sure Matilda would have no objection to their union, and that she could easily obtain a dispensation from Rome; but whilst waiting until their age would permit them to think of it; it was prudent to separate them. Matilda made the same reflections, and both feared to communicate them to the other, not being able to resolve on depriving Mary of the maternal care of Matilda, or Edmund of a guide such as his Uncle Henry.

After mature deliberation, Lord Walsingham taking his sister aside, explained to her all the reasons which rendered it necessary to separate their children, and he added: here is my plan, which I wish to submit entirely to you; the preservation of my estate in England, the very advanced age of Lord B—— demand my presence in that country; I desire to commence a voyage of some years by a short sojourn in Great Britain, and to take with me your son and mine, leaving Mary with you until my return.

Matilda approved her brother's plan; she, however, expressed her fears with regard to his stay in England, where there was still much excitement in favor of Mary Stuart, against whom Elizabeth was carrying on a criminal persecution. She represented to her brother Edmund's ardent disposition, his great excitement at the remembrance of the Marquis of Rosline, and her fears, that his devotion and enthusiasm in the same cause might lead him into dangerous difficulties.

Henry had foreseen all. He reassured his sister, promised her that Edmund should not leave him a single day, and that he would bring him back to her, such as she could desire. Matters being thus decided, he called the two youths into his cabinet and communicated to them his design.

"You are of an age," said he, "to know something of the world, to study its customs and frequent society, of which you must be the example and ornament, if you would realize my hopes. Traveling instructs while it amuses, and forms the character when you travel with a guide

capable of rendering it useful to you, such as I purpose to be to you. I am aware that solitude until now has not been burthensome to you, but you must learn also to bear society; it exacts sacrifices, attentions, cares and respect, and one must possess more than ordinary virtue to mingle with the world and remain what he was in retirement. Besides the soul loses nothing by it, and acquires more merit, provided she does not allow herself to be dazzled by its false brilliancy; this is what we will do with the assistance of Heaven, which never fails those who ask it."

Lord Walsingham, who watched the countenances of his pupils, saw that his proposition gave no pain to Edmund, but Silva, a deep crimson suffusing his countenance, kept his eyes, full of tears, cast down, and preserved a mournful silence. Edmund inquired what countries they were to visit, and what was to be the term of their journey. Lord Henry named Spain and Italy. He saw with pleasure that his nephew was not very much affected at leaving Rosline Castle; but the sad and painful silence of Silva surprised him much. He left them, however, without solving his doubts, and prepared for their departure.

Edmund flew to his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and Silva went alone in the garden, whither his father followed at a distance; he took the path to a pavillion, where Mr. Billingham retired to study, read, or meditate. The door was open, Silva stopped upon the threshold, fearing to disturb his respectable friend who was occupied in reading; Mr. B. making a sign to him to enter, he threw himself upon a seat near him, and wept bitterly.

"All my projects of peace and seclusion," said he, "are destroyed. I must frequent the world, which I had hoped to quit without ever knowing it; I must breathe its poison, and perhaps lose in one moment the fruits of your cares, your prayers, and the retirement of my youth. O, my father, my respectable friend! obtain of Lord Walsingham for me, the privilege of remaining here, that I may be forgotten."

"My son," said the good old man, gravely, "the first of virtues is, obedience; it is the basis and the pearl of all the others, it opens heaven, triumphs over all the obstacles to salvation and God, scatters all evils before it; He prefers it to the most heroic sacrifices, and it is by it that one enters with a rapid flight into the career of perfection—"

"But without you?"

"Man is but a feeble reed; God employs him to-day for the service of one of his children, to-morrow he breaks, or removes him, and the first object he meets becomes, in his all-powerful hand, a more useful instrument, until it pleases him to substitute a third. Raise your heart, my dear Silva, above passing events. The Eternal only will render you happy. Be careful not to let your father suspect your repugnance to follow him; come to table with a tranquil countenance."

Silva kissed the hand of the venerable old man, without answering a word.

Lord Walsingham joined Mr. Billingham, to whom he had already imparted his plans before even speaking of them to Matilda; they spoke of the marked inclination of Silva for solitude. Lord Walsingham being a sincere Christian, did not wish to oppose the vocation of his son, nor to disquiet himself about it, but he desired that his inclination should be matured with his age. Silva acted during dinner as Mr. Billingham had requested him; Lady Mary wept much, and Matilda could not part with her son and nephew without sensible grief. Henry embraced the Marchioness of Rosline, then pressing to his heart his well-beloved daughter,

he said, "Render yourself worthy of Matilda, the memory of your mother and of my tenderness." Mr. Billingham blessed Edmund and Silva, and the travelers left Rosline Castle. Silva, who did not know that Mr. Kennelly was to be of their party, learned it with inexpressible satisfaction. This ecclesiastic, who was much younger than Mr. Billingham, had been brought up at Rosline Castle by the Duchess of Salusbury, and after the death of the Marquis of Rosline, he had devoted himself to the education of Edmund and Silva, under the direction of Billingham, whom he loved as his father.

Chapter II.

In passing Remember Hill, Henry sighed as he saluted this dwelling, which awakened the remembrance of Lorenzo, Caroline, Arthur and Sidney. He stopped but little until he reached Carlisle, whither the desire of seeing an old friend of his family, led him to the house of Admiral O'Dell, an Irish lord, a Catholic, and very much attached to the Queen of Scotland, for which he was deprived of the greater part of his wealth during the regency of Murray.

Admiral O'Dell had three daughters; the eldest, who was married to Lord Melvell, kept his house and took care of the two younger sisters, sixteen and eighteen years of age. The desire of establishing them handsomely in the world, engaged the admiral in a round of feasts and pleasures, and involved him in a train of extravagance his fortune did not justify. Esther and Jenny loved the world, show and expense; Lady Melvell blamed them, and was scarcely more reasonable herself.

The wife of the Admiral was still living, but so infirm that she never left her room, or saw any one.

Lord Walsingham was received with open arms; they congratulated him on having arrived precisely on the day of the ball, which would be embellished by his presence, and particularly that of his sons. Edmund passed for such, because the name of Rosline being proscribed, Henry made him bear his name.

Mr. Kennelly inquired particularly for my Lady O'Dell, who though his half-sister, being children of the same mother, but of a different father, he did not know. This lady was about fifty years old, very infirm, and had kept her chamber for several years. Mr. Kennelly begged Lady Melvell to introduce him into her room, and Silva obtained leave to accompany him. Lady O'Dell was a woman of distinguished merit, endowed with wit, with knowledge and religion; her seclusion was not burthensome to her, and her acute and continual sufferings had altered neither her gentleness of disposition, nor her Christian resignation. Mr. Kennelly, who was an orphan from his tenderest years, and brought up at Rosline Castle, knew nothing of his family, learned that his mother had seen both her husbands perish for their religion, during the stormy reigns of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth in England. Being left a widow with one daughter of her first marriage, and twins of the second, she soon fell a victim to her sorrows. Anna had married, when very young, Admiral O'Dell; the two others were confided to the Duchess of Salusbury, who kept the young Kennelly with her and placed his twin-sister in a convent, from which she removed her at the age of eighteen, to marry her to Major Love, an excellent Catholic and devoted to Mary Stuart, for whom he lost his life.

Silva was charmed with the conversation of Lady O'Dell, and engaged

his father and Edmund to come and pass the evening with this respectable lady. Henry willingly agreed, and excusing himself on account of the fatigues of his journey, obtained the consent of the Admiral to absent himself from the fête. Lady O'Dell received them most graciously, and preserved during the entire evening an unalterable amiability, which prevented any one from suspecting her sufferings and anxieties.

The next day at breakfast, the Admiral, addressing himself especially to Silva, complained gaily of their absence from the ball. "My lord," replied Silva, "you have lost nothing; I am but a child, and would have added little honor to your feast, which, through the kindness of Lady O'Dell, I have had the honor of amusing and diverting her in her solitude." "As for us," said Jenny, "this has given us great pleasure, for we should have been obliged to quit the ball, from time to time, to keep ma company had no one been with her." "I believe, nevertheless," interrupted Edmund, "that it is frequently with regret that you sacrifice the society of Lady O'Dell to the necessity of embellishing the fêtes given by your father, for what pleasures can compensate for those offered by the conversations of such a mother." "It is true," replied Miss Hester, "but mamma is always sick, and you will admit, that at our age, it is not agreeable to be all the time shut up."

"It is impossible," said the Admiral, laughing; "I neglect nothing for the amusement of my daughters. Their education being completed, they must enjoy themselves."

The following days Silva continued to visit Lady O'Dell. Henry abstained through delicacy, perceiving that the Admiral did not like his wife to receive strangers. A few days sufficed for Lady O'Dell to bestow her esteem and affection on Silva, who soon discovered that deep afflictions, joined to physical maladies, were shortening the days of this estimable lady. Her frequent prayers were always accompanied by tears, and her melancholy was often perceptible amidst the charms of her conversations, which were as amiable as they were solid and instructive. He thought that the dissipation and frivolity of the Misses O'Dell were well calculated to afflict a mother so capable of perceiving them, and so little able to remedy them; he learned, moreover, that Lady O'Dell had other troubles besides these. Suffering with a cancer, a most fatal disease, which would inevitably terminate in death, she was, in a measure, sequestered from the world by the will of her husband, who feared that the knowledge of her complaint, the germ of which was in her blood, would injure the settlement of his daughters. This sad and frightful situation was, nevertheless, the least of the sorrows of this virtuous lady. Her young sister, Augusta, caused her the greatest anxiety. This unhappy wife of Major Love had abandoned her faith to adopt the new opinions of Henry the VIII. Ruined by her own follies, and the death of her husband, she had written for a time to her sister to solicit assistance, which had not been as liberally granted as Lady O'Dell desired; and for nearly two years she had received no letters, from which she concluded that either the Admiral had interdicted a correspondence on a subject to which he would not listen, or Madam Love had herself given up an intercourse, which could only awaken remorse without bettering her condition.

This uncertainty of the fate of her cherished sister, steeped the days of Lady O'Dell in bitterness. Mr. Kennelly and Silva shared deeply her just grief.

"God has still faithful servants," cried the young Walsingham vehemently; "it shall not be said, that there are English Catholics and an

unfortunate creature perish without assistance, and without there being some charitable soul who will bring her back to the path of virtue. We will seek for her, her brother and I, and we will restore her to you at least for eternity. God will bless our efforts. It is certainly not without design that he has tried her so severely."

He was also informed that Madam Love had a son; but being separated from her husband, she had never seen either of them from the time of the separation. Her son was then only two years old, and Lady O'Dell had heard nothing of him since the death of Major Love.

Silva promised to use with great discretion the confidence of this lady, and a short time after, Henry decided on leaving Carlisle, where he had spent five weeks with the Admiral.

The morning of their departure, being alone with his sons, "If you have a mind to marry," said he to them smiling, "here are two young ladies that I could easily obtain from their father."

"If all resemble them," said Edmund quickly, "I will renounce matrimony forever, without hesitation."

"Do you seriously think, there are many that are not like them?"

"Many—I cannot yet judge of them, but I very well know that my mother was always what she is now, and that my sister Mary follows her example."

Lord Walsington changed the conversation; Lady O'Dell regretted deeply her brother and Silva, whom she called her little angel. From Carlisle, Henry of Walsington went to New Market, where the races had brought together a number of strangers. Edmund was skilled in horsemanship—Silva refused to take any part in the races, having for two years given up this exercise. I was at New Market when they arrived. Lord Walsingham had given me a rendezvous, and we had agreed by letter to travel together. It was there I saw, for the first time, his interesting Silva. There was nothing remarkable in this young man at first sight—a modest deportment, and even a little careless in his manner—features rather amiable than regular—an air of candor and reserve, were all that one could distinguish on his angelic face; but it was difficult to converse with him an hour, without being fascinated with him, and impossible to know him thoroughly without esteeming and loving him. At the same time the noble and handsome physiognomy of the young Arthur of Rosline struck me, his affable and dignified manners, his wit and agreeable conversation, charmed me.

We passed an evening together at the Spanish ambassador's, who received us with distinguished courtesy—there was a ball that night. Edmund and Silva, with very different sentiments, seemed to study in the eyes of Lord Walsingham the manner they were to act. Henry said it was late, and they would retire together. I accompanied them.

"Do you not like dancing?" said I to Silva, as we were returning to the hotel. "I am persuaded, that you would have acquitted yourself handsomely."

"It is a trifling merit, if any," replied he, smiling; "and I declare, my Lord, that I think it the most dangerous and ridiculous amusement in the world."

"It is at least very good exercise," said Edmund; "but, my Lord, you do not yet know my brother; he is a sage; he compassionates without participating in the weaknesses of humanity."

Silva laughed with me at the pleasantry of his brother, and resumed the conversation.

"If dancing is indeed an exercise, it is at least a *very healthy one*—said he laughing—in the middle of the night in heated and crowded rooms; we see every day also the consequences of balls and their influences on the health of young persons, who give themselves up to them—hemorrhages of the chest, phthisics, &c., are the ordinary fruits they produce."

Edmund turned the conversation, and spoke of our travels; Silva expressed to me his joy at our continuing our journey together, and spoke much to me of Sidney, with whom he corresponded. I manifested surprise at it. "Ah! it is in a great measure to the memory of my uncle Hidalla, that I owe this privilege; for I know that he does not write to any one else, and I conceive, that in his happy solitude, it must be a real sacrifice, to occupy himself still with what passes in the world, for which he has ceased to exist."

The sentiment which animated this reflection did not escape Lord Walsingham. He spoke with me a little after, of his son's ideas of piety and solitude. I discovered in this conversation, that he would have preferred them to be a little less remarkable.

The next day, Henry received a letter from Lord B——, informing him, that the desperate state of his health required the waters of Bath, and requesting him to come, and reside at his castle near Oxford, that he might watch over his estate until his return, in case he ever did. Lord Walsingham determined to go without delay, and requested me to accompany him. We set out the same day for Oxford. We had two carriages —one for our attendants and baggage, and the other was occupied by Mr. Kennelly and Silva. Lord Henry, Edmund, and myself, preferred riding on horseback. I noticed how much the young Marquis of Rosline was attached to Lord Walsingham; he scarcely ever quitted him, loved him, consulted him, and revered him as a father. Henry likewise, notwithstanding his tenderness for his son, was somewhat more friendly and cordially affectionate towards Edmund.

After we had gone some leagues, I observed the first time we stopped in a village, the change in Silva's countenance, he cast himself joyously into Edmund's arms. "Ah!" said he: "how soon the pure air of the country and rural diversions efface those of New Market and large cities!"

"The pleasures of the country," said Lord Henry, "infinitely surpass the others, but all persons are not equally susceptible of enjoying them. One must have pure morals, simple inclinations, and a heart which has not yet been corrupted, by the passions, which often tyrannize over society, to taste those innocent pleasures. I sigh and think with bitterness of the many days and years I have lost in the pursuit of the vain enjoyments of the world."

Arriving at Oxford, were Lord B—— had a hotel, we lodged there, and Henry requested Mr. Kennelly to go before him to Castle Grove, in order to prepare this dwelling during the fifteen days that his business would detain him in the city. Silva asked permission to accompany him; Lord Walsingham consented, and proposed to Edmund to go with Mr. Kennelly and his brother, but he refused.

To be continued.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. III.

"Honors to the Dead."—Who has not read the record of the glorious triumphal march in death, through the heart of the Republic, from New Orleans to Philadelphia, of the sad cortege bearing on to an honored tomb the remains of the young hero-martyr to the cause of humanity and science! Yet who of all those who gazed mournfully upon his funeral pall, or read with sympathising hearts the long roll of honors showered on him, paused for a moment to analyze the impulses that struck the responsive chord in his own heart? The generous spirit had taken its flight, the nobler part of man was gone! What more is here? Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. And will the departed spirit heed these obsequies? His honored ashes can not spurn the fellowship of the less honored dead:—for Death is the great leveller, and by his hand all are made equal dust.

So, of all the victims of the pestilence at Norfolk. The bodies of the fourteen physicians and assistants, who went from Philadelphia to save the death-struck people, or perish with them, are to be taken back to Philadelphia as martyrs: and martyrs to humanity truly and nobly were they. Yet, wherefore this? Can they heed this now?

Yes! The Church will answer, for there is the communion of souls, the living and the dead, mindful and interceding, honoring and honored; and without it, all this is vain and meaningless. Yes! it is right, it is just, it is true to the divine spirit of Religion, natural and revealed; and it is the unconscious testimony of the world to an instinctive faith in the communion of the living with the dead. Humanity has its heroes and its martyrs,—and all that is generous, that is noble in the human heart, gushes forth at once to honor those who have become heroes and martyrs to the noblest and most unselfish, most devoted impulses: because in thus much it sees human nature approaching to and reflecting the Divine. It is not dust honoring dust: but the immortal soul, still pent in clay, honoring the generous spirit that has sped, and treasuring the holy relics, once and forever made sacred as its living casket and again to arise at the last day, transformed, to become its glorified tabernacle. It is Christianity—Catholicity.

The world by its acts bears witness to its spontaneous belief in this: yet hesitates and cavils, when the question is of honor to the saints of God and their sacred relics,—the heroes and martyrs of Religion, those immortal heroes who have labored, toiled, and died, in searching for lost souls wandering in the frozen regions of darkness and despair or stricken by the pestilence of sin: who have offered up their lives for the faith of their Redeemer, who stand before the Throne of our Father in Heaven, intercessors for their living, communing, brothers yet only separated from them by the thin veil of flesh soon to be dissolved into dust. How many "Thoughts" of this pent up with "Words" of "Honor to the Dead!"

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

THE CROSS AND THE CRUCIFIX.—A cross with the representation of our Lord's body attached to it, is called a crucifix; one without it, is simply a cross. Both claim the Christian's veneration and love, because they are memorials of the true cross and of Christ who died on it. Leontius, Bishop of Cyprus, thus explained in the second Council of Nice, held 787, the adoration paid to the cross and the crucifix: "He who receives an official document from the Emperor venerates the seal, not because of the paper on which it is impressed, nor of the lead with which it is formed, but because of the Emperor whose seal it is: In like manner we Christians, when adoring the figure of the cross, adore not the nature of the wood, but the sign and the seal of Christ. Looking at it we salute and adore Him who was crucified on it. As children, when they see the staff or the chair or the robe of a beloved and absent father, kiss it with tears, through desire and veneration for their father; so we adore the cross as the staff of Christ."

The Church exposes the crucifix on Good Friday to the public and solemn adoration of the faithful. Benedict XIV, influenced by the testimony of St. Paulinus of Nola, in a letter written to Severus (the thirty-first in the collection of his letters), is inclined to think that this ceremony originated in the rite of the Church of Jerusalem of exposing the true cross to adoration on Good Friday. Those of the Western churches which were not so happy as to have a portion of the sacred relic, performed the ceremony with a common crucifix.

As long as the punishment of the cross continued frequent among the Pagans, the early Christians were careful not to show in public the image of the God-man attached to what was still considered an infamous instrument of death, but they adored the cross itself with precious stones, in order that the sign of malediction might become by degrees, in the eyes of the new converts, a sign of glory and triumph. What better use could be made of earth's jewels than in beautifying the sacred emblem of that cross which was once gemmed with precious blood! Certain busy-bodies complained to St. Francis of Sales that a noble lady, who had placed herself under his spiritual direction, was guilty of great vanity in adorning with diamonds a golden cross that she wore. "What you call vanity," said the mild and prudent saint, "edifies me much. Would that all the crosses in the world were adorned with diamonds and other precious stones!"

The crosses of the first ages had sometimes on their top the figure of a dove, the symbol of the Holy Ghost. A copious stream of water flowed from its beak, typifying the abundant grace diffused in our hearts by the spirit of Love. On the right and left of the cross were the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Evangelist, and at its foot was a lamb from the breast and feet of which flowed blood, thus symbolizing the True Lamb crucified for our sins. The head of the lamb was surmounted by a cross, and the blood issuing from its breast was received in a chalice. This manner of representing Jesus Christ was preserved until 680, when the third Council of Constantinople, held under Pope Agatho, ordered that for the future our Lord should be represented attached to the cross under the figure of a man.

Stags and lambs were sometimes depicted at the foot of the cross, eagerly drinking of the water which bubbled up on all sides. The stags represented the Gentiles who, by virtue of the cross, have been delivered from the darkness of idolatry and purified from their sins; the lambs were the faithful who came to draw from the sacred sign of salvation, the graces which they needed to preserve their purity and innocence. Nor was it rare to paint on the cross twelve doves, emblems of the twelve Apostles whom their Divine Master bid be *wise as serpents and simple as doves.* (St. Matt. x, 16.) There

were also crosses from the extremities of which crowns were suspended; hence they were called *crowned crosses;* these wreaths signify, that to be crowned in heaven they must bear the cross on earth. The crown which was on the summit of the cross was upheld by a hand, symbol of the glorious victory which the Hand of the Risen Jesus gained with the banner of the cross, by snatching the crown of empire from the pallid brow of Death. It was also an allusion to what was practiced amongst the Romans; another's hand held suspended over the head of the conquering general, as he marched through Rome in stately triumph, the wreath of victory.

On most of the ancient crosses, when our Saviour is represented under a human shape, the figure is not in relief, but painted on the cross itself. Sometimes he is depicted not in an attitude of suffering and death, but of triumph. Instances are not wanting in the Western church of crucifixes which represent our Lord hanging to the cross entirely clothed.

Our holy ancestors in the faith had great respect and love for the image of Jesus crucified, and in this they have been imitated by the peasantry of Catholic Europe. On the roadside and in the forest, in the valley and on the mountain, stands the cross of Christ, preaching its silent but eloquent sermon on the passion, bringing tears from the eyes and prayers from the heart of the Christian traveler. *Cincinnati Telegraph.*

Touching Incident.—We find in a foreign paper the following beautiful and touching incident, which is said to have occurred at Constantinople during the late European War, and is illustrative of that heavenly charity which every where characterises the Sisters of Mercy:

"A Mussulman, of the lower class, had been condemned to death for an offense which would appear in France not to be very grave, but which justice, sometimes summary, punishes with death in Turkey. The convict was the father of eight children. The Sisters learned and were moved by the fact. This man cannot be allowed to die, said they, he must be saved. But how? A direct appeal to the Sultan appeared the shortest as well as the surest way. To demand an audience, said they, is the only means. And the two Sisters proceeded to the palace, where their presence must have appeared very strange; the demand for an audience met more than one difficulty, which they overcame. At length the Sisters are introduced to the Sultan, whom they find smoking, in the Turkish fashion, the narguille in a sparkling tube. Abdul Medjid is a man of high mind, and in whom grace of manner is added to dignity. They explained to the Sultan the object of their desire, and he listened to them with smiles and affability. 'I grant his pardon,' said he; 'could I refuse anything to the secret zeal which puts such sentiments into the heart? It is a beautiful thing, that religion which inspires, O holy ladies, a devotion like yours. You bless that religion and bless this generous France. Please to follow this officer (indicating one), he will lead you to the prison, and you will have the pleasure of freeing your protege with your own hands, to restore him to his family.' And as they were withdrawing, softened to tears, and endeavoring to thank him, he added, 'Do not forget the way to this palace, every time you may have anything to ask from me, do not be afraid; all the doors will be open to you—to you the Angels of Mercy.'"

Maxims and Rules of Life.—Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings.

In all your contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph.

Value triumph only as the means of peace.

Do not attempt to frighten your children and inferiors by passion: it does more harm to your own character than it does good to them; the same thing is better done by firmness and persuasion.

Find fault when you must find fault, in private, if possible; and some time after the offense, rather than at the time.

The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

The Well of Samaria.—There is a hallowed charm, a sacred spell, a magic-like influence that seems to hold our spirits in awe when we first set our foot upon the now barren soil of a once favored land; and, as we climb the lofty mountains, and range the valleys of ancient Judea, in imagination we again hear the mournful melody of the harp, that has long since been hung upon the willows.

But, dreary and desolate as this land now is, there are many places of thrilling interest to the traveler; among these is the Well of Samaria, rendered immortal, not because of its antiquity, although many centuries have rolled round since the good old patriarch first dug for its cooling waters; not for its beauty, although both Nature and Art might have combined to make it doubly enchanting, the pure limpid waters of the fountain springing forth from the bosom of the earth, reflecting back the rays of the morning sun, which shone like diamonds on its pure surface; nor yet for its utility, although many a gentle maiden watered her father's flock from its exhaustless fountain, and filled her pitcher for the more pressing wants of her household.

Time, that almighty rushing flood, has long since swept these things into the ocean of oblivion; but there are other and better reasons for perpetuating its memory—the eternal and ever blessed God, while clothed in his mortality, deigned to sit by it and teach the ignorant, calling forth the attention of his hearers to the waters of eternal life. Ask yonder female, who has left her water-pot and is fast hastening to the city of Samaria, how long she will remember it, and what will her answer be? Ask the gathering throng who are following her footsteps to that well, when it will cease to be thought of, and will they not reply, Eternity alone can tell? and, as they sit by the side of Jacob's well, and hear the words of the meek and lowly Saviour, telling them that if they drink of the waters of eternal life they would thirst no more. Oh! how do they bless the day when that well was dug, to be a pulpit from which the waters of life have been preached to them, and satisfied the thirst of their immortal souls. Oh, Well of Samaria, how honored thou hast been! and no marvel—among the ruin and wreck of time, thou hast still found a place where the seat of mighty monarchs cannot be pointed out.

Home.—Montgomery has written the following beautiful lines on the endearing name of *home:*

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanted shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benighly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie,
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet,
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

A Chapter for the Young.

The Vision and the Scholar.—Among the students of the University of Padua during the early part of the thirteenth century, there was a scholar by the name of Albert de Groot, a native of Lawingen, a town of Swabia, now fallen into decay. Albert was remarkable for his stupidity and the dullness of his intellect, and was at once the object of ridicule of his companions, and the victim of his teachers. In addition to his mental defects, he was timid and shy, and without any powers of speech to defend himself against the taunts and jeers of his school-mates. Even his diminutive size for one of his age, being then fifteen years old, did not escape the keenness of their satire.

Albert was not insensible to their raillery, and more than once would have listened to the temptation of despair, had it not been for the care of his virtuous mother, and the ardent piety with which she had inspired his youthful mind, and his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin. If he felt it hard to endure the jeers and ridicule of his companions, yet, when he considered that he had neither readiness, memory, nor intelligence, he thought within himself that probably he deserved all their reproaches; and that the career of science, which he so ardently desired, was not his vocation. Deeply influenced by this conviction, at the age of sixteen, he applied for admission into the Dominican Order, thinking that if he did not shine among the brilliant men who were its glory, yet at least he might the better save his soul. The General of the Order, who was of his own country, gave him a kind welcome, and received him into the convent to complete his studies.

But alas! he found in the cloister the same sorrows he had sought to avoid. His slow wit and dull intellect could take in nothing, or express nothing; and though he found more charity among the novices than among the turbulent students of the University, yet he saw clearly that he was looked upon as the lowest in the house. His piety and humility for a long time supported him; his courage did not fail; he looked forward with hope to the day when his perseverance would surmount all obstacles and break the bonds which held him captive. He took the habit, and became a monk; but still his backwardness as a scholar continued. After two years of patience, he began to be thoroughly discouraged; he thought he had been mistaken; that perhaps he had yielded to an impulse of pride in entering an order whose mission was to preach to the people, and to proclaim to the world the faith of Christ; and which consequently ought to be distinguished for science as well as for virtue; and considering that he should never be able to master either logic or eloquence, he resolved to fly from the convent. Concealing the matter from every human being, he confided the subject of his departure to the Blessed Virgin, his consolation in all his trials. On the night fixed for departure he prayed longer than usual, then after waiting till all the convent was asleep, he went from his cell, gained without noise the walls of the garden, and fixed a ladder against them. But before he ascended, he knelt again and prayed to God not to condemn the step he was taking, for that nevertheless he would serve him, and belong to him, and to him alone.

As he was about to rise, he beheld four majestic ladies advancing towards him. They were surrounded by a heavenly radiance, while their dignity tempered with sweetness and serenity, inspired him with confidence and respect. Two of them placed themselves before the ladder, as if to prevent him from ascending. The third drawing near, asked him kindly why he thus departed, and how he could desert his convent and throw himself without a guide into the dangers of a wicked world. Albert, without rising from the ground, pleaded as an excuse his obstinate incapacity, which resisted all the efforts of his perseverance.

"It is," said the lady, "because you seek in the mere human strength of your own intellect, the light which comes only from God. Behold your Mother," pointing to the fourth lady, "your amiable protectress, who loves you tenderly; ask her for the gift of knowledge; implore her with confidence; our intercession shall second you,"

The scholar recognized in the fourth lady the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, and bending his face to the ground, he asked her in all the fervor of his heart for the light of science, as heretofore he had only prayed for the graces which tended to salvation.

"Science, my son," answered the amiable Virgin, "is full of dangers; but your prayer shall not be rejected. In philosophy, which you so much desire, beware of pride; let not your heart be puffed up. Long shall you possess the gift of science, and I promise you, as a reward of your piety, that its light shall be withdrawn from you the moment it becomes dangerous to you."

The vision disappeared, but Albert remained for an hour on his knees thanking God and in pouring forth the most fervent devotions to the Queen of Angels, who had so kindly interposed in his behalf. He then removed the ladder and retired to his cell.

The next morning the whole convent was surprised at the extraordinary change that had come over Albert; in his classes he astonished both the teachers and scholars. His former heaviness had given way to the liveliest and most subtle intelligence; he understood every thing; the most difficult problems were solved with a clearness that astonished all. No one, however, was aware of the vision, for the humble scholar kept it a secret. So rapidly did he advance in his studies, especially in philosophy, that in one year he passed all his companions, and even eclipsed his teachers. His piety and humility increased with his learning, and he ever remained inaccessible to the seductions of the world and vain glory.

This scholar, who had obtained this extraordinary gift of knowledge, as the reward of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was the celebrated *Albertus Magnus*, who was so distinguished during the thirteenth century. For fifty years he astonished all Europe by the vastness of his learning and the profoundness of his teaching. Whenever he spoke, crowds gathered to hear him; and his discourses always produced the most salutary results; yet up to the age of seventy-five, he had never experienced the slightest movement of vanity. It happened, however, on a certain occasion as he was preaching at Cologne, and seeing the immense audience electrified at his discourse, he lifted his head with an air of dignity, and was about to indulge in a thought of self-admiration, when he stopped suddenly in the middle of a learned sentence, and descended from the pulpit without being able to finish it. He had lost his memory. The Holy Virgin, through whose intercession he had obtained the gift of knowledge, appeared to him and deprived him of it at the moment when it was about to become dangerous to him. He fell back into the state of dullness which he had deplored at Padua. He understood the warning, and devoted all his thoughts to prepare himself for a holy death, which took place two years after, on the 15th of November, 1282.

Let children learn from this example, to place their studies under the patronage of the Queen of Heaven, and receive with the gift of knowledge, those virtues which will render them ornaments of society, and worthy candidates of heaven.

Signs of Prosperity.—The following lines, which contain as much truth as poetry, are from the Chinese:

Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull;
Where jails are empty, where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent outworm,
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed State.

A country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged divine, "of an instance I know of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" asked a third person. "Why, sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was that he was a very great calf."

Review of Current Literature.

1. Roman Vesperal: containing the Complete Vespers for the Whole Year. With Gregorian Chants in Modern Notation. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a book destined to create a new era in the mode of singing Vespers in this country. The present practice is defective in many respects, which the work before us will entirely remove. It gives not only the complete Vespers for each day, but also a great variety in the manner of singing the Psalms, hymns, &c. The change from the old Gregorian Notation is a decided improvement, as it will enable those acquainted with modern music to learn easily the various tunes which are scattered in such profusion through the work: all the music is arranged in the natural key, and it is left to the choice of the reader to select any *pitch* he may think suitable. By having the Vesperal, the whole Congregation may unite in singing the divine praises—a thing very much to be desired. Of the present edition, we may remark that the Latin words are printed with unusual correctness—no ordinary merit in an American publication. We hope to notice this important work more in detail in our next number. In the meantime we commend it most cordially.

2. Les Pretres Francais Emigres, aux Etats Unis. Par *M. C. Moreau.* Paris: Douniol. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work, like the recent volume of Mr. DeCourcy from which, though without crediting, Mr. Moreau has evidently drawn largely, is another French contribution to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States. The publication of such memoirs, developing as they do particular facts on the career of particular ecclesiastics, will be of great service to a future historian of the Church in the United States. The French are peculiarly fond of memoirs, and it is not therefore remarkable, considering the part taken in our affairs by the French clergy, that the great number of books treating on our Church history appear in French, and naturally take in many cases a French view of the country. It is to be hoped that our American writers will multiply the number of these works, by giving us extended biographies of the many eminent clergymen and others, who have not attracted the attention of French writers, but well deserve to be known. Mr. Moreau is a stranger to the country, and naturally falls into many errors that will be easily rectified, and which we need not notice, as this is scarcely the place to make an *errata* for him. The volume contains twelve chapters, the first four of which are devoted to general views of religion in the country, down to the arrival of the French clergy, whom the reign of terror had driven into exile, and whose labors more especially, Mr. Moreau seeks to trace. In the other chapters he treats of the Sulpicians, and the Rev. Mr. Moranville at Baltimore, Matignon and Cheverus at Boston, Richard at Detroit, Bishop Flaget, Bishop Dubourg and Bishop Dubois, concluding with a sketch of the Sisters of Charity, an institute which owes so much to the founder of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg.

3. Un Missionnaire Russe en Amerique. Defense des principes Catholiques addressée à un ministre Protestant par le *Prince Demitri Galitzin*, traduit de l'Anglais par le *Prince Augustin Galitzin*, precéde d' une notice sur sa vie et ses vertus. Paris: Douniol. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a French translation of Galitzin's well known little work, "Defence of Catholic Principles," translated by a prince of the same family, another convert from the Russian schism. He has prefixed an exceedingly interesting sketch of the Life of the Pastor of the Alleghanies, showing how earnestly he has sought all that throws light on this illustrious kinsman. His sketch opens with a full account of the Prince Galitzin, whose martyrdom in pretended sport in a palace of ice, gratified the fanatic hatred of the Empress Anne, a circumstance to which Mr. DeCourcy alludes, but erroneously attributes to Catharine II.

4. A Vindication of Italy and the Papal States. Cincinnati: John P. Walsh. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are pleased to see in book form this able defence of the great centre of the Catholic world. Rome, Italy, and the Pope, are the great bugbears of the enemies of Catholicity. The sound of these time-honored names, sends a tremor through the limbs of many well-meaning persons. Italy to them, is synonymous with tyranny, despotism, intellectual and moral degradation. In Rome they discover the grave of liberty; in the venerable successor of St. Peter, they behold the "man of sin."

That there should be such persons, is not a matter of surprise. The text-books which they studied in their school-days, have left upon their minds the most unfavorable impressions in regard to everything that related to Italian soil. In the family circle, as they grew up, these dismal lessons, which they had learned in the school-room, have been repeated and gained additional force, as they came, perhaps, from parental lips. As they advanced to manhood, all the erroneous impressions of their early days, become settled convictions, and there are thousands, at the present day, who regard as true the worst stories they hear of Italy.

There are, nevertheless, many who would be informed on Italian matters were the means of information within their reach, and to such we heartily recommend the book before us. They will find in it, not only an able vindication of the policy of the Italian Governments, but also a thorough exposition of the means resorted to by the anti-Catholic press of England and time-serving letter-writers, to misrepresent and blacken, in the eyes of the public, every transaction in Italy and Rome—means so vile, that were they resorted to for any other purpose than to traduce the fair fame of Catholics and Catholic governments, they would not be tolerated for a single moment.

To insure its circulation among Catholics, it will be sufficient to state, that the work is generally credited to the pen of Cardinal Wiseman, than whom few men are better informed on the affairs of Italy.

5. Stations; or the Exercises of the Way of the Cross.—Illustrated. Prepared by a Catholic Clergyman. Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. Third Improved Edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A new edition of this excellent little work. To the fervent Catholic, it is unnecessary to commend it, or to speak of the devotion which it teaches. The way of the Cross! How many touching associations are contained in these words! How many salutary lessons do they contain! If anything can recall our hearts from this sinful world; if aught can inspire us with the value, the priceless worth of our immortal souls, it is the contemplation of the sufferings endured by our adorable Saviour for our salvation. It is, therefore, meet that we should often and seriously reflect on these sufferings; and in sickness or in health, in wealth or in poverty, in prosperity or in adversity, to remember that heaven, our home and our destiny, can only be reached by *the way of the Cross!*

6. The Little Testaments of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A miniature volume written with a view of facilitating the practice of meditation, and containing a series of devout admonitions, aspirations, and short practical lessons, for each day in the month.

Nothing perhaps, is more happily adapted to enkindle and keep alive a true and fervent piety in the Catholic heart than the practice laid down in this little book. Take for example the following:

"Jesus:—*I am thy model.* May my life, Divine Jesus! be a lively image of yours. *Practice*—Imitation." Again:

"Mary:—My child, leaving the world, I bequeath to you *my horror of sin.* If to avoid it, it were necessary to forego the dignity of Mother of God, I would not hesitate for a moment to do so. My children, commit no faults, even those of surprise or weakness. I cannot love those who love sin. *Practice*—Horror of sin, and an utter avoiding of the least fault. *Ejaculation*—Unspotted Mother, pray for us."

What practice more salutary for the aged, or more beautiful and instructive for the young!

7. Etiquette at Washington, and Complete Guide through the Metropolis and its Environs, with an accurate description of the Public Buildings; with fine Illustrations. By a Citizen of Washington. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

An exceedingly useful manual, not only for those visiting the Federal City, but for all who wish to gain information relative to the polite usages in the National Capital. The rules that regulate social intercourse in Washington are such, with slight exceptions, as should be found to exist among polite society everywhere. The Appendix, giving a minute description of the public buildings, literary institutions, churches, &c. with a number of excellent illustrations, contains a fund of valuable and interesting information.

8. The Life of St. Agnes, of Rome, Virgin and Martyr. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the life of one of the most amiable Saints in the Calendar. No one can read it without piety, love and edification. The substance of the work before us is made up from the hymns, responses, lessons, &c. of the Roman Breviary, and therefore rests upon good authority. Cardinal Wiseman in his Fabiola has drawn his admirable delineation of St. Agnes from the same source, and with charming art has blended its various traits into a character of surpassing loveliness. We are sorry to find a work of so much interest, marred by careless typography, especially in the Latin quotations. We hope however that the work will find its way into every family.

9. Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

The progress of our literary institutions in this country, cannot be otherwise than a subject of deep interest to Catholics everywhere. In them they behold the monuments of their own exertions in the cause of science—monuments that owe their erection, not to State patronage, nor to municipal bounty, but to Catholic zeal and to Catholic enterprise in the cause of education. And as they contemplate them adorning the country from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Pacific, they can say to themselves with feelings of self-complacency: Behold the noble inheritance which we bequeath to coming generations! If the Catholic be taunted with the unmeaning charge that his Church is hostile to education, let him point to Georgetown, to Worcester, to the "Old Mountain," to the University of Notre Dame, rearing its lofty turrets amidst the primeval forests, and nurturing within its hallowed walls nearly two hundred students, leading them to the temple of science along the flowery pathway of religion, as living evidences of the refutation of the charge.

The history of the foundation of the University of Notre Dame is fraught with much interest.

In the year 1834, the Rev. S. T. Badin, the Patriarch of the American Priesthood, while traveling through the northern counties of Indiana, visited the spot now known by the name of Notre Dame du Lac, but then lying unknown and unnoticed in its native forest. Struck by its loveliness, or, rather, secretly influenced by that Providence who directs the most apparently unimportant events for the accomplishment of its own eternal designs, Father Badin resolved at once to secure this delightful spot, as the site of a future college. This resolution he executed; in the year 1837 it passed into the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brutè, Bishop of Vincennes, and, after his death, into those of his successor, Monseigneur de la Hillandiere, who transferred it to the Rev. Mr. Bach, Priest of the Misericorde, under the obligation that, within two years, he should have erected, or at least commenced, a college building and a noviciate upon the site. Mr. Bach dying soon after, and his society failing to fulfill the required condition at the expiration of the period prescribed, Bishop de la Hillandiere gave the land, under the same stipulations, to the Rev. Father Sorin, Priest of the Holy Cross, who, with a few lay brothers of the same Society, had come to America about a year before. In 1842, they first took possession, and in a few years were enabled to erect, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a large and commodious college building, which having been recently completed according to the original plan, can well compare, at present, with any literary institution of the Western States. It was incorporated by the Legislature of Indiana in 1844.

It owes its present flourishing condition to the zeal and talents of its excellent President, the Very Rev. E. Sorin, and to the efficiency of its officers. May its future be as prosperous, as its past has been successful.

10. DeBow's Review, *Industrial Resources, etc.* Edited by *J. D. B. DeBow.* Published simultaneously in Washington and New Orleans. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work, mainly devoted to developing the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country, and primarily of the Southern and Western States, is well deserving of public patronage. Mr. DeBow's experience as chief of the Census Department at Washington, has afforded him rare advantages and facilities in becoming intimately acquainted with the resources of the country in its various departments and details. From this store-house of knowledge he supplies the pages of his Review, with a fund of information, useful alike to the intelligent merchant, the Agriculturist, the Statesman, the Political Economist, and the general reader, which are well worthy the attention of every intelligent citizen of this Great Republic.

Apart, however, from the main object to which it is devoted, it is a periodical of high literary merit, possessing a vigorous and elevated style, a candor and independence of sentiment, and a generous and enlightened liberality on all subjects that reflect the highest credit on its accomplished editor.

Books Received:—From Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, *Gentilucci's Life of the Blessed Virgin*, No. 10, two copies, with fine illustrations. From J. P. Walsh, *Keatinge's Singing Class Manual.* From Redfield, *The Frazerian Papers of the late William Maginn*, LL.D., with a Life of the Author, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. In our next number, we hope to give a lengthy notice of this interesting book, in the meantime we feel that the name of the accomplished editor will be sufficient to recommend the work to the attention of our readers;—*The Wigwam and the Cabin;—Vasconselos;—Hand Book of Consumption. Fourteenth Annual Report of the Mount Hope Institution*, a lengthy notice of this interesting Report is deferred for the next number.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—In France a new work of Monseigneur Parisés, Bishop of Arras, excites great attention. Its title is: "Les impossibilités ou les Libres penseurs dé savoués par le simple bon sens." These impossibilities, like the doubts in Father Loriquet's admirable little book, "Mes doutes," are in reality objections made to religion, so arranged and answered, as to connect with each other, and form a series of arguments. The first for example is: The impossibility of not admitting the distinction between good and evil in the moral order. The second: Impossibility of doubting human liberty, &c.

A number of Fathers of the Society of Jesus are about to issue a series of volumes, entitled "Etudes de theologie, de philosophie et d'histoire," and to be edited by Fathers Charles Daniel and Gagarin.

The untiring Abbé Migne has just issued a complete edition of the works of the Rev. Mr. Olier, founder of St. Sulpice, and also a Dictionary of the benefits and beauties of Christianity.

We also see a new life of St. Anthony of Padua, by the Recollect friar, Servase Doicks, and a biography of the recent martyr, Chapdelaine. The former is highly spoken of, and will we trust be soon translated into English. The devotion to St. Anthony of Padua prevails in all Catholic countries, and has yet to spread among us. He is not a local Saint, but one whose name is world-wide.

A Well Deserved Compliment to a Distinguished Author.—*William B. MacCabe, and the Acrhduchess Sophia of Austria.*—It will be gratifying to the readers of the *Metropolitan*, to learn that the literary labors of this distinguished writer (whom we have the honor of claiming as one of our own contributors), have been duly appreciated and liberally rewarded, even by a princely hand. It occurred to Mr. MacCabe, while preparing his late work, "Adelaide—Queen of Italy," that there was an identity of traits in the conduct of Queen Adelaide and the Archduchess Sophia, Mother of the present Emperor of Austria, and he solicited leave to dedicate the book to her Imperial Highness. The permission was not only granted, but the receipt of the work was acknowledged by the following gracious letter:

"Sir—It affords me great pleasure to have to communicate to you that I am charged by her Imperial Highness, the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, to address you, sir, the herewith trifling object, consisting of a breast-pin, which you will please to accept as a small token of acknowledgment for your very interesting literary work. I seize this opportunity to express to you my own feelings of high esteem, and remain, sir, your very devoted

Count De Poisen,
Grand Master of the Household to her Imperial Highness

To Wm. B. MacCabe, Esq.

The imperial gift is as appropriate as it is magnificent. It represents a *shamrock*, the stem and leaves of which are composed of no less than twenty-eight diamonds, of the purest kind. The dazzling richness of the brilliants, is set off by a thin rim of jet black enamel, in imitation of the Irish oak. The gift is a most appropriate one for the receiver, and its richness worthy of the Imperial donor.

American.—In home literature we must notice what seems foreign in a manner, "Les Fleurs d'Amérique," a volume of French poems, by Dominique Rouquette, of New Orleans, sustaining well the reputation of the family as votaries of the Muses, and highly spoken of by competent judges.

Mr. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, who seems determined to form a little library of Lives of Female Saints, has added to his list a life of St. Agnes of Rome, whose acts have been so beautifully used by Cardinal Wiseman in his Fabiola.

Mr. O'Shea, of New York, has published a fragment of the Revelations of Catharine Emmerich, on the Passion of our Lord, a book which excited considerable attention on its appearance some years since in German.

Messrs. Dunigan & Brother announce, "My trip to France and Rome," a volume of travels by the Rev. John P. Donelan, formerly of our city. Also, "the Three Kings of Cologne," a little devotional work by the Rev. Titus Joslin. "The Three Eleanors," by the author of the Hamiltons, and a work on Church Music, by the late Rev. Dr. Wilson, who died last summer at Mantazas. The same house have just issued *Lizzie Maitland*, a tale, edited by Doctor Brownson—rather a novel method of introducing works of fiction, *sub nominis umbra*, and may serve a good purpose by introducing young authors to the public, under the auspices of a distinguished name, and thus shield them from the fiery shafts of criticism.

We see by the Boston Historical Magazine, for March, that Mr. John Gilmary Shea is about to issue a series of volumes printed exactly in the shape, style and type of the old Jesuit Relations; thus preserving the most important accounts of early missions yet in manuscript. But one hundred copies of each will be printed. They are to be sold to subscribers only. The first will be Father Gravier's account of the Illinois mission in 1694.

The Historical Magazine pays a high and well-merited compliment to Mr. Shea's historical abilities.

We learn from the *London Weekly Standard*, that the same gentleman is engaged in translating from the French, "the Saints of Erin," the legendary history of Ireland, by L. Tachet de Barneval. The numerous contributions to Catholic Literature by this accomplished writer, are the best guarantee that the labor of translation would not be undertaken unless it were a work of merit.

American Catholic Publishers.—As an incident connected with the progress of Catholic Literature, we are happy to learn that the old established house of Dunigan & Brother, the eminent publishers of Haydock's Bible, and other standard works, finding their old premises in Fulton street, New York, too small for the accommodation of their extensive and increasing business, are about to remove to a more spacious and central location on Broadway. It is a subject of much gratification, to find that the laudable example, set by our own Publishers some months ago, is being followed by a house so long established, and so competent to conduct the business in a manner alike creditable to themselves, and the cause of Catholic Litteraure.

In this connection, we deem it due to our own publishers to state, that while the papers of this city and elsewhere, were lavish in their praise of their model establishment, we were restrained from adding ours to the list, and even now feel that we are transgressing by alluding to the fact, that they have the largest and best regulated Catholic Book Establishment in the country—having concentrated in one building everything connected with the process of book-making, printing, binding and publishing, together with the importation of Catholic books and other articles connected with the business, in which they are so extensively engaged. Indeed it is a subject of much pleasure to observe, throughout the country, the many evidences of the increase of Catholic literature. Even in the city of Boston, the stronghold of New England fanaticism, Mr. Donahoe, the enterprising publisher of the Boston Pilot, with that energy and perseverance for which he is distinguished, has succeeded in building up a Catholic Book Establishment, which ranks among the most successful in the country, and we learn with pleasure that he has extended a branch of his business to San Francisco, where we hope his pioneer enterprise, among the Miners of California, will be rewarded by the dissemination of large quantities of books, and in return a golden harvest. In New York, besides Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, there are three or four other houses extensively engaged in the publishing and importation of Catholic books and Catholic articles; in Philadelphia, there are three respectable establishments, and three in our own city; while in the South and West, there are many Catholic booksellers. We hope, ere long, to have the pleasure of announcing the enlargement of old and the commencement of new houses, until we can point to extensive establishments in every city in this great republic.

Editors' Table.

The Fourth of March.—On the fourth of the past month the citizens of this great republic witnessed the expiration of the old, and the inauguration of the new administration. The retiring President passes with honor into private life, carrying with him the esteem and admiration of millions of freemen, and the consciousness of having faithfully discharged the high trust to which he was called by the voice of his countrymen. His administration may have had its weak points, and may not have come up to the rigid requirements of some; his government, nevertheless, while it does honor to the executive, has witnessed a degree of national prosperity which will form an era in the history of the country; and we are satisfied, that the future historian, when time shall have removed the prejudices of the hour, shall place the administration of President Pierce among the most honorable and useful of the country.

In the new administration, we have everything to hope for. It has been ushered in under circumstances the most auspicious to the country. Mr. Buchanan placed himself upon the platform of the Constitution and the Union, of equal rights to all our citizens, without distinction of country or religion; and, upon this noble platform, he has been borne triumphantly into power—an evidence that the great conservative principles transmitted to us by our patriotic sires, still dwell in the hearts of the people, and that our national institutions shall be transmitted to our children, in all the vigor of youth and in the full tide of their usefulness, and increasing in stability as they increase with years. Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural Address is an able and well-digested document. He clearly indicates the main features of the policy which shall govern his administration, touching on all the prominent points at issue during the late presidential canvass. The selection of his Cabinet augurs well for the future. With such men as Cass, Cobb, Toucey, and Black, for his advisers, we have the best assurance that the Government, for the next four years, is in good keeping; and that his administration will tend to advance still further the glory and prosperity of the country.

The following interesting document will fully explain itself; and while we insert it, we take occasion to tender our thanks to the learned author for the many favors received from his gifted pen:

A Mediæval Curiosity.—In perusing the learned and very interesting Universal History of Cesare Cantù, an author to whom the Catholic world owes no small tribute of gratitude, I have fallen upon the Dialogue between Pepin and Alcuin, which has never, to my knowledge, been translated into English. It is, indeed, a curiosity, which throws much light on the character of the times in which those illustrious men flourished.*

The best idea of the condition of the end of the seventh, and beginning of the eighth centuries, is given by the Bishops assembled in council at Rome, in these terms: "If we turn our minds to profound eloquence, no one, we believe, can have cause to boast of that. The fury of barbarian nations agitates and overruns without restraint, these provinces, which they ravage with war, and ransack with pillage. Here, surrounded with barbarians, we lead a life full of crosses and poverty; constrained to procure a livelihood with our own hands: the goods of the Church having been destroyed, we are reduced to the necessity of living upon faith, as our only subsistence."

And, some years previously, when Pope Agatho sent his Legates to the council of Constantinople, he commended them as men of great integrity and zeal, and whose fidelity to the ancient traditions supplied the deficiency of learning: "For how," he said, can they acquire a perfect knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, surrounded as we are by barbarians, and obliged to work for their livelihood day by day."

In the year 757 Pepin requested the Pope, Paul I, to send him some books. All that the Pontiff could then procure for him were the *Antiphonarium*, the *Responsale*, and Aristotle's grammar, the works of Denis the Areopagite, and a work on Geometry and Orthography, in Greek.

* Storia Universale. Racconto. Tom. ix. Capitolo xviii.

It is generally conceded that Charlemagne, the patron of literature and "the king of Europe," could not write. The same is affirmed of Frederick Barbarossa, of Philip the Hardy of France, and other celebrated personages of those times. As late as the fourteenth century, many of the Lords could only affix their mark: and under the cross of one, it was stated: *he could not write because he is a gentleman.**

And still Charlemagne spoke Latin well, and even composed verses in that language, which are much better than those of many other authors of his age. He also understood Greek, and encouraged science by the foundation and endowment of seminaries of learning. The following lines addressed to Paul are a specimen of his productions:

"Parvala Rex Carolus seniori carmina Paulo
Dilecto Fratri mittit honore pio."

These lines may be considered highly classical in comparison with the effusions of Salvator, of Pavia, and other contemporary rivals for the palm of the muses. These authors wrote without the slightest regard to the rules of prosody, making their hexameters consist in the mere jingle of sounds. As for instance:

"Aureo ex fonte fonte quiescunt in ordine Reges
Avus, Pater. hic filius ejulandus tenetur
Cunigert florentissimus et robustissimus Rex
Quem dominum Italia patrem atque Pastorem
Inde flebile maritum jam viduatu gernet."

The literary taste of the age was not preëminent, when such a jargon could be put forth as the production of the Latin muse. And, yet, this dense darkness was relieved by the lustre of some names which have not been eclipsed by the splendor of any succeeding age. Among these was Alcuin, who was born and educated at York. Catholicity had penetrated into England, and filled that island with monasteries, which were the schools of piety and learning. That of York possessed a library composed of rich and numerous works, sacred and profane. In the shadow of that monastery Alcuin spent his youth. But, subsequently, on passing through Parma on his way to Rome, whither he was deputed for the pallium for the new archbishop of his country, he became known to Charlemagne who persuaded him to remain in France, made him a confidential friend, and placed him at the head of the seminaries of learning.

There he wrote commentaries on the Scriptures, dogmatic treatises, a book on *the vices and virtues*, a practical essay, in which is displayed a keen observation of human nature; another on *reason and the soul;* besides many miscellaneous productions.

But the great curiosity, the principal object of this paper, is the dialogue between Alcuin and Pepin, King of Italy, which illustrates more clearly than any other document extant the genius of the eighth century.

PEPIN. What is writing?
ALCUIN. The guardian of History.
PEP. What is language?
ALC. The interpreter of the soul.
PEP. What gives expression to language?
ALC. The tongue.
PEP. What is the tongue?
ALC. The sphere of the air.
PEP. What is the air?
ALC. The nurse of life.
PEP. What is life?
ALC. An enjoyment for the happy, a grief for the wretched, the expectation of death.
PEP. What is death?
ALC. An inevitable event, an uncertain voyage, a cause of lamentation to the living, the confirmation of testaments, the thief of men.
PEP. What is man?
ALC. The slave of death, a passing traveller, a guest in his own house.

* Eginard says of Charlemagne: "Tentabat scirbere, tabulasque et codicillos ad hoc in lectula sub cervicibus circumferre solebat, ut cum vacuum tempus esset, manum effigiandis libris assufaceret; sed parum prospere successit labor præposterus ac sero inchoatus."

PEP. How is man placed?
ALC. Like a lantern exposed to the winds.
PEP. Where is he placed?
ALC. Between its walls.
PEP. Which are they?
ALC. Above, below, before, behind, on the right and on the left.
PEP. What is sleep?
ALC. The image of death.
PEP. What is man's liberty?
ALC. Innocence.
PEP. What is the head?
ALC. The top of the body.
PEP. And the body?
ALC. The chamber of the soul.
PEP. What is the sky?
ALC. An immovable sphere, an immense vault.
PEP. What is the light?
ALC. The torch of nature.
PEP. What is the day?
ALC. An excitement to labor.
PEP. What is the sun?
ALC. The splendor of the universe, the beauty of the firmament, the charm of nature, the glory of the day, the distributor of the hours.
PEP. What is the earth?
ALC. The parent of all that grows, the nurse of all that exists, the granary of life, the vortex that swallows everything.
PEP. What is the sea?
ALC. The highway of the hardy, the confines of the earth, the assemblage of the rivers, the source of rain.
PEP. What is winter?
ALC. The exile of the seasons.
PEP. What is spring?
ALC. The painter of the earth.
PEP. And summer?
ALC. The power that clothes the earth, and ripens the fruit.
PEP. And autumn?
ALC. The granery of the year.
PEP. And the year?
ALC. The chariot of the world.
PEP. Master, I am afraid of the sea.
ALC. And what conducts thee to the sea?
PEP. Curiosity.
ALC. If thou fearest, I will follow thee everywhere.
PEP. If I knew what kind of a thing a vessel is, I would prepare one for thee, in order that thou mightest follow me.
ALC. A vessel is a floating house, an inn for every place, a wanderer that leaves no trace behind.
PEP. What are vegetables?
ALC. The friends of doctors, and the delight of cooks.
PEP. What makes bitter food sweet?
ALC. Hunger.
PEP. What do men never get tired of?
ALC. Of gain.
PEP. What is the dream of him who is awake?
ALC. Hope.
PEP. What is hope?
ALC. The solace of fatigue, a doubtful future.
PEP. What is friendship?
ALC. The similarity of souls.
PEP. What is faith?
ALC. The certainty of unknown and wonderful things.
PEP. What are wonderful things?
ALC. I have seen, not long ago, a man on his feet, and walking, who never was on his feet, or walked.
PEP. How can that be?

Alc. It was an image in the water.
Pep. Why could I not understand that, having so often seen the same thing myself?
Alc. As thou art a young man of good mind and natural genius, I will propose to thee some other extraordinary things, and see whether thou canst understand them of thyself.
Pep. I will try; and if I fail thou wilt correct me.
Alc. Very well. An unknown person conversed with me without a tongue or voice: he never was before, never will be again: nor did I understand or know him.
Pep. Perhaps a dream?
Alc. Exactly, my son. Hear another: I have seen the dead generate the living, and the dead were consumed by the breath of the living.
Pep. Fire, that issued from the dead branches, and then consumed the branches themselves.
Alc. Right.
Alc. What is that which is, and is not, at the same time?
Pep. Nothing.
Alc. How can it be, and not be?
Pep. In words only, not in reality.
Alc. What is a mute messenger?
Pep. That which I hold in my hand.
Alc. And what dost thou hold in thy hand?
Pep. My letter.
Alc. Read it, then, joyfully, my son.

In order the better to appreciate this dialogue, the reader ought to know, that in the Palatine school, to which Alcuin belonged, it was customary to impart knowledge by oral questions and answers. Hence this conversation, a rare mediæval curiosity; the production of a century, which, though very dark, was illustrated by such brilliant names as Alcuin, St. John Damascene, Paul the Deacon, and Venerable Bede. P.

Fidelia will accept our thanks for the following gem, which we are sure will be grateful to every lover of genuine poetry:

DAY.

The Eastern gates are all unbarred,
The moon glides like a ghost away,
The joyful light floods earth and sky—
'Tis day, 'tis day!
The birds have shaken from their wings
The damps of night, and carol gay;
The simple lambs leap with delight—
They feel, 'tis day.
From flowers, and corn, and creeping vines
That in the dim-light hidden lay,
Myriads of dew drops sparkling cry—
"'Tis day, 'tis day!"
Awake my love, from mimic death!
Thy children in the garden play:
Awake, and taste the balmy breath
Of gentle day!
Bind up thy hair, and let us kneel,
So we may all together pray,
For God unto our eyes hath given
Another day.
So may we on that morn arise,
Whose light shall never know decay,
And in His boundless mercy find
An endless day!

Fidelia.

Record of Events.

From February 20, to March 20, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—Prominent among the events of Rome, is the death of the distinguished English convert, Robert Isaac Wilberforce. The melancholy event took place at Albano, on the 4th of January. The deceased had been unwell for some time, but it was generally attributed to the change of his living and habits, being at the time a student in the Academica Ecclesiastica. During his illness, and at his last moments, he was attended by Dr. Manning, then at Rome, and by other devoted friends, who thought it a privilege to administer to the comforts of so distinguished a man. Mr. Wilberforce was the second son of the distinguished politician, Wm. Wilberforce, many years member of Parliament for Yorkshire; and his mother was the sister of Robert Spooner, the anti-Maynooth member for Warwickshire. He was born in 1802, and was consequently in the 55th year of his age. He took orders in the Established Church, and, after filling various charges, was nominated Archdeacon of East Riding by the Archbishop of York, about the year 1840. From this time he distinguished himself by his writings, especially those of a theological character. In 1854, he abjured Protestantism and was received into the Catholic Church. Shortly afterwards, he repaired to Rome with the view of preparing himself for the Holy Ministry, and had not death intervened, he was to have been shortly ordained, and sent to England to join his special friend, the Rev. Dr. Manning, in the mission at Bayswater.

On Sunday, the 15th of February, the new Bishop of Clifton, England, the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, was consecrated by the Holy Father in the Sistine Chapel. Among those present to witness the ceremony, were Lord Clifford and Major Clifford, father and brother of the Bishop.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, which for its peculiar solemnity and all the circumstances attending it, will long be remembered by those present, the Bishops and Chaplains and the relatives of the new Bishop, had the honor of breakfasting with the Holy Father, who afterwards presented Dr. Clifford with a richly-bound copy of the "Pontificale and Canon," and a massive chalice of rare beauty.

The Holy Father recently gave another proof of the deep interest he feels in the welfare of his poorer subjects, many of whom have been thrown out of employ by the failure of the olives in the neighborhood of Rome. He has just given, out of his private purse, 12,000 scudi to be spent by the Commissioners of the Comarca of Rome, in employing the able-bodied laborers of the poorer villages in some work of public utility. The commission have already commenced the levelling of the steep hill at Marino, in the Alban Mountains, as it rises from the Ferentine Valley towards Frascati—an improvement of material importance to the traveller in that classic region.

The Holy Father has elevated to the rank of Senator, Prince Dominique Orsini, who held the same distinction previously to the Revolution of '48.

On Saturday the 31st of January, the Statue of the Blessed Virgin, which is intended to surmount the Column of the Immaculate Conception, was successfully cast by the celebrated Roman founders De Rossi, father and son. The work was carried out in the precincts of the Palace of the Vatican. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the neighboring church of St. Anne, in order to call down the blessing of God on the difficult work about to take place. The running of the metal took place amidst profound silence, broken only by the recital of the Litanies of the Holy Virgin, which were piously answered by the workmen. Afterwards all the parties present, artists and workmen, went to the Church of St. Anne, where Benediction of the Holy Sacrament was given in thanks for the successful issue of the work. The statue represents the Blessed Virgin with one hand raised to heaven, and the other pointing to the earth, as seeming to call on us to entrust our wishes and prayers to her, that she may transmit them to her Divine Son. It is believed that the Holy Father himself suggested to the artist the peculiar position of the statue, and already copies of it have been reproduced of all dimensions, and have been sold in considerable numbers.

The Pope, in the early part of February, honored Chevalier Overbeck, the celebrated German artist, by visiting his studio, where he pleased to express the highest approbation of the painting he has just finished for the Quirinal Palace. The subject of the painting is, our Lord withdrawing himself from the fury of the Jews, as narrated by St. Luke, chap. iv. The Holy Father conversed with Overbeck for some time on the

subject of Christian art, with his usual kindness and affability, and then accompanied him to the studio of Hoffman, the sculptor. His Holiness examined, with much interest and attention, the various works in progress, and complimented Mr. Hoffman on the exclusive Christian character of his subjects.

NAPLES.—Nothing of importance in the political affairs of the kingdom has transpired lately. It is stated that release from prison was offered to a number of political offenders, on condition of their exiling themselves to South America, but that the majority preferred imprisonment at home, to freedom abroad.

The Attempted Assassination of the Archbishop of Matera.—Before the public had recovered from the atrocious crime perpetrated in the Church of St. Etienne at Paris, it was again startled by the news of an attempt to react the same bloody drama on a personage of equal rank, and by one who also bore the sacerdotal character, and under circumstances similar to the tragedy of Paris.

The name of the prelate was Gaetano Rossini, Archbishop of Matera and Acerenza, and the attempt was made during the Forty Hours' Prayers, and while the Archbishop was on his knees on the steps of the altar, adoring the Holy Sacrament. A few minutes before the Benediction, a Priest rushed from behind the altar, and stabbed the Archbishop with a poignard. One of the Canons near the Prelate pushed the arm of the assassin, and broke the force of the blow. The poignard hung in the Archbishop's robes, and wounded him very slightly. He at once fled, and then the Priest, drawing a pistol from under his garments, shot the Canon dead. The attempt was made by a Priest of Matera, by the name of Silvatori Angona, who is thought to have been insane.

SPAIN.—Some excitement has lately been created at Madrid, by the publication of exaggerated accounts of the murder of several Spaniards by the Mexicans, near Cuarnavaca. The Government is said to have determined on vigorous measures to avenge the injuries.

The Church has met with a severe loss in the death of His Eminence Cardinal Bonel y Orbe, Archbishop of Toledo. His late Eminence was Grand Chancellor of Castile, First Chaplain of the Royal Church of St. Isidor of Madrid, Knight Grand Cross of St. Isabella, Senator of the Kingdom, &c.; also Commissioner of the "Cruzada." His Eminence was born at Pinos del Rey, in the Valley of Leria, in the Province and Diocese of Granada, on the 17th of March, 1782. He was proclaimed Bishop at Rome, 28th of February, 1831; and was consecrated in the Metropolitan Church of Grenada, on the 12th of June, 1831. In the year 1833, he was translated to the Bishopric of Cordova, and was afterwards promoted to the Metropolitan and Primatial See of Toledo on the 4th of October, 1847. On the 30th of September, 1850, he was created Cardinal. The funeral obsequies of this eminent man were defrayed, by the Queen's desire, at the public expense, and all the honors were observed which usually attach to the most exalted persons.

FRANCE.—The Emperor opened the Legislative Chambers on Monday, the 16th of February. His speech on the occasion was received with loud shouts of Vive l'Empereur! and his reception and departure from the hall were equally enthusiastic. The army is to be gradually reduced to a peace footing, by granting temporary furloughs. The Sibylle, French vessel-of-war, has been ordered to proceed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, to watch any future operations there, or possibly with reference to the claims of the French Government on the Isle of Karrack.

We understand that a French fleet is already on its way to the coasts of China, charged with the mission of insisting upon the reception of a French representative at Pekin, and satisfaction for the recent martyrdom of a Catholic Priest.

The Execution of Verger.—The execution of Jean Louis Verger, the assassin of the late Archbishop of Paris, took place at Paris, on the — of January. The particulars attending the scene, are thus given by the Paris correspondent of the *Dublin Tablet:* Abbe Hugon, the chaplain of the prison, entered his room with the Governor and other officers and attendants. "My friend, my brother," said the Abbe to the condemned, who had obstinately refused to see him since Sunday, "the fatal moment has come; you have nothing more to expect from the goodness or mercy of men; there remains only the justice and mercy of God; and I came to implore you to throw yourself into his arms." "Impossible!" exclaimed Verger; "it is treachery not to have warned me; leave me in peace; I cannot, I ought not to end thus." As the chaplain renewed his exhortations, Verger, who, until now, had only given inarticulate sounds, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, allow me not thus to be taken; leave me in peace; if I must die, I wish to die as I am. I do not want any Priests or relics." "My brother," answered gently the respected chaplain, "what I hold in my hand, what I bring to you, is the crucifix, the holy image of Jesus Christ whom you have always professed to adore; it is in the name of Jesus Christ that I speak to you; listen to me." "It is

possible, yes, I love, I adore Christ; but it is not thus that I ought, that I can die. Gentlemen, you that are decorated, who know the emperor, obtain for me permission to write to him; it is an affair of two hours; you can send an express. Four men carried him to the room destined for the last preparations. When the executioner's assistants began to cut his hair and his shirt collar, the cold steel of the scissors caused the condemned man to shiver violently. The chaplain took advantage of this moment to recommence his exhortations. His features became more calm, and after a moment's silence and interior recollection, he arose. "Gentlemen," he said, "I deplore the scene of violence which you have witnessed. It is nature struggling against its premature end. Listen, all whom I have scandalized; I retract all I have said; I declare, in the plentitude of my reason, that I wish to die a Christian and a Catholic, and as a Priest, as much as it may depend upon me. I ask pardon of God and man for the odious crime I have committed. I offer freely and sincerely my life in expiation of the evil I have done." He expressed a desire to speak with the chaplain privately in a corner of the room, and all present retired. He then threw himself on his knees, made his confession, and received absolution; and when the chaplain recited the prayers for the dying, he attended with recollection and responded in Latin. He then walked to the scaffold, supported by the chaplain and the executioner, repeating, "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on me." At the sight of the scaffold, he exclaimed several times, "Glory be to Jesus Christ." He begged the chaplain to accompany him to the platform, saying, "My friend, my only friend, do not forsake me in this last moment; you alone can support me to the end." He begged permission to kneel down to recollect himself for a few moments, and then he said, "Mr. Chaplain, my brother, I charge you to make an honorable apology to all my ecclesiastical superiors, whom I have grieved and offended. Tell them I ask pardon from them; that I forgive them; I offer my life in expiation of my faults." Having kissed the crucifix several times, and embraced the chaplain, he delivered himself to the executioner.

Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Tours, has been nominated by the Emperor to the Archiepiscopal See of Paris.

England.—The proceedings in Parliament have been animated and involving important matters. In the Commons, Mr. Spooner introduced his periodical motion, asking leave to bring in a bill to withdraw the Maynooth Grant; the motion was refused by a majority of eight votes. In the House of Lords, Lord Derby brought in a motion condemnatory of the proceedings which led to the Chinese war. His lordship supported his motion by an able speech, in which he declared the whole affair illegal, unconstitutional and unjust, and not warranted by the circumstances. The motion, however, was lost and the government sustained. In the lower house, also, Mr. Cobden introduced a motion deprecating the attack on Pekin, and asking for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the matter. Here the government was not so fortunate as in the House of Lords. The ministry was defeated and Mr. Cobden's motion sustained by a majority of sixteen votes.—Mr. Crampton, the late minister to Washington, has been appointed minister to Hanover.—The British Parliament, like our own national council, finds it necessary occasionally to purge itself of an infectious limb. This has lately been done by expelling from the house Mr. James Sadlier, the brother of the late notorious John Sadlier, who perished miserably by his own hand. The expelled member is charged with divers frauds and fraudulent practices, and bills of indictment for misdemeanor have been found against him.—The papers annouce the death of the Earl of Ellesmore, which took place on the 18th of February. The deceased was distinguished as a munificent patron of art, and an author of some merit.—A terrible explosion of a colliery, near Barnsley, recently took place, causing the death of a number of unhappy workmen.—His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman preached at the church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the evening of 22d February. On the occasion an immense concourse of persons was present.—A conversion to the Catholic faith of importance has been announced upon authority in the person of the Rev. T. S. Livius, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, late a curate of Truro in Cornwall.

Ireland.—*The Irish Catholic University.*—This noble institution continues to increase in favor, and to extend every day more and more the sphere of its usefulness. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, lately published a pastoral on the subject of a collection in aid of the University. Its Medical Department is the only medical corporation in Dublin, which, since the re-establishment of peace, has witnessed an increase in the number of its students. The number now amounts to sixty; and it is calculated that by next November, it will reach at least the figure of a hundred. In the old and opulent establishment of Trinity College, there are but twenty-five young men engaged in the work of dissection; whereas, in the Catholic University, struggling into existence, sixty are so employed. Can any fact show more clearly the future destiny of the new Institution; and that while Trinity College has modestly been what the

Germans call an "archigymnasium"—a high school for philology and mathematics, where theology, philosophy, history, and natural science, have never obtained a great expansion—the Catholic University will embrace the whole cycle of human sciences?

The Faculty of Philosophy and Letters in the latter establishment, numbers upwards of fifty students; and among these are young gentlemen belonging to the Irish, Scotch, French, and Belgian aristocracy. These are the first fruits of what these classes will send to the University, when its existence has been more solidly secured, its resources have become more ample, and its power more widely spread.

Death of the Archbishop of Cashel.—This excellent prelate departed this life on the 5th of February, at the Episcopal Palace, Cashel. His funeral was attended by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare, and one hundred and eighty clergymen. Immediately after the obsequies, the Very Rev. Dean Leahy was chosen Vicar of the diocese, until a successor to the lamented deceased should be appointed.

Russia.—The report of the Russian Minister of War, declares that the truce concluded with Schamyl, during the Turkish war, expired in May of last year, and that operations against the Circassians have been resumed along the whole line of the Caucasus.

Letters from St. Petersburg mention that it will be the beginning of April before the Emperor Alexander sets out on his journey to Nice, and either on his way or on his return, he will visit Napoleon, at Paris.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—Some months ago we had the pleasure of noticing the foundation in this city of an Infant Asylum, under the auspices of those angelic daughters of St. Vincent, the Sisters of Charity. As an evidence of the success that has crowned their efforts, we learn that they have been compelled to procure a larger house, in order to accommodate the increasing demands on their charity. A collection was lately taken up in the church of St. Ignatius, in behalf of the institution, which exceeded one hundred and forty dollars.

2. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—*Magdalen Asylum.*—It is with pleasure we record the establishment of a "House of the Good Shepherd," as an asylum for female penitents, in the city of Cincinnati. Already, several of the unfortunate creatures, whom the good Sisters have gone to redeem from vice and infamy, have been received into the establishment. The Rev. Father Hengehold is the director of the asylum. We gather the following interesting particulars touching these institutions from the Cincinnati Telegraph: "These Sisters of the Good Shepherd have four houses in America—in Louisville, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Montreal—and now a fifth in Cincinnati. Since their arrival in Louisville, they have had the happiness of seeing two hundred of those girls restored to virtue and respectability. Eighty of these had received no religious instruction whatever until they entered the asylum; and eight of them died in sentiments of contrition and piety, blessing God, who snatched them like brands from hell-fire. By the Sisters they are taught needle-work and habits of industry, by which they can gain a decent livelihood, when they leave their temporary refuge; and those who choose can remain in the Asylum."

3. Diocese of Pittsburg.—The interesting ceremony of opening the new Academy of Franciscan Brothers, at Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., took place on Thursday, the 12th of February. The new edifice is described as a building of grand and imposing appearance. The exterior of the building, says the Pittsburg Catholic, with its well-proportioned cupola, combined with its elevated position, strikes the eye of the visitor, even at a distance, with grandeur. It is about seventy-five feet long, forty five wide, and sixty to the apex of the cross on the cupola.

Religious Reception.—On the second of March the following young ladies were received at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Pittsburg, by the Very Rev. E. McMahon, V. G.: Miss Mary Doran (Sister Mary Kostka), Miss Ellen M'Carthy (Sister Mary Calistus), and Miss Winifred Flanigan (Sister Mary Euphemia). On the 19th, in the Chapel of St. Xavier's, near Latrobe, were professed, by the Rev. R. Phelan, Miss Elizabeth M'Cue (Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception), Miss Julia O'Brien (Sister Mary Placidus), Miss Alice Hammell (Sister Mary Cleophas), Miss Magdalen Lutz (Sister Mary Bruno), and Miss Mary Cassidy (Sister Mary Dominica).

4. Diocese of Newark.—The exertions of Catholics in Newark in the cause of religion and education are worthy of all commendation, and even elicit the admiration of their non-Catholic fellow citizens. The Newark Daily Guardian thus speaks on this sub-

ject: "We have before referred to the Catholic Church in this town, and the energy of its flock in the erection of school-houses, lecture-rooms, &c., without any aid from the public outside of its own influence. Formerly the children were all huddled together in the basement of the church; but when able, the people began to erect that magnificent school-house on Church-street, the like of which as a school-house and lecture room, is not to be found in this place. This furnished a fine female school-room with a ceiling as high as a church, and so arranged for egress that even upon the fall of the floor with hundreds of people upon it, a few months since, all gained extrication and egress in a very short time without any very serious injury. Later, Father Senez, the devotee to the cause of humanity and education, commenced the erection of the pretty school house near the church, which is an ornament to the street, as it is a benefit to every child whose well ventilated school-room is a place of comfort and of health. Here hundreds of the Catholic children receive *free instruction*, and under the care of the benevolent Father are preparing to become good men and women."

A Large Bell.—The same journal gives the following interesting particulars relative to the bell of the Catholic Church in Newark: Since the erection of the Catholic Church in this place, all the people have been called to service by the old Spanish Bell, formerly used at a Spanish Convent. It is a rude and curious casting, of an antique pattern, surmounted by a Bishop's mitre of solid bronze or bell metal. On the sides are various inscriptions and the name of the Saint to whom the convent was dedicated, in the spire of which it originally hung. We noticed a very pretty cross and the words "Ora pro nobis"—"Pray for us." It is of very pure metal, and the brass founders gave a great price for its weight in exchange for the new bell on account of their bill for the same. It has a large iron clapper, made to hit upon the rim, differently from the mode of striking now-a-days adopted by bell-founders for their clappers.

During last year, a society of Catholic young men was organized under the name of "St. John's Catholic Institute," and now number about 100 members. This association has under its management an excellent library, containing about 1,500 volumes.

5. Diocese of Hartford.—The interesting ceremony of receiving several young ladies into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Monday, March 9th. The names of the young ladies admitted to the Holy Habit and Veil are as follows: Miss Ellen McGlinn (Sister Mary Euphrasia), and Miss Jane Maria Kelly (Sister Mary Madeline). Very Rev. J. Hughes, Pastor, presided, and Rev. P. Hendriken, of Waterbury, delivered a most eloquent and appropriate discourse.

6. Diocese of Buffalo.—*Confirmation and Religious Reception.*—The Buffalo Sentinel gives an interesting account of the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Bridget's church, Buffalo, by the Right Rev. Bishop Timon, to over one hundred children, who had been prepared for the reception of the sacred rite by the Rev. Mr. McMullen. Before administering the solemn rite, the Bishop addressed them in a few appropriate remarks, on the nature of the Sacrament which they were about to receive, and the obligations that it would entail upon them, of clinging firmly to the faith and the practices of our divine and holy religion. He afterwards gave the white veil to two young ladies of St. Bridget's Convent, Miss Walsh, in religion Mary Teresa, and Miss Higgins, in religion Mary Aloysius.

OBITUARY.—Never before has it been our painful duty to record in a single month, the demise of so many of our beloved clergy. Death has even entered the episcopal mansion, and left behind him the sad evidences of his melancholy visit.

Died, on the 22d of February, of apoplexy, the Right Rev. Joseph Cretin, Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota, in the 58th year of his age. The lamented prelate was a native of Lyons, France, and was consecrated Bishop in St. Louis, on the 25th of January, 1851.

On the 5th of March, the Rev. Jonathan Furlong, of Cambridge, Diocese of Albany, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 28th of February, at the residence of his friends, Boston, the Rev. Thomas Kenney, of the Diocese of Portland.

On the 15th of February, in St. Augustine, Florida, the Rev. Stephen Sheridan, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 8th ultimo, at the Episcopal residence in Cleveland, the Rev. J. Bourgade.

At Georgetown College, D. C., on the 23d of February, the Rev. Francis Xavier Knackstedt, in the 41st year of his age.

During February, at San Francisco, California, the Rev. John Reardon, late of the Diocese of Pittsburg.

Secular Intelligence.

1. The Adjournment of Congress and the Inauguration of President Buchanan.—On the Fourth of March at noon, the Thirty-Fourth Congress of the U. States brought its labors to a close. The session was not distinguished for any extraordinary measures. The revision of the tariff and the coinage bill are among the most important public acts. Much time was occupied in investigating the charges of *corruption* brought against several of the members. A Committee was appointed to examine into the charges, and reported in favor of expelling several of the *Hon.* members, but this punishment was eluded by the accused, by the resignation of their seats.

The Inauguration of President Buchanan took place immediately after the adjournment of Congress. The imposing ceremony was witnessed by an immense concourse of persons from every section of the country, and the pageantry attending it exceeded anything witnessed on a similar occasion. The following particulars we abridge from the *National Intelligencer:*

At 11 o'clock the procession received orders to move. It passed round D and Seventh streets to Pennsylvania avenue, it proceeded westwardly, halting at Willard's Hotel, where President Pierce and the President elect were to join them. Here they entered a barouche, accompanied by the Committee from the Senate, Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Foot, of Vermont. Immediately surrounding the carriage was a cloud of mounted gentlemen, all arrayed in the scarfs of marshals and assistant marshals, under the general charge of the marshal-in-chief.

When the procession arrived at the north end of the Capitol, the President and President elect, preceded by the Marshal and party, left the carriage and passed through a covered way, built for the purpose, from the street to the north entrance of the Capitol, by which they reached the Senate chamber.

There were here assembled the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the heads of Departments, members of Congress elect, ex-members, and officers of the army and navy, and other privileged persons.

Before the Senate had closed its business for the session, the oath of office was administered by the Hon. James M. Mason, President of the Senate *pro tempore*, to the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President elect, who made his acknowledgments in a brief and appropriate speech.

Upon the arrival of the President of the U. S. and the President elect, they were formally conducted to the seats appointed for them by the Committee of Arrangements.

After a short pause, the President and President elect, preceded by the Marshal of the District of Columbia, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and other functionaries, and followed by the Vice-President and Secretary of the Senate, the Senators, the Diplomatic Corps, Heads of Departments, and other official persons, proceeded to the platform erected on the eastern portico of the Capitol, and were seated. Here they were welcomed by enthusiastic shouts from the people.

The President elect then stepped forward to the centre of the platform and commenced his Inaugural Address, which he read in a clear, distinct, and forcible manner, so as to be heard over a considerable area of the vast assemblage gathered before and around him. The address was frequently cheered, as the sentiments which suited the feelings and judgment of his auditors, reached their ears.

At the conclusion of his address, the President elect bowed to the people, who saluted him with hearty cheers. He then turned towards the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who administered the oath of office, the President reverently kissing the book. He was immediately congratulated by the numerous official and other gentlemen surrounding him.

These impressive ceremonies being ended, the President and other functionaries returned to the Senate Chamber, and, after remaining there about half an hour, passed out by the same covered way to the carriage, which was now assigned to the President, the Vice-President, and the Ex-President. The procession then moved to the Presidential Mansion, in nearly the same order as that observed on its approach to the Capitol.

The following gentlemen constitute the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, and have been confirmed by the Senate:

Secretary of State—Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Secretary of Treasury—Howell Cobb, of Georgia; Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of Virginia; Secretary of Navy—Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut; Secretary of Interior—Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi; Attorney General—Judge Black, of Pennsylvania; Postmaster General—Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee.

2. An Important Decision of the Supreme Court.—An important decision has been lately delivered in the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of *Scott* against *Sanford*. Dred Scott was a slave, and had accompanied his master from Mis-

souri, if we remember right, to Illinois. On his return to Missouri, he was induced to believe that he was no longer a slave, and demanded his liberty. This being refused, a suit was brought in the State of Missouri, and followed from court to court, until it finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States. In this tribunal, the case was decided against Scott. The opinion of the court was delivered by the venerable Chief Justice Taney, and decides the following important points:

1. Negroes, whether slaves or free—that is, men of the African race—are not citizens of the United States by the Constitution.

2. The ordinance of 1787 had no independent constitutional force, or legal effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and could not operate of itself to confer freedom or citizenship, within the Northwest Territory, on negroes not citizens by the Constitution.

3. The provision of the act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it undertook to exclude negro slavery from, and communicate freedom and citizenship to negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana cession, was a legislative act exceeding the powers of Congress, and void and of no legal effect to that end.

In deciding these main points, the Supreme Court determined also the following incidental points:

1. The expression "territory and other property" of the Union, in the Constitution applies in *terms* only to such territory as the Union possessed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution.

2. The rights of citizens of the United States emigrating into any Federal territory, and the power of the Federal Government there, depend on the general provisions of the Constitution, which define in this, as in all other respects, the powers of Congress.

3. As Congress does not possess power itself to make enactments relative to the persons or property of the citizens of the United States in Federal territory, other than such as the Constitution confers, so it cannot constitutionally delegate any such powers to a Territorial Government organized by it under the Constitution.

4. The legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri, is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri.

Its conclusions were concurred in, we understand, by six of the Justices of the Court—namely, Justices Taney, Wayne, Catron, Daniel, Grier, and Campbell.

Justice Nelson stated the merits of the case, the question being, whether or not the removal of Scott from Missouri, with his master to Illinois, with a view of temporary residence, worked his emancipation. He maintained that the question depended solely on the law of Missouri, and, for that reason, the judgment of the Court below should be affirmed.

3. The Death of Dr. Kane.—This distinguished man, who sacrificed himself to the cause of humanity and science, died at Mrs. Almy's hotel, Havana, on the 16th of February. As soon as the melancholy event was made known, a meeting of the citizens of the United States, then in Havana, was held at the United States Consulate, for the purpose of agreeing on some public demonstration of respect to the memory of their distinguished countryman. Colonel Blythe was appointed chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Tiffany, of our own city, was named as secretary. A committee was appointed consisting of Col. Wm. Robertson, Ex-Governor Cushman, and Mr. Battle, to draw up resolutions of condolence suitable to the occasion. The Cuban authorities, who had, during the illness of the deceased shown him every mark of respect and attention, seemed to vie with our own citizens in doing honor to his memory. The Captain General in a letter to our Consul expressed his deep sympathy with our citizens in the loss they had sustained, and requested to be informed of the result of the meeting, in order that he might take part in the demonstrations in honor of the lamented dead, and in a subsequent communication, placed the boats of the Government at the service of the committee for the purpose of conveying the remains on board the steamer.

On the morning of the 20th all the American and Foreign Consuls assembled at the hotel where the deceased died, and accompanied the remains to the wharf. The corpse, shrouded in an American flag, was borne on the shoulders of white men, hired for the purpose. The line then moved towards the Plaza de Armas, where it was met by the Faculty of the Havana University, civil and military Governor of the city, Aides of General Concha, and a large number of the authorities, headed by another band of music. The body was placed in the Captain General's own boat, beautifully shrouded, and was followed on board the steamer by a large number of boats of all nations. The sight was grand and impressive. On arriving on board the Cahawba, the Civil Governor of Havana, Brigadier General Echaverria, made a very beautiful and appropriate speech in Spanish. The remains which had been previously embalmed, were conveyed to New Orleans on the steamer Cahawba—from thence they were conveyed, attended by every demonstration of respect, to Philadelphia, his native city, where they have been interred.

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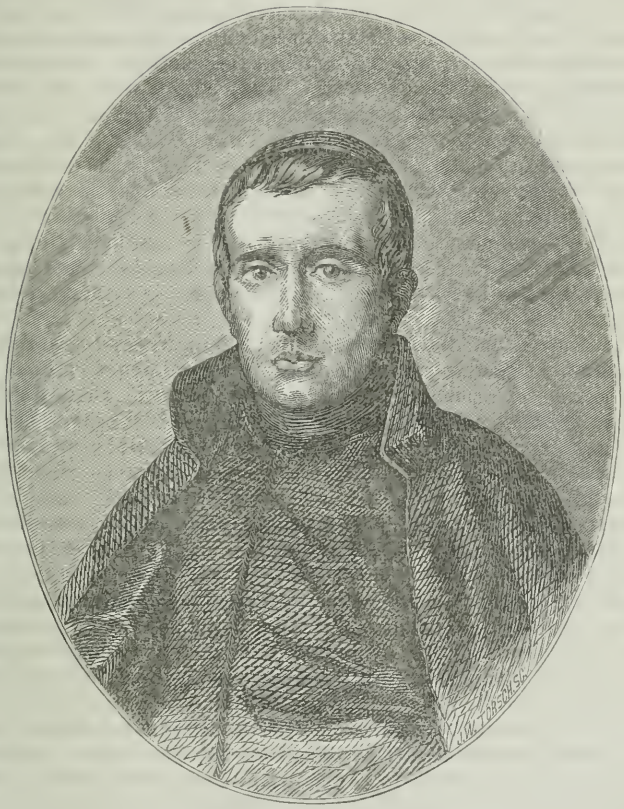


MEMOIR OF THE REV. JAMES BALMES.

Of late years Spain, with all her lofty history, has added little else to the budget of modern affairs than "oft told" tales of internal discord and frequent revolutions. Literature, arts, and sciences, have little to thank her for. She has not kept pace with the march of progress among the

nations of Europe, and as to the American quickstep, or *pas de charge*, or race against time, or whatever else our electric onward movements may be called, she must look upon them, we may suppose, more as the curious exhibitions of a magic lantern, than as any example for her imitation.

But, if Spain has done but little to add to her good fame in the memory of living man, it must be admitted that she has made some contributions to the common cause worthy of her best days. Besides, having been a few short centuries past, a leader among the great powers of the times, triumphant in arts and arms, in navigation and commerce, in science and letters, it follows as a matter of course that so much greatness, which could never have been achieved by any but a gifted people, must have left at least great vestiges. So it has indeed, and these very vestiges have been incorporated in the highest order of American modern literature. Who doubts it? Surely none who has reveled in the glowing pages of a Prescott, an Irving, a Bancroft, a Longfellow, or a Ticknor, whose work on the history of Spanish literature, has been pronounced by accomplished critics *the best contribution* to American, or rather to general literature, coming from America; and if the reader will have other names, we will mention as immediately recurring to us, Caleb Cushing, the learned and able Attorney General of the United States, under the late administration; and we would add, our distinguished fellow-citizen Mr. S. T. Wallis, whose works upon Spain, besides other interesting contributions to general literature, reflect so much credit upon his native city. Now be it remembered, these eminent men of letters have all drank deep from the same fountain; they are all deep in Spanish scholarship; and they have all found in old Spain, humbled as she is, a very thesaurus of literary lore.

For the various and varied productions of these gentlemen then, which shed such lustre upon our own literature, we certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Spain. Our best writers have been trained, we may say, in her schools, and have drawn their inspirations from her Pierian sources. We give an instance. Some years ago we dabbled a little in Spanish letters, and it came in our way to read the Invasion of Mexico, or in other words the Conquest, by Cortes and his gallant followers, in a work written in Spanish and published in Mexico, from the pen of Don Lucas Alaman, a distinguished *literateur* of the sister republic. The work was well written and highly interesting, but not for that did we thank Mr. Alaman. We had read the same before in English, in Prescott's Conquest, and we supposed that the Mexican scholar had been playing the old, though we do not say *time-honored* game, of presenting to his countrymen a translation from another tongue, as the fruits of his own genius. From the similarity of style used by the two authors, and the identity of matter almost, one could not but find plagiarism flatter than Dogberry's flat perjury, but after all, both parties were equally free from this sin, at least in their relations towards each other. It proved that Don Lucas Alaman, who was the *Apoderado* of the Cortes estate in Mexico, held under his control, among the archives of the Hospital de Jesus, founded by the conqueror, a most valuable treasury of original documents. Now this gentleman used freely and avowedly the data he found there collected, and he supplied Mr. Prescott liberally with copies from the same originals. Thus was explained the close resemblance between the works of the two authors; there was no want of fair play on either side, but both had used the same materials, and in the best manner—that is, pretty much as prepared to their hands by the actors in the great events commemorated.

These facts, it may be said, have no connection with the life of Balmes. True, but they go to show that Spanish intellect, generally underrated in this country, is appreciated at least by the first intellects of the land; and the life and works of Balmes prove to the modern student that the ancient laurels of that ancient kingdom may yet be revived. The intellect of Spain is not dead, but sleepeth. Spain has been worn out like any other fine soil by exuberant crops, but like the soil again, having for a time lain fallow, she is again ready to become productive.

We would commend to those who desire a general, comprehensive, and just view of Spanish literature, the "Lectures on the History of Literature," translated by J. G. Lockhart from the German of Frederick Schlegel. On this subject we would be pleased to make free extracts from Schlegel's admirable work, though not exactly *a propos* to our subject. This author is very liberal in just compliments to the intellect of Spain, and he remarks, that in spite of old prejudice, the language and cultivation of the Spaniards have been recognized of late years with more justice than formerly. While giving them the palm over most of the people of Europe for their achievements in the world of letters, he denies their excellence in philosophy, and we think, scarcely does them justice. "In philosophy alone, Spain cannot boast of any names such as those which have appeared in Italy, Germany, England, and some other countries. In that department it must be admitted she has produced no truly great writer." We do not profess to be versed in the philosophy of Spain, nor will we make the subject of our memoir an exception to the remark of the critic, since Balmes wrote subsequently to the learned German, but we may adduce fairly, as at least one distinguished exception, Suares, of whom it is said by no less an authority than Grotius, "Qu' il était si profonde philosophe et theologien qu' à peine était-il possible de trouver son égal." See Schlegel's Lectures; and the *Biographie Universelle* by F. X. de Feller. Art. Suares.

Some twenty years ago, a modest candidate for holy orders presented himself before the Señor de Corcuera, the learned bishop of Vich. What dost thou ask? said the bishop. A curacy, my lord—replied the young man. No, said the bishop, return to the University and study. The young ecclesiastic did as he was directed, and he devoted the powers of his clear mind to theology, to history, philosophy, jurisprudence, literature and mathematics. His method of study had always been peculiar, and not exactly agreeable to his teachers, but he pursued it uniformly. He would con over a certain amount from his author, and then sit for a long time dreamily, with his head resting upon his hands, chewing the end, as it were, of his mental aliment. His philosophy of study was, to chose his authors well, read little, and think much. He made himself master of whatever he did read. His varied erudition was made up of a thorough and profound knowledge of a limited number of the best authorities, and special facts from many more. He would run carefully over the table of contents of any work likely to prove useful, and select for study so much as appeared particularly interesting or valuable.

Before considering however, his general studies, or rather his works, we will fall back for a moment upon his birth and early education. James Balmes was the son of very humble parents, and he was born in the little city of Vich, in Catalonia, on the 28th of August, 1810.* His course was

* Authorities: principally *L'Espagne Moderne*, par Ch. de Mazade. Art. Un Prêtre Publiciste, and Notice of the Author, prefixed to *Protestantism and Catholicity Compared*, &c.

shaped from infancy by a pious and devoted mother, who gave him to God, giving him as a model and patron, St. Thomas Aquinas. This good mother foresaw her son's future eminence, and she herself possessed a greatness of soul well adapted to inspire him with the sentiments which were to lead him to a high destiny. He had in early childhood a happy and peaceful home where were blended piety, industry and order. This austere and simple domestic influence is the best school for the young mind. The place of his nativity confirmed this influence. He dwelt in that part of Catalonia, among the mountains, where the ancient traditions, and customs, and religious habits still prevailed. He was destined for the priesthood, and early commenced his studies at the seminary at Vich, following them up at the University at Cervera.

"It was a marvelous organization," says M. de Mazade, "that of the old Spanish universities. Their picturesque side has often been shown; but the idea of their power, protection and bounty, and especially for children of poor families, as in the case of Balmes, has not been generally apprehended.

"Instruction was by no means the privilege of the higher classes in Spain. It appears, on the contrary, that everything concurred to render it accessible, in modern phrase, to the greatest number. A multitude of pious foundations and immense benefices, opened the seminaries to the children of the people for gratuitous admission. The universities in a higher degree offered the same facilities. In that of Alcala, five hundred poor students were maintained, following the various courses. Five establishments disposed of two hundred and fifty free scholarships. At the Catalan University of Cervera, there were the several colleges of the *Asuncion*, *San Carlos*, and *Santa Cruz*. The first alone required an annual payment of four ounces of gold; that of San Carlos was for students sent and maintained by the bishops of the province. The College of Santa Cruz, particularly intended for the poor, maintained habitually more than an hundred young men without means. There were boarders and day-scholars; these latter had served out to them regular rations of soup and bread. In the Universities in general, moreover, all the fees in all cases were extremely moderate. The doctorate conferred personal nobility. Balmes was among the last of those educated under the old Spanish system. He held a scholarship at the College of San Carlos."

In compliance with the bishop's instructions, as we have said, the young priest devoted himself to study, perpetual study, matured by reflection and prayer. He lived in troublous times for Spain, when that kingdom was convulsed with civil war, and the nation stood divided between the claims of Don Carlos and those of the present Queen. Often, in pursuing his studies, or giving instructions, for he became professor of mathematics at Vich, the din of war rung in his ears, or as he tells us himself, "more than once it happened that the tocsin, or the general (warning roll of drums for the troops) interrupted our engagements; if we could pursue them we did so, if not, we quietly retreated as best we could." Balmes was a patriot rather than a partizan, and his heart bled for his country. He felt within himself the consciousness that he could do something to assuage her afflictions, and unfolding the rich stores of his mind, he began a series of publications which have had, and will ever have, a paramount influence over his countrymen. The clergy of Spain had lost their influence over the people in a great measure, owing we must believe, to the

neglect of their high duties, but the faith of the masses was yet unshaken, and then as now, their ancient attachment to the Church was unabated. But the revolutionary spirit, imitating remotely that of France, tended to deracinate if possible, religion from Spain. Balmes, as patriot, priest, and statesman, threw all his powers on the side of conservatism. As a politician, he took part with Don Carlos, who under the salic law was true heir to the throne; yet, in 1845, when that prince abdicated, the act was approved by Balmes, who hoped that all differences between the contestants would be settled by the marriage of the son of Don Carlos to the young Queen. The failure of this project proved to him a bitter disappointment. It may be here remarked that Balmes never declared against the rights of the Queen. The salic law was in fact a foreign graft upon the laws of Spain, which had in itself no vitality. For centuries females had succeeded there to the throne in due order, and the greatest of Spanish sovereigns had been a woman.

The revolution left Spain tranquil for a time, but shattered and almost disorganized. Balmes' conservative political essays had great weight with all parties, a rare fact in times of political excitement, but in fact, he stood above party, and his eminence was the more freely admitted, because unsullied by any efforts for personal advancement. While the nation was yet unsettled after recent disturbances, Balmes brought out his great work on PROTESTANTISM COMPARED WITH CATHOLICITY, &c.

We may here again adopt the language of M. de Mazade:

"When Bossuet wrote the History of the Variations," he confronted Protestantism at its origin, so to speak, with the inherent changeableness of its first principles. The dogmatic view ruled in this vigorous act of accusation. A work which treats at the present day, of the great religious tendencies of the world, assumes from the nature of things another character; it must find its principal elements in all historical, social, moral, and political considerations. Please observe the occasion upon which the *Protestantism compared* appeared at Barcelona, in the year 1842. It was at the end of a revolution which had shaken everything, and which had not even spared the Peninsula menaces of schism. Now, in emerging from a revolution, the first necessity for a people is to return to faith and its doctrines. In the midst of universal mobility, a mysterious instinct impels them towards the immutable. This was true for Spain; and more true perhaps for Europe after recent commotions. It is for this reason that Balmes' book, written at first for his country in the solitude of the mountains of Catalonia, but whence the author views a much wider horizon, becomes in many respects the expression of a situation much more general. This rehabilitation of Christian ideas enjoys all the favor of circumstances that was enjoyed by the *Genius of Christianity* at the beginning of this century. Only I may say that the Spanish work is of a much profounder order, and much more striking than the French book. Where Chateaubriand brought back to the religious ideal by the imagination, in lighting up in wearied and deceived souls the sentiment of the poetry of faith, in describing the marvels of the Christian festivals, and showing therein the resources for art and for literary genius in Christianity, Balmes, inferior as a writer certainly, goes straight to the substance of the problems of civilization: he composes a new philosophy of history, which has nothing in it abstract or superficial, which rests, on the contrary, on the most profound realities, and which has thrown a new light upon the diseases and crises of modern societies."

This great work, neither first nor last in the order of our author's productions, is that which possesses undoubtedly the widest sphere of usefulness. He undertook it "to counteract the pernicious influence exerted among his countrymen by Guizot's lectures on European civilization, and to neutralize the facilities offered under the regime of Espartero for the success of a Protestant Propagandism in Spain."

Those who have perused the work need no comments on its character; to those who have not, we may only say here that it is characterized by a profound love of truth, by earnestness, frankness, deep thought and profound learning; the author lays down his propositions with the calmness of an impartial philosopher, sustains them zealously, and brings final proof by documents which are conclusive. He deals in argument always, in invective never; and there is nowhere a sentence that the most determined opponent, if candid himself, would charge with unfairness. The work is, in short, a triumphant vindication of the Catholic Church as the founder and promoter of modern civilization; and the false claims of Protestantism in this regard are shown in their proper light.

We can do little else here than enumerate the other works of Balmes, which were all given to the world in the short space of eight years; that is from 1840 to 1848. His first literary attempt was a prize essay on Clerical Celibacy. Next came "Observations on the Property of the Clergy, &c.;" then Political Considerations on the Condition of Spain; then a translation of the Maxims of St. Francis de Sales for every day in the year; and about the same time, he prepared a Catechism for the instruction of children. The next production in order, was Protestantism compared with Catholicity. In 1842 he was one of the editors of a monthly magazine, *La Civilizacion*, after which he established a Review called *La Sociedad*. He published this but a short time, when on account of the prevailing troubles, he was driven into a temporary retreat, during which time he composed *El Criterio*, an admirable course of logic, which is a book that a French critic says children may understand, and yet the most learned will derive profit from it. Balmes wrote *El Criterio* in a few days during the summer of 1843, at a retired house in the suburbs of Barcelona, while the city, in possession of a handful of revolutionists, was undergoing seige and bombardment; he wrote it without any other books with him than the Bible and a copy of the Imitation of Christ, which was all he had been enabled to save from the conflict.

In 1844 he commenced a new journal, the *Pensamiento de la Nacion*, a conservative journal opposed to the spirit of revolution, and advocating for national policy a matrimonial alliance between the Queen and the son of Don Carlos. In 1846, his desires in regard to the marriage having been frustrated, he abandoned *El Pensamiento*. He then collected his various political essays, and afterwards brought out his *Elementary Course of Philosophy*. His last work was a brilliant pamphlet on Pius IX, in which he expressed his great gratification at the reforms or ameliorations attempted by this venerable Pontiff. Strange as it may appear, this pamphlet brought down upon him no little censure, from, we must suppose, the *Atresados* of his native land, who charged him, a model of healthy conservatism, with the sentiments of a revolutionist.

We have accidentally omitted his *Fundamental Philosophy*, recently opened to the English reader by Mr. John A. Brownson, and also his *Letters to a Sceptic*, a well timed refutation of modern unbelief in its various forms. The readers of the Metropolitan will find a valuable portion of

this work translated for its pages during the present year. No portion of it, so far as we know, has yet appeared in an English dress.

Such is a hasty enumeration of the works of this great and fertile author; merely indications of what he did for the united cause of religion, literature, philosophy and patriotism. Although his writings were principally intended for the interests of Spain and her people, there are few of them that do not apply to all persons interested in the most important affairs of modern Christian society.

Balmes during his literary career was obliged more than once to travel abroad on account of his health; he twice visited France, and noticing the troubled state of the public mind there, he foretold with almost prophetic accuracy national events which have since become historical. He saw there, much more strongly developed than in his own country, the vast differences pervading different conditions of life; and one of his primary thoughts was to unite different classes in harmony.

The general ferment in Europe appeared to him like a grand social malady: "the civilized world," he said, "is intelligent, rich, powerful, but it is diseased; it wants morals and faith." To him, a Christian philosopher, there was but one way of reconciling the conflicts of classes, and that was through religion, not as a cold and abstract ideal, but as something full of life, and vigor, and motion, something capable of touching all hearts and of bringing men into a true fraternity. In Spain, in fact, notwithstanding the many years of civil discord, there is more kindliness between the different classes, between the rich and the poor, between those of high and low degree, than is to be found among nations making louder professions of fraternity and equality, and this genuine feeling can only be maintained by true principles of religion. Balmes labored to cultivate this feeling; he knew that the happiness of his countrymen was interwoven with their national religion, and he urged them to stand by it through all assaults and temptations whether of domestic or foreign origin.

He believed religion, the Catholic religion, to be the only safeguard for the weal and for the tranquility of the masses; he saw how they were moved by the spirit of revolution, and he did not believe either in force or philosophy as means of allaying their excitability. He held the following language in regard to the illusion that commerce, or arts, would bring national peace and contentment:

"Property becomes more and more divided, industry multiplies its products, commerce ranges over every sea, so that society, approaching a pretended social perfection, is about to realize the desires of that material school, which reduces men to machines, and which has not conceived that society may tend to any more lofty aim,—and yet, misery has increased in proportion to the increase of productions. All men, of common foresight, must see that things are moving in a wrong course, and that if a remedy is not speedily applied, the result will be fatal. The accumulation of riches, arising from the rapid advances of commerce and arts, tends to the establishment of a system, which would consume for a small number, the toils, the sweats, and the lives of multitudes; but this tendency finds its counterpoise in the ideas of leveling which occupy so many minds, and which, expressed in different theories, attack more or less openly, property, the actual organization of labor, and the distribution of its fruits."

Time and space do not allow us to extend quotations from this great author, and indeed there would be an essential difficulty in making selec-

tions. One cannot read a page of his works anywhere without finding moral, or religious, or political aphorisms. We cite an example, which even in the midst of our name and nation is not without its significance: "The worst of barbarisms is that which springs from corruption."

Our author, brief as was his literary career, had the satisfaction of seeing his works translated into nearly all the languages of Europe; and now that he is gone, his fame and his teachings resound through Christendom, and extend their range with each succeeding year.

On the 9th of July, 1848, this eminent publicist and exemplary priest went to his rest, not having yet completed the 38th year of his age. Spain, Europe, Christendom, wept over his early death; but why? He had fulfilled a glorious mission, and his works are of those which do not perish.

"Æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen."

We commend our readers, who would know him better, to his works, and there they will find that the star of Spain has not set forever. How could it? Has not the Peninsula in times past brought forth mighty men, men of renown in their generation?

If you search a hero, behold the Cid; a sovereign, the ornament of her sex, and the pride of her country, there is Isabella, the Catholic; a great explorer, the noblest of navigators, there is Christopher Columbus, "a foreigner" made the adopted son of Spain by the wisdom of Isabella; a wise and unselfish statesman, there is the great Ximenes; a contemplative saint, there is Teresa; a saint for action, there is Ignatius; or if you prefer, a Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies; a conqueror, there is Cortes, whose life and deeds surpass the fictions of romance; a writer, moralist, and novelist, there is the unrivalled Cervantes; a painter, the great master, Murillo; a dramatist, Lope de Vega, or Calderon de la Barca; a theologian and philosopher, Suarez; a historian, the learned Mariana; we will mention no more that we may not trespass longer on the reader's patience, but we must say that the country which has brought forth such examples of genius, of greatness and of virtue in the past, under the same heavens, with the same soil, the same climate, and the *same religion* yet there, cannot fail of regeneration.

In our humble opinion Balmes is the forerunner of the new order.

Best Conductors of Lightning.—Metals are the best conductors, the choice lying between copper and iron. Different experimenters make the conducting power of copper from five to six and a half times that of iron; so that, having determined the sectional area of an efficient copper rod, an iron one of six times that area will possess the same conducting power. Iron, however, is not effective and durable, unless entirely coated with silver, copper, tin, palladium, or gold, in consequence of liability to rust. As to the capacity of rods, the sectional area of a copper one should vary from a circle one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, the larger area for very tall conductors and the smaller for shorter ones. The form of the rod, whether flat or round, is immaterial, but it should be as entire and as straight as possible, avoiding all abrupt angles and short turns, and presenting a single point to the clouds, with the apex tipped with palladium, the most powerful conductor of electricity known.

DR. BROWNSON AND THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As our readers are, of course, aware, the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dred Scott case, has been, from the moment it was pronounced, the subject of the most bitter and vindictive denunciation throughout a great portion of the North. Nor has this been confined to the decision merely. The Judges constituting the majority of the Court, who concurred in it, have been assailed on all sides, with the most indecent personal vituperation. As is usual, when any outrage of peculiar grossness is to be perpetrated among the philosophers and philanthropists of that section, the stump-speaking pulpit has been called in aid of the higher-law press. The Cheevers and Beechers, and all the rest of the Sharp's-rifle saints, have taken up, every Sunday, the tale of sedition and malice which the Tribune and its coadjutors have been fabricating during the week, until the distinction between the pot-house and the political conventicle—small enough indeed before—has become almost absolutely imperceptible.

The venerable Chief Justice of the United States—whom no one in our community, and no impartial man any where, names but to honor—has been the especial mark of these assaults, ecclesiastical and lay. Although merely the presiding officer of the Court—without greater authority or more potent voice in its deliberations and judgments than any of his brethren, and only distinguished among them by his reverend age and by the pre-eminent degree in which he unites the moral and intellectual characteristics of a great and just judge—he has been selected to bear almost the whole responsibility of the iniquities attributed to the decision. There is scarcely a motive which is vile, or an error which is criminal, that has not been imputed to him. Incompetency in his profession has been charged, without stint, to a man who has been for half a century one of its acknowledged leaders, and whose reported judgments are unsurpassed in the judicial literature of his country or the annals of the high tribunal whose deliberations he has graced, *facile princeps*, for more than twenty years. Corrupt ambition has been attributed, with shameless recklessness, to one, who besides being already the occupant of the most dignified station in the land, has lived ten years beyond the allotted period of human existence, and who by possibility can have no motive in his official action, beyond a conscientious sense of duty discharged, and the desire to leave behind him an unsullied and honored name.

But partisan rancor and theological hatred have not contented themselves with this onslaught upon the judicial ability and integrity of the Chief Justice. The sanctity of his religious convictions has been invaded, and his reverend assailants, especially, have thanked God that the outrage

of the Court's decision was not wrought by the hand of a Protestant, but that it came from the bad heart and perverted mind of a "Papist," with the abominations of whose faith it might fairly claim kindred.

In regard to all these things we have nothing to say. They furnish subjects for sad reflection, to every man who loves his country, honors its institutions and has the hopes of himself and his children knit unto its future. But, unhappily, they are nothing new, in principle. They are only aggravated symptoms of that insane fanaticism which has so long threatened to convert one section of the Union into a political mad-house —an insanity, which is only not complete, in that it is too deliberately wicked to be free from moral responsibility. There is no sacredness in religious freedom—no recollection of ancestral, plighted faith—no bond of fraternal love or historical association—no reverence for constitution or for constituted authority—which does not crumble into dust before its passionate and traitorous vindictiveness. That the Chief Justice of the United States has been selected as the object of its most venomous attack, is but a recognition of the fact, that he is, for the time, the most conspicuous representative of the moderation, the sound sense, the patriotism, the constitutional conservatism of the country.

> "'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
> That virtue must go through."

We should do gross injustice to Dr. Brownson, whose name we have placed at the head of this article, were we to permit the supposition that it is our design to identify any thing coming from his pen with the lawless scurrility to which we have directed our comments. We certainly have no such intention, but we still feel bound to express our regret at the spirit and tone in which he has alluded to the case in question, in the April number of his Review—controverting the reasoning and denying the conclusions of the Court. The judgments of courts of justice are undoubtedly open, in every free country, to the comments and criticism of the press and the public. But this liberty of discussion, like all other rational freedom, is to be exercised, and by all men of prudence and patriotism is exercised, with the care and reserve which circumstances and the public welfare may demand. There are always bad men enough, in the best communities, disposed to spurn the restraints of the law and set at naught the judgments of the tribunals by which it is administered, and no man who has the common interest at heart can willingly give them countenance or encouragement, by attempting to weaken the confidence and respect to which those judgments are entitled. We can certainly conceive no occasion on which the observance of such caution could be demanded more imperatively, than the one before us. No questions have ever excited such irreconcilable antagonism of opinion in our country, or involved so much of bitter sectional hostility, as those considered by the Supreme

Court in the Dred Scott case. No contest has ever shaken the foundations of the Union so perilously, as the political canvass in which those questions were made the watchwords of party. They had come, at last, for adjudication, before the Supreme Tribunal of the nation, created by the Constitution for the settlement of precisely such controversies. That the decision of the tribunal could be favorable or agreeable to both of the hostile parties, was of course impossible. The same points could not be determined affirmatively and negatively, at the same time. Adopting one view, the Court was compelled to repudiate the cherished opinions of a large portion of the people in the Northern States. Adopting the other, it must as certainly reject the whole political creed of the South. Yet the Court had no escape from adopting the one view or the other—from repudiating the one set of doctrines or the other—and it was under every pledge that can bind the conscience or sanctify duty, to pronounce its judgment, without regard to consequences or to the probable effect on men's feelings or opinions. The Supreme Court is not a representative body. It is not only under no obligation, but it has no right, to consult the wishes or speak the sentiments of a constituency. It knows neither majorities nor minorities. It is the servant of the constitution and the laws, and it has sworn no other allegiance. Its members are liable to impeachment, if they are corrupt, but otherwise they owe no responsibility except to their consciences, and what they deliberately determine, within their sphere, of which they only are the judges, is the law of the land, let who may desire or determine the contrary. The Court was constituted as all courts of justice are constituted—not to promulgate opinions upon which men are agreed, but to determine questions concerning which men differ. Its very creation implies the existence of hostile claims and opinions, and the necessity of some arbiter to decide between them, without reference to the interests or the wishes of those who are in the wrong. Its province is to judge—not to temporize or to reconcile—to ascertain what is right—not to look about, as Dr. Brownson indicates, for what is "acceptable." Upon the two sides of this particular controversy, the passions as well as the opinions of the two great parties in the republic were arrayed, and defied each other. It was a case demanding—if case ever demanded—the intervention of judicial arbitrament, and the Supreme Court, in determining it, had a right to rely, with implicit confidence, upon the support of all true men, no matter what might be their individual opinions. When we say support, we mean not merely reluctant, unwilling, protesting sufferance—but a manly, open recognition of its judgment as the authoritative settlement of a vexed and unhappy question. The Court and the country had a right to expect that there would be an end of contention upon the points adjudicated, and that the public mind would no longer be disturbed by the reiteration of objections and arguments already urged, heard, considered and over-ruled. If men will not respect a judicial determination because they do not agree in opinion with the

judges who pronounce it, courts of justice are clearly an absurdity and every law-suit must end in placing the one party or the other in open rebellion.

It is from the adoption, by Dr. Brownson, of a course so contrary to the one we have indicated as becoming, that the regret which we have expressed arises. Nor do we think that the force of our objection is in any way weakened by the qualification with which he has accompanied his "exceptions to the opinion of the Court." He says:

"Of course we are aware there is no appeal from the Supreme Court, and its opinion must stand as law, till it is set aside. Though we take exceptions to it, and believe it in several respects erroneous, we trust we shall not forget our duty as a loyal citizen."

It is mere mockery, in our judgment, to talk about loyalty to a judicial decision, the whole moral force of which you attempt, in the same breath, to destroy, by urging and enlarging upon your convictions of its unworthiness and error. And even supposing that Dr. Brownson does not violate his own duty, by endeavoring to satisfy his readers that they are called on to submit to injustice, and error, and even inhumanity, in a judgment from which there is no judicial appeal—what guaranty has he that others, less moderate or less honest than himself, will not adopt his reasoning and repudiate his loyalty? The proceedings of several of the Northern legislatures, already taken, ought to satisfy him, we think, that his logic is contraband of war, being ammunition furnished to the enemies of the public peace.

With our views of the duty of the press under the circumstances of the case before us, we do not of course propose to enter into the merits of Dr. Brownson's reasoning upon the constitutional questions lately in controversy. We accept the judgment of the Supreme Court as law—with the binding force and legitimacy of which neither Dr. Brownson's convictions nor ours have anything to do. We will not admit that the questions which it settles are open, by even attempting to shew that they are rightly settled. It is enough that the judgment has been rendered. *Ita lex scripta est.* We cannot help observing however,—and we think that so eminent a controversialist as Dr. Brownson, seeking to deal fairly, might have been expected to notice the fact—that the opinion of the Supreme Court has never yet been published. The whole argument of the "Review" is addressed to "an abstract of the decision, as given in the columns of the New York Herald." Now, we respectfully submit, it was not too much to expect, that before refusing to consider the opinion of the majority of the Court "as worthy of the high source whence it emanates"—and especially before declaring that he had "anticipated" and "refuted" its reasoning—Dr. Brownson would at least have waited until he had learned, from the Court itself, what its opinion and reasoning really were. It might well have occurred, we think, to any person of merely ordinary con-

fidence in his own abilities and opinions, that the deliberate judgment of a majority of the members of the highest and ablest judicial tribunal of the land—pronounced by the acknowledged head of the legal profession within its borders, in the maturity of his recognized and unimpaired powers—would probably prove, when produced, to be hardly susceptible of demolition in four or five pages of anybody's "Quarterly Review." We must confess that we have occasionally seen much more edifying instances of modesty, than that which our distinguished contemporary exhibits, in imagining that he has annihilated the majority of the Supreme Court, in a sort of postscript to an editorial.

We think, too, that if Dr. Brownson had taken time to give play to his fine faculties, it would probably have occurred to him as a conclusive reason for awaiting the appearance of the opinion of the Court, that instead of being handed over to the press, in hot haste, like the dissenting opinions of Judges Curtis and McLean (whom he calls "the ablest judges from the free States"), to be made a part of the machinery of party excitement and electioneering war—it was quietly reserved for publication, in due course, among the official reports of the Court—a judicial sentence, not a political pamphlet. We think that instead of fortifying himself by "the dissenting opinion of Judge McLean," Dr. Brownson would probably have remembered that Judge McLean was a candidate, at the last election, for the suffrages of the free-soil convention, and has long been prominent before the people as an aspirant to the Presidency—having announced his "acceptable" views on the Slavery Question through the newspapers, on the eve of the last nominations. Dr. Brownson, on reflection, would hardly have regarded the hastily promulged judicial dissent of Justice McLean, in view of these facts, as properly impairing the "moral force" of the opinion of the Court, any where, or giving any "moral force" whatever to Judge McLean's own personal or judicial position.

But Dr. Brownson is not satisfied with setting himself up as a sort of super-Supreme Court of Appeals, upon the legal and constitutional questions involved in the Dred Scott case. He undertakes, as is his wont, to exercise a little ecclesiastical jurisdiction besides, and to settle a few matters of faith and conscience as well as jurisprudence. He chooses to regard Chief Justice Taney as the Court, and not only to deny his law and dispute his facts—without having seen the record of either—but to assail him as a Catholic, because "he did not recollect what he is taught by his religion," but, on the contrary, had promulgated opinions "more in accordance with the teaching of Aristotle than with that of the gospel." Thus, while the Cheevers and Beechers, on the one side, pronounce the opinion of the Court to be flat "Popery" and duly diabolical in consequence, Dr. Brownson, on the other, regards it as rebellion against the authority of the Church and the bulls of the successors of St. Peter!

Against the intrusion of any such considerations into a question of this

sort we solemnly protest. When Dr. Brownson shall have been a Catholic one-half so long as the Chief Justice, he will probably know that their introduction is utterly unjustifiable. In suggesting them, he has done neither more nor less than has been done, in their way, by the orators of the stump-pulpit. If he is right in requiring a Catholic judge to regulate his decisions, not by the law which he has sworn to administer, but by something outside of it and above it, which his Church is supposed to teach—then the opponents of his Church may have the right to treat the errors of the judge as the errors of his religion, and to regard him as unfitted, by professing it, to occupy his judicial station. There is no escape from the conclusion. Either Dr. Brownson is wrong or Dr. Cheever may be right. But they are both utterly wrong. The Catholic Church provides no loop-holes by which a man may escape from the discharge of an official duty—she applies no pressure to force him from it—she binds him with no fetters within it. As she teaches the citizen to obey the law, so she teaches the judge to expound it—not as he would have it, nor as it would be "acceptable" to others, but, simply and nakedly, as it is. She neither legislates for the legislator, nor adjudicates for the judge. She consecrates the principle of inviolability within her own sphere, by leaving inviolate the functions and duties of the civil magistrate. In the unhappy controversy which the recent decision of the Supreme Court should terminate forever, the Catholics of the country have had no "Church North" and "Church South" to distract and divide them, or split and sever their allegiance. They have all been on the side of the recognized institutions of the country, as they are all, now, upon the side of the constituted authorities. They have not aspired to be above the law—they do not now aspire to be above those who are appointed to interpret it. No man is an authorized teacher who would persuade them, whether as judges or simple citizens, that their path of duty or conscience lies in any other direction.

We have dwelt at some length on this subject, not merely because of our respect to Dr. Brownson and our sense of the interest of the questions, but from a desire to prevent, so far as we are concerned, any misconstruction of Catholic opinion. When the Legislatures of States of this Union so far forget what is due to the common weal and to every principle of duty and patriotism, as to pass votes of censure upon the Supreme Court of the land and adopt measures to resist its decisions, it is no time for any body of citizens to leave their sentiments on the subject open to misinterpretation. It is the duty of every man to speak out plainly, and to allow no one to speak for him, who does not represent him truly. It is a sad state of things, indeed, and of fearful augury, when there is to be no criterion of right, except what men will, and no submission to authority, except when authority has itself previously submitted to dictation and compulsion. Nor is it the least of the evils which such circumstances draw in their train, that if they continue, we must assuredly lose the ser-

vices of all good men in public place. While there are so many opportunities for the pursuit of honorable ambition and manly independence in private station, the number must gradually grow less, of those who are willing to expose themselves in official positions, to the capricious despotism, the vituperation and the indignities of popular injustice.

Down to this time, the Supreme Court has been the one institution to which men have looked with reverence and of which they have spoken with respect. We have fallen upon evil days, if even that one is to be no longer sacred. Wo betide us, if the reputations of its judges and the sanctity of its judgments are hereafter to be trailed through the kennels! If, from this time forth, the press and the public are to be content with none but "acceptable" opinions, we shall soon see upon the bench only the base men, who for place or popularity will contract to pronounce them. No one, we are sure, would deplore such a result more than our distinguished contemporary, and we think that his influence and reputation render it doubly his duty to do nothing, even inadvertently, by which its advent shall be hastened. If he assumes the right to determine what "it was the business of the Court to brand with its disapprobation," others, less wise and conservative than he, will assume the same right, after their fashion. If he objects to the exercise of jurisdiction by the Court, because "he cannot understand on what ground" it was claimed, others, who understand less than he, will, for that very reason, object even more. The delightful prerogative of setting the world to rights and laying down the law for it, is one of which he cannot reasonably expect to enjoy a monopoly, and in the exercise of which he will hardly be allowed to have altogether his own way. Some irreverent rival may perhaps be found to tell him, what the Venetian Ambassador, Giustiniani, says that he was told by Cardinal Wolsey—"*Domine Orator*," said his lordship, laughing, "you are like the man who had a dispute about a mill, and when there was a question about compromising the matter, he said 'I consent to the compromise, but I choose, at any rate, to have my mill!'"

NIGHT.

'Tis sweeter to gaze on the face
Of Night when she has donned her crown
And queenly robe of light sky blue,
With starry jewels glimmering through,
And with soft eye is looking down,
Than in Earth's rarest beauties trace
The charm of features, and the wile
And witchery of woman's smile,
All wildly though they send the flame
Through throbbing breast and thrilling frame.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. IV.

Judicial Reaction.—One of the most striking features of the present time is the frightful increase of crimes against the person and property—recklessness of life, and unscrupulous avidity for money and plunder. Bands of young outlaws haunt the streets of the large cities, and highway robberies are frequent even in broad day. Picking pockets is tame, yet by no means unfashionable, but the more desperate "garroting" is the vogue, while burglary continues to improve as one of the heroics in crime. Murder, of late, is usually committed by wholesale.

A skill and ingenuity in crime, and absence of moral restraint, would indicate that the criminals were of a higher order of intelligence than the ignorant and besotted villians of long ago—the result of the partial education of the intellect and the passions, without the education of the moral nature and the heart by accompanying religious instruction, the most important and necessary of all education. False sympathy and a kindness to criminals, which has proved a cruelty to society, by weakening the hands of justice, either by its administration by courts and juries, or through the pardoning power of the executive, has assisted the progress of crime by giving it immunity. But, fortunately, great evils sometimes cure themselves; and then the danger is imminent that the mode of cure itself may become an evil by becoming an extreme—for extremes meet.

It is evident that education—godless education has not eradicated crime, but that crime has increased and become educated, while public morality has deteriorated; and the conclusion has been reached that rigid law and stern punishment alone can now save society from ruin. Judge Russel, of New York, may claim the honor of inaugurating "the judicial reaction," and some of our own judges seem not indisposed to restore somewhat more of vigor to the operations of their courts, and truly it is time. Two men were convicted before Judge Russel, of robbery, accomplished by garroting—that is, choking the victim, but not fatally: and he promptly sentenced them to the *penitentiary for life*. The sentence is severe, but we presume is authorized by the law: and, certainly, the protection of society, of life and property, demands vigilance and vigorous action when the crime is clearly proven. But it is well, while recovering from the mawkish sympathy and impotence, which have emasculated courts of justice, that we take good heed not to rush into vindictive cruelty. And it is better still, while the re-awakening power of the law puts down the criminal mania of the present, that a blow be struck at the root of the evil for the future, by giving to the young that moral and religious education, which will enable them to restrain their passions, teach them to abhor sin, and make them for the love of God become law-abiding and orderly citizens.

PRAYER BOOKS.

1. *L'Ange Conducteur dans les Prières, à Liège*, 1782.—2. *Manual de Oraçoes.* Anno 1756. Lisboa.—3. *The Key of Paradise.* London: 1772.—4. *Instructions and Devotions for hearing Mass, printed in the year* 1699.—5. *A Dayly Exercise of the Devout Christian, printed* 1673.

We copy by request the following article, contributed to the April number of *Brownson's Review.* Our high esteem for the distinguished author to whom it is generally attributed, prevents us from adding a single word, further than to call the attention of our readers to the importance of the subject:

We place these ancient prayer books, written in French, Portuguese, and English, at the head of some remarks which we feel prompted to make, not wishing to excite jealousy or pain, by selecting as the subject of our observations any of the numerous devotional works recently issued by our enterprising publishers. To these we willingly accord the praise of taste and elegance, although the bulk of several of the works does not catch our fancy, since we desire greater simplicity in the exercise of piety. We do not, however, blame the publishers for seeking to gratify their patrons by every variety of devotion, which is their duty as well as interest, in all those matters which the ecclesiastical authority sanctions, or leaves free. The approval obtained from the prelates in whose respective dioceses these works have been published, shows that the publishers acted with all due regard for superiors, unless, as in some cases we know has happened, the approval be alleged without foundation. It has been presumed as a matter of course, by some who merely republished a prayer book stated to have been already approved of by the prelate, or his predecessor. We suggest, however, the propriety of obtaining an express approval, whenever the actual prelate has not already given it, since it is incongruous and irregular to publish a work on the authority of one who has passed from this sublunary world. The same should be understood of a bishop who has been translated. As the authority of a bishop over the diocese ceases by his translation, it is a want of respect to his successor, if any devotional work appear with such sanction. For the same reason, the practice of soliciting and alleging on the title-page the approval of other bishops beside the ordinary, is indecorous, unless a higher authority intervene, especially the Sovereign Pontiff. Although this display of names, which savors of puffing, may promote in some degree the sale of the work, it is not altogether consistent with the respect due to the local authority, and it gives the bishops the appearance of easy patrons rather than of impartial judges. In the mode hitherto followed, we discover no intentional want of respect on the part of the publishers, but a natural solicitude for their own interests, which, we believe, can be as effectually promoted by a method more strictly canonical. The bishops who, through

courtesy for their colleagues, decline allowing their names to be used in conjunction with that of the Ordinary, have many ways of making known to their diocesans their high estimate of works that may be circulated with advantage.

Whoever has travelled in Italy, Spain, or other Catholic countries, has not failed to observe how deficient the people appear to be in prayer books. The recital of the beads seems the most popular form of devotion, even during the celebration of Mass, at which comparatively few use books, containing, for the most part, short meditations on the mysteries, or prayers suited to the occasion. The Portuguese Manual, which lies before us, is of this character. It consists of little more than a hundred pages of 24mo., with a number of wood-cuts, representing the various parts of the Mass, and the corresponding scenes in the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Saviour, which are commemorated and represented. Meagre as this supply to the spiritual appetite may appear, we deem it quite sufficient, and better calculated to foster piety, than the lengthened and elaborate devotions of our ordinary prayer books. It arrests and fixes the attention, without fatiguing the reader, leaving him free scope to exercise his mind in reflection. The endeavor to read all that is in the prayer-book often occupies the worshipper, so as to make him almost unconscious of the meaning of that which he hastily recites. The best manner of hearing Mass, doubtless, is to recall to our minds the Passion of our Lord, and plead with him for our wants and necessities. This can be done mentally without the aid of any book, or by availing ourselves of some book, or image, to excite our memory and affection. The shorter form pleases us most, but we have no objection to the use of long prayers, such as are found in our popular works. We only observe that it is by no means necessary to read them all, and that whoever feels moved to reflect, meditate, and pray from the heart, will profit more by laying aside his book, than by continuing its perusal. Prayer and worship are the chief objects to be attended to.

It may appear to some, that the most exact and profitable manner of hearing Mass is to have before one the very words recited by the priest, and to accompany him in their recital. This may have led to the translation of the Ordinary of the Mass in "The Key of Paradise" and other prayer books, which, however, may also be accounted for by the desire to meet the objection of our worshipping in an unknown tongue. Strange as it may appear, the Popes have always discountenanced and forbidden such translations. So late as 6 June, 1851, the present Pontiff directed the Bishop of Langres to cause it to be discontinued. Is it that Rome fears exposure? The world knows already all that is contained in our Liturgy: but the reverence due to the mysterious rite has led the chief bishop to seek to prevent its details becoming too familiar, lest words full of awe be pronounced with levity and profaneness. Besides, what suits the priest in his character of minister and representative of Christ, does not

suit the faithful who concur and share in the oblation. As far as instruction and edification are in question, they are provided for by the Scriptural lessons which are read from the pulpit in the vernacular tongue, and are otherwise within reach of the people generally, together with the explanations of the various rites of the Mass, which the Council of Trent directs to be given frequently. No objection exists to this information being contained in our prayer books, unless, perhaps, that it unnecessarily swells their bulk, and obliges the faithful to carry with them always to church that which is sufficient to have once read and understood, in order to perform an enlightened worship. Respect for the authority of the Holy See, whose judgment is unbiassed by the petty apprehensions which disturb our peace, should exclude from our prayer books the Ordinary of the Mass. Do we condemn those who have hitherto inserted it? The prohibitory rule was doubtless unknown to several, and appeared to others abrogated by contrary usage; but the doubt entertained by the venerable Bishop of Langres, and the earnestness wherewith his present Holiness insisted on the prohibition should determine our submission. The zeal which seeks to promote the interests of religion, by means disapproved of by the Ruler of the Church, is not enlightened. *Habent zelum Dei, sed non secundum scientiam.*

The hearing of Mass is, we may say, the exclusive object of the devotions in one of the English, and the Portuguese prayer book noted above: "*Para assistir a o sacrificio da Missa.*" The English prayer book contains three different methods for this purpose, and subjoins a fourth, whereby the absent may share in the advantages of the sacrifice. Although it is much larger than that in Portuguese, it contains only 168 pages in 18mo., quite a small affair compared with the monster prayer books now in use. We do not object to some additions which detract nothing from the simplicity of devotion, such as Morning and Evening Prayers, Prayers before Confession and Communion, the Psalms of Vespers, with the various Church hymns, which may be given in English, as well as Latin, without violating any disciplinary rule with which we are acquainted. We doubt the propriety of admitting into prayer books any hymns not sanctioned by the public usage of the Church. The beauty and tenderness of the poetic effusions of Faber are present to our mind no less than the sweet *canzonette* of Saint Alphonsus in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, and all the popular hymns of France and Germany, to the recital of which, apart from the solemn services of the Church, we should not object; but a prayer-book like the Liturgy itself, should not easily admit what has not passed the ordeal of authority. We should vote for the retrenchment of all prayers to Saints which had not the like sanction, and although we might thus deprive the pious of some consolation, the service rendered to religion by removing much that forms a stumblingblock to inquirers, and affords to the enemies of the Church an occasion of calumny, would amply compensate for the sacrifice. Respect

for the Holy See, independently of these important considerations, would determine us unsparingly to exscind the numerous Litanies which fill our books, in direct opposition to the constant and actual discipline of the Apostolic See, which up to this moment unrelentingly proscribes all of them, but the ancient Litanies of the Saints, found in the Missals and Breviaries, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The devotion which seeks expression in forms condemned by the judgment of the Vicegerent of Christ, cannot be otherwise regarded than as morbid and delusive. We have no confidence in the success of petitions having a black mark from St. Peter.

The French prayer book published at Liege shows that already various Litanies were in vogue besides those sanctioned by the Holy See; of which further evidence is presented in a small work in Latin published at Antwerp in 1697, styled *Sacræ Litaniæ Variæ.* The jealousy long entertained in France of the exercise of Papal authority, especially through the various Congregations of Cardinals, easily accounts for this apparent disregard of a point of discipline not solemnly urged on the Universal Church by a formal decree of the Pontiff himself. The same may be said in regard to Holland and other countries in which the prohibited Litanies have had a currency. If it be contended that contrary usage, with the knowledge of the Holy See, has abrogated the prohibition, we shall not lose time in disputing the assertion. Were we engaged in adjusting the conscience of a publisher, who has on hand a large supply of prayer-books, all of which contain them, we should not raise a scruple as to his disposal of them in the best way he could, in order to escape a great loss, although they class with prohibited books, whose retention or circulation subjects publishers and purchasers to the penalties of the Index, wherever its laws are in force. Our object here is not to disturb consciences, or demand great sacrifices: it is to challenge respect for a discipline tenaciously adhered to by the Holy See, despite of every contrary usage, and in itself marked with wisdom. The recent application made by the Bishop of Langres proves that a better spirit, manifesting itself in profound reverence for Rome, animates the French hierarchy. Leaving then to others to discuss the obligation of conforming to the law as repeatedly inculcated and still maintained by the actual Pontiff, we content ourselves with urging its expediency, by pointing to the inconveniences, not to say extravagancies which result from its neglect. Our prayer books would be freed from exaggerations which disfigure them, and instead of the inflated epithets which are so freely bestowed on favorite Saints, we should have formularies alike commended by simplicity and antiquity. The reduction of the books themselves to a smaller size would also be no inconsiderable advantage, as rendering them more portable and less ostentatious.

If, however, our publishers choose to give their patrons large manuals, they can find abundant materials, without inserting any prohibited or

exceptionable matter. "The Daily Exercise," placed last on our list, "published by T. V., monk of the holy order of St. Benedict," contains above 500 pages of small duodecimo; yet nothing in it has met our eye to which we would object. It has morning and evening exercises, directions for meditation, exercises on the chief virtues, instructions and devotions for Confession and Communion, and various other practices of piety. Without catering to a vitiated taste a large prayer book can be formed, abounding in instruction and edification.

The remedy of the abuse to which we point attention may be thought to rest with the bishops, who are fully authorized to prohibit any book containing the forbidden Litanies, or other objectionable matter; yet it is easily seen that this exercise of authority cannot be ventured on without great reluctance. The immediate prohibition would subject the publishers to considerable loss, and a provisorial measure to take effect after a time might appear to legalize and sanction what the chief pastor has condemned absolutely and without qualification. A less formal notification of the approved discipline may prepare the way for its general observance, and publishers fully advised of its character may procure some competent clergyman, acquainted with all the decisions that have emanated on the subject, and approved of by the bishop, to make a judicious selection of devotional exercises. Such a prayer book may not all at once be popular; but if religious communities and institutions adopt it to the exclusion of all that contain prohibited matter, it will amply reward the enterprise of the publisher. The religious orders, cherished with such marked affection by the Holy See, will feel bound to respect its ordinances on this point. Confessors will necessarily abstain from enjoining on their penitents any formulary stamped with the disapproval of superiors. The faithful, persuaded that no devotion can prove acceptable to God which the Church rejects as frivolous or dangerous, will cease to use those exercises. Thus a reform may be effected without the sacrifice of any interests and without any odious exercise of authority. K.

PILGRIMS, ON!

Pilgrims, on! though darkness cover
All earth's pathway to the tomb;
Angels o'er that pathway hover
Mid the deep surrounding gloom.
Light effulgent gleams above you
From the throne of glory, where
Bright seraphic ones who love you,
Witness all your grief and care.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XII.

LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART.

We must again turn to the epoch of the suppression of the Society of Jesus and the French revolution. What the great revolt of the sixteenth century was for the northern countries of Europe, this infidel movement has been in the Catholic countries of the south, not overthrowing Catholicity and hypocritically setting up a state mockery to delude the people, but without a mask seeking destruction and plunder.

Religious orders disappear in the close of the last century in France and Germany, and in the present in Spain and its dependencies, Switzerland and Peidmont. The education of youth is lost to religion, and Providence prepares new orders, new societies, ready to resume the new work, full of that active energy that characterizes in their outset those communities which God raises for special ends.

Of the orders instituted within the present century none has obtained a more extended development, or been the occasion of more recognized good than the Sisters, or as they are commonly called the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. None too, we may add, is better known in the United States. Scarcely half a century has elapsed since its origin, its foundress is still the first and only superior, and yet it has covered France with its convents, has its houses in Italy, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Savoy, Poland, the British Isles, Canada, and the United States.

After the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and amid the ruins caused by the French revolution, Fathers of the Society of Jesus, or others filled with the spirit of Saint Ignatius, united in congregations under various names, Fathers of the Faith, Fathers of the Sacred Heart, Associated Priests, &c. Soon instruments of great good wherever liberty was given them, they deplored the want of an order devoted to the education of girls, especially of the middle and higher classes. Several attempted it; and especially Father Tournely, who hoped to find in the Archduchess Mary Anne of Austria, or in the pious princess Louisa of Condé, the foundress of the new congregation; but God had chosen his own instrument in the person of the young and pious Magdalen Sophie Louise Barat.* Born in 1780 at Joigny in the diocese of Sens, of virtuous parents, she was baptized almost as soon as she was born—so little hopes of life could human judgment discern in one destined to survive the ordinary life of men, and be for nearly half a century the head of a religious order. Her brother Louis acted as her god-father, and fully impressed with the gravity of the obligation which he had assumed, watched carefully over his little sister, imprinting in her mind the principles of solid piety, while

* Vie du Père Varin—pp. 78–80.

he cultivated her talents and adorned her mind. Embracing the ecclesiastical state, Louis Barat was a deacon at the time of the revolution, and at the fall of Robespierre, was a prisoner in the dungeons of the republic, which, like some of the States of our Union, proclaimed liberty to all, but either confined the Catholic priest or the children of his parish in a dungeon, to cut off one from the other.* After his release he was ordained in 1795 and joined the Fathers of the Faith. In 1800 Madamoiselle Barat felt called to consecrate herself to God, but there was no religious house in France to which she felt a vocation. Just then Father Barat learned the plans of which we have spoken, and in which Father Varin, then Superior at Paris, was most deeply interested. He offered his sister to Father Varin to be the first member of the order, and that able director soon found that she was indeed fitted to accomplish the design with which God had inspired him, being distinguished by a maturity above her years, of cultivated mind, extensive knowledge, solid judgment, rare prudence, exquisite tact and exemplary piety, and on her part Madamoiselle Barat found in the institute proposed by him the object of her secret desires. "The Almighty would not," says Father Varin, "accept to initiate his work, instruments great in the eyes of the world; but that the glory might be all His own, he chose to base the edifice on simplicity, littleness and nothingness."

The qualities of Madamoiselle Barat filled her admirably for the commencement and government of a new order. Many young ladies joined her as soon as the plan became known, and Father Varin formed them into a community under the name of Ladies of the Sacred Heart in a house at Paris, whence however they soon removed to Amiens, to a house once belonging to the orphans, and which the ladies regard as the cradle of their order. Their rule, temporary at first, was drawn up by Father Varin, who is considered as the founder of the order.

During the first years Father Varin, then Superior of the Faith, entrusted the direction of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to an ecclesiastic who introduced a new rule and produced a schism in the little congregation. On the separation however, only a few followed the innovator, Madam Barat and the majority adhered to the rules given by Father Varin, who after this crisis in 1814 labored to perfect the rule and gave it its present shape eleven years later. Meanwhile many bishops in various parts, among others the Archbishops of Paris, Cardinal Cheverus, Bordeaux the Archbishop of Chambery, the bishops of Amiens, Grenoble, Poitiers, Quimper, Orleans, Mans and Autun applied to the Holy See for an approval of the new Institute. The sovereign Pontiff Leo XII on the 5th of May 1826, referred the matter to the congregation of bishops and regulars, who after due examination unanimously approved the Constitution and

* The State of New York for example seizes Catholic children and confines them in Juvenile Asylums, from which it excludes Catholic priests and instruction, but which Catholics are forced by law to support by their taxes.

Rules on the 15th of July, in consequence of which his Holiness by his Bull, *In Supremo*, formally sanctioned the Institute on the 22d of December in the same year.

The Sovereign Pontiff did not limit his good will to this signal mark of his favor. He had become deeply interested in the new order, and as the Church and Convent of Trinita de Monte at Rome was regarded as French, and had been for some centuries served by Minims, of whom only one survived, while the order had ceased in France, Pope Leo XII proposed to the King of France to give it to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and they were accordingly installed.* Subsequent Pontiffs, especially Gregory XVI and Pius IX, have applauded the rule; and the Eternal City now contains three convents of the order.

Father Varin had the happiness of surviving many years this consoling act, and after beholding the sisterhood spreading far and wide, diffusing the blessings of education and piety, especially the devotion to that Sacred Heart to which he was so devout, he died in sentiments of the utmost piety on the 19th of April, 1841.†

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart may be considered as cloistered religious, though not confined to one particular house; they are devoted expressly to the education of girls, including in their duties the gratuitous instruction of the poor. Their rule is based on that of the Society of Jesus: the novitiate lasts for two years, at the end of which the sisters take simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The solemn vows are taken at profession some years later. The dress and vail are black, with a plain white cap, and abroad they wear a cloak and plain black bonnet. The choir sisters wear suspended on the breast a silver cross with the inscription: "Spes unica, cor unum et anima una in corde Jesu."

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart are in form a missionary order, the sisters not being attached permanently to any one convent, but are transferred from one to another, as the Provincial.

The introduction of this order is due to the zeal of the Right Rev. William Dubourg, third bishop of New Orleans, whose diocese included what now forms also the dioceses of Natchitoches, Natchez, Little Rock and St. Louis. Soon after his appointment to the see of New Orleans, whose first bishop had been transferred, whose second died before taking possession, and which had long suffered from neglect, the new prelate applied to the venerable Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and obtained five members of distinguished merit, who accompanied him to Saint Louis, and founded a convent at Saint Ferdinand, or Florissant, fifteen miles from the city.‡ Three years after this house contained five novices and seven postulants, and directed a thriving seminary and a large

* Artaud—Histoire du Pape Leon XII. II, pp. 141–287.

† For the life and virtues of Father Varin, see his life by Father Achille Guidée. Paris: 1854.

‡ Annales de la Propagation de la Foi. I, p. 25.

poor-school.* This cradle of the order in the United States has recently been closed.

On their passage up the Mississippi the faithful at every point sought to retain them, eager to have their daughters profit by the instructions of such pious and accomplished instructresses, and a zealous lady, Mrs. Charles Smith of Grand Coteau in Louisiana having munificently given means to found a convent there, as her husband had endowed the parish church, three ladies came over from Paris to form a community there.† A few years after a third house was commenced at St. Michael's, Acadia county, Louisiana, where a spacious and beautiful building was prepared for their use by the liberal piety of the clergy and people, inspired and directed by the Rev. C. de la Croix, now Canon of Ghent, then a devoted laborer in the American mission.

This foundation was followed in 1827 by the gift of John Mullanphy, Esquire, of St. Louis, who gave the Ladies of the Sacred Heart a large brick building and twenty-five acres of ground within the city, on condition of their educating a certain number of orphan girls.

By 1834 another house had been established at St. Charles, and in 1839 the order numbered in the United States eighty-eight sisters, most of them natives of this country, who had joined it after having been formed by the ladies.‡

The next year, July, 1840, the distinguished Madame Galitzin, provincial of the order, founded a mission and opened an academy among the Pottawatamies on Sugar Creek, a branch of the Osage River, where the Sisters collected fifty children in less than a month, and have continued from then till now to bestow on the daughters of the red man the best instructions that the whites enjoy, forming them to habits of industry and cleanliness, inculcating the truths of religion and such branches of knowledge as are suited to their condition.§

Thus far all the houses of this excellent order were confined to the Mississippi Valley, and to that portion once embraced in the French colony of Louisiana, but it was impossible for an order so in harmony with the age and country, so adapted in its system of education to the actual wants of society, to be confined to the west.

In the plans for the spiritual improvement of his diocese, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, of New York, sought especially an order to give the highest possible education, and deeming the Ladies of the Sacred Heart best fitted to realize his object, a colony of the religious were sent in 1841 by the Mother General under the guidance of Madame de Galitzin, a cousin of Prince Demitri Galitzin, and like him a convert, like him to die

* Laity's Directory, 1822, p. 112. U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1839, p. 61.

† Annales de la Prop. de la Foi, II, pp. 25, 32. U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1839, p. 144.

‡ Laity's Directory for 1822, p. 113. U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1839.

§ U. S. Cath. Almanac 1840, p. 119. De Smet—Oregon Missions, p. 165.

in the United States laboring in the cause of Catholicity and truth.* They first occupied a convent in the city, but removed to Astoria in 1844, and two years after to their present beautifully situated convent at Manhattanville. After leaving the city they continued however, except for a brief interval, their day school, and a second convent now exists in Seventeenth street in a most beautiful location, where an academy of a high order is conducted. Here and at Manhattanville the ladies direct also a gratuitous school for the instruction of poor girls.

The next year Madame Batilde Sallion, with three religious from the mother house at Paris, arrived in Montreal, and on the 27th of December founded their first convent in Canada at St. Jacques l'Achigan near that city: a second house was soon opened at St. Vincent de Paul des Ecores on Laprairie river, and the former house closed. This convent is due almost entirely to the liberality of the parish priests of St. Jacques and St. Vincent, who on this occasion as on so many others, show their zeal for the good of their parishioners.†

The diocese of Philadelphia also sought to have a house of the Sacred Heart, and in 1842 a colony of the Ladies founded a convent at McSherrystown, near the time-honored Jesuit mission of Conewago. This community subsequently removed in pursuit of a more eligible site, and is now located at a beautiful spot called Eden Hall, to which it removed in 1849.

The last named year witnessed also the establishment of a house in the city of Buffalo, followed in 1852 by another at Albany, the latter of which has been quite successful in its academy, while the former community, in consequence of difficulties which it encountered, removed to Rochester in 1855.

Besides these two others arose on the Lake frontier, one in Canada, the other in the United States: these were the convent of Detroit, founded in 1851, by a colony under Madame Trencano, and that of Sandwich, in Canada, just opposite Detroit, founded by a community under Madame de Kersaint in the following year.‡

More recently still a convent has arisen at Halifax, to which the ladies were invited by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, archbishop of that see.

It will thus be seen that this order is spreading rapidly in the northern dioceses, and it is consoling to add that the number of religious is increased, many vocations constantly occurring among ladies of the highest social rank and attainments, who will maintain the high character of the academies of the Sacred Heart. In consequence of the extension at the north, the houses of the Sacred Heart in the United States, have been divided into two provinces or vicariates, the northern and southern: the mother house of the former being the convent at Manhattanville; of the latter, that at St. Michael's in Louisiana.

* See an account of her life and conversion in De Courcy's Catholic Church, 421, &

† De la Roche Heron—Les Servantes de Dieu, p. 92.

‡ De la Roche Heron—Les Servantes de Dieu, pp. 93, 94.

There are at present in the United States ten convents, situated respectively at Manhattanville, Albany, Rochester, Eden Hall, St. Michael, Grand Coteau, St. Louis, St. Charles, Sugar Creek, and New York. These institutions contain 350 religious, 41 novices, 811 pupils, 835 free-scholars, and 36 orphans.

Such has been the triumphant course of the Sacred Heart in the United States. The devotion which the venerable Mary Alacocque instituted, which Jansenism sought to crush, has blessed the order, consecrated especially to it, and the little community that landed in America before even the approval of the Holy See, has gone on steadily increasing, like the laughing stream that trickles down the rocks, and swells at last to a mighty river. Nor has its progress satisfied the wants of the faithful; with their many novices and postulants, with sisters from abroad, they are still unable to respond to the invitations which bishops in various parts have addressed to them.

SPRING.

When Winter's howling, stormy blast,
With fury on us rolls;
When virgin snows fly drifting past,
In mountains from the poles;
When fierce north-easters clear the street
Of every living thing,
O then how much we long to greet,
The calm and genial Spring.

Ho! Spring approaches—how exact
The seasons do return.
Each rising sun proclaims the fact,
Its beacon signals burn;
The atmosphere, the woods and lawn,
Most joyously do ring,
With sounds peculiar to the dawn
Of calm and genial Spring.

Then let's be joyful, we who are
So favored from on high;
Bow down the head, let humble prayer,
Ascend above the sky;
Let's cease awhile our worldly boasts,
Attune the harp and sing
Hosannas to the Lord of Hosts,
Who sends another Spring.

Soon Nature in her richest robe,
Most glorious will be seen;
Her hand will spread the entire globe
With purest, richest green;
Her softest carpets span the earth,
She will her mantle fling
O'er forest, glade, and mountain heath,
This fast approaching Spring.

Ye who by sickness are oppressed;
Ye who on cruches go—
Jump up, exult, you'll find it best,
As doth the bounding roe;
Come out and view the budding trees;
Your doors and shutters fling
Wide open, to admit the breeze,
Of sweet refreshing Spring.

Ye youthful happy nymphs and swains,
Who like the lamb and fawn,
Do skip and sport through flow'ry plains,
Or in the shaded lawn;
Remember whilst you are at play,
That death may ply his sting,
Though in the morning of your day,
Before another Spring.

The mighty monsters of the deep,
The small fish in the stream,
They too, jump up, and as they leap,
They praise the great Supreme;
The Eagle soaring to the sun,
The small bird on the wing,
And lark, at day-break hath begun
To worship God in Spring.

O, breathes there one beneath the skies,
A man who ever trod
This earth of ours, and still denies,
The existence of a God;
Let such, if such there be, arise,
And view each happy thing,
For all that walks, or swims, or flies,
Must worship God in Spring.

[*Selected.*] HENRY BRADY.

THE CURSE OF SACRILEGE.

Amid the constant scenes of sacrilege and spoliation which crimson the page of almost every nation's history, since that dismal sixteenth century, when the adoration of Venus, and Bacchus, and Plutus were restored, if not in name, at least in principle, the minds even of Catholics have become too often insensible to the fearful sin of sacrilege. Many begin to look upon Church property as not differing in any respect from that of individuals, and see nothing very wrong in a government seizing it at will. Strange as it may seem, sacrilege was a rare crime before what some people persist in calling the Reformation. Before that time sanctuaries had been profaned, priests and religious outraged or slain in war or the

DEATH OF ANANIAS.—RAPHAEL.

outburst of violent passions, but it was reserved for the greatest set of hypocrites whom the world has ever beheld, the self-styled reformers, to set at naught what even paganism held sacred, and inaugurate a system of coolly calculated, legal, unblushing sacrilege.

What is church property? Let the lifeless Ananias and Saphira tell. No insult to our divine Redeemer was ever so markedly and instantly punished as this attempt in a donor to withhold what was once given to the Church. Can God err? Can He who chose a life of poverty thus environ the property of His church with its death inflicting barrier, with-

out a motive? What then is church property? Let us ask, what is property? Is the land and chattels all the property of the sovereign or the government, and are the titular owners mere tenants at will? Can the government at any time at its option take back and regrant? Surely not. The government has no power thus to overthrow vested rights or commit on a large scale what in an inferior degree it punishes as a crime. The government is not the original and sole actual owner of property. The property which a government owns it may alien, but once aliened it can no longer any more than an individual resume it. And this between the state and individuals. The same would save the Church from any state usurpation: but the Church property is property given to Almighty God, sanctified to his use, and thus stamped with a peculiar characteristic. It is God's. Our expressive old English called church lands, God's acre: and the government that lays its sacrilegious hands on it draws on itself the curse of God. Baltassar at the banquet, Heliodorus at the temple gate, the terrible judgment of Ananias and his wife, should surely convince us that God holds the property of the Church his own, and will not permit it to be diverted.

England led the way in the work, and only two in a hundred of the families sacrilegiously enriched, now possess the church lands bestowed on them. No such family has ever seen it descend from father to son, from son to grand-son; nay, the very throne itself has never since the crime passed from a monarch to his son and grand-son, in uninterrupted succession. Napoleon's invasion of the rights of the Church sealed his doom; no son sat on his throne, or any of the thrones of his brothers. The work of sacrilege in Spain has borne its fruits of misery; in Sardinia a member of the royal family has fallen with every step made in the career of sacrilege by the present unhappy monarch. The work is not yet consummated. Spain, Portugal even, and Sardinia may yet repent and avert a more terrible judgment. At our very doors, Mexico seeks to imitate their crime. Comonfort and Lerdo rule, but the whole nation will be punished, and the divine vengeance in their ignoble families may escape the pen of history, but it will surely come. There is no pretext there for the seizure of the church property, except the poverty of the government, the result of mismanagement. Were there no sacrilege in the case, the notorious incompetency and profligacy of the government would justify depriving it of the administration, even of its own, and be a bar to its undertaking the administration of the property of others. The government by its very character offers no guarantee that the property will be used for the public good: and how can it, when that property is stained with the awful sin of sacrilege.

Nor has the sin of sacrilege been unavenged even in this country Sudden and fearful death overtook the most sacrilegious of the destroyers of the Charlestown convent, and of the devastators of Saint Augustine's in Philadelphia The impious acts passed in some states last year open a

career of legalized sacrilege, which they will not attempt to carry out, for with all their hatred of Catholicity, they will recoil from such an invasion of vested rights, and thus escape the crime of sacrilege with its fearful penalties.

We must not be supposed to be behind the age in thus investing the Church, its ministers and possession, with a kind of immunity and divine protection. No one can consider Cardinal Wiseman as one of weak intellect, and those who think lightly of sacrilege, would do well to read and ponder his essay on the Fate of Sacrilege, and Spelman's History, and fate of sacrilege which evoked it.

God is more ready to reward than to punish, and if his judgments are terrible on those who violate his sanctuary, the widow's mite shows how highly he esteems even the slightest offering made for the "love of His house, and the place where His glory dwelleth." What blessings must flow on those who from their poverty, have ever so liberally contributed to rear temples to the Most High in our land, where no princes or nobles exist, to erect churches of the abundance with which God has blessed them! Surely the heart which lovingly gives, will be lovingly rewarded, as surely as the unloving rapine meets its doom.

THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

In England as well as in America, the residence of the Irish has long been a fruitful source of discussion; and if we may judge from the general tone of the English press, the presence of the hardy and generous sons of Erin, is regarded with no very friendly eye by their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. And although the Irish from time immemorial have inhabited London, Liverpool and other cities in England in large numbers, they dwell there as a distinct people, and are at the present day as truly "aliens" in race, in religion and feeling, from the great mass of the English nation, as they were three centuries ago. Time has not been able to eradicate the national prejudice that exists against them. Periodically that prejudice is revived, and the Irish residents of England are made the victims of the most furious assaults, similar to those which of late years they have experienced in our own country.

The subject of their residence in England, has supplied the materials of an able article in the January number of the *Dublin Review*, which we abridge for the benefit of our readers. What the *Review* advances in regard to the residence of the Irish in England is so analogous with their residence in America, that we have only to change the name of the nation, and we have the parallel complete. After alluding to the causes of their surprising increase in England, the writer thus proceeds:

"At present they form a large and an increasing portion of the lower population of the country. They are to be found almost everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. We can form some idea of the vast multitudes of Irish in England, by bearing in mind that of the Catholic population of the country, which is every day swelling its numbers, the overwhelming majority are natives of Ireland. It was the complaint of the Roman satirist, that go where he would he was sure to meet with a hungry Greek.

"'Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.'

"And we can well imagine a sturdy and phlegmatic Saxon giving wrathful utterance to a similar lamentation with respect to the Irish. You meet them on the highways 'tramping' the country, with a patience and diligence worthy of a more profitable occupation. In the streets of London you encounter light-hearted and happy looking Irish boys, and you cannot but wonder at the strange destiny which has transplanted them from the rural scenes, and the holy wells, and the green fields, and the purple mountains of their native land into the midst of the busy Babylon of the world. The poor girls, who eke out a scanty subsistence by the sale of flowers, are, many of them, natives of Ireland. The stout hodder or bricklayer's laborer has probably come from the county of Cork. The Irish have invaded the ancient trade of the English costermonger, usurped his rights, and carried off a portion of his profits. They are in the arsenal at Woolwich, in the factories at Norwich and Kent, in the farm houses of Essex and Sussex, in the market gardens near London, in the police and the army, and among those valiant sailors who guard our coasts from smugglers and the French. It is some destitute and friendless Irish girl, aged from sixteen to twenty years, who is maid of all work to the humblest class of London shopkeepers, as well as to that low grade of Jewish householders who inhabit the unaristocratic neighborhood of Spitalfields. In a word, the poorer class of Irish is to the rest of the population of England what the Hebrews were to the Egyptians; with this material difference, that whereas the latter inhabited the most favoured part of Egypt, and ate the fatness of the land, the Irish are congregated together in the poorest, the most squalid, the most neglected, and the most destitute corners of our cities, while their food is very often the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. Or more properly, they are to the English what the Gabaonites were to the Israelites in Canaan; that is to say, they have become, by cruel misfortune, and by hard necessity, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the proud Anglo-Saxon race.

"It is this people, thus scattered throughout the land, and increasing every day in numbers and in importance, although occupying at present, the lowest position in the scale of national estimation, which constitute the immediate and pressing charge of the Church. They are her children, and whatever be their faults or their shortcomings in other respects, at all events they cannot be accused of unfaithfulness to the profession of the Catholic faith. To the Church they have been steadfast, through good report and through evil report; and she has now to take them by the hand, to draw out, and to cultivate the good seed which her sacraments have planted in their souls; to educate them as well socially as religiously, and by means of them, and through them, to impress herself gradually, and favorably, upon the nation at large. It is, therefore, of the first moment, that all who are interested in the extension of the Catholic Church

in England, should devote their very best efforts towards bringing into shape, and order, and discipline, that vast body of Catholics which is comprised within the Irish poor. But, in order to do this with profit, and with effect, we must understand those whom we would wish to influence and to train. The Irish poor form a study by themselves. They have their own modes of thought, their own national character, their own ways of giving expression to their religious feelings, their own habits and their own prejudices. To deal with them to any purpose, we must be able both to understand their national character and their national peculiarities, and to some extent at least, be predisposed to sympathize with their feelings. We confess that whenever we discover in those who have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with them, an inaptitude to understand the Irish poor, and an incapability of appreciating them, we are always tempted to attribute it to one or other of these causes. It may proceed from the absence of that Catholic instinct which no mere education can bestow. Or it may be the result of a certain stiffness and severity of tone, which is to some extent common to the Catholics, no less than to the Protestants, of England; or it may be the effect of a refinement which almost amounts to a disease, which is fastidiously intolerant of all that does not correspond with its own peculiar type of religious propriety, and which is as little at its ease in the churches of Rome or Naples, as in dealing with the poor of Ireland. In addition to their other difficulties, the Irish in this country, as in America, have to contend with a prejudice universal against them. It is useless to deny the existence of such a prejudice, and it would be unfair and untrue to assert that it is founded upon the difference of religion alone. The Catholicity of the Irish, no doubt, magnifies and increases this national prejudice against them; but the prejudice itself existed when the two people were Catholic. It is a prejudice of race, not of religion, and it has its foundation in a natural difference of temperament, character, and disposition. But its effect with those who come in contact with the Irish is too frequently to render them incapable of producing any useful impression upon that people, because, incapable of putting themselves into the position of so different a race, unraveling their modes of thought, and seeing things from their own point of view. Thus they become to each other like men who are speaking in unknown tongues. Each party fails in his attempts to make the other comprehend his meaning, and each departs more and more strengthened and confirmed in his hereditary prejudices—the Irish longing for those who will be able to understand him, and the English more strongly convinced than ever that all Irishmen are impracticable—are in fact nothing better than rogues, vagabonds, and liars. . . . .

"Although the large masses of Irish which are to be met with in the great towns of England, are considered even by the lower classes of the English population to occupy a still lower grade in the social system than themselves, yet it can be shown by the most indisputable testimony that there is a remarkable difference between the two classes, so far as religion and as morals are concerned. The faith of the Irish is proverbial, and it is really marvellous. In Ireland, one of the most ancient Catholic countries in Europe, it appears at the present day, in all the freshness and joyousness of a first fervor, blended with the deep and tranquil convictions of a long hereditary Catholicism; and when the Irish poor migrate into this more prosperous country, they carry with them this one treasure, 'more precious than rubies,' which, as a body, they never part with. It

is the bond of union which keeps them together, and which supports them under a thousand trials and temptations. It is neither a barren nor a dead faith, but the key which unlocks the doors of their hearts, and the spring which, in a certain sense, controls their thoughts and their actions. Of the Irish in England, as at home, it may be asserted with perfect truth, that they 'live by faith.' They are in a peculiar and a striking way a supernatural people. They never lose sight of the unseen world. God and His Mother, and the Saints, are ever present with them. The Invisible is inseparably mixed up with their modes of speech as well as with their habits of thought. Were an angel from heaven in human form to enter one of the lordly palaces of London, when the town is crowded with the great and noble of the land, what reception would he encounter from those who know no superiors in the refinement of manners, and in material civilization? There can be no doubt that he would find himself very much out of place in the costly mansions of Belgrave and Grosvenor squares. Here and there, indeed he might fall in with a stray convert lately reconciled to the Church, or he might meet with the scions of some ancient family, which had never abandoned the Catholic faith; but these encounters would be too few and far between to remove the uncomfortable strangeness of his position. For he would find himself in the midst of a class, rich in everything that this life can bestow, but miserably poor in all that relates to the life to come. He would find himself among a people wholly given up to the idolatry of the world; and he would discourse to them in an unknown tongue, and offend their taste, were he to begin and speak concerning the objective glory of God, to tell them of the rays of ineffable brightness which encircle the brows of the Madonna, of the happiness of the saints, of the holy souls continually passing from their temporary state of purgation into the eternal Presence of God, and of others yet detained in this sacred prison house, and 'out of the depths' crying to their brethren upon the earth, to aid them by their alms and their prayers. But let him leave behind him all that grandeur and that magnificence, on which the world sets so high a value, and from the aristocratic halls of Belgravia let him pass to the crowded dens of the 'mere Irish,' and here—strange as it may appear—the angel and companion of the Most High will find himself at home. It is true that he will have to put up with the offensiveness of the Cork or the Connaught brogue, with no small amount of dirt, and with a total absence of 'respectability;' but angels being unlike men, can better tolerate these little vulgarities. The angel of God will feel at home, not with the highest, but with the lowest of our vast population. In the Irish courts he will be understood and appreciated, if he collect the poor people around him, and tell them of God, of Mary, and the Saints. Their Catholic instinct will detect in a moment the true messenger from heaven. Every ear will be eager to hear the tidings of the world unseen, and as his narrative increases in interest, many an eye will be moistened with a half-repressed tear of joy, and many a breast will throb with real emotion, and fervent will be the prayers for his blessing, and loud the acclamations of 'Glory be to God,' 'Praised be His holy Name,' and 'the heavens be your bed.'

"Any one who is practically acquainted with the Irish poor knows how intimately religion and the faith forms the great idea of their lives. They are essentially a religious people, and their religion is the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. It would be impossible for them as a body, unless they become radically changed and corrupted, ever to become Pro-

testants. They possess that quality of mind, which is a characteristic of all Catholic countries, but which perhaps in its highest development distinguishes the Spaniard and the Italian—namely, a theological cast of mind, which penetrates to the root of Catholic dogma, and sees clearly the impossibility of the truth of any other religion than the Catholic. The poor in this country, even more than at home, live in the midst of controversy. Wherever English and Irish work together, whether in the fields, the gardens, the dockyards or the factories, the Catholic religion is sure to be the subject of conversation, and the priest and the blessed Virgin the favorite objects of attack. Yet who ever heard of an Irishman giving an inappropriate answer? . . . .

"One of the most favorite objects of attack, in the daily controversies between Protestant and Catholic, is the priest. He bears in his person the reproach of Christ. Every eye is directed towards him with an unfriendly or an inquisitive glance, as he passes along the streets, and every tongue is filled with his reproach. In England, more than in any other part of the civilized world, the Catholic priest has reason to feel the force and the consolation of our Saviour's words, 'If the world hate you, ye know that it hateth ME before you.' Now there is nothing which more readily excites the fiery zeal and anger of the Catholic poor (and at the best of times they are very 'near their passion'), than this incessant, never ending abuse of the priest. The Irish retain the most profound veneration for the Sacerdotal office and character. This veneration is in no way the effect of superstition, nor is it a mere personal feeling of attachment. It is strictly theological. They see in the priest a man clothed with the greatest, the most awful, and withal the most benign power which God ever committed to man. They see in him one on whose soul is stamped the seal and character of that eternal Priesthood which is according to the order of Melchisedech, and they regard him as such. To them the priest is the 'man of God,' as the prophets were to the devout Israelites of old. As the 'man of God' he is received with all the welcome of an Irish heart. As 'the man of God' his blessing is eagerly and devoutly coveted; and in case of accident and sickness his benediction is more eagerly sought than the remedies of the doctor, and is often more effectual in working a cure. One might almost fancy that those early Christians, who laid the beds of their sick in the streets, in order that the shadow of Peter passing by, might overshadow them, or who brought aprons and handkerchiefs from touching St. Paul's body to lay upon the sick that they might recover, were natives of the Emerald Isle:—so identical is their Catholic instinct, their mutual neglect of all the laws of respectability, and their complete carelessness of what was due to themselves and to society—displayed, as it was, by such acts of bad taste, as dragging afflicted people in their beds into the public streets, and stripping themselves in their very churches and 'upper rooms' of neckcloths and aprons!

"It is natural, indeed, that some personal feeling should be mingled with this theological perception of the Sacerdotal character. The priest is the father and the friend to whom they naturally turn in all their cares and sorrows. He is a friend long tried and never found wanting. He has been for centuries almost the only person above their own condition in life upon whose disinterestedness they could place the most perfect reliance. For their sakes he has not hesitated to brave sickness or death, and what is often much harder to be borne—the scorn, contempt, and

hatred of the world. He has protected them from assaults upon their religion, and he has dared to vindicate their social and their civil rights. He has stood between them and their oppressors, and he has brought down the malice of the powerful upon his own head, in order to screen from injustice his hapless flock. No wonder, therefore, that the hearts of the poor should beat with joy as the priest's footstep is heard to approach their lowly abodes; no wonder that they should shower down a thousand blessings upon his head in return for his Sacerdotal benediction; and no wonder that their countenances should light up with joy as he gives them a kind and a friendly recognition. As in other countries, the little children run up to kiss the priest's hand as he passes by their dwelling, so even in the midst of Protestant London, the priest is instantly recognised by the Catholic children of Ireland, who vie with each other who shall be the first to give a glad and hearty salutation to "his rivirince." But whatever thoughts of home, or sudden emotions of joy at encountering a real and genuine friend in the midst of the cold atmosphere of a great Protestant city, may indeed be mixed up with the habitual veneration of Irish Catholics for their priest, these mere human feelings are not sufficient to account for the respect universally shown to them. Its root lies deeper. They see in the priest the anointed of the Lord; and it is not for any personal reason, but on account of his spiritual consecration and character that he occupies so elevated a place in their religious minds. And it is perfectly consistent with this view of the reverence which an Irishman feels for his priest, that he should often exhibit a preference for the priests of his own country over those of any other. They naturally understand his habits of thought, and modes of expression in a way in which no foreigner can understand them; and they thus command an amount of personal confidence on his part, which is a legitimate addition to the reverence felt for him in his Sacerdotal character. . . . .

"It has been often remarked that the poor make far greater sacrifices to assist one another, and are more liberal and charitable than the rich. This, as a general rule, applies the poor of all religions, and is, in its measure, as true of the Protestant as of the Catholic. Examples frequently occur, even among the English poor, of great kindness to their neighbor in the hours of sickness and distress. We have known instances in which the greatest tenderness and attention was shown to sick neighbors, by the English poor, attended even with imminent risk to their own lives; and where acts of affection and charity were performed which were worthy of a Catholic people. But the Catholic poor from Ireland are without question pre-eminent for their charity and benevolence one to another. They will never send away a poor man from their doors without giving him something for the love of God. . . . .

"But the charity of the Irish Catholic poor is not restricted to aiding the necessities of their poorer relatives and neighbors. From their scanty and precarious earnings they give largely and liberally to the service of of religion. They support our priests and build our churches. Speaking relatively, they give far more than the rich in retributions for masses, and in other acts of almsgiving. . . . . Many will remember instances in which the poor have hoarded up money, amounting sometimes to large sums, that they might have it laid out in the adornment of the Altar of God, or bestowed in some other way in promoting His glory; and no greater affront could be offered to them than a refusal to accept these gifts. In fact, the greatest blow and heaviest discouragement which could

befall the Church in this country, would be the withdrawal from it of the Irish poor. It is very well to have rich people; they are of greaty utility, if they are really good and generous, and their reward hereafter will be abundant; but after all, it is the poor who constitute the real bulwark of the Church. They support it by their prayers, by their faith, by their patience, by their sacrifices, by their sufferings, and by their generous offerings from scanty and hard-earned wages." . . . .

Having thus spoken of the condition of the Irish poor in England, of that love of their religion, and that generous charity and hospitality, which form a peculiar feature in their character wherever they are found, the writer proceeds to notice the faults with which they are charged. The crimes, of which they are guilty, he shows are for the most part the result of their condition, and the circumstances by which they are surrounded, and takes notice of the fact, that their children, owing to the inability or neglect of the parents to provide for their education or religious instruction, too often grow up in ignorance and vice, and are thereby lost to the Church, a truth, as much to be deplored in this country as in England. He bears ample testimony to the great superiority of the morals of the Irish poor, in comparison with the morals of the same class of their English neighbors, and in this he is sustained even by the testimony of Protestant writers.

The writer then proceeds to account for certain virtues, which form so bright an ornament in the character of the Irish female, in the following words:

"There are certain kinds of sin which are almost wholly unknown among them. A young woman dreads nothing so much as bringing disgrace upon herself and upon her family. Mothers in general take great care of their daughters in this respect. Their elders and companions in the same court or village, counsel, advise, and watch over them, should they be living with strangers and apart from their immediate relations. They will endeavor to keep them at home in the evenings, restrain them from frequenting the low theatres and other places of amusement, and caution them against keeping company with the loose 'English' around them. Rarely does it happen that an Irish girl forms any improper connection previous to her marriage; and more rarely still is there any infidelity in the married state. In a word, before an Irish Catholic girl has lost her self-respect, and plunged into vice, she must have broken through some of the most powerful restraints, both of religion and of association. She must long have neglected the ordinary duties of the Catholic life—her prayers, mass, confession, and communion. She must have exhibited an obstinate and disobedient spirit towards her parents, joined with a contemptuous disregard of their admonitions and authority, not very usual with the Irish. She must have disconnected herself from all her well conducted associates and companions. She must have done no little violence to her own deep-seated knowledge of duty and sense of right; and she must have had the effrontery to fly in the face of that 'public spirit,' which on all these matters exists to a very high degree among the Irish Catholic poor.

"Nor can it be maintained that this remarkable purity of the Catholic poor can be ascribed to causes which are purely natural. We are sometimes told by those who cannot deny the facts, and yet strive to avert their force, that this absence of purity in the women of Catholic Ireland, is the result of a natural coldness of temperament in the character of the race. But nothing can be more preposterous than such an hypothesis. It is destitute of the faintest support in experience or fact. For, in the first place, human nature is always substantially the same, and to no sins is it more naturally inclined than to the sins of the flesh. And secondly, the Irish are an imaginative, and irrascible, and, as is often said, an unstable people; and surely, these are the very qualities which, more than any others, predispose to sins against purity. Lastly, the Irish are, virtually, the same race as the Welsh. The belong to different branches of the same Celtic stock; and yet the Welsh are known to be the most immoral people in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Swedes. No. It is no difference of race or temperament which has created this remarkable feature in the Irish character. It is not radical or national. It is religious. It is the Catholic faith which makes them, as a body, chaste and pure. It is the tone of mind formed by the Catholic religion, the restraints imposed by her teaching and control, the innocence cherished by her sacraments,—it is this, and this alone, which makes the Irish coster-girl of London differ from her Protestant companions in trade, and the Irish woman in general, simple and pure, in the midst of surrounding vice and filthiness."

Here we close our extracts from this truly able and interesting article; and as the object of the writer seems to have been to lessen and remove that prejudice, which exists in England against the Irish, their religion, and their country, may we not hope that the perusal of the foregoing extracts may serve the same good purpose in our own favored land.

Persia.—Persia is in general a mountainous country. Desert plains, however, occupy a great portion of the south, which is almost destitute of wood; while the north abounds in trees of the largest and finest description. The climate is cold in the north, temperate in the middle, and extremely warm in the south. The soil for the most part is barren, being mountainous and sandy. Wheat, rice, and the finest fruits are the chief productions. The animals are, horses of great beauty; sheep, remarkable for their length of tail; the lion, leopard, bear, and wild boar. The manufactures consist principally of carpets, goat and camel hair cloths, silks, brocades, and velvets.

The Gospel was first announced to the Persians by St. Matthew and St. Bartholomew. In the fourth century the church of Persia sustained three sanguinary persecutions, under Sapor II; during which more than 1,600 of her children sealed their faith with their blood. The number of Catholics in Persia at present is estimated at 9,000; of Armenians, 25,000; of Protestants, 1,000; and of Jews, 35,000. Mahometanism is the religion of the state. The Persians are generally robust, well-formed, and of swarthy complexions. They are cheerful, polite, and hospitable, but passionate and inconstant. The government is a despotic monarchy.—*From the Christian Brothers' Geography.*

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER III.

We arrived at Castle Grove just seventeen days after Mr. Kennelly and Silva; they had prepared everything for our reception. An ancient chapel, neglected from the time this manor came into possession of Lord B., who professed the Anglican religion, was soon fitted up and adorned for the celebration of the holy sacrifice. Silva found at Castle Grove Sir Lois, a young man, an orphan, and protege of Lord B., his guardian. This latter, before setting out for Bath, had remitted to him his estate, an inheritance that scarcely sufficed for his maintenance, though the wise administration of the guardian had increased it one-third; he also apprised him of the approaching arrival of Lord Walsingham, and enjoined him to leave the castle before this period.

Sir Lois was not in a hurry to leave an abode in which he had dwelt from his infancy, he therefore waited for Silva, received him with great cordiality, and prayed him to allow him to retain his apartments some weeks longer, until he could select a residence in the neighborhood. Silva begged him not to inconvenience himself; he knew the generosity of Lord Walsingham. Besides, Sir Lois was a Protestant. The hope, that the Divine Goodness probably designed this way to save this young man, prepossessed him greatly. He prevented Sir Lois by all those external marks of affectionate charity, which distinguish the Roman Catholic religion; and, whilst everything was being arranged in the castle for our reception, he visited, individually, in the village, all those reduced to indigence and unhappiness. The Catholic peasantry, still numerous, were, for the most part, in a state of frightful misery. Lord B., though very charitable, had the weakness to favor only those of his own communion, with a view, perhaps, to attract those who were still attached to the ancient faith. Whatever might have been his motives, it is certain the Catholics were in utter destitution, when the news of the arrival of Lord Walsingham, a zealous Catholic, came to re-animate their confidence in their good God, who tries, but never abandons his own.

Silva, very far from thinking like Lord B., was penetrated with tender compassion for the erring children, who had strayed from the bosom of the primitive Church; his most cherished hope was to bring back many by rendering virtue and religion amiable to them, and loading them with benefits; he promptly gave assistance to the Catholic families, and assured the others that the favors they were accustomed to receive from Lord B., should be continued, and that they should be retained in their employments. A few days sufficed to make him the idol of the hamlet, and to increase the desire which the peasants had for the arrival of the father of their young friend. Silva made great preparations for a charming fête on the anniversary of Lord Walsingham's birth-day, which, in consequence of our delay, came on the day after we reached Castle Grove.

Sir Lois, thinking to pay court to Silva, explained to him all the different kinds of amusement Lord B. was accustomed to bring together on similar occasions; he spoke of fire-works, illuminations and theatrical representations, for which comedians and itinerant players were brought from Oxford. Silva smiled, and without either approving or blaming, simply remarked, that Lord Henry's tastes were not the same as those of Lord B., but added gaily, I doubt not that you will enjoy quite as much the fête I propose. With the approbation of Mr. Kennelly, he hastened to arrange everything. We arrived about five o'clock in the evening—Silva came to meet us; and addressing his father with that respectful submission, which charmed me continually in the midst of his most amiable gaiety, he spoke of Sir Lois with that simple, touching, and persuasive eloquence, which would have won a soul less generous than Lord Walsingham's.

I was moved and deeply penetrated with the affectionate manner he afterwards spoke of the misfortunes of the inhabitants of a country involved in heresy. The loveliness of his faith and all the sensibility of his heart, shone in his discourse. Henry praised the exertions of his son, and approved of all he had done. We visited our apartments, which were well furnished and well selected. Then we took supper together. Afterwards prayers were said in the chapel by Mr. Kennelly, at which all were present except Sir Lois. Lord Walsingham took him aside after prayers, offered to be to him the friend and protector he had had in Lord B., entreating him to remain at Castle Grove until he had decided what state of life to choose, whether the professsion of arms, marriage, &c. For these advantageous offers, he required only two conditions, that of never allowing himself any conversation on the subject of religion in presence of Edmund or Silva, under any pretext whatever; to lead a regular life at the castle, free from any act directly contrary to the Catholic religion, and not permit himself to be present at any spectacle at which some member of Lord Walsingham's family did not assist. Sir Lois promised everything with gratitude.

Henry returned, related to us this arrangement, and added, "It is not an irrevocable engagement, and if I could fear that the society of this young man, whom I do not yet know, could injure my children in the least, I would not hesitate a moment to remove him" Then addressing his sons, he said, "I expect from the attachment of both of you, that you will never receive any confidence from him that must be kept secret from me." Both promised to comply with his injunctions: the Count then recommended himself to our prayers. "To-morrow," said he, "will be the anniversary of my birth: I shall be forty-two years old. We will have a little feast later, when we shall have been better settled."

Silva smiled without answering, and made a sign to Edmund to come to his room after they would have retired; and, indeed, I very soon heard the young Marquis of Rosline who came to his cousin's room, which was between mine and Mr. Kennelly's. I felt great satisfaction in listening to their conversation. Silva first told him all he had done and projected, informing him of the number of Catholic families, who exceeded the Protestants by one-third.

"I have a proposition to make to you," said he afterwards; "it is to share with me the care of the poor, as you did at Rosline Castle. If you will take charge of the Catholics, as your age entitles you to more money than me, I will take care of the Protestants, if Lord Walsingham agrees to it."

Edmund embraced his friend; then they talked of the secret preparations for the feast of Lord Henry, until late at night. Edmund then slipped out quietly from his cousin's chamber. Silva remained an hour longer in prayer. The next day the fête was delightful, and took Lord Walsingham completely by surprise. The weather was superb, and permitted them to have everything prepared in the open air, and in a vast circular saloon in the centre of the garden. Everything was decorated with garlands of green, with the name of Henry surrounded with devices and complimentary wishes. The Count, conducted by Edmund and Silva, was received in the saloon prepared by the notable, the notary, and the physician. They immediately took their seats at table; it was near twelve o'clock—a splendid breakfast was served; at the same time the village musicians were grouped around the saloon, and the peasants were assembled on the surrounding plain. Mr. Bills, the notable, eighty years of age, an amiable and lively old gentleman, enjoyed himself with the young people, and knew how to make himself equally agreeable and beloved by them. Edmund and Silva sang together, he united with them, and made a bass, which he kept up with taste and in good time. The villagers had their hats decked with ribbons and flowers; they were arranged in two groups, the women on one side and the men on the other. The Count of Walsingham, much affected, came in the midst of them, with that noble affability which touches and gains the heart; and we walked about a long time among these good villagers. Silva made his father enter into some of the cabins, whose infirm were not able to be present at the feast. On our return to the castle, we found in the avenues, tables erected and a feast prepared. The peasants were seated on the turf, where they were served with more than a rural repast: fruits, wine and meats; the musicians eat with us; afterwards forty young children, the poorest of the village, came and presented verses to Count Henry, sung by four of the most interesting of the band, all united in a chorus expressive of their good wishes and gratitude. Silva had had them clothed from head to foot with the money destined for the fireworks; and the verses, which he had composed himself, showed in a particular manner, the superiority of the charms of benevolence to fleeting pleasures, which leave behind them neither merit nor pleasant remembrances. After the repast Mr. Kennelly said grace; a profound silence reigned throughout the assembly; I was distracted by the sobs of Silva, who wept beside me. When we had finished, I asked him the cause.

"Alas!" said he, "there is more than a third of these unfortunate beings who are not of our communion, and many, without doubt, that we will not meet in eternity, which is our only hope. When we reflect, that but half a century since, one and the same faith gathered them under its wings, what heart is not broken."

I participated in Silva's painful reflection, and squeezed his hand without answering.

Afterwards there was a kind of lottery, to which a member from each family was invited. Mr. Kennelly, who directed it and drew the prizes, distributed them so that each one got something; the tickets were prepared by Silva, whose delicate attention had provided, by this ingenious trick, for the different wants of several honest and unfortunate villagers, who in this manner seemed to obtain by chance, such objects as it would have mortified them to receive as gifts. When they were about to retire, Mr. Kennelly made a little discourse to the peasants. He represented to

them the charms of virtue, the honor of religion, blessed God for general and particular favors, and finished by a touching evening prayer, in which the entire village joined. We knelt, the Catholics imitated us, the others stood up, forming a striking contrast of the difference of their worship. We returned to the castle, and they went to their homes delighted and loaded with the benefits of Lord Walsingham, and unanimously blessing his arrival at Castle Grove.

CHAPTER IV.

We were soon like old acquaintances with Mr. Bills and Mr. Moore, the latter was the physician; Lord Walsingham had known him ten years before, during a short sojourn with Lord B. The doctor was at that time attached to the reformation, and it was with real satisfaction that Henry found him a Catholic; he complimented him on the subject. Mr. Moore sighed.

"I am too happy," said he, "to have discovered the truth, though Heaven has employed better remedies to heal the wounds of the soul. I will bless it all the days of my life."

"It is thus," replied Lord Henry, "that what we call afflictions in this life, and they are so in effect, as regards our inclinations and our schemes of happiness, are really always in the end and well considered, but the light of the flambeau of faith, precious and rare favors from heaven." "You are a happy father, my Lord," replied Mr. Moore; "your Silva has not, perhaps, his equal; what equality of disposition! what delicacy in his manner of exercising charity! and what submission in all his conduct! Virtue shines in him at an age, when the greater part of young persons do not even know how to esteem it. He is very young, and you, sir, are very indulgent; but I have had the happiness of meeting two respectable ecclesiastics, who have educated Edmund and Silva."

"It is to their cares that I owe the preservation of the good and virtuous principles, with which God has endowed these children. Mr. Kennelly alone is engaged in it since my departure from Scotland, where I left Mr. Billingham. The greater number of parents are too indifferent about the choice of those to whom they confide their children; they make no account of the divine vocation, the disengagement from human interests, which render the teachings of ecclesiastics so precious; they expect the same zeal from mercenaries, and are afterwards astonished at their misplaced confidence."

Mr. Moore then acknowledged to Lord Walsingham that he had embraced the ecclesiastical state, but on account of the great number of the reformed, he exercised his ministerial functions secretly, and, as a physician, he had access to many heretics, whom he converted at the hour of death. Lord Henry was charmed at this discovery; they parted amicably.

"This Mr. Moore," said Silva, who joined his father at the moment of their separation, "is a very estimable man; he was a physician, and since his conversion he has been employed only in the performance of good works; he takes care of all the poor in the village; he watches over them, and when they are Catholics, he does not leave them until he restores peace both to soul and body. With a very small fortune he does so much good, that the peasants think him much richer than he is; but he knows how to sacrifice his own comfort to oblige and relieve his neighbor."

Whilst Silva was speaking, I was reflecting with admiration on the nobility of Christian humility, which esteeming itself ignorant and despising itself, remarks and extols the most trifling virtues in others; Mr. Moore had just spoken with enthusiasm of him, who a few moments afterwards, rehearsed, with a holy envy, merits of which he considered himself quite destitute. The two young friends very soon devoted themselves entirely to the most tender care of the unfortunate; they arranged with Mr. Kennelly the time of their studies, and reserved for walking and recreation their visits to the village, each one going on his own errand of mercy alone, continually concealing from each other their delicate cares, and anxious, if possible, to hide them from themselves. I became deeply attached to the son of Lord Walsingham; the defects of Sir Lois gave a double lustre to his virtues by exercising them continually; a few days sufficed to prove that he would never agree with Edmund, who was as quick, fiery and irascible, as he was sensitive, refined and benevolent. The young Marquis of Rosline could not pardon Sir Lois, who was without education, interested from a habit of forced privations, little susceptible of gratitude and sentiment, and possessed of none of those rare qualities, which he believed to be entirely natural, but which most frequently depend on the first lessons, examples and solicitude, of those who direct our early years.

Sir Lois, loaded with the bounties of Lord Walsingham, lodged and treated as a child of the house, without any remuneration on his part, conciliated his benefactor without giving him either his love or his confidence; timid and reserved in his presence, he forgot himself when he was alone with his children, and took every occasion to contradict and blame them. The Marquis of Rosline gave him to understand, from the beginning, that he would not suffer such conduct, hence they treated each other with stiff formality. Lord Walsingham, who watched tenderly over his nephew, perceived what was passing, but he made no remark, not being sorry that Edmund had an opportunity of learning to live in peace with a difficult character. As to Silva, he opposed an inexhaustible goodness and meekness above all proof to the malignant railleries of Sir Lois, who incessantly contradicted him, always asking favors of him, or borrowing money, which he never refused him. Sir Lois saw with envy the good he did in the village, he could not pardon him his liberalities, of which he wished to be the only recipient. Lord Walsingham, who suspected Sir Lois was borrowing money from his son, positively forbade him to lend any more. Silva obeyed; and with a firmness, full of sweetness and delicacy, refused him a few days after in my presence.

During a walk we were taking together. Sir Lois, who constantly found some new pretext to avail himself of Silva's generosity, said to him that he had a mind to make a little trip to the city.

"I did not bring with me my purse," added he, "would you lend me two guineas?"

"I would do it with pleasure," replied Lord Silva, "but I have only a small sum about me, which I owe in the village."

I believe he spoke of a gift he intended for some indigent person, which he always called a sacred debt.

"Do me the favor," said Sir Lois, "to ask it of Edmund as if it were for yourself."

"I am sorry to refuse you," replied Silva," "I have sometimes borrowed money of my brother, but of late I have made an invariable resolution

neither to borrow nor lend money to any one; when the condition of the unhappy demands assistance, I prefer to give it; it is then neither a loan nor a gift, since it is due to them from every individual that has power to assist them. I declare to you," added he, smiling amicably, "that when I thus oblige my friends, I do not like them to return what I have offered them; and in examining thoroughly this gratification, I have seen that I could not indulge in it to the prejudice of the indigent, to whom I really owe all that is not absolutely necessary to me. This consideration is more than sufficient to prohibit me."

He then pressed Sir Lois so affectionately to remain with us, that he easily turned him from his pretended jaunt to the city.

Meanwhile, Silva became every day more retired; it frequently happened that he performed in the morning his task of studies for the whole day; from that time he was seen no more till dinner and supper. Lord Walsingham, whom the affairs of Lord B. called often to Oxford, remarked less than I did the conduct of his son. Mr. Moore, who, of all the inhabitants of the village, came oftenest to Castle Grove, was inseparable from Silva, whom he tenderly loved. Mr. Kennelly began to fear that he would deprive him of the confidence of his pupil; he spoke to me of it confidentially—I promised to sound Silva, who was particularly devoted to me, and to endeavor to discover the cause of the deep reflections in which we saw him so frequently plunged.

The day after this conversation, Mr. Moore announced to us that he would be absent for some weeks; business called him to W——. When he took leave of us, Silva went out with him and conversed with him a long time in the avenue; he gave him a letter and returned.

"Have you commissions to give Mr. Moore," said Edmund; "do you know any one at W——?"

Silva colored.

"No one," said he; "but as this town is near Carlisle, I requested him to go there to see Lady O'Dell."

The name of his sister made a great impression on Mr. Kennelly.

"Did you write to her then?" said he to Silva.

"No, sir," said he. "I would not have done it without apprizing you of it."

"I thought that having consulted Mr. Moore, would have sufficed to you," said Mr. Kennelly, smiling.

A crimson blush covered Silva's face, and tears glistened in the expressive looks he gave Mr. Kennelly; then he cast down his eyes without replying.

"Have I given you pain, my dear Silva?"

"I would be sensibly wounded, if you could believe that you no longer possess my confidence, which is due to you, and which it is so sweet to me to give you."

To be continued.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

The Tolerant Spirit of the Catholic Church.—The spirit of the Catholic Church is not one of persecution and violence. The weapons of her apostles and missionaries have always been patience, meekness, forbearance even unto death, peaceable instruction, and above all, the living and irresistible eloquence of a pure and unspotted life. Christ sent his apostles as lambs among wolves, and in the conflict against the pagan world, which lasted for three centuries, we truly see them in the light of lambs with regard to the heathens, who, without hearing them, consigned them by thousands to slaughter. Although their large number must have apprised them of their strength, they never entertained the thought of rising in a body against the Roman emperors; they remembered the doctrine and the example of their Divine Master, and they acted accordingly.

The first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, was far from retaliating upon the heathens the rigor which his predecessors had exercised against the Christians. However great was his zeal for the diffusion of the true religion, in which he had been instructed by Catholic bishops, he did not so much as attempt to compel, but contented himself with mildly exhorting his subjects to embrace it, and even gave orders that no one should be in the least annoyed on account of his religion. See *his life* by Eusebius, *b.* II, *ch.* 47, 48, etc.

Another Christian emperor, Honorius, having in 410 passed very severe edicts to repress the horrid excesses and cruelties of the Donatists in Africa, St. Augustine and other orthodox prelates exerted all their influence to mitigate in favor of those wretched people the severity of the law, and to procure their conversion by instructions and conferences, rather than let their bodies perish by capital punishment. We learn from Possidius, the disciple and friend of St. Augustine, in the life of this holy doctor, that they had the satisfaction to succeed in their charitable undertaking.

Pope St. Leo the Great, who lived at a time when the Church was attacked by very dangerous enemies, speaking of the Manicheans, the worst of all, says that "the ecclesiastical lênity was content, even in this case, with the sacerdotal judgment, and avoided all sanguinary punishments." A remarkable fact had recently proved the truth of his assertion. It was against a branch of these sectarians, the Priscillians, that the secular arm first exerted its severity, at Triers, under the emperor Maximus, about the year 385. This event served to show how adverse the Catholic Church is to the bloody spirit of persecution: Pope St. Siricius, and the most holy prelates of the West, blamed the rigor that had been exercised against the Priscillians, and the two bishops Ithacius and Idacius, who had obtained their condemnation in a civil court, were themselves condemned for that very reason in the councils of Milan (A. D. 390) and of Turin (401).

When Ethelbert, king of Kent, was converted to the true religion by the apostle of England, St. Austin, he had a great desire that all his subjects should, like him, embrace Christianity; but, as venerable Bede relates, he did not compel any one to do so, because *he had learned from the Roman missionaries* that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary. Pope St. Gregory the Great, by whom these holy missionaries were sent to England, evinced on many other occasions his firm adherence to this mild spirit of Christianity. Writing to the bishop of Terracina, who had used some violence against the Jews, he said: "It is by mildness and exhortations, not by threats and terror, that the infidels must be induced to become Christians;" and again, to a patriarch of Constantinople: "This is indeed a very strange way of preaching, which enforces the true faith by ill-treatment!" Such were the principles and the constant doctrine of that holy pontiff.

St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, and the brightest ornament of his age, having learned that a fanatical preacher exhorted the people to murder the Jews as enemies of

Christianity, opposed him with all the force of his eloquence, and rescued these devoted victims from the danger which threatened them. Pope Clement VI, in a similar crisis of popular fury, hastened to forbid, even under penalty of excommunication, any violence to be offered to them either in their persons or in their property; and it is well known in general that the Jews never enjoyed great protection than under the Roman Pontiffs; so much so, that the city of Rome, where they occupy a separate quarter, with mere precautions of police, has been proverbially called *the Paradise of the Jews.*

Robertson, in his *History of America*, renders full justice to the zeal and charity of the Spanish ecclesiastics in favor of the Indians of San Domingo, at the time when these unhappy people were harshly treated by their conquerors. "The missionaries," says he, "in conformity to the mild spirit of that religion which they were employed to publish, early remonstrated against *this conduct.*" Besides the Dominican fathers, and the zealous Bartholomew Las Casas, whose exertions in that noble cause are so justly renowned, the monks of St. Jerome also "neglected no circumstance that tended to mitigate the rigor of the yoke; and by their authority, their example and their exhortations, they labored to inspire their countrymen with sentiments of equity and gentleness towards the Indians. (*b.* III, *ad ann.* 1517).

In the fifth book of his work, the same historian relates that Cortez having resolved, in his march towards Mexico, to destroy by open force the altars and the idols of the Tlascalans, was checked in his inconsiderate design by Father Olmedo, a chaplain to the expedition. This venerable man "represented that religion was not to be propagated by the sword, or infidels to be converted by violence; that other weapons were to be employed in this ministry, namely, patient instruction and pious example. . . . . The remonstrances of an ecclesiastic no less respectable for wisdom than virtue, had their proper weight with Cortez. He left the Tlascalans in the undisturbed exercise of their own rites, requiring only that they should desist from their horrid practices of offering human victims in sacrifice."

The Grave of Steuben.—About five miles from the village of Steuben, and in the town of that name, is the grave of Baron de Steuben. In a five acre woodland, on a hill, and fenced in, so that the field cannot be entered, quietly rest the remains of the Prussian patriot and hero. The grave is in the middle of the wood, and was once covered by a monument, a plain slab, with the following simple inscription: "Major General Frederick William Augustus Baron de Steuben." We visited the grave a few days since, and found the monument tumbled down and things going to decay. It was an unpleasant sight to stand by the grave of that great man, and think how negligent our country has been of her heroes. There, in the wild woods, far from the city's crowd, and by the "fair forest stream," repose the remains of a gallant patriot, with nothing but a ruined mass of mortar and stones to mark his resting place.

Baron Steuben was an Aid-de-Camp to the King of Prussia—he was receiving a salary of about $5,000 a year at the time of our Revolutionary struggle—his sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the infant colony, and he left his home and situation to serve in the American cause, and take the lead of our armies. He was an able general, an experienced tactician, and rendered invaluable services to our country. Soon after the close of the war, Steuben retired to private life, and for seven years endeavored in vain to prevail on Congress to remunerate him for his services. At length he received a salary of $2,500 a year, only one-half of that which he had relinquished thirteen years before, to risk all in her service. He located himself on the farm, and in the township where he died, given him by the State of New York. He cleared off sixty acres of land, erected a log-house, and sat down for the remainder of his life. With his trusty servants and a few friends, who still clung to him with more than filial affection, he watched the current of his years drift peacefully away, without a sigh for the splendors of royalty he had left behind in the old world.

A tree near the spot where he was stood a favorite of his, and under that tree, in summer, he used to pass many of his hours. He expressed a wish to be buried, when

he died, under the tree where he had so often rested while living. On the 25th of November, 1797, he was struck with paralysis, and lived but three days afterwards. He directed, just before his death, that he should be buried in his military cloak, with the star of honor, which he always wore, placed on his breast. His weeping servants and a few rustic neighbors formed the procession to his solitary place of burial; and there, in the still woods, "with the martial cloak around him," and the star flashing on his breast, they laid the old warrior down to rest; he sleeps well beneath the soil he helped to free.

His stormy career was over, and he who had periled his life on the battle-field had not a flag to droop over the hearse, or a soldier to discharge a farewell shot over his grave. A nation seems to have blotted him out from its memory, and left him to die alone unforgotten and unhonored. A Republic may prove ungrateful, and refuse to erect a monument to the memory of the departed patriot and warrior, but the people of the land, which he helped to free, will cherish his many virtues with filial tenderness and affection.

As we stand by the grave of the Baron, amid the tall trees of the forest, standing like so many sentinels around, the following touching and appropriate lines of the poet come clustering to our memory:

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's honors blest.
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
He there shall find a sweeter sod,
Than his tired feet have ever trod.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To deck the mould that wraps their clay,
And Freedom for awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

The Two-Headed Eagle.—The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted many other figures on their camp standards; but Marius, A. C. 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. From the Romans the French under the empire adopted the eagle. The emperors of the Western Roman Empire used a black eagle, those of the East a golden one. The sign of the golden eagle, met with in taverns, is in allusion to the emperors of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of an empire, has taken the eagle for its ensign—Austria, Prussia, Russia, Poland and France, all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The emperors of Austria, who claim to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, use the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern emperors with that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the emperors of Germany (now merged in the house of Austria) considered themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it, for when he became master of the whole of the German empire, he added the second head to the eagle, A. D. 802, to denote that the empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. As it is among birds the king, and being the emblem of a noble nature from its strength of wing and eye and courage, and also of conscious strength and innate power, the eagle has been universally preferred as the continental emblem of sovereignty. Of the different eagles of heraldry, the black eagle is considered the most noble, especially when blazoned on a golden shield. *Notes and Queries.*

We heard a poor weatherbound individual the other day, who was caught in a rain, humming to himself in a doorway:—

'Twas ever thus in childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell,
There always comes a soaking shower
When I hain't got no umbrell.

A Chapter for the Young.

The Toilet.—*Embroidery.*—The art of Embroidery is, perhaps, the most pleasing of female occupations. Apart from its utility, in supplying some of the most elegant articles of dress, it affords the ladies opportunities of displaying their taste and ingenuity; it gives a graceful employment, and an inexhaustible source of laudable and innocent amusement.

"The great variety of needle work," observes an accomplished female writer, "which the ingenious women of other countries as well as our own, have invented, will furnish us with constant and amusing employment; and though our labors may not equal a Mineron's, or an Aylesbury's, yet if they unbend the mind by fixing its attention on the progress of an elegant and imitative art, they answer the purpose of domestic amusement; and when the higher duties of our station do not call forth our exertions, we may feel the satisfaction of knowing, that at least, we are innocently employed."

It will afford us pleasure on some future occasion to lay before our female readers, specimens, or rather patterns of embroidery, with such observations as may prove useful to them in the exercise of this beautiful art; for the present, however, we must confine ourselves to a brief sketch of the subject, for it will doubtlessly prove interesting to the ladies to know, that the art of plying the needle, was in former days the favorite employment of queens, and the daughters of kings and emperors.

The art of embroidery may be traced to the most distant periods of antiquity. Colored embroidery was known in the early ages among the Jews and Babylonians. Even at a period anterior to the days of Homer, it was employed among the Oriental nations, and usually to represent historical subjects. Helen, the beautiful, but faithless Helen, is described in the third book of the Iliad, as occupied in embroidering the evils of the Greeks and Trojans, of which she had been the unhappy cause: and when the intelligence of Hector's death was conveyed to Andromache, his faithful spouse, the poet represents her:

> Far in the close recesses of the dome,
> Pensive she plies the melancholy loom:
> A growing work employed her secret views,
> Spotted, diverse, with intermingling hues.

Penelope beguiled the tedious hours, during the absence of Ulysses at the siege of Troy, with embroidery.

In later times the art was held in equal estimation. During the middle ages, the wives of sovereigns and of princes, assisted by the noble ladies around them, employed their time in representing in the richest tapestry-work, the heroic deeds which their husbands, brothers, relatives, or ancestors had achieved. Many of these splendid monuments of the genius and industry of the ladies of other days, are still preserved, and constitute the most cherished decorations in some of the palaces and castles of Europe. The convents during those ages were the great nurseries of the art of embroidery, as well as the dispensers of those educational accomplishments which add dignity and grace to the female character. The most magnificent works of this nature, were executed within their walls. Here, secluded from the turmoil of the world, the virtuous nuns, as in our own day, instructed their pupils in this beautiful art, or employed their time at embroidering vestments, or cloths for the altar, or hangings to decorate the churches. The talents of the greatest masters were employed in producing designs. Raphael's celebrated cartoons were a series of scripture pieces, executed as patterns to be worked in tapestry.

The Little Flower.—*A Legend of Holland.*—A little child died, and its guardian angel was bearing its soul to heaven. Already they had passed the busy city, the fields of ripe corn, the forest where resounded the woodman's axe, the canals where glided the laden vessels, and the angel had not looked upon them; but when they came to a poor village, he hovered over it, and looked into a dark alley, running through a cluster of decayed huts. There was grass growing through the stones; there was broken pottery, and damp straw, and piles of cinders and ashes thrown out. The angel looked long at the deserted spot, when, espying suddenly a pale flower in the ruins, which had opened in the shade, he gave a cry of joy, stooped from the air, and plucked it.

The child asked him why he had stooped for a single field flower, without beauty or fragrance.

"Thou seest at the bottom of this alley a cabin, with the roof broken by the snows, and its walls seamed by the rain. There lived once a child of thy age, afflicted from his birth. When he quitted his little straw bed, leaning on his willow crutches, he went two or three times up and down the alley—it was all. He had never seen the sun but from his window. When the Summer brought back its bright rays, the afflicted creature came and sat in their light; he looked at the blood circulating feebly in his thin hands, and said, 'I am better.' Never had he seen the green of the meadows or the forest, only the little children sometimes brought him branches of the poplar, which he laid around him on his bed. Then he would dream that he was lying in the shade of the woods, that the sunshine was dancing through the leaves, and the birds singing around. One day his oldest sister brought him a little field flower, with its root. He planted it in an old earthen pot, and God prospered the plant tended by the weak hand. It was the sick child's garden; the little flower was to him the meadows, the woods, the waters, the creation. As long as he lived he nursed it. He gave it all the air and the sunshine that his little window suffered to enter; he watered it each evening, and told it good bye till next morning, as if it were a friend. But when God called away the little martyr, his family quitted the village, the alley was abandoned, and the simple flower surrounded with ruins. But the providence of God preserved it where I have just gathered it."

"How did you learn this?" demanded the child.

"I was myself," said the angel, "the little sick child who walked on his willow crutches. God has taken me up to paradise, but I have not forgotten the few humble joys I had on earth, and I would not give that simple flower for the beautiful star in the heavens."

Charity.—At public dinners for the benefit of charitable institutions, every one must have observed that the applause which follows the announcement of a donation is nicely proportioned to the amount, no regard being had to the wealth of the donor, or his motives and feelings. Thus—"Mr. White, one guinea!" is acknowledged by a scarcely audible tap on the table by the tip of the forefinger—"Mr. Brown, one guinea!" the same—"Mr. Green, five guineas!" announced with a marked emphasis on the five; and there is a clattering of spoons and knife-handles. But for "Alderman Faddle, ten guineas!" fists are brought into requisition, and the tables are thumped till the enraptured glasses and decanters dance and skip about in very ecstacy. "Mr. Black, one pound!" is like oil thrown upon the troubled waters, for suddenly the enthusiastic clamor subsides into the gentle tapping of the forefinger. The widow with her mite would be hissed away from such a table.

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and donkeys together in Poland?" "Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

Somebody told a Dutchman that he had the most feminine countenance the speaker had ever seen. "Oh, ya," said Hans, "I know de reason for dat; mine moder was one woman."

Review of Current Literature.

1. Church and State Charities Compared; with special reference to the System of New York State Charities. Two Lectures, by *L. Silliman Ives*, LL. D. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have read these two lectures of Dr. Ives with profound satisfaction. The comparison instituted by the learned gentleman results in a veritable contrast, wherein is shown the wide difference between the practical charities of the Church and the State, or rather between the reality on the one hand, and the unsuccessful imitation on the other. In the matter of education, Dr. Ives has undertaken to show that the State cannot establish a system which shall not have in it an admixture of evil at least equal to the good; if the State undertakes to teach religion, it must necessarily be sectarian religion, or if it excludes religion, the scholars will grow up to manhood with no better learning than that which was acquired by the pagan youths of old. Religion or no religion, then becomes the leading question. As to the principle that youth may be instructed in religion at the schools *without any particular religious creed*, it can only be admitted by those who believe one religion as good as another, or in other terms, that truth and falsehood are equal. The lecturer speaks upon this subject earnestly and forcibly. The result, he says truthfully, of such education, would be the destruction of the power of religious principle, or the substitution of a mere worldly one. "What but the extirpation of faith, and the consequent implanting of the seeds of infidelity, or at the best, of religious indifference? For in no other way can the State destroy religious differences. To make man indifferent to distinguishing points of faith and practice, is nothing more nor less than to make him indifferent to religion. [e. g. Prussia and the Prussians, cited elsewhere in the lectures upon the authority of Laing.] . . . . To live in the breast at all, religion must hold the first place. It cannot from its very nature, exist in a state of subordination to any other principle. It must reign supreme in the reason, the conscience and the will, or practically cease to be. But to have this sway, it must stand before the mind with a more strongly defined image, with more distinct and exact and captivating features than any earthly object; and when by any cause, it is deprived of this distinction, it loses its identity and gives place altogether to another influence."

So speaks a man who knows and feels what religion is; but we doubt if the State, or the wise men who make laws for it, can appreciate such pure and truthful sentiment. It is above the reach of most of our modern lawgivers, the sum of whose belief and unbelief is expressed in the word indifferentism. Between such men and Dr. Ives there is no kindred of feeling. How should there be? He has given up all to follow Christ—made great sacrifices, we were about to say, but what sacrifice is that which only exchanges worldly honors and a troubled conscience for holy peace and calm, and faith and tranquility? Verily, he has a foretaste of the hundred-fold reward.

To return to the Lectures: they were delivered by invitation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of New York, and published by special request; for which all good Catholics and fair men may thank the Society, as well as the lecturer. The lectures go over a great deal of ground, and are full of interest; and they do not fail to sustain by cases in point, all the positions assumed by their distinguished author.

2. The Roman Catacombs; or Some Account of the Burial-Places of the Early Christians in Rome. By Rev. *J. Spencer Northcote*, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another valuable and interesting contribution to our Catholic popular literature. The fruit of many visits to one of the most sacred spots in the wide world—*the Roman Catacombs:*—with the knowledge, besides, afforded by the learned works of Bosio, Arringhi, Boldetti, Lupi, Marangoni, D'Agincourt, and Marchi:—and with the still greater advantage of the company of such men as Father Marchi, the Cavaliere di Rossi, and M. Perret—the last in the service of the French Government—the intelligent

reader will at once perceive how superior is this work of Rev. Mr. Northcote to many hat have professed to give some account of these ever-memorable scenes of heroic faith, love, and oftentimes martyrdom, of our ancestors in the faith—that divine inheritance bequeathed to us by illustrious Saints, Confessors, Pontiffs, Virgins, Martyrs—at this very hour shining round the throne of God, brighter than any star in the firmament—an inheritance which many Catholics seem neither to understand nor appreciate. If they did, such works as this, to say nothing of others still more valuable, in as much as they treat of a far greater variety of topics—e. g. "The Genius of Christianity"—would be at once in their hands; would be read, nay studied with a kind of enthusiasm and heroic desire to spread in every direction the knowledge, the love of Jesus Christ, and of His Kingdom, the Church. When we think of the coldness, the selfishness, which mark the conduct of many Catholics—and those of Maryland come in for a full share in this particular form of neglect—we hardly know whether sorrow or anger should guide our pen and dictate our thoughts. On cigars, pound-cake and wine, dollar after dollar will be freely spent. For the purchase of useful and valuable works; for the support of a Catholic paper, magazine or review, nothing can be spared; and to the shame of such patrons! at times even the subscription, when given, is recalled; and this for the slightest pretence. As we run over the pages of this learned and soul-stirring volume, or—as if led by the hand of Father Spencer Northcote—descend in spirit into these forever hallowed abodes of all that was once most lovely on earth, and has long since been brightest in heaven, who can blame us, if the question is repeatedly started—can it be that such lukewarm Catholics are really the children of the Saints who here knelt, and prayed and adored! Are they the inheritors of the same faith that so often filled these ancient sanctuaries of our imperishable Church with heroic youths and maidens, to whom riches, beauty, honors, power, life itself, were all as a grain of sand, compared with the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ! O, that the petition expressed in the following lines—from the tomb of Irene, sister of Pope Damasus—were often on the lips of such as seem to realize so feebly the dignity of their Christian name:

Nostri reminiscere, Virgo!
Ut tua per Dominum præstet mihi facula lumen.
Remember me, O Virgin! that by God's help your torch may give me light.

A little more *light* would impart *life and love*, and lead many to *recollect*, for they can hardly be ignorant of it, that the depth of their Christian Faith may be often judged of, by their degree of interest for whatever concerns the progress, glory and triumph of the Church of Christ We once more recommend "The Roman Catacombs" to the attention of all pious and intelligent Catholics.

3. Fleurs d'Amerique (Flowers from America) Poésies Nouvelles. Par *Dominique Rouquette* (de la Louisiane). Nouvelle-Orleans: Imprimerie de H. Méridier. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is much to admire in these poetical contributions to the literature of the day. There is still more both to admire and approve in the spirit that appears to animate the poet who has laid the offering on the altar of his country—for it is love of country, of God, of his fellow-men, that guides the pen and inspires the muse of M. Dominique Rouquette. The French verse on the title page, from Brizeux, a Breton poet—

"Du ciel viennent les vers; qu 'ils remontent au ciel,"

which we may freely render,

From heaven comes the poet's strain—
To heaven let it remount again!

is the key-note to the volume. There is a tone of manly earnestness, independence of thought and Christian love for the cause of sound morals and true liberty, throughout the poems, in general, whether brief and unstudied, or of more elaborate structure,

which show that M. Rouquette is not a "manufacturer of phrases," as Napoleon was disposed to call "men of letters," but one whose voice will stir the souls of men as well as the trumpets or the "Memoirs" of the French Emperor. Among the productions which have particularly won our attention, and no doubt the admiration of many readers before us, we notice the poems *Le Prêtre, La Femme, et Le Poète; Rome*—and *La Chasteté et La Pauvreté*—each full of noble ideas, well expressed. In each there are passages that breathe the spirit of Lamartine in his happiest days. There is no American—Catholic or non-Catholic—who will fail to recognise the soul of the poet and the freeman in the following lines—part of an Invocation to that Immaculate Virgin "Queen of the Church and Queen of Heaven,"—which close the volume:

Fais que dans l'Unité, sous l'ombre de ton aile,
Repose l'Union, immuable, éternelle!
De ton cœur maternel fais passer dans mon cœur
Un céleste reflet, un doux rayon vainqueur!
* * * * * * *
O! Vierge immaculée. O ma Mère. O Marie!
Fais que fidèle à Dieu, fidèle à ma patrie
Mon cœur brûlant d'amour ne forme plus qu'em vœu
Mourir pour mon Pays—ou mourir pour mon Dieu.

Of a quite different character, and imbued with a cheerful strain of mingled satire and mirth, is the "L'Amoureux et Le Philosophe," or as the chanson might also be headed "Love and Money." *Four hundred thousand "écus,"* we opine, would make a saint—an angel, perfection itself, in almost any land the sun shines on, as the world now goes, not only in Louisiana, but in any part of creation.

With this brief notice of a volume, which like every thing coming from the hand of man, has its imperfections, inequalities, and even what may shock some readers, e. g. "Buvons Sec.," we welcome the author and wish him a long and happy life in the "Republic of Letters."

4. Maginn's Miscellanies—Fraserian Papers. Annotated by *R. Shelton Mackenzie*, D. C. L. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is much to admire—much to laugh at—still more to regret and condemn in this as in most of the writings of this singularly gifted and accomplished man. Genius, wit, learning, shine out on almost every page. And almost as often, coarseness, sensuality meet the eye, if they do not wound the heart: for no one denies that there is in every "soul of man" abundance of the same material that led this eminently social character—"the life, grace and ornament of society" in his native city, "to broken fortunes, ruined health and an early grave." Of all such, even though they were the adversaries of the Church while living, and though dead, are against it still, we are disposed to say, with St. Gregory the Great—"*Flere magis libet, quam aliquid dicere.*" Tears rather than words, would express what we think and feel.

The admirable memoir of Dr. Maginn, by his friend and editor, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, enhances by a hundred degrees the worth of the volume. It cannot fail to produce in some kindred spirits, the effect desired. It is replete with information, eloquence and learning.

5. The Wigwam and the Cabin. By *W. Gilmore Simms*, Esq. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

6. Vasconselos, a Romance of the New World. By the same author and publisher.

These are two new works from the prolific pen of Mr. Simms, whose previous writings have been so favorably received by the public. The first of these works is a series of entertaining tales, and may be read, if not with profit, at least with interest. The second, carries the reader through a singularly attractive period of our anti-colonial history, the conquest, or rather the invasion of Florida by Hernan de Soto. It is a well written tale, and with the exception of certain expressions, we are pleased with it.

7. Monarchs Retired from Business—2 vols. By *Dr. Doran*. New York: Redfield.

We have generally had the pleasure of receiving from the house of Redfield such works as we could notice with commendation, but we feel compelled to enter our protest against this work from the pen of Dr. Doran. The author has sought in this, as in most of his previous productions, to please the popular mind of England, and having in view no higher object, apart from sordid interest, he has pursued his purpose at the sacrifice of truth, and all those higher and nobler principles which should ever guide the pen of the man who attempts to record the events of the past.

We do not ourselves object to a well-told story, and even to the departure from a rigid adhesion to facts, when the reader is informed that the author is wandering in the region of fancy; but we do object, that the grave lessons of history should be perverted, that the misfortunes and calamities, which the providence of God has permitted to fall upon his creatures, should be held up to public gaze for no higher motive than that of exciting laughter and derision. Works of this class can serve no good end. They are worse in their effects than those which are openly infidel. The writings of Voltaire are not half so pernicious. The name of the man startles the reader, awakens his sense of horror and dread, and his works, if touched at all, are handled with caution and distrust But works like the "Monarchs Retired from Business," professing a candid recital of facts, while scarcely a page is reliable, with an undercurrent of hostility to religion, holding up its ministers to ridicule, and sneering at the institutions of Christianity, are little less than a nuisance in any community. They are calculated to weaken and utterly destroy the moral principle in society, and prepare the way for undisguised infidelity.

8. Indian Good Book, made by *Eugene Vetromile*, S. J., Indian Patriarch, for the benefit of the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, St. John's, Micmac and other tribes of the Abnaki Indians. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book contains prayers, hymns, and catechisms for the various tribes mentioned above, and is emphatically a good book for the Indians. Coming from one who belongs to an Order celebrated for its self-denying labors in behalf of the Red man, it cannot but be eminently suited to its purpose, and however modestly the compiler may think of his labors, bears on its face evidences of great care and a proper appreciation of the duty his station as a missionary imposes upon him. While every good Christian must praise his zeal, the mere scholar also, will have great reason to thank him for this contribution to comparative philology in a department that is not so rich as it should be, considering the great numbers who have been employed therein, and the numberless opportunities afforded in the necessary intercourse between our government and the aborigines. Nor have the publishers been wanting on their part in bringing the book out, and deserve and no doubt will receive the thanks of the tribes for whom the work is intended.

9. Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. *April Number*. Balto: Murphy & Co.

It is scarcely necessary to add a single word to the announcement of a new number of these excellent periodicals. The sublime object for which they are printed is sufficient to stimulate every Catholic to do his part in giving them a circulation, worthy of the cause for which they are published.

10. Sermons, Preached before the University of Cambridge. By *Richard Chenevix Trench*, D. D. New York: Redfield.

Our readers must really pardon us if we do not give them a notice of this work. Had we received it during the penitential season, we may have submitted to the ordeal of reading a few pages, but as that season is past, the most we can do is to commend the Sermons preached before the learned professors of Cambridge University, to all who may desire to read them.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—We have the pleasure of announcing this month, an important item of literary intelligence—important, in as much as this is, we believe, the first instance that an American theological work has found an European publisher. The first edition of the *Theologia Dogmatica*, by Archbishop Kenrick, published in this country some years ago, in 4 vols., having been exhausted, the venerable author has prepared a new edition, which is now rapidly passing through the press, in the famous establishment of Mr. Hanicq (now, Mr. Dessain), in Malines, Belgium. The present revised edition will be improved by many important additions, including an elaborate defence of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and a Catalogue of the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Writers, with an accurate description of their genuine works, from others that have passed under their names. This edition will be comprised in 3 volumes, 8vo. printed in that style of neatness and accuracy for which Mr. Dessain's press is so justly distinguished, and will appear with the especial sanction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who has been pleased to signify a very high estimate of its merits. The first volume is nearly ready—and will be published in this country by Messrs. Murphy & Co. in conjunction with Mr. Dessain, simultaneously with its publication in Belgium.

We have also the pleasure this month to chronicle the completion of Perret's magnificent work on the Roman Catacombs, the result of ten years laborious research, five of them almost entirely spent in the sixty subterranean cemeteries which compose that city of the dead. This great work contains the most complete account of the Catacombs and all connected with them, architecture, sanctuaries, paintings, inscriptions, cyphers, objects found in the tombs, and all that can in any way throw light on their history. This noble monument forms six volumes, and can now be had for 1300 francs.

We are at last to have in English Hurter's great work, the History of Pope Innocent III, a translation by R. H. Brown being announced in England. The Rev. Dr. C. H. Russell also announces the completion and speedy publication of his Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, with comparative memoirs of other eminent linguists, ancient and modern. In a recent lecture on memory, Cardinal Wiseman noticed a fact not generally known, that at one time in consequence of a fit of illness Mezzofanti forgot every language but Italian, and he who a few days before could converse with the native of almost every state in the world, found himself unable to speak to a priest from Austria or France, even in Latin.

The Abate Margotti, who is to Italy what Balmes was to Spain, philosopher, theologian and publicist, has just published a work entitled: "Victories of the Church during the first ten years of the Pontificate of Pius IX." It is spoken of in the highest terms by the Catholic press of Europe, as being not a mere collection of general views, but a history detailing facts, giving statistics, documents, in a word all that is needed to give a correct view of a pontificate which has been so maligned and so misrepresented that even Catholics have had hitherto no source accessible from which to glean even an outline of the truth. The plan of the work shows the four enemies that Pius IX has had to contend with, and his triumph over all, whether liberal hypocrisy, demagoguism, heresy, or modern diplomacy.

Le Neophyte et le parfait Chretien, by the Abbés Barthe and Ramon, is a new catechetical work, which receives high praise in France. It is the Christian doctrine set forth from Holy Writ in the replies of a perfect Christian to the questions of a neophyte.

Father Perrone's great work on Protestantism is undoubtedly the most remarkable that has recently appeared. The last French files announce the appearance of the French translation, and two, perhaps more, are engaged in translating it into English, one under the very eye of the illustrious author.

In English, Cardinal Wiseman's recollections of the last four Popes, announced in England, and here by Messrs. Dix & Edwards, New York, is looked forward to with great interest. The Pontificates of Pius VIII and Leo XII though short were not uneventful, while those of Gregory XVI and Pius IX will ever be considered among the most important epochs in the history of the Papacy. On these two Popes especially an English work is one of the most needed books of the day, and no writer is

better able to portray the last four Pontiffs than Cardinal Wiseman, most of whose life has been spent in Rome, and than whom no one can more graphically or eloquently communicate the information treasured in his learned and classic mind.

American.—The most important work announced by the Catholic publishers, is Father Faber's new work, the *Creator and the Creature*, or *the Wonders of Divine Love*, with an Introduction and Notes by an American clergyman, announced by Messrs. Murphy & Co., to be published simultaneously with the London edition, from advance sheets furnished by the Rev. Author. In the course of a few weeks the American Press will add this new treasure—for such it really is to all who pursue with ardor that noblest of sciences, the science of salvation—and offer this fresh motive to the many which the Church in England and the United States have to rejoice, that among the servants of God and defenders of the Faith who adorn the age, there is one of such rare endowments as the author of "All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," and "The Blessed Sacrament." The same wonderful outpouring of heavenly truths clothed in language clear as the waters of that Styrian lake

"Special work of beauty's hand"

in graceful verses chaunted by Dr. Faber, many years ago—the same union in every chapter of learning, piety, eloquence, poetry, felicitous wit, and fervent desire to promote "the knowledge and love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," that has, as it were, enshrined the author's name in the hearts of his readers, will be found in this, his last, and to many minds, we are disposed to believe, most valuable production. It grapples professedly and still more rigorously with all the great errors and vices of the age. It addresses—and would to heaven that such men would open it—a Palmerston—the premier of a mighty empire—a Napoleon, an Alexander the rulers of millions, as well as the devout layman—or the cloistered nun—whose first and last and highest association may be worded in the "*Quando amaverim Te!*" of St. Bonaventure—"when shall I love Thee! Thou God of my heart: and my portion for ever." From the proudest mind of the age to the gentlest follower of the Cross, there is not one who will not derive profit from its pages. "Wisdom enshrined in beauty" is the most appropriate description we can think of, for this truly admirable work. In every chapter do we meet with views of the divine mysteries and institutions of religion, on which a Catholic cannot dwell, without feeling himself encircled by a flood of heavenly light—and his soul with love, deeper, purer than, perhaps, he ever before experienced for God our Father, and his Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have nearly ready Hendrik Conscience's new tale, *The Demon of Gold*, being the sixth volume of their Uniform Series of the Tales and Romances of this distinguished Flemish writer. This will introduce to American readers another rare and touching domestic story, from the pen of this most popular of Flemish novelists and the most highly esteemed wherever his writings are best known.

A lively and acute French critic and reviewer, the well-known Pontmartin, has likened the stories of Conscience to "pearls set in Flemish gold," and in point of delicacy of treatment and high moral value they richly justify the comparison. The present volume will be found of a literary excellence equal to the best of its predecessors. There is the same admirably-constructed plot, the same absorbing interest, the same minuteness of detail; the same fidelity to nature, and the same high moral tone; and these are the attractive qualities that have rendered his books a welcome addition to the lighter literature of every nation into whose language they have been translated, and household treasures at home.

The works of Hendrik Conscience are not romances, but pictures of real life. All his personages stand out from the canvas instinct with vitality; all his accessories are true to the scene depicted, to the time, and to the occasion. Even in his historical novels he conveys the reader back to the century in which the events transpired that form the basis of his story, and introduces the sturdy people who lived in those days, with all their faults and all their virtues, as colored and modified by the habits and customs which then prevailed.

Editors' Table.

May, sweet May! The month of buds and flowers opens upon us. It comes fanned by gentle zephyrs, breathing a balmy fragrance and clothing the earth in robes of green.

We haste to greet thee, lovely May!
Ever welcome, ever gay;
When by vale and mountain,
When by brook and fountain,
Flowerets bloom, and insects play,
And bid thee welcome, lovely May!

"Off again in the realms of fancy," said Mr. Oliver, after listening for some moments to O'Moore's soliloquy. "As usual, indulging in the sublime."

"Mr. Oliver," said O'Moore, seemingly taking no notice of his remark, "the world is so filled with great men just at present, that it is difficult for a small, diminutive man like myself, and bashful withal, to rise into notice. The giant minds and colossal intellects that reign in the world of letters, completely shut out from me all hope of ever being able to leave behind a name, except that which some generous friend may inscribe on the small bit of marble which may be erected on the spot where my ashes shall repose. But there is one consolation, Mr. Oliver, though somewhat uncharitable I confess, that there are many of my compeers who will not leave any greater legacy to the world. I have no great aspiration for distinction, though I say it myself. I have no one to live for, and none to mourn my loss (and it will be but trifling, I admit) when called to give an account of my stewardship.

But for you, Mr. Oliver, the happy parent of a joyous family, you have something worthy of manly exertions; you have those to leave behind you, who can and will appreciate a great and distinguished name. But believe me, Mr. Oliver, I must be candid, I do really think the world will never bestow upon you the distinction of great, so long as you live in the region of philosophy, and waste your time in attempting to persuade the thoughtless throng of mortals around you, that the world is progressing, and that they are a great and progressive people. Why waste your time, your patience, and your intellect, in tiresome, tedious, lengthened prose, in which, now-a-days, every whippersnapper thinks himself proficient? Rise from this drudgery, soar aloft and invoke the Muse of Song, become a poet, and honors and distinctions as thick as ever rested upon the head of the Bard of Mantua will descend with you to the grave."

"And be buried with me," added Mr. Oliver, finishing the sentence.

"Come, Mr. O'Moore," he continued, "do not let us waste our time in talking of poetry; let us see what we have on our table in the shape of prose. What is new in the literary world?"

"Nothing much," responded O'Moore, taking up a neatly bound volume. "Here is the only thing of importance—Lizzie Maitland. What do you think of it, Mr. Oliver?"

"Capital! Excellent story!" responded the latter, repeating the name several times.

"Have you read it?"

"No, I confess I have not. I have formed my opinion of its merits from the favorable comments of others."

"I am surprised, Mr. Oliver, that you, who stick so closely to prose that you scarcely condescend to look into a poetic work, that you, I say, would let others form your opinions for you."

"Not entirely; I sketched over it lightly and read the preface and introduction, and from the latter especially, I was led to entertain of it the most exalted opinion."

"True, Mr. Oliver, but to use a homespun adage: 'Every crow thinks her own young ones the whitest.' Did you ever know a father to speak disparagingly of his

children? That is charitable at least, to go to the preface of a book to find out its merits."

"But you know, O'Moore, we must deal lightly with its faults, even if it have any; it is from the pen of a young American lady."

"So we are told in the preface, and it is repeated in the introduction, by way of refreshing our memories. But don't take me to task, Mr. Oliver; I have preferred no charges against the book."

"But, Mr. Oliver," continued O'Moore, "it has often surprised me, that after all, even American books, written by American authors, who 'understand better, because they themselves have felt them, the wants of the people,' draw upon foreign sources for much of their finest materials. The O'Briens, the Mahoneys, the Bridgets and the 'Pats' of my own dear isle, with the genuine Irish brogue upon their tongues, are honored with prominent places in these very American books. Surely this is not developing the scenes 'derived from American habits and life,' and tending 'to embellish and endear the homes where we dwell.'"

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Father Carroll. He was kindly greeted by Mr. Oliver and O'Moore, who eagerly sought his opinion of the work in question. The reverend gentlemen, after politely apologising for his delay, proceeded as follows to give his views of Lizzie Maitland:

"The work aims at accomplishing a laudable purpose—that of combining entertainment with instruction. Books, tending to explain Catholic doctrine and the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, are a class of works which cannot be too highly commended, especially in a country like ours, where Catholics are surrounded on all sides by those who assail their faith or seek information concerning some of the controverted dogmas of religion. If our stock of works of this kind were increased a hundred fold, the increase would not be commensurate with the good that might be accomplished by them. Hence every accession to this class of our literature, is a source of gratification to Catholics, for the book, even if it possess but limited merits, is destined to do good.

With Lizzie Maitland, however, I confess I have been somewhat disappointed. From the circumstance of its being ushered before the public under the auspices of so distinguished a name as that of Dr. Brownson, I had expected to find it a model, at least for our young authors, whose fancies might tempt them to ramble into the domain of light literature; but I am sorry to find it scarcely coming up to the mediocrity of works of its class. With its defects as a work of art, I am not disposed to find fault. They are such as young authors usually fall into. But there are defects, which, for the sake of the good that it might do, as a work explanatory of our holy religion, I deeply regret. You are well aware that we have uniformly entered our most cordial disapprobation against those works in which the Catholic clergy were traduced and villified; it, therefore, comes with bad grace for Catholic authors to fall into the same fault, which we have felt it our duty, under all circumstances, most pointedly to condemn.

To speak disrespectfully of the ministers of religion, especially in a work of fiction, has no other tendency than to bring religion itself into disrepute. To represent them as impostors and hypocrites, cloaking beneath the shadow of their sacred office the greatest crimes, is to strike at the foundation of the whole fabric of Christianity. A clergyman may have his faults, but we should choose rather with the virtuous son of Noah, to go backwards and throw over his faults the mantle of charity, than with the impious Cham to laugh and sneer at the weaknesses of his nature. The book that contains a single line casting imputations upon the integrity, purity, or virtue of the Catholic priesthood, loses all credit in the estimation of Catholics, and is cast from them as something unworthy of their notice. In other respects it may be a useful work, but no merits will atone for this defect, which touches one of the most sensitive chords of their hearts.

Now our dissenting fellow-citizens are as sensitive on this point as ourselves. Many of them respect and venerate their ministers, and no reproach goes deeper into their bosoms than to impute crimes to those, who preach to them, as they believe, the word

of God. They turn with disdain from the book, even if it contain the profound reasoning of St. Thomas, in which such things are contained. They regard equally with ourselves, as an insult to their feelings as men, to write what the rules of common civility forbid us to utter in their presence, to publish what we would not dare to say in their parlors, or in those circles where business or amusement oblige us to meet.

It is, therefore, with regret that we find in Lizzie Maitland, a Protestant minister presented in a light calculated to awaken impressions derogatory to his character as a man, as a Christian, and especially as a minister. He is a married man, but he leaves his own amiable though sickly wife, to gallant with a Miss Harris, the governess in the family of Mr. Maitland. He strolls with her through the fields, gathers her flowers and helps her over stiles, leaving the impression upon the mind of the reader, that their intimacy was criminal. No one can read the following passage without being fully persuaded of the truth of this conclusion:

'Seated at a table with an open volume lying before them, with their backs towards the door, sat Mr. Gilford and Miss Harris; the arm of the reverend gentleman was around her waist, and tenderly supported her figure; her drooping head rested upon his shoulder.' Page 66.

The sequel is, that Miss Harris disappears and Mr. Gilford leaves his wife and lives separated from her, the reader being left to draw his own conclusions.

This, gentlemen, I regard as a serious defect in the work. It is wrong because it casts an imputation upon a class of men, of whom charity obliges us to speak at least with respect. Among the Protestant clergy, there are many men of high and elevated principles, upright and sincere—a truth clearly demonstrated by the numbers who annually forsake their own pulpits and seek the light of truth and the haven of peace in the bosom of the Catholic Church; who even become lights in her sanctuary and rank among her most zealous missionaries. It is wrong, because discourteous to our dissenting fellow-citizens, whose feelings we have no right to offend—and it is wrong, because it inculcates language and thoughts that should be forever banished from the hearts and lips of the young.

But Lizzie Maitland is a love story; it begins with courtship and ends with marriage. Now, I can not say that I am entirely opposed to this particular species of literature; but I will say, what all experience proves, that it is the most dangerous class a writer can enter, and the most dangerous class that can be presented for the entertainment of the young. The habit of novel-reading soon grows to a passion, which is not easily controlled. The mind of the reader, especially of the young, partakes of the thoughts, the sentiments and feelings of the hero of the tale. The romantic exploits of some love-stricken adventurer, no matter how absurd or extravagant, are those which please the most. The young lady not unfrequently imagines that she discovers in some unprincipled character, the hero of her novel, all those accomplishments and qualities that constitute greatness in men, and which she seeks for in her future husband; and the young man often draws the image of his future spouse from the page of some false and deceptive romance.

The evil consequences that follow from lessons of this kind, need not be repeated. To extenuate, however, is unnecessary. Love stories at best are dangerous, unless drawn by an experienced hand—a master, who knows how to temper the materials with the saving element of religion, that virtue may be the fruit thereof. Indeed, many learned and pious persons have doubted the propriety of permitting this class of writing to form a part of the literature for the young, and have only yielded their assent on the stringent condition, that they avoid the sickening course of the 'yellow-covered' species, and that they contain no thought or sentiment which the Church condemns,—nothing that cannot be freely commended to the imitation of the young.

Classed among those who entertain these views, you will pardon me then for entering my objections to certain passages in Lizzie Maitland, which inculcate a familiar kind of courtship that little accords with my notions of propriety in these matters.

Let the following paragraph serve as an example. It describes an interview between Lizzie Maitland and her lover, Edward Lee:

'Lizzie, do not trifle with me—do not force upon my mind, but *now* relieved of the terrible load, the miserable fear that you are cold and indifferent, that you do not love me as I love you; you talk to me of calm and quiet with this fever burning in my veins—I should have died, but for your image impressed on my heart. During all that agony of fever and delirium, I saw your face bent over mine, as it was in that one lucid interval of my sickness. Do not, do not, Lizzie, keep me in suspense; it is unworthy of you. I love you with my whole heart. I laid it at your feet two years ago; I never loved any other woman; I never shall; if *you* disappoint me, I shall have no faith in the gentleness and truth of woman's nature.'" . . . .

Here the reading was interrupted by a burst of laughter from O'Moore, with the exclamation: "Stop, Father Carroll, or I shall faint."

"I confess," replied the reverend gentleman, smiling, "that it is enough to affect the nerves of a sensitive young man; but you must hear the result. You must know that these tender aspirations were not in vain—the heart of the obdurate one is overcome:

'Lizzie rose from the little couch where she had been sitting, and going beside his chair, she drew his head softly to her bosom and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead; then clasping her arms about his neck, she whispered: Forgive me, Edward,—dearest Edward! I am—indeed I am—all your own——!'

'Edward trembled violently: he rose suddenly, and, clasping his arms about her, strained her to his bosom.' Page 275.

At this moment the doctor enters with Mr. Maitland, the father of Lizzie, who 'laughed outright' at the scene. Mr. Lee is confused, but he 'would not release her; he kept his arm about her *waist*, while he held out the other hand to the doctor.'

Now here, apart from the sickening language of Mr. Lee, which must be regarded with disgust by every high-minded young man, and treated as mockery by every sensible young lady, here we have embracing and kissing between the young folks of different sexes, inculcated by a work written by a Catholic, edited by a Catholic, and issued from the press of a Catholic publisher. Consequently, these things taken together, will be regarded by the young as a license to imitate the example set before them. The effect of such a license upon the minds of the young, need not be told. Lizzie Maitland, a pious Catholic girl, is permitted to kiss her lover; why should not Mary, Emily, or Jane, or any of our Catholic young girls, do the same? Mr. Lee, who is held up as a model of piety, is allowed to kiss and embrace the young lady of his affections, to put his arms round her waist and 'strain' her to his bosom; why should not John, or Francis, or Thomas, or any of our Catholic young men be permitted to do the same?

If this be correct, then I must confess I have not understood my theology to this very hour. It is at least a very material departure from the sage counsels which I received in my early days from reverend and parental lips; and contrasts strangely with the salutary usages of Catholic countries where the young man and the young lady are not permitted to remain together in the same apartment, except in the presence of a third party.

But in what I have said, I disclaim all intention of doing aught of injury to the fair authoress of Lizzie Maitland. We are strangers, unknown to each other, except that we kneel at the same altar, and belong to the same household of faith. I am sure, that so far from taking any offence, she will say in the language which she learned in childhood: 'Those are our best friends who tell us of our faults.' She has talents as a writer, which deserve to be cultivated, and I hope to have the pleasure of soon seeing some other contribution from her gifted pen, and that in her *propria persona:* and if our remarks, which we give with parental kindness, be of any service, let her profit by them."

Father Carroll was about to add some further observations, when a messenger entered with the following interesting document, inscribed: "With the compliments of the Doctor:"

Fourteenth Annual Report of the Mount Hope Institution, *near Baltimore.*—That the famous Institution commemorated in the above report is an honor to Baltimore and the State of Maryland, is a fact above question; we feel justified in going further, however, for after some examination into the subject, we can confidently say, that in all the most essential points, Mount Hope is worthy to be classed not only with the first institutions of its kind in America, but with the first of the age, in any country. In the treatment of insanity there has been during the last quarter of a century the most marked improvement; the *old regime* has passed away forever among enlightened nations; and at the present day, the Christian philanthropist has the gratification of finding this stricken portion of the human family attended with the gentleness and care that are due to the afflicted, instead of being punished as the worst of criminals. It may be true that there are yet receptacles for the insane in this country, where prison discipline and physical force are still in use; but under the pressure of an enlightened public opinion, with the example and influence of numerous, well conducted asylums all over the land, these receptacles must become fewer and fewer, and at length be either totally remodelled, or totally abandoned. Almshouses and county-jails have completed the ruin of many a mind suffering at first from some transient aberration, curable enough under favorable circumstances, but only aggravated, confirmed and rendered permanent by injudicious treatment, neglect, or ill-usage.

But a few years ago, maltreatment was the rule, good treatment the exception; now happily, the old order is reversed and the prospects are favorable for the most extensive ameliorations. At Mount Hope there is little left to desire; humanity, philanthropy and medical skill are associated in the good work, and each in proportions unsurpassed by that of any other establishment. These alone would give this Institution an equality with any other on this continent; but over and above these, there is the holy inspiration of religion, which seems to throw an atmosphere of sweetness around the home of the afflicted. Whatever the Sisters of Charity touch seems to flourish as if under the special benediction of Divine Providence; the blessings that have been so showered upon them ever seem to multiply under their administration for the welfare of others. And who of the children of Adam are so well fitted to take charge of the insane as the good daughters of St. Vincent? Where else can we find the same gentleness, the same skill, the same self-devotion? All the money in the world would not procure such nursing as these good ladies give to the least of the little ones for Christ's sake. They give their days and nights, their whole lives to ministering to suffering and to relieving pain. Do they work for reward? aye, for a reward "exceedingly great," but not of this world's gifts. In the cause of humanity, in the cause of philanthropy, so idolized in this age, although they scarcely use the word, they are surpassed by none on this earth; and in true *Christian charity*, are they not peerless?

We are gratified to learn from the report of the distinguished physician that each year the institution is growing in public favor; and we feel assured that the more widely it is known, the more rapid will be its growth, not only in public favor, but in public utility. Our space does not allow us to make such extracts from the report as we would wish, but we cannot refrain from inserting a paragraph of paramount interest to those, whose friends give evidence of the earliest symptoms of insanity:

"In an overwhelming majority of cases, there can be no doubt, that the principal and leading cause of permanent derangement is neglect or mismanagement in the first stage of the malady, and the truth cannot be too frequently, or too earnestly presented to the public mind, that there are few diseases of equal magnitude so susceptible of successful medical treatment in the incipient form as those implicating the faculties of the mind. The existence of so vast an amount of incurable insanity, within the wards of our different asylums, is a fact pregnant with important truth. These deplorable cases silently but forcibly tell generally the same sad and melancholy tale. These lost and ruined minds disclose the lamentable results of either a total neglect of all efficient curative treatment at a period when it might have been arrested; or of the use of injudicious and unjustifiable measures of treatment under mistaken notions of the nature and pathology of the disease. In no class of affections is it so imperatively necessary to inculcate the importance of early and prompt treatment, as in the disorders of the brain affecting the manifestations of the mind."

Record of Events.

From March 20, to April 20, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—On 23d Feb., His Holiness attended at the church of Jesus where he was waited on by Cardinal Patuige, Prefect of the Congregation of Holy Rites, in relation to the cause of the venerable Francisco Savorio Maria Blancho di Arpino, a religious of the order of St. Paolo, and obtained from his Holiness the decree for the beatification and canonization of the servant of God. The saint was born in Arpino on the 2d of Dec., 1743, and after a youth passed in the practice of every virtue he entered the religious order of the Barnabites in 1762. Endowed by nature with the most gentle and kindly inclinations, he added to the greatest piety extensive application to study, and endeared himself to friends and strangers—the former loaded him with all the duties and honors of the community, the latter flocked to him for help and consolation, while the learned especially sought to enjoy his society. But called by God to still higher perfection, he withdrew himself from his friends and devoted his life to solitude and prayer, save when called for some exercise of holy charity. His heart filled with sacred zeal, he dedicated himself entirely to the salvation of souls, urged on missions, worked for the erection of houses of refuge and repentance, and directed with a sagacity inspired by burning charity every work that could tend to lead man to heaven, ready at every hour to listen to the crowds that flocked to him for confession, for advice, for consolation, or assistance, he found time and means to supply their every want, temporal and spiritual. Confined for many years to his cell by a terrible wound in the leg, which caused him intense suffering, he still was ever joyous and contented, forgetful of his pains and of necessities—doing all things for all men, to the great benefit of numberless souls, who owed their salvation to his zeal. He was looked on as another St. Philip Neri, and was called the Apostle of Naples as St. Philip was called of Rome. Worn out at length by long suffering, he died on the 31st Jan., 1815, after having predicted the day of his death. But the remembrance of his virtues did not perish. The people who had known and gloried in his virtue passed his fame from province to province, and became desirous of the enrolment of his name among the saints, which has been granted.

On Wednesday, the first of Lent, the Holy Father distributed the ashes in the Sistine chapel. Among the distinguished personages who received it, was his majesty Maximilian, king of Bavaria.—His Holiness has been pleased to grant a life pension of 120 scudi yearly to the chemist Sig. Giovanni Pagliani for his useful invention of waters for wounds and for his disinterestedness in making it public; and has also conferred the silver medal with the inscription *Bennevenuti* on Sig. Gio Gorgio di Plaisant, Pontifical Vice Consul at Carfofort, for having been instrumental in saving the unfortunate people wrecked on the Roman brigantine Nuovo Caesare.

The excavations still in progress in the Catacombs continue to reveal objects of interest and veneration. The *Journal of Rome* of the 3d of March publishes a note from Signor Profili, Secretary of the Commission of Sacred Archæology, on the excavations which are continued in the Catacombs of St. Calistus. It is well known that under the skillful direction of the Chevalier de Rossi, the spot where twelve Popes of the third and fourth centuries had been buried had been discovered, and fully recognized. On the 27th February last, on excavating near the crypt of the Pope St. Eusebius, two sarcophagi in marble were discovered, decorated with bas reliefs, and perfectly intact. On the lid of one of them was carved obliquely the word "Alexsadra." The marble slabs forming the lids were carefully lifted, in the presence of the commission, and at the bottom of each sarcophagus was a skeleton. According to a known custom of the

primitive Christians, the bodies had been laid on a bed of lime. "If it may be permitted," says M. Profili, "to express a conjecture, in the absence of facts and proofs, there is every reason to believe that these two sarcophagi belong to the fourth century of our era, and that the defunct were married Christians of high distinction, who had chosen this venerated spot for their sepulchre, as being in the immediate proximity of the tomb of the holy pope St. Eusebius. The tombs of the times of the persecutions, containing the bodies of the martyrs, are generally only *loculi* hollowed out of the lateral walls of the catacombs; but when peace was restored to the Church, and the Christians could offer the divine sacrifice, and pray in the light of day and in full liberty, even then many wished to have their mortal remains laid close to the relics of the saints, and the sculptured sarcophagi which are found in the excavations of subterranean Rome belong to the time of Constantine and his immediate successors."

The 17th of March, the festival of St. Patrick, was celebrated in Rome with pomp, by the numerous clergymen and religious of the different religious orders of the Irish nation. The Franciscans of the convent of St. Isidor selected that day for the reopening of their church which had been undergoing considerable repairs and decorations. The day was preceded by a Tridio, of prayers and sermons which were given in part by Dr. Manning. His Holiness granted a plenary indulgence for the festival of St. Patrick.—The first stone of an hospital for chronic diseases, of patients of both sexes, was laid on the 2d of March near the church of Sancta Maria, in Capella, by Prince Doria Pamphili. The hospital will be served by the Sisters of Charity, and is to be built and maintained from funds set apart by the will of the late Don Carlo, uncle to the prince who laid the first stone.—The deaths of the young Marchioness Patrizzi, the wife of the Marquis Patrizzi, and that of the Princess Charlotte of Saxony, are recorded. They were both distinguished for their piety and charity to the poor.—A report has lately been published by the Minister of Public Works on the population of the Pontifical States, from which we subjoin the following interesting facts: In 1816, the population of the Roman States was 2,354,721; and in 1853, 3,124,668; showing an increase of 770,497, or about one-fourth in 37 years. The civil population of Austria, in 1818, was 29,813,586; in 1833, 34,217,494; which gives an augmentation, in 15 years, of about one-sixth; whilst if we turn to the official statistics of France of 1837, we find that in 1801 the population was 27,349,003; 1836, 33,540,910; which shows an increase of nearly one-fifth in a period of 36 years. The population, therefore, of the Pontifical States has increased in a greater proportion than that of France, whilst it has not quite equalled the increase of that of Austria. With regard to the number of inhabitants in relation to the square surface, it appears that the Roman territory has about 75 3.5 inhabitants for each square kilometre, whilst the Sardinian States have 80 1-4, and France had, in 1828, 62 1-5 for each square kilometre. The products of the soil are sufficient for the necessities of the population of the States of the Church, and in good years allow also of exportation.

Naples.—The political aspect of affairs in this country presents but little change during the last month. Some rumors are afloat of a Muratist party being formed, and of fresh appeals to the army being made by the radicals. Recently a decree purporting to come from the royal hand, was posted up in different parts of the city by the revolutionary sect. The decree promised the Constitution of 1848, and a complete amnesty within fifteen days. It remained on the walls for several hours, when the police observing it caused it to be torn down. Hundreds had collected to read it, but no attempt at disturbance followed.

Sardinia.—The only important event in Sardinia, is the likelihood of a rupture with Austria. The government had withdrawn its Charge d'Affaires from Vienna, and a circular was addressed to all the Sardinian diplomatic agents in foreign courts, justifying this step and throwing the blame on Austria; the causes, however, are not particularly stated. The following taken from our foreign file will serve to show the injustice which is there being practised towards the Church. The government agents introduced themselves by force into 112 religious houses, some of them on the main land, and some in the island of Sardinia. They were seized, and now the 1,857 individuals, of

both sexes, belonging to those on the main land have not a centime which they can call their own. They are therefore obliged to buy their bread of the government, or die of hunger. This has been done in the face of the law, which declares all property "inviolable" without exception; and by those very people who have raised the loudest clamor against the Austrian sequestrations in Lombardy (which, by the way, are all at an end now, and where all political refugees are allowed to return.)

Spain.—The talked of expedition against Mexico still continues to be the subject of comment in the Spanish journals, and preparations for that purpose are said to be in progress, though the government has taken no decisive steps on the subject. The government is said to have demanded of France and England that these powers should call on the United States to remain neutral in the event of a rupture with Mexico.

France.—At latest dates the Neufchatel Conference sitting in Paris had not concluded its business. It is said that the French government has despatched a note to its minister at Berlin said to be in rather energetic terms, to the effect that if the King of Prussia did not make up his mind to do something the congress would go on without his representatives. The delay is producing a very unfavorable impression in Switzerland.—The French squadron in the Chinese seas is to be reinforced, and to act in conjunction with the English fleet. On the Chinese affairs a French journal thus speaks: "The Chinese affair presents two phases perfectly distinct—the past and the future. The first belongs to history; the second involves the interests of various powers, whose commerce at present is seriously damaged, and who perceive the necessity for putting an end to the present state of things. It is to do so that an honorable understanding has lately been come to between France and England. The latter power sends numerous reinforcements to Admiral Seymour, who will have an important maritime force under his command. France, on her part, has maintained the squadron of Admiral Guerin in the Chinese seas with a view to future operations; and this squadron is to unite with the naval division commanded by Rear-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly. Thus our marine will be on a respectable footing. The two admirals will have at their disposal steam frigates, corvettes and gunboats, so valuable for an attack on the coast and for ascending rivers."—Abbe Belloc, a French priest, lately arrived at Marseilles from the Celestial Empire. His frightful appearance created much sympathy, and will have a tendency to imbitter the feeling of the nation against the Chinese. He was one of the five missionaries sent to preach the Gospel to the savage tribes of Penang Kiou, at the Tchou Kiang river. His four colleagues were beheaded, and he himself, after having his nose and ears and right hand cut off, was about to suffer the same fate, when he was rescued by some English sailors.—It is said that by special request of the Emperor two new bishoprics are about to be created. There are at present in France 15 provinces governed by archbishops; the number of suffragan bishops is 70. A French architect has been sent to Jerusalem to direct the restoration of the church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and the ancient palace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which the Sultan has presented to the Emperor of the French. A French chaplain and assistants are to have the future care of these holy places.

Austria.—The Austrian government has recalled its representatives from Turin and addressed a circular to the different European courts setting forth the reasons for this course of conduct. The *Nord* contains a summary, according to which the Cabinet of Vienna is not only dissatisfied with Count Cavir's reply to its complaint against the Piedmontese press and the tolerance with which these attacks are treated by the Sardinian government, but it sees a new offence in the language used by the government on the occasion of the debates relative to the fortification of Alessandria. The circular adds, that Austria has become convinced that Piedmont seeks to place itself at the head of the revolutionary movement in Italy—a movement of which the success would be the destruction of the Austrian domination in Italy. Piedmont pursues, then, a policy which not only tends to disturb social order in Italy, but to totally change the European political system established by treaty at Vienna. In the presence of these facts, Austria deems that her dignity will no longer permit her to maintain official relations with Sardinia. Nevertheless in informing foreign courts of the step Austria has determined to take, she declares that this measure will not be followed by others of a more hostile

character, and that in any event Austria will avoid up to the last moment all that can compromise the maintenance of peace, or create embarrassment among European cabinets.

England.—The election, which is now in progress, absorbs all other questions, and has been attended with considerable excitement. So far as authentic accounts have been obtained, a large ministerial majority will be returned to the new Parliament. In Church matters, the great Liddell and Westerton case has received its final judgment, but such after all as will leave parties pretty much where they started. The judgment decides in substance: That the cross is held to be a symbol of Christian faith, and "not an object of superstitious reverence." That is permitted to remain. The altar is to be removed, and a movable table of wood is to be substituted for it. The credence tables are allowed to remain. The altar coverings are to be used by the minister at discretion. They are to be of silk, and embroidered if he chooses, but neither embroidered linen or lace are to be used upon the communion table.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—Among the nominations made by the Sovereign Pontiff to fill the several vacant bishoprics in the States, the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mount St. Mary's College, was named as Bishop of Charleston, S. C. The learned gentleman, however, has declined the honor of the episcopate, and much to the gratification of the friends of the Mountain, will remain in the position which he has so long filled with usefulness and distinction. The Rev. Dr. Elder, Professor of Theology at the same institution, has been nominated to fill the vacant see of Natchez, Miss., and his consecration will take place at the Cathedral in this city on Sunday, the 3d of May. Dr. Elder is a native of Baltimore and was educated at Mt. St. Mary's. He subsequently studied at the Propaganda in Rome, where he was ordained.—Dr. Ives of New York, delivered a lecture before the Catholic Institute at the hall of the Maryland Institute on Monday, the 20th of April, on the "Sources of Prejudice." Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, quite a large and intelligent audience was present. The well known ability of Dr. Ives renders it unnecessary to say a single word of the lecture itself. We hope to see it *in extenso*, and circulated far and wide throughout the country; for we regard it as a production too important to be kept from general circulation. It is a subject of all others, suited to the time in which we live.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed 42 persons on Passion Sunday, in the church of St. Mary, Annapolis.

2. Diocese of Philadelphia.—His Holiness, the Pope, has nominated the Rev. J. F. Wood, late pastor of St. Patrick's church, Cincinnati, as coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia. The *Catholic Herald* in announcing the fact observes: The Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, in his pious humility, had earnestly requested the Holy Father to relieve him from the responsibility of governing this vast diocese, but the sovereign ruler of the Church on earth, was too well informed of the ardent zeal, the earnest solicitude, and the practical devotion our revered prelate evinced in the erection of so many new churches in the diocese, and in the promotion of sound religious feeling among the flock committed to his superintendence, to accede to his wishes even though his health has been impaired by his arduous duties. The Rev. Dr. Wood was born in Philadelphia in 1813. He went to Cincinnati in 1828, where he occupied a responsible and highly respectable mercantile position. Desirous of serving the Almighty, and working out his salvation, he devoted his attention to an earnest search for the truths of religion, which he found to be only in the Catholic Church, to which he became a convert in April, 1836. In the beginning of October, 1837, he went to Rome to study for the priesthood, and on the 1st October, 1844, he returned ordained, to the city of Cincinnati, where he has since remained.

Religious Reception.—On the festival of St. Joseph, 19th of March, Bishop Neumann received the professions of three choir sisters and one lay sister of the Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The reception took place in the chapel of St. John's Orphan Asylum, West Philadelphia.

Confirmation.—On the 29th of March, the same prelate administered Confirmation to 475 persons at St. Michael's church, Philadelphia. Of the number confirmed 15 were converts to our holy faith.

3. Diocese of Portland.—We regret to learn that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bacon met with a painful accident on Monday, April 5th, while preparing the altar for the devotional services of holy week. A ladder upon which he stood becoming displaced, he was precipitated against a settee so heavily that his fall resulted in a fracture of the right arm and elbow joint, and a severe contusion of the hip and right side.

4. Archdiocese of New York.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes administered the sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, the 22d of March, in the church of St. Vincent of Paul, to 114 persons.

5. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—*Conversions.*—It is a source of much consolation to Catholics to witness, amidst the many assaults which are daily made on their Church, the numerous conversions to the Catholic faith. Among those lately received into the Church in the diocese of Cincinnati, are Dr. Nichols, his wife, one of her daughters by a former husband, and Miss Hopkins, of the famous establishment at Yellow Springs, near Xenia, Ohio; and Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Waters and their young son of that city. The four first named, says the *Telegraph*, were baptized recently in St. Xavier's church, Sycamore street, Cincinnati, by Rev. Father Oakley, rector of the College, and the latter by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, in the cathedral, on the 2d of Feb'y. Mr. and Mrs. Waters (who are natives of the State of Maine) made their first communion, after diligent preparation, in St. Mary's church, to the great edification of the faithful assembled at the solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in that church on the feast of the Annunciation. Dr. Nichols and his wife were Socialists of the school of Fourier, and had written and published much in support of their socialistic views. They were also addicted to the system of spiritualism, and were advised by the spirits, like M. Hume, at Paris, to seek salvation in the Catholic Church. Before they were admitted to baptism, they drew up and signed a written retraction of the pernicious doctrines they heretofore maintained. This retraction has been published in the *Catholic Telegraph.*

6. Diocese of Pittsburg.—It will be gratifying to the numerous friends of the distinguished Bishop of Pittsburg, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Conner, to learn that his health is improving. When last heard from, he was on his way to Rome. After Easter, he intended to go to Jerusalem, and on his return to remain a short time in Germany, before leaving for the United States.

7. Diocese of Richmond.—*Ordination.*—On Saturday, the 28th of March, the Rev. T. Oscar A. Sears was ordained Priest in St. Peter's church, Richmond, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGill.

8. Diocese of San Francisco.—The Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, on the delusion of Spiritualism. After reciting the Decree issued by the Chancery of the Holy Office at Rome, in August last, on the subject of "Magnetism," the prelate observes: "From the letter just read, every Catholic will see that we can no longer view the delusions of Spiritualists as a lawful scientific pursuit, or an innocent pastime, but as an abominable superstition, proceeding from the spirits of wickedness in high places, from the prince of darkness, 'who transformeth himself into an angel of light.' This present delusion presents the appearance of novelty, but in reality is one of the ancient snares with which 'He goeth about seeking whom he may devour.'" The same Most Rev. Prelate recently admitted to the religious profession in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in San Francisco, Miss Margaret Stokes, who assumed in religion the name of Sister Mary Agnes.

9. Diocese of Savannah.—The Very Rev. Mr. Barry, administrator of the diocese of Charleston, has been nominated by the Holy Father to the vacant see of Savannah.

Miscellaneous Ecclesiastical Items.—The Right Rev. Frederick Baraga, hitherto Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Michigan, is now Bishop of the new diocese of Saut St. Mary.—The Rev. Mr. McFarland of Utica, New York, has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Florida.—The erection of the new see of Fort Wayne has been approved, but as the name of the Rev. Mr. Wood, who has been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Philadelphia, was the first on the list for the new see, a delay in filling it has been occasioned.—No see has been erected in Washington, D. C., nor in Wilmington, N. C.—The petition of the Bishops of the province of Cincinnati for the erection of Mount St. Mary's Theological Seminary into a University, or investing it with the power of conferring degrees in theology, has been postponed for the present.—The Rev. Henry D. Juncker of the diocese of Cincinnati, has been appointed the first Bishop of the new see of Alton, Ill.—The Rev. Father Smith has been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Dubuque, and the Rev. Mr. Duggan coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis.—Nebraska has been made a separate Vicariate, under the charge of the Right Rev. Dr. Meige, Vicar Apostolic in Kansas.

OBITUARY.—Died, on Sunday, the 8th of March, of the consumption, at the episcopal residence in Cleveland, Ohio, the Rev. J. Bourgade, a native of the diocese of St. Flour, in France.

Died, suddenly on the 15th of April, at Rose Cottage near the Ursuline Convent, Brown Co., Ohio, Mrs. Johanna Purcell, the venerable mother of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, in the 92d year of her age. *May they rest in peace.*

The

Metropolitan.

Vol. V. JUNE, 1857. No. 5.

THE WRITINGS OF REV. F. W. FABER, D. D.

All for Jesus; or, the Easy Ways of Divine Love.
Growth in Holiness; or, the Progress of the Spiritual Life.
The Blessed Sacrament; or, the Works and Ways of God.
The Creator and the Creature; or, the Wonders of Divine Love.
By Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

"In his recent interesting publication, "The Office and Work of Universities," Dr. Newman observes—"The English language and the Irish race are overrunning the world; and that race, pre-eminently Catholic, is at this very time, of all tribes of the earth, the most fertile in emigrants both to the West and the South." In the midst of the sixty millions who, it is computed, now speak the English language, and are daily extending their influence to every quarter of the world, a large and active portion is this same "pre-eminently Catholic race."

With these facts in our mind, we turn to the last work of the Rev. Dr. Faber, with sentiments of gratitude to heaven, and hope for its abundant blessing on the teachings of such a guide, which our most earnest language would but faintly express. If the power to conceive and convey to others the sublimest, and at the same time the most practical truths that can interest the human mind, be a title to the homage of men, then has Father Faber established for himself a claim which no length of years nor change of circumstances can efface. If together with this power, there is joined the grace of awakening the purest, the holiest emotions of which the human heart is capable, who can withhold the homage due to such a servant of the Church? It may be excess of admiration for genius, learning, wisdom, zeal, piety, all combined in one noble soul; or is it the depth of our gratitude to the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation, from whom every good and perfect gift descendeth, that sways our judgment when we say that not for several ages past has God given to his Church a teacher, whose thoughts of love and words of light will fall, like heaven's dew, on a wider extent of that field in which, with

His prophets and apostles around Him, the Son of God Himself labored, and still labors for the salvation of souls. We do not forget that not more widely does star differ from star in glory, than do the minds of men, in their habits of thought, in their capacity of judgment and feeling. But with this nevertheless in view, we believe and only give utterance to what many will confirm as their conviction also, that since the days of St. Francis de Sales, few writers have made more Christian hearts bow in loving adoration before our tabernacles than the author of "All for Jesus," and "The Blessed Sacrament." The wide ocean is between our homes. It is more than probable that we shall never meet. Yet who can estimate the salutary influence exercised in our country over a multitude of souls, from the cloistered nun, with her group of gay, young worldlings around her, to the aged missionary, with his humble flock, by these two wonderful books. No one questions it. It may sound to some like adulation, but still we say that in the treatise now before us, as well as in the three works that have preceded it, and made the name of Father Faber dear to myriads, there are chapters which re-echo in our day the sweetness of St. Bernard, the wit and erudition of St. Jerome, the eloquence of St. John Chrysostom, the philosophy of St. Augustine. The harp is the same, but it is, indeed, the hand of a master whose soul is filled with the spirit of God, that awakens its chords.

If the last named and greatest of the Fathers, St. Augustine, were still on earth, with that heart of burning love which sent forth so many rays that to this hour warm our sluggish souls, with what emotion would he press to his own eloquent lips the page that contains the following extract, again exclaiming as he did over a far less glorious passage,

Splendide atque verissime! *

"If there could be shame in heaven, how should we be overwhelmed with confusion appearing there with the miserable tribute of our interested love and of our wisely selfish fear! But how does the Creator, the King of kings, receive his tribute? He bursts forth all divinely into triumph, because a half-converted sinner has condescended to accept his grace. He bids the angels rejoice, and holds high feast through all the empyrean heaven, not because he has evolved some new and wonder-stirring system out of nothing, not because he has called into being some million-worlded nebula, and cast upon it such an effulgence of his beauty as throws all the rest of his creation into the shade,—but because one wretched, unworthy, offensive man has, after an immense amount of divine eloquence and pleading, consented to take the first step towards not being damned, one outcast of human society, who has drunk his fill of every vice, has graciously condescended for fear of hell to accept heaven! These are the Creator's triumphs, these the ovations of everlasting and of all-wise mercy. And God can do nought unworthy of himself. He cannot demean himself. Abasement is impossible to him. Nothing can sully his incomparable purity. Nothing can he do which is not infinitely worthy of him, worthy of his power, his wisdom, and his goodness. And therefore this triumph,

* De Civt. Dei. Lib. 1, c. xix.

this feast of angels, over one sinner that does penance, is altogether worthy of the adorable majesty of the eternally blessed God! O who would not weep over the wonders of creative love, mystery after mystery, at every turn giving out fresh treasures of tenderness, compassion, and magnificence?"*

Again, how do the winged words of the following passage bear us over earth and sea, beyond the bounds of space and time, onwards to the very bosom of God, that fountain of light, life, mercy and love, of which St. Ambrose so happily says in one of his prayers,—"*nunquam manare cessabis*"—Thou wilt never bid its waters—cease to flow!

"It is sweet to think of the web of love which God is hourly weaving around every soul he has created on the earth. If we bring the world before us with all its picturesque geography, the many indentations of its coasts, the long courses of its fertile rivers, its outspread plains, its wide forests, its blue mountain chains, its aromatic islands, and its verdant archipelagos, it enlarges the heart to think how round every soul of man God is weaving that web of love. The busy European, the silent Oriental, the venturous American, the gross Hottentot, the bewildered Australian, the dark-souled Malay,—he comes to all. He has his own way with each; but with all it is a way of tenderness, forbearance, and lavish generosity The variety of their circumstances, and those are well nigh numberless, are not so many as the varieties of his sedulous affection. The biography of each of those souls is a miraculous history of God's goodness. If we could read them, as probably the blessed can, they would teach us almost a new science of God, so wonderfully and inexhaustibly would they illuminate his different perfections. We should see him winding invisible threads of light and love even round the ferocious idolater. We should behold him dealing with cases of the most brutal wickedness, the most fanatical delusion, the most stolid insensibility, and even for these arranging all things with the exquisite delicacy of creative love. But so astonishing, so overwhelming is the flood of divine light, such and so vast the very ocean of eternal predilection, which he has poured upon his Church, that all outside looks like utter darkness because of the dazzling excess of her magnificence. This blinds us so that we cannot see how what looks so dark to us is after all a true light, lightening every man that comes into the world.

"Let us turn our thoughts then to the Church. What a comfort is it to think of the vastness of the Church, and of her holiness! There is the incessant action of those mighty Sacraments, and the whole planet transfigured with the daily Mass. There is all heaven busy, as if time was too short for it, with a hundred occupations for each Christian soul, set in motion at that soul's request, or self-moved by gratuitous love and pity. Mary, Angels, Saints, and suffering souls in purgatory, all are hard at work. God is employed, as if his Sabbath after creation were long since past. There are sorrows to be soothed, temptations to be banished, sins to be forgiven, tears to be dried, pains to be healed, good works to be assisted, death-beds to be attended; and the bright throngs in heaven, like some religious Order of Mercy, are busy at them all. O happy we! on whom all this dear diligence is thus perpetually expended!"†

Although so distinct in character, that each is a treasury by itself, there is a unity of thought and design in all Dr. Faber's works. To us, it is the

* Creator and the Creature, p. 273. † Ib. pp. 318, 319.

"Deus amans Animas!"—"THE GOD WHO LOVETH SOULS," that is everywhere, with adoring thankfulness, offered to the contemplation not only of the great mass of believers, but of all mankind. This is the fountain-idea, whence have flowed, like the four rivers that went forth from the garden of Paradise, these four streams of learning, piety, sacred eloquence, and heavenly truth for the refreshment and the healing of our age. Above all his divine attributes and works, it is the "love of Jesus Christ for the Church—the love of God for man," that everywhere, like sun-light on the waters, meets our sight. Not only in this last, but throughout his other productions, the "wonders of divine love" are perpetually presenting themselves to the devout mind.

If we may be allowed to change a little, our imagery, we would say "ALL FOR JESUS" was a sun-beam, suddenly lighting up with its warm, cheerful radiance, the road we are travelling, and imparting an unwonted beauty to every old, familiar object in the landscape around us. Who has not felt the joy-inspiring influence of such a moment? Something analogous to this, in the spiritual world, on the long, dusty, and to how many! wearisome road of life, it was intended "All for Jesus" should produce. And how must it cheer every hour, soothe every suffering of our beloved Father Faber—for this, his latest and some will think most precious work, "*has been written for the most part in ill-health, and under the pressure of other duties from which he could not be dispensed*"—to know, to see that the divine effect he desired, has been produced. The Name of Jesus! The Love of Jesus! how clear the proof that both are better known, more deeply felt—and shall we not add, more widely, purely *loved*, than before this sun-beam shone upon us. "As a son of St. Philip," said the author in the preface to the first edition of All for Jesus, "I have especially to do with the world, and with people living in the world, and trying to be good there, and to sanctify themselves in ordinary vocations. It is to such I speak; and I am putting before them, not high things, but things which are at once attractive as devotions, and also tend to raise their fervor, to quicken their love, and to increase their sensible sweetness in practical religion and its duties. *I want to make piety bright and happy* to those who need such helps, as I do myself. I have not ventured to aim higher. If it causes *one heart to love our dearest Lord* a trifle more warmly, God will have blessed both the work and its writer," &c.

This was written in May, 1853—on St. Philip Neri's feast. In about a month after a large edition of the work was disposed of. In September of the same year, on the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, Father Faber could thus speak in the Preface to the second edition of his ever-beautiful book: "In again trusting my little work to the Catholics of England and Ireland, I wish I could say how much I have been affected by the reception it has met with, not as if it reflected credit on myself, but because it has shown that the Name of Jesus could not be uttered without the echo coming, and that to speak of Him, however poorly, was to rouse, to

soothe, and to win the heart; and it was more grateful to me than any praise, to feel that *my subject was my success.*"

The last advices from England bring the delightful intelligence, that besides "the tenth and eleventh thousand of the library edition now in press, the publisher will also issue at the same time, *in the same size and type*, a cheap edition—i. e.—THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF ALL FOR JESUS." After the sale of so many thousand copies in England, Ireland, France, the United States and other parts of America, "the demand is actually on the increase, and large orders are repeatedly coming in from the Colonies." A more cheering fact in the religious history of the day, we could not mention. And it forms a natural introduction to our remarks, though necessarily brief, on the next work that appeared from the learned author's pen, viz. "GROWTH IN HOLINESS; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE." What more natural than that the guide who had, like the precursor, with his sweet "Behold! the Lamb of God" sent so many disciples to follow Jesus, asking—"Master! where dwellest thou?" should not rest until he had pointed out still more in detail both the means and signs of that progress in the spiritual life, to which the apostle exhorts us to aspire without ceasing, "until we all meet into the unity of Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect man, to the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ; that we may no more be children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, ... but doing the truth in love, we may grow in all things in him, who is the Head, Christ our Lord." *Ephs.* iv.

With his usual clearness of expression, the author thus states the object of his second work; for we cannot do better than to quote his own words. "There are two objects for which books may be written, and which must materially affect their style. One is to produce a certain impression on the reader, while he reads: the other, to put before him things to remember, and in such a way as he will best remember them. The present work is written for the latter object, and consequently with as much brevity as clearness would allow, and as much compression as the breadth of the subject and its peculiar liability to be misunderstood, would safely permit." Such, with a few additional sentences, is the introduction to one of the most valuable ascetic treatises that not only the English, but our modern languages possess. Though professedly more didactic, it abounds, like its precursor, in endless beauties of style, the more fascinating from the very familiarity of the language, and with what we can only justly call, heaven-inspired thoughts; for they fill the soul with thoughts of God, grief for sin, and hopes of heaven, such as no mere earthly eloquence or wisdom could inspire. When, in our judgment, there is such an intellectual, spiritual feast before us, it is no easy task to point out where the guest will be seated best; we may be allowed to direct our reader's attention to the chapters entitled—"The Spirit in which we serve God:"—"Spiritual Idleness:"—"Temptations:"—"Abiding Sorrow for Sin:"—"The Right View of our

Faults:"—who can read those pages, the fruit no doubt, of prayer, toil, study, suffering, of which we have no conception, and then lay down the volume without resolving, to say while life lasts, one good Ave Maria daily for Father Faber? Had he no other claim on our grateful remembrance than these two treatises, certain we are of a respectful, cordial response to our suggestion. But what shall we say of our sacred indebtedness to him, when we open his third work, "THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; or, THE WORKS AND WAYS OF GOD"?—the master-piece of the author's genius, learning and piety combined; and as we have heard it styled "the most wonderful book of the age." Over its pages, gemmed with thoughts, truths, facts, doctrines which Father Faber could have drawn from no other source than that same fountain whence the apostle of love drew his inspiration—the bosom of Jesus Christ—the mind bends, the heart lingers in admiration, reverence, adoration too deep for words. Our altars, our tabernacles with all we there possess, are before us; and whether the moment finds us in the stillness of some retired cell or study, on the stream of one of the hundred mighty rivers of our native land, or by the shore of the glittering sea, we realize as we never did, nor could before, the prophet's sublime "ALTARIA TUA, DOMINE VIRTUTUM!" Thy altars, O Lord of hosts: My king and my God! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord! they shall praise thee forever and ever! Not till that day, when the sacramental veils being removed, "we shall see his face, and be happy forever in the contemplation of his glory," will our Redeemer (it may be) make known to his servant, how deep, lasting, far-reaching, even to the ends of the earth, and what is farther still, the coldest Catholic hearts, has been the impression left by this, his "thank-offering for the gift of faith in this transcending mystery." And as if in response to these words of Israel's bravest king, do we hear the encouraging voice of the Holy Spirit addressed to the multitude who along that road of "spiritual progress," some in joy, some in grief, others again in silence and in hope, pursue their way, O! Israel, how great is the house of God: and how vast is his possession! You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains. Rejoice and praise, for great is he that is in the midst of thee: the Holy One of Israel!

Few there are in any land or age who will ever hope to lay a more beauteous, richer, a more loving gift at the feet of the most Blessed Sacrament. But we refrain. Were we to write, "what we have heard, and have seen with our eyes, and looked upon" it would only sound like flattery to the captious. "My object is not controversy, but piety,"—we quote a few lines from different parts of the preface. "This treatise is an attempt to popularize certain portions of the science of theology. It has not been an easy task: my desire has been to lay it at the feet of the Blessed Sacrament as a little thank-offering for the gift of faith in that transcending mystery, a gift given to me out of season and with a mysterious stretch of pardoning love, and which is to me the dear light of life, for whose abounding joy and unclouded surety no loss can be other than a priceless gain."

To the work itself we must refer our readers, for no, even elaborate, analysis would convey a fair insight into the contents of the four books on

the Works and Ways of God, especially as connected with his Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. The profound theological learning of the first book, we are aware has repelled a certain class of devout Catholics. This glorious treatise has in consequence not made its way, at least with us, so rapidly into public favor. But even considering the scientific phraseology which abounds, for example, in Sections IV and V, on the Theology of Transubstantiation, we must regard the view taken by some rather as a wrong impression, than a real difficulty. We open at random the edition before us. The first pages that meet our eye, are pages 52 and 53 of the same first book. The subject is, the Justification of the Sinner; the same work of which St. Augustine says,—it is a greater thing to justify the impious than to create heaven and earth: "a work which is being accomplished in a thousand confessionals, *this day* and *at this hour*, and in churches, in hospitals, in prisons, on ship-board, on the scaffold, in the streets and fields of daily labor, close to the mower or the reaper, or the gardener or the vine-dresser, who dreams not that God is in his neighborhood, so busy and at so stupendous a work." We entreat our devout, sincere objectors to read on. Better than treasures of gold and silver are the contents of those two pages. And the entire first book is replete with such passages in the midst of its excursions into the profoundest or sublimest provinces of the science of theology. Love is the harbinger of light. Where true devotion exists, love also dwells in the soul; for it is one of its attendants, and a wiser teacher than many books and many masters. We cannot forego the belief, the hope that there are many in our land, not as yet familiar with this treatise, perchance partly because of what they have heard of it from others, but whose intelligence, education and piety, would discover a banquet in every chapter, who will soon peruse it. We sum up our remarks, and pass on to the latest production of the reverend author, with one of his own observations: to no modern productions, whether secular or religious, more truly applicable than to his own admirable works. They abound "*in those pregnant germs of thought which have almost power of themselves to form a mind, and to expand themselves into a whole education.*" *

Were we asked to describe in a few words the distinctive character of "The Creator and the Creature; or, The Wonders of Divine Love," we would reply—it is the Fundamental Philosophy of Religion. The nature of the questions treated, the order of its publication, the time of its appearance among us, all suggest the analogy between it and the well-known work of the immortal Balmes. But we must add, such is the wide dissimilarity of the two productions, that for one reader who will have the courage or ability to follow Balmes through the labyrinth of metaphysics, and over the ruins of philosophical systems, ancient and modern, a thousand souls will learn the science of salvation at the feet of Father Faber.

* Blessed Sacrament, book iii, p. 249.

To be continued.

NO POPERY.

Words sometimes attain a significance not traced in their ordinary definitions. Party individualism engrafts itself upon a term which, unexplained, expresses neither the principle, nor the reason of party action. Religious sectarianism finds its claim to unity in a species of cognomen as devoid of explicitness, as it is sometimes replete with the element of the absurd and the ludicrous. In the whole range of party and sectarian nomenclature, there are probably no two words which have been moulded into more discordant ideas, or made to suit a greater variety of ends and aims, than those which stand as the caption of this article. To the student of history the term "No Popery" is portentous, or ridiculous, in the ratio of his appreciative faculty of truth or error, sense or nonsense. Certain theological disputants find in this term an argument so plastic, and endued besides with such a witchery of enchantment, that they eagerly seize on it under all circumstances alike—whether as drapery to cover uncharitableness, or as a religious cloak to conceal fanatic bigotry or unblushing mendacity. It seems to supply the absence of logical reasoning, and is besides aptly fitted to capacities either too indolent for the labor of thought, or willing to be

> "In pleasing error lost and charmingly deceived."

If the Reformation has produced no other good result, the fact that it has condensed into this one phrase nearly the whole of Protestant antagonism to Catholicity, and the totality of Protestant unity, should entitle it to just so much of Catholic gratitude as would save it from unmitigated derision. Apply this phrase as you will, turn it into every conceivable metamorphosis, measure it by any standard of human and divine things, and the resultant of the effort will be, that, though meant to be opprobious, it is but the concentration of bigotry without reason, and malignancy without extenuation. Its usage as a mere term is a vulgarism which is ignored by the polished decorum which belongs to polemical discussions, whether of the pulpit or forum, of dogma or morals. In the exigences of both the state and the individual, necessity is said to know no law. It would seem to be the same with the antagonism that invokes on all occasions the rallying cry of "No Popery." Without the centripetal tendencies of this term, dissident sectarianism would drive the whole body of Protestantism into a profound moral and religious chaos,

> "a dark
> Illimitable ocean, without bound;
> Without dimension, where length and breadth and height
> And time and place are lost."

This phrase, so expressive of dissidence, and so cogent of cant and fanaticism, has some claim to antiquity of origin. The efforts of Luther

in his rebellion against the authority of the Pope, gave it currency in the theological disputations of Germany. But it does not seem to have attained there the slang significance attached to it elsewhere by ambitious innovators. Probably the seeds of rebellion to regularly constituted authority in Germany, gave out too soon their rank croppings of disorder and crime, to admit of assiduous cultivation on the part of princely rulers. The logical sequence to the early doctrines of Luther, on the derivation of authority, was the partial, if not total, abnegation of all the legal restraints of civil society. The individual right to examine into and determine the limitation of civil power, naturally provoked inquiries into the origin of governments and source of authority, which were calculated, without due restraints, to unsettle the existing order of ideas. Excited brains would eliminate theories of government at once crude and visionary, savage and repulsive. Hence the atrocities of Munzer and the foul blasphemies of John of Leyden. Besides, the proximity of the German States to one another admitted of that rapid propagation of bad ideas and bad principles, which gave to these ideas and principles a powerful momentum of evil. It then became as much a question of self-conservation as of expediency, to interpose salutary restraints upon the spirit of insubordination introduced into Germany by the preachers of the Reformation. The temporal rulers were not slow in comprehending this; and early began to rear up dikes to resist the encroaching waves of anarchy. Even the sturdy reformers themselves recoiled before the destructive spirit that was nurtured out of their teachings. It had been no difficult task to unhinge good principles or successfully engender bad ones; but it was forgotten for the time that "bad principles introduced into society invariably end by becoming the strongest."* Hence, Luther in 1522 could exult in the insurrectionary movements of the people as indicative of their deep love of liberty; but four years afterwards he felt himself coerced to counsel the civil authorities to oppose as heretical and infamous, the teachings of those of his imitators who felt inspired to improve on both his dogmatic and political lessons. Melanchton and Beza felt both uneasiness and annoyance at the consequences which followed on the denial of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. The former even indicated to the legate, Campeggio, that "having overthrown the episcopate, it was easy to see what an insupportable tyranny would follow. We do honor to the Pope of Rome and to the entire constitution of the Church." And Beza could lament that "on no point of religion were the churches which had declared war on the Church of Rome, agreed." It may, therefore, readily be imagined that where authority and the legitimate restraints of law were at fearful discount among the less cultivated orders of society, how imperative became the duty which rested upon the rulers of States, to invoke the strong arm of power in order to repress the too evident tenden-

* Madame de Stael.

cies to social and political convulsion. Hence would grow up something of a tenderness for that paternal authority, which the Popes never failed to invoke in behalf of the principles of social and political order. And hence, too, the fact that, while hostility to the Catholic Church was an element that diffused itself greatly over the mass of German society, this hostility never descended to the level of the cant, bigotry and fanaticism, which were found to prevail in other countries.

To England belongs the pre-eminence over all other States of Europe, of having given to the term "No Popery" a potency which has passed it into history as a synonyme for bigoted persecution and canting fanaticism. Under the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, the "No Popery" feeling was stimulated by these two sovereigns. The Pope had interposed obstacles in the way of Henry, which, for a time, prevented him from the gratification of his hideous and disgusting passions; the pride of Elizabeth had been wounded by the taint cast upon her legitimacy; both had the stimulation of revenge, and both sought it in usurping the supremacy in ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs. The royal supremacy and "No Popery" presented, in the political and religious phases of the times, the relation of means to ends. The ends were the usurpation of power; the spoliation of the Church; the prostitution of the clergy, and the extirpation of Catholicity. The means were found in the "No Popery" excitements which were extemporized, or elaborated to meet every given emergency. No turpitude was too base, no crime too atrocious, no horror too startling, that was not purified, in the minds of guilty sovereigns and perfidious courtiers, by contact with these neutralizing agents. Under the gentle and virtuous Henry, it would have been death to doubt the guilt of Anne Boleyn; under his no less amiable and virtuous daughter, it would have been equally capital to cast the slightest aspersion upon her innocence. Circumstances and duty alike brought the Pope in antagonism with the two sovereigns on this delicate question. The Pope could not be suspended at Tyburn, nor drawn and quartered for his contumacy; but vengeance is fertile in expedients that will minister to its gratification. What the Pope could not be forced to suffer, might be heaped remorselessly upon the innocent Catholic subjects of the British realm. "No Popery" then became the watchword of vengeance and the measure of patriotism. The royal supremacy was the test which was to furnish victims for the first and base and wicked simulants of the last. Bishop Fisher was brought to the scaffold under charge of having "falsely, maliciously and traitorously" asserted that the king "was not the supreme head on earth of the Church of England." The charge as laid was not even proved; but his pure life, his firm piety and unshrinking consciousness of right, made him a fit object of suspicion to those whose moral natures were steeped in filth and corruption. Between suspicion and the block, the way was short and the end bloody. The next victim in the fearful category of "No Popery" crimes, was the learned, the eloquent,

and incorruptible More. Against him there was no shadow of evidence beyond the testimony of the miscreant Rich—the solicitor-general—who deposed that in a private conversation with More, in the Tower, the latter had declared that "Parliament could not make the king head of the Church, because it was a civil tribunal, without spiritual authority."

Elizabeth had scarcely seated herself upon the throne of her father, when, imitating his ambition, and for the same *pious* purpose, she caused her obsequious parliament to register the act which declared "that the jurisdiction necessary for the correction of errors, heresies, schisms and abuses, should be annexed to the crown, with power of delegating such jurisdiction to any person or persons whatsoever, at the pleasure of the sovereign; and that all clergymen taking orders should declare under oath that the Queen was supreme governor in all ecclesiastical and spiritual things and causes."

This power of delegating the royal supremacy had been exercised by Henry VIII. In his unscrupulous hands it became a powerful instrument of corruption. The spoliation of the abbeys and monasteries was worked out by its means. The nobility were corrupted by it. The middle classes were oppressed by the power it accumulated in the hands of the rich and unscrupulous. The poor were reduced to vagrancy and crime by the destitution it effected in their means of subsistence. The arch-intriguer, Cromwell,* had taught his willing master that the assumption of the supremacy should bring with it all the wealth of the clerical and monastic bodies. The wily courtier knew the proclivities of his royal patron's mind. His own covetousness was already gloating over the demesnes of the monks, made fertile by their skillful husbandry, and redolent with the fervid charities of religion. The royal supremacy was the iron which his practised mechanism could readily forge into chains that would fetter alike the monk in his cloister, the mitred bishop in his palace, and the Catholic nobleman on his hereditary estates. Who more fitting for the "No Popery" work of spoliation and crime, than the debauched courtier whose fiend-like refinement of evil had made capable of so malicious a conception? The monarch was grateful; and the courtier found the reward of his fidelity in being appointed royal viceger ent and vicar-general of the kingdom, with power to "administer justice in all cases touching ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the godly reformation and redress of all errors, heresies and abuses in the Church."

The power thus accorded was most brutally exercised. Vengeance and avarice joined hands in the merciless business of spoliation, confiscation and blood. The nobility lacked the heroism to balance, even for a brief period, between honor and destitution on the one hand, and apostacy and riches on the other. A whelming tide of corruption swept unimpeded over the land. The only course of safety was in pandering to the pas-

* Thomas Cromwell.

sions of a bestial monarch and cringing in sycophancy to venal courtiers. The low standard of morals erected by the nobility soon found marshaled under it a crowd of eager imitators from the lower walks of society. These added to the exercise of power, the harsh and repulsive brutality which ordinarily attends rapid elevation to official emolument and wealth, of gross, selfish, and vulgar men. Scheming ambition found a talisman to success in pliant obsequiousness to the royal supremacy, and in vigorous displays of "No Popery" activity and efficiency.

A dispassionate survey of the social and political condition of the times we refer to, will convince any impartial mind, that the fell spirit of persecution which invaded the masses of the people, was directly evoked out of the acts of the crown and of the nobility who supported it. The instincts of a people, in whose early history are traced the glowing records of chivalrous deeds, noble and unselfish opposition to tyranny in all its forms, the dignity of self-reliance, the charity that engenders nobility and philanthropy of soul, could not have been thus perverted to the ends of persecution and injustice without the combined provocations of both precept and example. The precept was found in the "No Popery" statutes of parliament; and the example, in those who from high places lent themselves to plunder and oppress; who heaped up the gains of avarice in proportion as their stock of manly virtue declined; and who bartered for blood the brilliant records which bound their name and lineage to the heroes of a bygone period. The inconsistency between the royal supremacy and the "No Popery" legislation of parliament was too glaring to escape the perceptive faculties of the most ordinary mind. The prerogative however could not be abandoned, but how maintain it in the face of associations and traditions of "merrie England," which yet clustered around the abbey and the cathedral, and made them still the revered monuments of Catholic piety and Catholic art? The question admitted of but one method of solution—the abbey must be stripped of its demesnes; the monk of his cowl—peradventure his head; the cathedral of its decorations; and the bishop and priest of every memorial of their holy calling. Could seed like this, and so cultivated, produce other than a harvest of profligacy, hypocrisy and cant. Its maturity might be delayed, but the crop was sure to be prolific. The sickle was thrust into it by the usurper Cromwell, and the gleanings for the country were civil war, a regicide drama, the tyranny of puritanical cant, the despotism of the sword and the ultimate triumph of a powerful but corrupted oligarchy. The accession of James I to the throne, held out a prospect that the "No Popery" animosities would quiet down into something like toleration of both Catholics and Puritans. The claims of the former were based upon promises made by the king in Scotland before his accession to the throne of England became a political certainty. He then needed friends, and knew full well the sturdy fealty to his house, especially to his royal mother, which the Catholic body had always observed. The Puri-

tans could recall his expressions of grateful acknowledgment to God, "that he belonged to the purest kirk in the world, and would maintain its principles as long as he should brook his life." Both alike were disappointed; but it was upon the Catholics that the disappointment fell with most crushing force.

Seventy years had now elapsed since the acknowledgment by the estates of the realm of the royal supremacy in the crown. In this period the "No Popery" sentiment had rooted itself in the interests of those who represented the landed property of the country. Many patents of nobility could not trace backward beyond this period; and all that could illustrate in the eyes of the world, the escutcheon of this youthful aristocracy, had been drawn from the plunder of the Church property, or wrested in blood from ancient and noble Catholic families. This condition of things presented a combination which it would have been dangerous to assail even by a monarch well established on his throne. For such an effort James had neither the inclination nor the courage. He had felt too severely the restraits imposed upon him by his puritanical subjects of Scotland, not to desire at any cost of honor or principle, the enjoyment of the solid splendors held out to him as monarch of England. In this country he found the clergy pliant and obsequious; the nobility selfish and unscrupulous—all vibrating to one chord, and that—hostility to Catholics. Would he but enforce all the "No Popery" laws on the statute book, or add new pains and penalties to that already teeming volume, he might repose, as on a pillow of roses, on the prerogative of the royal supremacy; enrich his needy and not over-fastidious countrymen; and lavish upon his favorites the treasures wrung without stint or law from the people of the realm. The king had lofty ideas of his position, and could ill brook any attack, covert or direct, upon his regal prerogatives. The usurpation of the supremacy by the house of Tudor was a bold and adventurous step, well suited to the despotic inclinations of Henry VIII and Elizabeth; but its assertion by the Stuarts, had it not led to unmingled misfortunes to themselves and overwhelming disaster to so many others, might be considered as ludicrous. Whether fulminating specious logic against Bellarmine, or wrangling in a jargon of metaphysical theology against Vorstius and the Armenians: whether bandying legal subtleties with Coke, or "peppering" the noncomformists with vapid wit and stale invective, the doughty king ever deemed himself entirely infallible.* No wonder his pride should be inflated, when learned prelates listened to his prosy eloquence in wrapt admiration; and the bishop of London modestly deigned to say "that his heart melted within him to hear a king the like of whom had not been seen since the time of Christ." The price of such adulation and sycophancy was the re-enactment of the oppressive and sanguinary "No Popery" code of Elizabeth, with a refine-

* "I peppered them as soundlie as ye have done the Papists . . . They fled me from argument to argument," &c.—*Lingard*, vol. vii, p. 30 (note.)

ment of severity which did credit to the cultivated charities of the clerical body that stimulated the execution of its pains and penalties.

The "No Popery" feeling so sedulously and so craftily stimulated could not exhaust itself in present effects. It must needs leave an inheritance of hate, malignancy, and bigotry, which future ages would not easily impair. And though three centuries have elapsed since Elizabeth ascended the throne of England, the marks of her "No Popery" policy are boldly delineated in the recent legislation of that country, as well as traced by infallible indices, in the moral characteristics of the people. English diplomacy, literature, philanthropy, the pulpit, the press, all lend themselves to an unscrupulous and vindictive "No Popery" movement. No scheme of mendacity of whatever magnitude or comprehensiveness can shock the cauterized moral sense of those whose business and purpose it is, to villify and malign the Catholic Church. The history of this Church is systematically and grossly perverted: her morals savagely assailed, her dogmas studiously and ruthlessly misrepresented; her hierarchy branded with the foulest aspersions, and her children subjected to contumely and derision. This is emphatic language: and to some it may seem too deeply colored or greatly exaggerated. We are not ignorant that our expressions are applied to a nation which boasts of its superior enlightenment, its liberal institutions, its stupendous efforts to evangelize benighted Europe and fill the world with English charities and—English merchandise.

In proof of what we have said of her persecuting spirit, we appeal to the records of her legislation and her judicature for two centuries past, and to the history of her diplomacy for the past fifty years. By the first, every social privilege of the Catholic was swept away and every civil right crushed out. Through the intrigues of the last, every Catholic country of Europe has been again and again involved in social and political convulsion. To some of these states, the friendship of England has been as baleful as her enmity to others. To all, her embrace is as deadly as the tramp of her hostile heel.

The late war with Russia was entered into avowedly by England to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The treaty of Paris solemnly guaranteed this integrity, with the imposing prohibition, that none of the contracting powers should "interfere separately or collectively in the relations between the Sultan and his subjects, or in the internal administration of the affairs of the Turkish Empire." It might have been presumed that rights so solemnly guaranteed to Turkey, would exist and be held equally sacred in Catholic governments. Not so thought Count Cavour—the mouth-piece of Lord Palmerston and the impersonation of British intrigue. The revolutionary spirit required to be nurtured. Hitherto it had been too important an element in English political and religious propagandism, to be now ignored or left without the sanction of those who had legitimated its birth. Hence the censures cast upon the pontifical government, and the efforts that are still made to embroil the

Italian peninsula in the horrors of insurrectionary war. Whilst such is the "No Popery" spirit of her diplomacy, that of her press we find summed up in a popular periodical,* which unblushingly affirms "that whilst, in a religious point of view, any form of Christianity is better than the best form of any other creed, so in an infinite degree, in a political point of view, any truly national and patriotic religion, the *idolatry of Odin for example*, is more favorable to the development and preservation of the social rights of mankind, than the code of the Tridentine Council." We assume that the writer of this malicious sentiment accounts himself a Christian; and as such, he believes in all the great truths of Christianity which are incorporated in the dogmas of the Catholic Church and sanctified in the convictions of more than three-fourths of the Christian world. These truths he would ignore, blot out from Christian society, root up from Christian life, and have in their stead the human sacrifices and bacchanal orgies of northern heathenism. No doubt, too, his heathenish proclivities would satisfy him to exchange the cathedral of Saint Paul for the temple of Upsal, and Hampton Court for the palace of Valhalla. We confess our obstinacy in doubting that such changes would develop and preserve "the social rights of mankind."

We see however in such expressions of concentrated hate, the type of that "No Popery" vindictiveness which ramifies every portion of English society. And when it is remembered that it is from such sources as this that the religious teachings of our own country are drawn, is it any wonder that the malignancy and bitter hatred of everything Catholic, which pass as heir-looms from one English generation to another, should be transplanted, cultivated and taught to flourish on American soil. That it is so transplanted we cannot deny. It has its roots firmly wedged in the popular literature of the country, and its branches are found intertwined with the nobler products of American intellect. It is compressed as in a fanciful literary herbarium, on the ephemeral pages which indicate the enterprise and thrift of the Harpers, but finds also a ready admission to the more durable ones illustrated by the genius and eloquence of Prescott. Even a reverend bishop,† on a grave subject of moral and political teaching, benevolently ranks the Catholic on an equality with the Mormon; but rejects the parity when the Jew is introduced into the comparison. Bad as the Mormon, but worse than the Jew!

Mortifying as such things must be to the Catholic mind, they should excite neither uneasiness nor alarm. A comprehensive view of the elements that produce them, should rather surprise us that greater evils do not flow from their fearful activity. Numerically weak and comparatively poor, the Catholic body in America must attain to influence, by the gradual wearing down and rounding off of the prejudices which assail it socially and religiously. This would be the work of time in any reason-

* Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1856. † American Citizen—Bishop Hopkins.

able order of things, even with a less powerful current of fanatic bigotry to resist. But when the task imposed upon the Catholic is to be accomplished by mining away a mountain of error, which false philosophy and religious sectarianism have taken ages to build up, and which a seductive and well compacted materialism is still bent upon sustaining, the labor cannot be compressed into the endurance of a single generation. It must be the work of time, moving in cycles corresponding to the order of that Providence whose will determines the evolution of the moral, social and religious events of the world. To each particular generation may be assigned some especial part in the work of religious renovation. The individual Catholic, however, cannot determine his own share in it: but his duty is not the less clearly defined in the instincts of his faith and the teachings of the Church. From both he learns to value and practice the virtues and charities of life; and to blend in harmony the two-fold, but still inseparable characters, of faithful Catholic and loyal citizen.

The same agencies which gave rise to "No Popery" movements in England, are not now and never can be so productive of evil in this country. There may be for a time, and at repeated intervals, a systematic assault, from pulpit and press, upon Catholics and Catholic institutions. But such assaults, from the very nature and structure of our social and political organization, must be either local and therefore transitory, or political, and therefore not seriously damaging. Recent events have demonstrated the utter impracticability of arraying the Protestant body permanently in a wild crusade against the constitutional privileges of Catholics. In England it is in the interests of the privileged classes to keep alive the spirit of "No Popery" prejudices and bigotry. To this end they employ the meanest arts and disburse immense treasures. The reasons for this condition of things, we have already briefly alluded to. In this country a different order of ideas and principles obtains. By force of imitation, and partly from hereditary prejudice, the warfare in England against the Catholic Church is continued here. This warfare finds its type in the religious prejudices that are instilled from infancy in the Protestant mind. The rhythm of nursery eloquence and song finds in it an allotted place. The school-room and the pulpit are arenas upon which combatants are drilled to the sentiments of bigotry; and primer and bible alike are text-books of tactics, whence sapient pedagogues and prosy preachers educe the rules of "No Popery" antagonism. The result of all this is that a vast system of materialism is spreading over the country. The foundation of this system is laid deep in the avarice of the times. Its teachings are eminently selfish, and its end a very refined and sensual infidelity. It abjures the restraints of religious authority, on the ground that reason alone is the safe guide to truth. It defies the jurisdiction of law and fearlessly invades its highest sanctuary with sneers and objurgations. It measures political fidelity by no other standard than that of sordid profit. It takes from official corruption its only extenuating plea—

that of being an exceptional result; and undermines the social virtues by the fashionable modes of extravagance and dissipation it inaugurates.

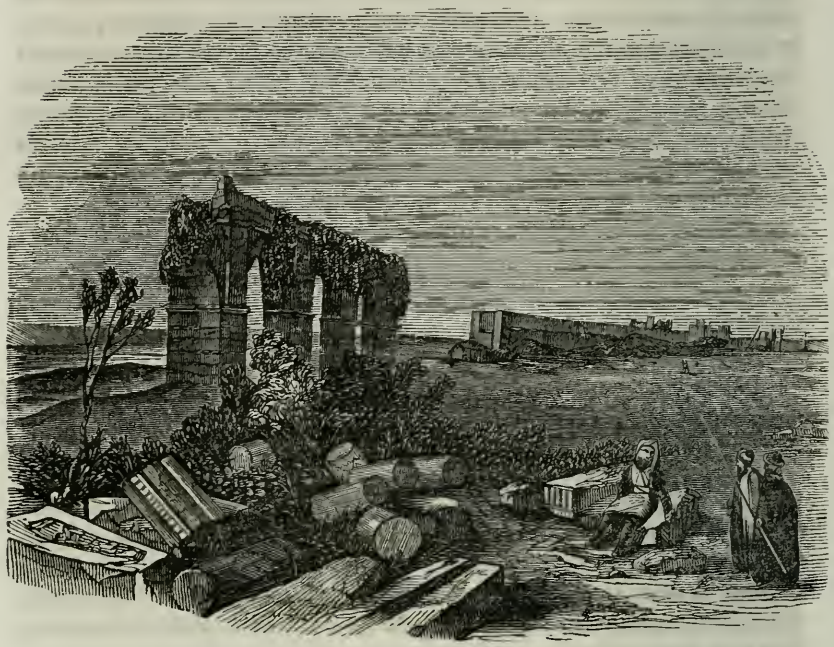
Society at other periods of its history has displayed similar phenomena. The excesses they reveal must induce their own correction, must slough off, as they have done before, under a healthful reaction, which, in the order of Providence, is sure to follow. This reactionary period, however long delayed, will find the Catholic as he now is, the steady observer of the laws of the land and the loyal supporter of legitimate authority. It will find the Catholic Church, as it ever has been, the exponent of an order of conservatism,—expansive enough to admit of permanent progress in social amelioration and improvement—powerful enough to grapple with the elements of social disorder and dissipate their fearful energies—attractive enough, in the moulded harmony of unimpaired unity, sublime dogma and impressive ceremonial it represents, to win mankind to the practice of virtue and save society from the deadly influences of a sensual philosophy and the crushing evils of a frightful materialism.

THE RUIN OF EMPIRES.

We exult in our temporal prosperity. It is the absorbing idea of our day. Protestantism has in a manner deified and made it a test of Gospel truth, and cites poverty, non-progress, as evidences of the absence of what they most betoken, the spirit of Christ, who bid his disciples lay up treasures not on earth but in heaven. Where our progress is to stop we cannot see. The whole universe is laid under contribution, the earth is forced to yield its most abundant crops, and utterly exhausted by the eagerness of the cultivator, who sends his fleets to far distant seas to gather from desert isles as a precious treasure the very manure which his effete land requires. Every acre is forced to yield its utmost: every plant and substance analyzed, that no useful part be lost. Machinery too comes to shorten the labor and achieve what thousands of human hands would fail to accomplish. Our wants are multiplied, the expenses of life fairly centupled in the memory of man, and yet we rush heedlessly on as though no change could come over the scene.

Material prosperity is a temporal reward: it is given for a day, often it would seem to raise men's thoughts to God as the giver of all, and suddenly, fearfully withdrawn, when ingratitude, sin and rebellion are all the return for the favors lavished from the Almighty hand. Is it not strange how strikingly the ruin of great commercial cities is depicted by the inspired penman, how grand are the pictures of ruin which they set before us. The great Babylon of the Apocalypse is a great commercial city. "And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her: for no

man shall buy their merchandise any more. The merchants . . . . who were made rich shall stand afar off from her for fear of her torments . . . . and every ship-master and all that sail into the lake and mariners, and as many as work in the sea . . . . cried, weeping and mourning, saying: 'Alas! alas! that great city, wherein all were made rich, that had ships at sea by reason of her price, for in one hour she is made desolate.'"* "And the voice of harpers and of musicians, and of them that play on the pipe and on the trumpet, shall no more be heard at all in thee: and no craftsman



THE RUINS OF TYRE.

of any art whatsoever shall be found any more at all in thee: and the sound of the mill shall be heard no more at all in thee: and the light of the lamp shall shine no more at all in thee: and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth, for all nations have been deceived by thy enchantments."† How completely and how terribly is here pictured the ruin of the great sea-port, the emporium of commerce, with its merchant princes, its fleets scouring every sea! How vividly before our mind rises the picture of the ruin of a London, a New York, with its forests of masts that line its shores all wrapt in flames, girding it with a wall of fire, while within the explosions hurl the stately piles in

*Apoc. xviii, 11–19. †Id. 22, 23.

fragments into the air, and the tall spire, the massive dome, the enduring arch come crashing to the earth, and the spreading flames run on as if gamboling at their work, and wooing all to ruin with a kiss.

Read over our Saviour's words as recorded by the Evangelists. See how often he returns to the simile of the ruin of Tyre and Sidon: how often he holds up the fearful ruin of those two great commercial cities as a case of God's judgment, which the unrepenting cities hurried by their crimes; crimes so great that God vouchsafed them no special call to repentance.

Sidon and Tyre, cities of the Phœnicians, were emporiums whose merchants did not yield in enterprise or activity to ours: the former claims the invention of navigation, glass and letters; and Homer, to express their superiority in every art, styles them πολυαίδαλα. Seated on the hill-side, hemmed in with groves and gardens, she slept in delight, and as her vessels came from every land she exulted in her power and glory, heedless of the ruin that might overtake her. Tyre, too, securely built on her island, where for months she defied Psalmanazar and his Assyrian host, for five years after defeating him on their element, the sea, seemed destined to continue forever her career of glory.

The houses of these great cities were palaces; the products of India, Persia and Africa, amber from the Baltic, pearls and precious tin from England and Ireland, and scarcely more precious gold from Spain, with the tributes from Northern Africa, Sicily, Cyprus and Greece, adorned her markets: filled already with the works of Phœnician industry, the fabric of Sidonian looms, and the needle-work of Tyrian maidens: the golden vase, the precious stone, the richly carved articles. Colonies in every land upheld the power of Phœnicia, every sea formed a school for her navigators, every nation furnished her customers. But why attempt to picture her splendor, when the prophet Ezechiel has so splendidly portrayed it in the prophecy of its fall, a prophecy that remains almost the sole page of its history? And why was the doom pronounced, why was no hour of repentance given to Tyre and Sidon, as it was to Nineve, as it was to Capernaum and Bethsaida. "By the multitude of thy merchandise, thy inner parts were filled with iniquity, and thou hast sinned . . . . . and thy heart was lifted up with thy beauty: thou hast lost thy wisdom in thy beauty, I have cast thee to the ground: I have set thee before the face of kings that they might behold thee. Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thy iniquities, and by the iniquity of thy traffic: therefore I will bring forth a fire from the midst of thee to devour thee, and I will make thee as ashes upon the earth in the sight of all that see thee."

And how fearfully they fell: by fire, and sword, and pestilence, and slow decay, and gradual unnoticed ruin, till a few columns mark the site of one, and a deceit of the other, for you think to find a large city and it proves to be a few hovels. Their language even has so vanished that naught remains but a few words in a Latin comedy, and proud Phœnicia leaves no memorial at Tyre, or Carthage, at Carthagena, or in Ireland.

They stand a lesson. God is the master of the universe: if we forget Him and place all our trust in wealth and progress; if we esteem the world as a mere field given us to utilize for our glory and grandeur, the bitter undeceit will come. Power will pass to other lands and other climes. By sudden overthrow or gradual decline the great port may become desolate: in the hands of God the grains of sand can thus change the fate of empires, the currents of the ocean close the channels of commerce. There is a forgetfulness of God: and as men live without God in the world, it cannot but awaken in the Christian fears that the days of

SIDON.

God's chastening are at hand. No country has risen with a prosperity to example ours, but our sins are those of Tyre and Sidon: we deem ourselves all-sufficient. The very poets of modern paganism warn us—

"Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers
Beneath your roofs of slate.
It cannot conquer folly,
Time-and-space-conquering steam
And the light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam.
The politics are base;
The letters do not cheer;
And 'tis far in the deeps of history
The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn;
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn."

And shall we Christians be insensible? The holy Father calls on us to use every exertion to extend the kingdom of Christ on earth, to present Catholic truth to the hearts darkened by error, bound by vice, or choked up by the cares and trials of life. Truth alone, virtue alone, religion alone, can save our country from the speedy fate of Tyre and Sidon, and yet what Catholic family, what Catholic convent or monastery even has its regular prayer for the conversion of the United States. We boast of its glory, we think little of its conversion, the only hope of sustaining that glory.

FLEEING TO GOD.

Under the shadow of Thy wing my Father,
Till life's calamities be overpast,
In that sure refuge let my spirit gather
Strength to bear calmly on unto the last.

Be merciful to me, for thoughts that crush me,
Lie like an incubus upon my breast,
Only Thy voice, Omnipotent, can hush me
Into the quiet e'en of seeming rest.

O! what is life, but one long, long endurance,
Of this dull, heavy weight on heart and brain,—
Speak to my spirit—speak the strong assurance
That nothing Thou ordainest, is in vain.

Trembling amid the turmoils of existence,
O! let me grasp a more than mortal arm;
Father, my Father! be not at a distance
When earth's dark phantoms Thy weak child alarm.

Under Thy shadow! fear cannot appal me,
If in the rock of ages, surely hid,
Under Thy shadow! harm cannot befall me,
If Thou, All-wise, All-merciful, forbid.

Nearer to Thee! my Saviour! my Redeemer!
In heaven or earth whom hath my soul but Thee?
Though for an instant, as some feverish dreamer
Grasps at the treasure which he seems to see:

I too have dreamed, and waked to find illusion
Inscribed on all I sought to make my own,
And turning from my idols in confusion,
I dedicate my life to Thee alone.

Under the shadow of Thy wing abiding
Close to my suffering Saviour's wounded side,
In the sure promise of His love confiding,
Why should I shrink, tho' earthly ills betide?

O! if the heart grows strong thro' suffering only,
If but thro' trial it may reach its goal,
I will rejoice, although my way be lonely,
And all Thy waves and billows o'er me roll.

A FESTIVAL OF ANCIENT ROME.

Translated from the French.

The gladiators had scarcely withdrawn, when a tumultuous clamor arose in the circus, for they were to be succeeded by those condemned to the combat with wild beasts, and as they were of the detested faith of Christ, all the hatred of the multitude was for the men, and all the sympathy for the animals. But however great the impatience of the people, they were obliged to restrain it while the slaves raked and smoothed the sand of the circus, although this operation was hastened by the furious cries that rose from every part of the amphitheatre. The slaves at length retired; the arena was vacant, and the assembly silent with intense expectation; a door opened, and all eyes were turned on the new victims.

The first who entered was a woman, robed in white, and veiled, whom the guards immediately led towards a tree, where her delicate figure was securely bound. A slave tore off her veil, and the spectators beheld a countenance of the most perfect beauty, sad, mild, and pale, but resigned; a deep murmur ascended from the crowd, for, Christian though she was, the young girl had from the first moment of her appearance, engaged the interest of that capricious and excitable throng. While every look was fixed upon her, another door was thrown open, to admit a young man of noble and tranquil mien. For it was the custom to expose together to the beasts a Christian of each sex, giving to the man all the necessary weapons for defence, and choosing for the female victim his sister, his mother, or his wife, in order that the desire of retarding, not merely his own death, but that of one so dear, might prolong the combat by animating with redoubled force the courage of the brother, the husband, or the son. But this contest the ardent faith and heroic self-devotion of the Christians almost invariably prompted them to decline, for the sake of winning the crown of martyrdom—though they knew that could they vanquish the first three animals let loose against them, the laws of the arena would set them free.

Indeed, though evidently in the flower of his strength and activity, and followed by two slaves, one of whom carried a sword and two javelins, while the other led a beautiful and stately Arab courser, this youth did not seem disposed to afford the people the exciting spectacle of the desired combat. He advanced slowly into the circus, casting around him a calm and steady glance, then signifying by a motion of his hand that the horse and the arms were useless to him, he raised his eyes with an expression of seraphic ardor towards heaven, and sinking on his knees, engaged in prayer. The populace, disappointed in their expectation, began to rage and menace; they had come to see a combat, not a martyrdom, and the cry of "to the cross! to the cross!" was heard from several quarters—

for, of two torments, they would prefer to witness that in which the agony would endure the longest. It was then that a ray of ineffable joy beamed in the eyes of the young man, as he extended his arms in the attitude of thanksgiving, happy that he was doomed to the same death which the Son of God had consecrated into a glory. At this moment a sigh so profound was breathed behind him that he turned to see from whom it came:—"Silas! Silas!" murmured the young girl. "Actea! my beloved!" cried the youth, as he sprang towards her.

"Silas, have pity on me!" said Actea. "When I recognized you at your entrance, hope returned to my breast. You are brave, Silas, and strong—accustomed to wrestle with the savage dwellers in the forests and caves. Perhaps had you undertaken the contest you could have saved us both."

"But the crown?" interrupted Silas, pointing to heaven with an exulting smile.

"And the agony!" said the maiden, shuddering as she drooped her head. "Alas! I was not born like thee in a holy city; I never heard the words of life from the lips of Him for whom we are about to die. A young Corinthian girl, brought up in the religion of my ancestors, my faith and my belief are new, and the name of martyr unknown to me till yesterday. Yet, for myself, perhaps I would have courage—but oh, my Silas, if I must see thee die before me by this lingering and cruel death, I feel it is more than I could endure."

"For thee, then, for thee I will combat" replied Silas, "since for myself I know that soon or late I will find the happiness which for thy sake I resign to-day."

Then making a sign to the director of the slaves, he cried, with a loud voice, and an imperial gesture of command, "Give me my horse, my arrows, and my sword!" And the multitude clapped their hands, for they understood by this voice and gesture that they were about to behold one of those herculean struggles, which alone could thoroughly arouse their sensations, dulled and blunted as they were by the more ordinary kinds of slaughter.

Silas at once approached the horse—like himself, a son of Araby. A common instinct seemed to animate them. The man said some words in a foreign tongue to the horse, and as if he had comprehended them, the noble animal responded with a loud neigh. Then Silas tore from the back and the mouth of his companion those ignominious trappings which the Romans had imposed on him in token of slavery, and the child of the desert bounded joyous and free round him who had restored his liberty.

Meanwhile the youth had flung aside whatever portion of his costume could obstruct the entire freedom of his limbs, and wrapping his red mantle round his left arm, he remained in his tunic and turban alone. He then girt on his sword, seized his javelins, called his horse, which obeyed his voice as docile as a gazelle, and springing on his back, without need-

ing any means for guiding his course but his knee and his voice, he three times made the circuit of the tree where Actea was chained. His bearing was so gallant that the spectators thought of Perseus ready to defend Andromeda, and for a moment the pride of the Arab seemed almost to overcome the humility of the Christian.

In an instant a folding door at the lower end of the Podium was flung open, and a huge Cordovan bull, goaded by the slaves, rushed bellowing into the circus. But scarcely had he taken ten steps, when terrified at the great light, at the number of the spectators, and the shouts of the multitude, he bent himself forward, lowered his head to the very ground, and directing his heavy and ferocious eyes towards Silas, he began to cast up the sand around him with his fore feet, to tear the ground with his horns, and to pour forth volumes of smoke from his nostrils. Just then a slave threw him a figure stuffed with straw to resemble a man, the bull immediately rushed upon it and trampled it under his feet. But at the moment of his greatest irritation a javelin from the hand of Silas hissed through the air and buried itself in his shoulder, and the bull uttering a roar of pain, abandoned the fictitious adversary at once for the real one.

He advanced rapidly towards the Syrian, with his head down, leaving a trail of blood behind him on the sand; but the youth calmly awaited his approach till he was within a few paces, when by a word he caused his agile steed to bound aside, and while the bull passed on, unable to check his impetuous career, a second weapon hid its iron head in his flank. The animal paused, wavered on his feet as if about to fall, then suddenly wheeling round, he rushed upon the horse and the rider. But the horse and the rider began to fly before him, as if borne away by a whirlwind. In this manner they thrice made the circuit of the amphitheatre, the bull becoming visibly weaker at every effort, and losing ground by degrees in the race. At the third time he fell on his knees, but rising almost immediately, he uttered a terrible cry of rage and pain, and as if he had given up the hope of reaching Silas, he cast his eyes round him in search of some other victim on whom to expend his wrath. He soon perceived Actea, and for a moment seemed to doubt whether she was a living thing, so statue-like was she in her attitude, so pale, so motionless; but having with expanded nostrils snuffed the air awhile, he gathered all his remaining strength, and charged full towards the spot where she stood bound. The shrinking maiden saw him approach, and gave a cry of terror, but Silas was watching over her; it was he who now in turn rushed towards the bull, and the bull who seemed to fly, but in a few bounds his faithful barb carried him to the side of his foe, when he leaped from the back of the steed to that of the savage animal, and while with his left hand he seized him by the horns, with the other he plunged his sword into his neck to the very hilt. The bull sank down in the agonies of death within a lance's length of Actea; but Actea had closed her eyes, awaiting the fatal stroke, and the applauses of the circus first apprised her that Silas was victorious.

Three slaves then entered the arena, two of them leading each a horse, which they harnessed to the carcass of the bull, in order to drag it from the amphitheatre, and the third bearing a cup and an amphora. He filled the cup with wine and presented it to the young Syrian, who barely wetted his lips, and then demanded other arms. They brought him a bow, arrows, and a spear, and hastened from the arena, for beneath the throne which the Emperor had left vacant a grating was raised, and a lion of the Atlas, issuing from his den, stalked majestically into the circus.

He might well be named the king of the creation, for at the roar with which he saluted the light of day every spectator shuddered, and the courser distrusting for the first time the speed and lightness of his limbs, answered with a terrified neigh. Silas alone, unmoved by this mighty voice, which he had often heard resounding through the deserts which extend from the Dead Sea to the fountains of Moses, prepared either for attack or defence, by taking shelter behind the tree nearest to that where Actea was bound, and fitting his best and sharpest arrow to the bow. During this time his noble and powerful enemy advanced with slow and confident step, seeming to inquire of the assembly what was expected from him, wrinkling the folds of loose skin round his face, and sweeping the sand with his tail. The guards endeavored to rouse him by aiming at him some pointless darts wrapped with fluttering streamers of different colors; but he, impassible and grave, continued to advance, disdaining to notice such feeble assailants, when suddenly among those harmless shafts a keen and hissing arrow passed like lightning through the air, and sunk deep into one of his shoulders. He stopped at once, more from surprise than pain, and as if unable to comprehend how a human being could be bold enough to attack him; he even seemed to doubt that he was wounded; but soon his eyes kindled with rage, his mouth opened, and a roar, deep, grave, and prolonged, like the growl of distant thunder, issued from the cavern of his capacious chest; he seized the arrow that was fixed in his flesh and broke it in his teeth, and with a look that made even the spectators recoil, notwithstanding the barrier that protected them, he sought some object on which to pour forth his royal anger. At this moment he perceived the steed, trembling as if he had come out of a frozen river, though covered with sweat and foam, and, ceasing his roar to utter a short, sharp, and repeated cry, he made a bound that brought him within twenty paces of the first victim that he had chosen.

Then commenced a second race more wonderful still than the first, for there was no longer the reason of the man to control the instinct of the animals; strength and speed were face to face in all their savage energy, and the eyes of two hundred thousand spectators were turned for a time from the two Christians to follow around the amphitheatre this fantastic chase, so much the more agreeable to the crowd as it was unexpected. A second spring brought the lion quite close to the horse, which, drawn up in an attitude of defence at the end of the circus, not daring to fly

either to the right or left, and finding his terrible enemy so near, with one desperate effort sprung clear over his head into the open ground, when the lion turning about began to pursue him with unequal bounds, bristling his mane, and now and then giving vent to hoarse yells, to which the fugitive responded by cries of deadly fear. But it was not long until the poor animal, fascinated and overcome, as it is said the stag and the gazelle are by the gaze of the serpent, fell plunging and rolling on the ground in an agony of terror. At that moment a second arrow flew from the unerring bow of Silas, and struck deeply between the ribs of the lion. He turned, and one instant's pause gave the Syrian time to dispatch a third messenger of pain. The lion sprang upon the man, the man received him on his spear, then the man and the lion strove awhile, rolling together on the earth. There was a confusion of cries and yells—shreds of quivering flesh were scattered round, and the nearest of the spectators felt themselves bedewed with a shower of warm blood. Actea's piercing shriek was the last earthly sound that reached the ears of her betrothed; she had no longer a defender, but neither had she an enemy, for the lion had only survived the man the short time necessary for vengeance, and the agony of the slayer had commenced as that of the victim ended.

All eyes were now turned upon Actea, whom the death of Silas had left unprotected. Some of the spectators rose to ask a grace for her, when cries of "sit down, sit down," were heard from the lower benches; a gate was opened, and a tigress glided into the arena. No sooner had she left the den than she crouched on the ground, gazing round her with ferocity, but without any apparent surprise: then she snuffed the air, and with a soft and plaintive roar, seemed to demand of the earth her absent prey, and soon began to creep like a serpent towards the place where the horse was lying dead, but the odor of the still warm blood that reached her seemed more attractive, for she turned towards the tree at whose foot the combat between Silas and the lion had terminated, gathering up on her way the fragments of flesh which had been scattered round him by the noble animal that had preceded her in the circus; and coming to a pool of blood not yet absorbed in the sand, she began to lap it like a thirsty dog, her savage nature kindling as she drank; then looking round again with her glittering eyes, she for the first time perceived Actea.

At the fearful sounds which arose from the death-struggle between Silas and his formidable antagonist, the maiden, fainting with horror and despair, had lowered her head, not daring to raise her eyes, lest she should behold the mangled limbs of her betrothed; and when the still more fearful silence that succeeded announced that all was over, she continued in the same attitude, showing no sign of life except the large and burning tears that fell slowly from her downcast lids. But whoever observed her closely might have perceived that the intense anguish imprinted on her pallid features, was gradually giving way before the influence of some more elevated feeling. Entirely abstracted and absorbed by this new and power-

ful sensation, she appeared to have forgotten all exterior objects; she no longer saw the immense multitude around her, beneath whose gaze she had shrunk so painfully at first; she heard not their savage cries, nor did she seem conscious of the new danger that threatened her. All that was earthly in her nature seemed indeed to have passed away with her tears—the heart's involuntary tribute to the purest and tenderest of human affections.

Meanwhile the tigress crouching to the ground, began to creep with a slow and stealthy motion towards her victim, on whom she kept her gaze immovably fixed, and she was within ten paces of the tree, when Actea, for the first time raising her head, saw the ferocious animal preparing to make the fatal spring. But was this the timid girl whom the thought of an agonizing death had so appalled? The trance of terror which had petrified her frame was gone, and the profound calmness that dwelt upon her lofty brow, the solemn radiance of her eyes, and the heroic dignity of her uplifted head, told of a struggle and a victory greater than those of the arena.—Faith had conquered the weakness of her nature—and as the maiden raised her kindling eyes to heaven, she seemed already to hear the angelic choir chanting the hymn of victory, for a smile of celestial joy, deep, soul-felt, and unutterable, lighted up her features and tinged her transparent cheek with a glow like the clouds of sunrise. No words escaped her lips, but the silent eloquence of her look and gesture expressed all the new-born fervor of devotion as she signed herself with the seal of faith—the divine symbol of redemption, and with her arms crossed upon her breast awaited the moment for the consummation of her sacrifice.

Just then the tigress, drawing herself up for the spring, cleared at one bound the space that had separated her from the young Christian, and while the very spectators who had come to clap their hands at her death, now uttered a cry of horror to see that death so near, expecting to behold her instantly torn to pieces, the tigress, alighting at her feet, lay down as gently as a lamb, and with a plaintive and caressing tone appeared to implore forgiveness from her intended victim. An event so unexpected, though not altogether unprecedented in the arena, was as yet sufficiently rare to excite the admiration of the multitude. Cries of "pardon! pardon!" resounded from every side: besides, Actea had undergone the three trials decreed, and since she was safe, she was also free; the feeling of the people changed by one of those sudden transitions so common with the crowd, from the extreme of cruelty to that of clemency. The young knights threw down their golden chains, the ladies their garlands of flowers, all stood up on the benches, calling for the slaves to come and unbind the victim. An eager throng awaited her liberation; on her appearance they burst into shouts of applause, and would have borne her away in triumph, but Actea joined her hands in the attitude of entreaty, and the people opened before her to the right and left, leaving her free to pass through.

She proceeded mechanically along the crowded way, scarcely conscious

of an object, and still half stupified with the remembrance of the terrors she had endured, and her own miraculous deliverance, until in passing by the temple of Diana she sank down by the base of a column, exhausted by the conflicting emotions of the day. No longer sustained by the near prospect of eternal glory, a human feeling of desolation came over her, and she wept long and bitterly, but when she had poured out her heart in prayer, the new day that had beamed upon her soul showed her the true source of consolation, and rising from the ground, she went with a firm step, and a serene and hopeful mien, to rejoin her family and the assembly of the Christians in the gloomy catacombs of Rome.

ADIEU!

This is a word with holy power
To calm and cheer the aching heart,
When in the sad and solemn hour
The dearest friends are called to part.
It lights the path as yet untrod
When fond lips murmur *Unto God*
I give thee my beloved—*Adieu!*

Sad fears arise when those we love
Turn from the homes of early life
And o'er earth's unknown desert rove
To meet alone the storm of strife.
Yet when the hour has come to leave
Those friends so dear, our souls receive
Sweet comfort from the word—Adieu!

At once a farewell and a prayer,
It calms the fearful thoughts that swell;
Placing the loved ones in God's care
We feel that all may yet be well.
And while we think on those away,
Hoping to meet again, we pray,
Take to thy care my God—Adieu!

When in the hour that Death's cold touch
Darkens the eye once full of light,
When all we loved and prized so much
And thought to keep from death or blight,
Is passing from our loving care,
We still find strength to say the prayer
I give thee to my God—Adieu!

To God I give all those I love,
That He may guard, protect and bless,
And shedding graces from above
Make their sweet lives all happiness.
And when from earth they turn to heaven
To angels bright the task be given
To call them to their God—*Adieu!*

Southern Standard.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. V.

A Cure for Suicide.—Scarcely a day passes without the announcement of a suicide, sometimes accompanied by murder. In this country and in England, the frightful prevalence of this crime has called public attention to the best means of arresting its progress. In New York, last year, the number of suicides reached sixty-two; in London, it appears from the police returns, that the number has been doubled and quadrupled in the last few years, and the city magistrates propose an appeal to Parliament, it is presumed, in search of a remedy. Parliament may legislate a creed for a man during his life, until it legislates him into infidelity, or at least indifference, but then it is powerless to arrest the fatal consequences of that no-belief which permits the soul in its despair to leap blindly into eternity. The Christian Advocate, of New York, proposes the passage of a law giving the bodies of those declared suicides by a coroner's inquest, to the schools of anatomy, and it is gravely added by another paper that such a remedy might prove effective. As far as this might create horror of the crime it might avail some little; but he, who would dare to plunge his soul into eternal torture if he had belief in Christianity, will care but little for the disposal of his body, whether in the dead-room or at the cross-roads; and he who believes in no future state of punishment, will consider his escape from the sorrows of a disappointed life an ample remuneration for the dissection of the body from which he has torn away his despairing spirit.

The only remedy which Protestantism has for this frightful crime is "Parliament" and "dissection." It can reach the body, but it is impotent to restrain the soul. Its power is of this world for man, but not for man's immortal soul in eternity. In order to act, its Church must call in the State. A "cure for suicide" more radical than this must be obtained.

Suicide is eminently a heathen crime; indeed, in the ages of paganism, it was often raised to the rank of a virtue; and it sprang from the belief which placed man's greatest happiness in the possession of the goods of the world, in material things,—his greatest misery in their deprivation,—and, even where it faintly dreamed of the immortality of the soul, took but little account of its future state. Successful, prosperous life was all to it: the future, nothing. To such, suicide was almost a rational escape from the ills of a hopeless life. Christianity, Catholicity, the Church, struck at the root of all this. Worldly prosperity, the pleasures, the glory of life, the body save as ennobled by faith in its glorified resurrection, its beauty and its sensitive delights, even as its sorrows and its sufferings, were nothing in its view, except so far as they might be made subservient to the one great end, the service of God and the salvation of the soul. Protestantism, departing from the ancient doctrines and traditions of the

Church, denying the efficacy of good works and patient endurance of sufferings for the soul hereafter, relaxing the bonds of faith by making the individual arbiter of his own creed, and elevating material things, the things of this life, above spiritual things, the things of eternity, loses hold upon the reins by which the Church restrained the unhappy soul from the desperate act, has no consolations to hold out to it except so far as it retains Catholic teaching, has no supernatural grace to sustain it, and in mad desperation the final plunge is made in the hope perhaps that all is then ended and at rest. And so a "Christian Advocate" suggests "dissection,"—a dishonoring of the dead remains, an agony to the sad surviving family,—as a "preventive" punishment for the despairing soul that has already answered at a higher tribunal than a coroner's inquest, and London magistrates call on Parliament to restrain suicide by statute!

Suicide is not, and cannot be a crime prevalent among a Catholic people. The infidelity which reigned throughout France, and particularly in Paris, at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, leaving wide remains to this day, as a natural and logical consequence, flooded the country with this frightful crime. But a Catholic Frenchman, Irishman, Spaniard, Italian, German, or American, never commits suicide: not until he has lost and utterly denied his faith, or until his reason has been destroyed by insanity, could he dare to rush unsummoned into the presence of his Maker. He endures patiently and long through all the sorrows of life, sustained by the consolations of his faith and the graces of the sacraments, and when the happy hour of his release from this valley of tears at length arrives, he resigns his weary soul to his Maker and Redeemer to receive the crown of glory for which he has toiled and suffered. Millions died of famine in Catholic Ireland; but not one of suicide amid all the horrors of fever and starvation.

"I would commit suicide to-day, if I were an Universalist," exclaimed a blind man; and if he had believed in universal salvation, or perhaps even in the predestination of Calvin, would such a conclusion have been altogether illogical?

"A cure for suicide," will be found only by a return to the Catholic doctrines of the destiny of the human soul, the end of its creation and the means of its salvation; and to the Catholic estimate of the value of things temporal, and things eternal, from which day by day a large portion of Protestantism is farther and farther steadily departing. The Gospel of Sharp's rifles, and wire cartridges, preached from the pulpit, is but a poor aid to sustain the weary, stricken, and despairing souls, who turn in frenzy from this mockery of religion, and with red hands, rid themselves of all this mortal coil, incredulous or reckless of an Eternal Future.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

The entrance of Lord Henry put an end to the conversation. Silva quickly dried his tears, and there was no more said on the subject.

The same evening I was passing through the village with Lord Walsingham, when our attention was attracted by the conversation of two workmen. The name of Silva struck our ears; they were speaking of his works of charity, but soon their conversation turned on the frequent visits of the young Walsingham to a certain farmhouse in the neighborhood, and where they insinuated other than benevolent motives led him.

The surprise of Lord Henry was equal to mine. The workmen were so far ahead of us we could not hear any more, and both of us were absorbed in the reflections occasioned by this adventure.

Mr. Kennelly came up to us. "When Silva walks beyond the castle do you always accompany him," demanded Lord Walsingham; "or is Edmund with him?"

"Lord Edmund seldom accompanies him; you know that they have divided the care of the poor families, each one goes his own way. I am sometimes witness of affecting acts of their benevolence, but much more frequently they hide them from me."

Lord Walsingham spoke of something else, and entered the castle.

After supper, he announced his intention of setting out for London.

"I do not know," said he, "how long my business may detain me there. Edmund will remain here, and you, Silva, will come with me."

In finishing these words, he fixed his eyes on the latter. The countenance of the young Walsingham betrayed great agitation, and became alternately very red and extremely pale. Meantime Edmund looked anxiously and disturbedly at Lord Walsingham.

"Is the order irrevocable, my lord?" said he.

"Yes, my son. I have reflected maturely before deciding; you know, besides, that your mother wishes it."

"And, my lord, when will this departure take place?"

"To-morrow morning."

"I cannot separate from you, my lord," cried Edmund, vehemently; "you will hear my prayer, and you will not repulse the child who loves you still more than he can respect your wishes."

"Stay with us, Edmund," said Sir Lois, "we will find means to console you."

Edmund, without listening to him, rose up; Lord Walsingham, preventing his entreaties, said:

"I have told you, my son, that my resolution was invariable—submit to it; if I loved you less, I would not deprive myself of your society, which is dearer to me than I can express; I have strong reasons."

"I know them, my lord, I alone am the object of them, and therefore I do not think it my duty to respect them as if they concerned your own safety."

Lord Henry, assuming a grave and serious air, left the apartment. Edmund wished to fly after him. Sir Lois detained him in the antechamber. Edmund vainly endeavored to disengage himself, his temper was roused. Sir Lois roared out laughing, and the more he laughed, the more Edmund was enraged. At length, fury lending him strength, he broke away violently.

"Is it thus. and in this beautiful condition, that you are going to present yourself to Lord Walsingham? Oh! really! your moderation will induce him to take you to London."

"Edmund wished to answer; but pale with rage and grief, he could only utter inarticulate sounds, with distorted countenance and languid look, he threw himself upon a seat almost lifeless, and shedding burning tears, which probably saved him from a frightful death.

Silva followed him, trembling at the condition in which he saw him, and putting his arms around him, entreated him to be calm. Edmund repulsed him without knowing it. Mr. Kennelly came, and taking a glass of water, presented it to his pupil.

During this time Silva flew to his father's cabinet and related to him with an excited voice what had just occurred, and conjured him to come to Edmund. Lord Walsingham, who knew the violent character of his nephew, foresaw the consequences of this quarrel between him and Sir Lois, yielded to his request and came to them. Sir Lois continued a derision that was as improper as it was unkind.

"Sir Lois," said Silva, firmly, "will you have the goodness to withdraw. Can you thus insult any one you see out of his mind? At least yield to my entreaty. Once more, I say, leave the room!"

"But, my dear Silva, how haughty you are!"

"It is not haughtiness, since I have requested you," replied Silva, with a calmness which never left him. "Go—at least grant me this satisfaction."

"He owes me another," said Edmund, in a little better condition to express himself.

Lord Walsingham made a sign to Sir Lois to go out, and his look admitted no reply; the young man withdrew. Henry seated beside Edmund kept a mournful silence—no one spoke for more than five minutes; Edmund, with downcast eyes, sobbed aloud; his uncle held both his hands in his, and contemplated him with painful compassion, for the moment of reproach and the language of reason had not come. Finally the young Marquis of Rosline arose, and casting himself on his knees before Lord Walsingham, burst into tears.

"Be calm, my son," said the Count, with gravity mingled with kindness and grief. "I pardon you, and will forget the fault you have committed. May your repentance expiate it in its fullest extent. I warn you, however, that it is the last time I hope to have a similar violence to forgive; if you are ever again so unhappy as to yield to such transports of rage, I will separate myself from you. The condition in which we have seen you is unworthy of you, who are of the blood of Arthur, that angel of patience and resignation. It dishonors the religion in which God has granted you the favor to be born. What an example, my son, for Sir Lois, whilst the practice of all Christian virtues, would perhaps, bring him back to the truth! What scandal to Lord Seymour! I speak not of the deep wound you have made in your own soul, and in my heart."

Edmund, still prostrate at the feet of Lord Henry, who did not offer to raise him, was unable to reply. The Count retired a few steps.

"Go," said he, "with Mr. Kennelly; beg him to help you to make your peace with heaven."

Edmund retained one of his uncle's hands, and his supplicating looks expressed what his tongue dared not solicit.

"Ah! my lord," interrupted Silva, "be for him his consoling angel, his indulgent father—raise up yourself his oppressed soul; prepare him for repentance; who can ever replace a father in such cares."

Lord Walsingham looked for a long time with surprise at his son, the extent of whose deep sensibility was betrayed in these words. Then he raised Edmund up, pressed him to his heart and took him to his cabinet, where he remained with him two hours. He himself related to me their whole conversation.

On entering the cabinet he led his nephew to a mirror in a recess at the end of the room. "See," said he, with great kindness, "the ravages of passion; there is, it is true, but a feeble trace of what you were half an hour since, you would then have recoiled at the sight you presented." He made him sit down, and placing himself beside him, said: "Do you feel a sincere regret for your fault, and has repentance already produced in you an inviolable resolution never again to yield to anger? We have seen you within two steps of death; what would have become of your soul? Great God! does not this thought make you tremble?"

"I am so guilty, and so humbled for my fault, that I dare scarcely promise you that it will be the last of my life; it seems to me I would rather die than to forget myself again on this point. I hope the divine goodness will pardon me; I shall never cease to groan over my errors, and will do all in my power to repair them—"

"You can do it, my son, by your conduct to Sir Lois."

Edmund turned red and frowned slightly; then leaning his forehead on his uncle's knees, he said: "Ah! this is the most difficult. I have already calculated on the means of settling our differences."

"Were you then what you are now? And what inducement in the world could make you consent in cold blood to expose your own and your neighbor's soul? Sir Lois is to-day in a state of error, little, or scarcely at all concerned for his salvation—and in a state such as every true Catholic would give his life to preserve the days of this unfortunate young man, in the hope, that he might at some future period employ them in saving his soul; and you, who would willingly die like your father and so many of his brave compatriots for the faith, would you deliberately entertain the idea of taking away his life and ruining him forever? Enter into yourself, my dear Edmund. Besides," continued Lord Henry, after a short silence, "have you not offended Sir Lois; have you not scandalized him? Your reparation ought, then, to be the pardon of the wrongs he may have done you, and an exemplary life for the future, with a sincere regret for the violence of which you have been guilty. If your pride, if a misplaced haughtiness, suffers from it, offer, dear Edmund, this slight satisfaction to Him, who is about to pardon you by the mouth of his minister."

"My lord, it would be easy for me to make this resolution, I know it; but to accomplish it, to see Sir Lois with indifference, to suffer again, perhaps, his railleries; must I, in fine, respect him?"

"No, my son; but pity him, love him, excuse him and win him to virtue; conquer him even by an excess of indulgence and kindness."

"But, my lord, can I not avoid him, fly from him, since I feel myself so incapable of following your advice?"

"Yes, provided you do not do it from a sentiment of aversion—avoid him also as long as you have not sufficient virtue to edify him; mourn over your weakness, and triumph over it quickly by assidiously fighting against your natural impetuosity. Go now to the chapel: I will request Mr. Kennelly to join you in half an hour."

In saying these words, Lord Walsingham left him; he met Sir Lois: "My son," said he, "has not insulted you, he has acted like a man devoid of faith and reason, but his repentance equals his fault; do me the favor not to speak of it to him. Let this example, my dear Sir Lois, instruct you and make a lasting impression on your mind; your railleries, no doubt, proceeded from thoughtlessness, but they were most imprudent towards a person in Edmund's situation. Remember, that a good heart would tremble at inflaming the passion of a person whom he sees a slave to it; and as it is most pleasing to God to restore peace where disorder has reigned, so is it abominable to add fuel to the fire of anger."

Sir Lois expressed his regret for what had passed, and promised to follow the advice of his friend. Lord Walsingham sent to inquire whether Silva was prepared for their departure.

Upon meeting me, he related to me all that he had done, and acknowledged to me that he had no purpose in setting out so soon for London, and above all, he did not wish to leave Sir Lois and Edmund at Castle Grove together in their reciprocal situations, but to try Silva he had not countermanded the order; then he begged me to observe him, as his chamber was near mine; for if the conversations we had overheard was founded, it was probable that the young lord would have farewells to make in the village before his departure.

CHAPTER V.

It was near midnight when I returned to my room; as Silva was not in his, the door being open, I went to the chapel, where I found him. I asked him if any one had given him his father's message relatively to their departure? "I am ready," said he, and returned to his prayers. I noticed that he was weeping. Having some letters to write, I did not go to bed. Silva passed part of the night in the chapel. About four o'clock in the morning, he went down softly; I followed him at a distance; he entered the office, took a little basket, in which he put some citrons, oranges, two bottles of Spanish wine, and some pots of sweet meats, and covering the whole with a pocket handkerchief, he went out of the castle by the back door. I continued to follow him, not doubting that he was going to the farm-house in question; he stopped near a little ruined building, set his basket on the ground, took off his coat and clothed himself with that of a peasant, then he went to an isolated farm-house into which he entered; a peasant woman received him; I could distinguish only these words, which he said to her in going in: "I am in a great hurry."

Leaving him at the farm house, I returned to Castle Grove, where I went to relate all I had seen to Lord Walsingham, who went with me to the farm-house, where we were not known, it being a hamlet independent of the Castle; we asked for some warm milk, which was brought to us, with black bread and fresh butter.

The peasant woman who waited on us was about forty years old. Lord Henry asked her if this farm belonged to her?

"Yes, sir," said she, "I live here with my husband, who is almost always in town. He works in the garden of the Duke of Leicester."

"You and your husband live here alone?"

"We have a niece, who comes from time to time to spend a week with us," &c.; as the woman finished these words, the door at the other end of the room opened, and Silva in the disguise of a peasant entered, and not seeing us, he took a pitcher of water, poured some in a glass, and then addressing the woman, he said: "Will you do me the favor to procure me some hot water to make some tea?" Raising his eyes at this moment, he saw us, and the greatest confusion appeared on his countenance.

Lord Walsingham not wishing to betray his son, called him as if he did not know him. "My friend," said he, "you can render me a service, will you come with us a moment." He arose, thanked the farmer's wife, went out with me, and Silva followed without uttering a single word. As soon as we reached the wood,—"I expect an explanation of your conduct, my son," said the Count gravely, "until then, I suspend my judgment—speak without reserve."

An expressive look was Silva's only reply; he wished to take his father's hand, but he withdrew it with indignation depicted on his face.

Lord Walsingham, notwithstanding his excellent qualities, was a little prejudiced against his son, whom he thought less candid, and more cold and reserved than Edmund towards him.

"What have I done, my lord, what is my fault?"

"One does not thus disguise himself for good actions."

"My lord, I wished to be unknown, it was necessary that I should not be known in this farm house."

"Yes, and dare you tell why?"

Silva colored deeply.

"Unhappy child, have you so soon forgotten the principles of religion and honor?"

"My lord, will you excuse my want of prudence and discretion?"

"What motive then leads you constantly here, does Mr. Kennelly know it?"

"No, my lord."

"Tell me then what attracts you here; am I no longer worthy of your confidence?" "Never, sir," continued Lord Walsingham with warmth, "have you given me the confidence and affection, which the title of father and friend demand, and which I have always been to you. I have borne this injustice, because, I thought your conduct proceeded from principles of a rigid virtue. I said to myself, God demands my son of me, he belongs more to him than he does to me, I will not dispute him, with him. But to-day, that I have reason to fear that under the appearance of religion you may hide defects that I must disavow, it is time for me to change my manner of acting towards you."

Silva had thrown himself at his father's feet without uttering a word in his own defence. His face bathed in tears, and his convulsive sobs rendered him an object worthy of compassion. "Never," said he, in broken accents, "never for one instant of my whole life, have I done anything that I thought would displease you." "Get up," said the Count indignantly, "enter into yourself, and you will acknowledge to your father what he has a right to demand, and what he expects from you." In say-

ing these words Lord Walsingham took my arm and left him quickly. Silva went to the little ruin, put on his own clothes, and returned to the castle nearly as soon as we did.

At the hour for breakfast Edmund entered. His confused look expressed his regret for his violence the day before; he bowed, and coming up to me, said: "Were you, my lord, less charitable, you would have been scandalized at my conduct yesterday; I beg you to forgive me." I pressed his hand. "God preserve me," replied I, "from judging the faults of others, I who have so much need of indulgence and mercy."

Lord Walsingham enquired of our health to divert us. Sir Lois was grave and respectful towards Edmund; Silva was very pale and only took a cup of tea, and feeling indisposed he got up. I saw that he trembled, and taking his hand, I did not doubt that he had fever. Lord Walsingham looked at him some time in silence, then he said with great kindness: "Silva, go to bed, we will not leave Castle Grove to-day." Silva thanked him. Trifling indispositions, as well as great, frequently have the same beginnings, again said the Count, and should never surprise us; try to be at peace with yourself; if you do not possess this peace, put your conscience in order; I am going to send Mr. Kennelly to you."

"I am very tranquil, as to myself," replied Silva, with a sad smile; "I wish," added he in a low voice, "to be as much so ——. Moreover, all is in the hands of God, he has no need of a miserable creature like me, for his works of mercy."

In speaking thus to himself, he went out; Mr. Kennelly went after him, and some time afterwards came back to us. He told us that he had found Silva very much oppressed, but so tranquil, that he had only to request him to rest: besides added he, how could he be troubled? This child is an angel, his life is irreproachable. And, indeed I could not connect our suspicions with Silva's habitual conduct; this young man confessed every fifteen days, and communicated still oftener. Of a cheerful, sweet temper, and always the same, he knew how to practice without display or affectation the most rigorous mortifications; sacrificing continually his least inclinations, refusing himself everything to multiply his alms, and never hesitating to submit his lights to others. The delicacy of his complexion served but to conceal his austere life; he refused himself fire in the greatest severity of winter, on pretext that this regime would strengthen him; I understood from one of his domestics that he seldom slept in his bed, but almost always on the floor; but in the morning he tossed and disarranged his bed, to make it appear that he had slept in it. In the plays, to which he gave himself up with an amiable gaiety, he always preserved the presence of God, and frequently I have seen him stop in the midst of a recital, or conversation, to recollect himself and change the subject. Then he would acknowledge to me, when I urged him, that he had interrupted himself because he might have added something it would be better not to say. It is very rare at this age to be always on one's guard and never to grant anything to human respects which so easily glides into the most holy societies. It is true, that Lord Walsingham gave an example of the most solid virtues to his children, and that the remembrance of Lorenzo, whose god-son Silva was, was for him a powerful motive of emulation and encouragement to walk in his footsteps.

Count Henry and myself went together to Silva's room; his sleep was disturbed; his fever increased towards evening, he asked for Mr. Moore urgently, and when reminded that he was absent, he covered his face with his hands, weeping; then after a short reflection, he begged to be left

alone with Edmund. "Your brother has no secrets from me," said Lord Walsingham, "therefore I do not see the necessity of my going out for what you have to say to him."

Silva colored; his countenance expressed deep emotion; he seized the hand of his father and put it to his burning lips; then he looked at him wildly.

Lord Henry had sent to Oxford for a physician. The servant came back with Mr. Moore, whom he met, and, who learning the condition of his young friend, followed him to Grove Castle.

Silva had a paroxysm of fever when he arrived: he did not know any one. I had drawn near his bed to cover him; he took my hand, and without knowing me: "O my father," cried he, "allow me to give you this name, have compassion on your child, the son of your Caroline! your indifference will kill me! Edmund is a thousand times more worthy of your love; but, remember, Silva is your son, pardon me . . . . love me still." . . . . He cast his arms affectionately around his father, who had leaned towards him, and fell again on his bed exhausted and speechless.

Edmund burst into tears; Lord Walsingham took his son in his arms, and pressed him to him with much emotion. Silva recognized him, a lively color succeeded to his extreme paleness. "I do not merit your kindness, my lord," said he, with a feeble voice.

"Only get well, my dear child," replied the Count, with feeling, "and fear nothing from a father who cherishes you."

"Ah! I am too happy," cried Silva; then perceiving Mr. Moore: "Is it possible then that God has sent you here, sir; how I have sighed after your presence."

"Do you desire to be alone with Mr. Moore, my son?" asked Lord Henry.

"No, certainly," replied Silva, quickly, "upon no account do I wish to be without you."

"Never have I witnessed so much affection in your pupil," whispered the Count to Mr. Kennelly.

"Have you not known his deep sensibility, my lord? Your son is susceptible of the most violent passions; his complexion even would contribute to it, were it not for the vigilance with which his virtue represses them; it is by the violence that he exercises over himself, that he ordinarily appears so meek and indifferent."

Mr. Moore took Silva's hand, it was burning; he looked at him for some moments.

"Will you think of Augusta," said he, in a low voice. "Go, I beg you, to see her; for William cannot take care of her for some days, this torments me extremely."

"Be tranquil, dear Lord Silva, I will take charge of her." Mr. Moore spoke quickly of something else; Lord Walsingham was very pensive. Seeing his son asleep he whispered to Mr. Moore, "have you not all Silva's confidence?"

"My lord, he grants me a great deal; there is nevertheless one thing I can never perfectly know of him, which is the inexhaustible depth of his virtues, on which I make new discoveries every day."

The Count smiled.

"Everybody, sir, is not so indulgent as you; but would you be so kind as to tell me whether you are the confidant of my son's frequent visits to the farm house, that is just at the corner of the woods." Then lowering his voice, he did not conceal the motives of his curiosity concerning this

farm house. Mr. Moore excused himself from answering at this moment, and promised as soon as Silva was convalescent, to answer him fully.

We remained until very late with this interesting young man. The next morning he awoke free from fever, and got up before Mr. Moore arrived, who was charmed to find him so well, and permitted him to walk in the garden. Towards twelve o'clock he went out of the Castle, and quietly took the road to the farm house; Mr. Moore having seen him at a distance, came and offered Lord Walsingham to discover to him all that concerned Silva, if he would accompany him to the cabin.

Henry prayed me to come with them, and we departed. The farmer's wife received us; she was alone. "Where is William," asked Mr. Moore, "has he gone up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, do not tell him we are here. We are going to see Augusta."

In saying these words, he opened the door at the end of the room; going before us,—on a stair-case as straight as a ladder—he introduced us into a miserable garret, where the most affecting spectacle met our eyes.

Upon some straw a woman was lying, absolutely disfigured and unrecognizable with a species of cancer, which covered her entire person, an infectious odor reached even the narrow landing of this sad place. The young peasant whom we easily recognized as Silva, was on his knees beside her, washing her face with a liquor contained in a vase near him. Struck with surprise and admiration, we remained on the sill of the door without being perceived.

"Do you remember your promise," said he, in a touching and faltering voice; "reflect that the hour, perhaps, is not far distant when there will be an end to your misfortunes, and that it depends on you to make it the commencement of perfect felicity. Mr. Moore has often solicited you on this subject, he may have done it with greater eloquence, but not with more affection, fear and grief. Could I give my life to cure you, I would only procure for you a passing enjoyment, of which death would sooner or later deprive you, whilst a desire, a single act of sorrow and love, would draw upon you an immense weight of glory and happiness, which will never end, and you may make of your actual sufferings the pledge of your felicity. Ah! Madam," continued he with warmth, "permit me to go and bring Mr. Moore, receive him, listen to him, do not wait until it is too late, and the time of mercy is past. Have pity on my tears, and on yourself. Mr. Moore saw you yesterday. I sent him, fearing it would be several days before I could come here, perhaps the fever will return again this evening, and I shall be no longer able to leave Grove Castle. Shall I not have the consolation of being reassured about your fate?" He stopped, bathing the pale and withered hands of the unfortunate creature with his tears.

"Angel of virtue!" said she, with emotion, "do you not think that the mercy of Heaven is long since tired of such hardness and perversity? Go! I know it better than you, there is no longer hope—for several years it has been extinguished in my heart."

"Stop, do not again utter this blasphemy; the clemency of a God all love pursues you; it solicits you till the last moment, when death will forbid it forever! Cast yourself into the bosom of this father full of tenderness, who flies to meet the prodigal child. Render these sterile tears meritorious by shedding them at his feet; implore him. The first word

pronounced with love and sorrow, by this mouth, which dares not to invoke his name, will be an act of your pardon, and of his return to you by his grace." Silva then took from his bosom the cross of Lorenzo, which he always carried about him, and placed it on the trembling lips of Augusta. He then spoke to her a long time with much animation, but too low for us to comprehend what he said. She burst into tears, and pressed the cross to her heart. "Bring Mr. Moore," said she, "but return with him, and do not leave me." Silva rose up, and darted out of the room, and found himself in the arms of his father. He turned pale; Lord Walsingham was too much affected to speak; he pressed his son a moment to his heart, then, with a faltering voice, he said: "Let not my presence interrupt the work of Heaven, which you long to complete. Mr. Moore will follow you; do not trouble yourself about returning to the Castle before you have fulfilled the designs for which God employs you in his service."

Silva, without replying, kissed the hand of his father and took Mr. Moore's arm: "Our prayers are heard, sir; come, she wishes to see you."

To be continued.

INFANTS ASLEEP.

How beautiful they are—that infant pair,
As they lie wrapped in calm and dreamless sleep,
Nestling like mated doves—and mingling sweet
The perfume of their pure and gentle breaths.
On his fair sister's snowy arm, the boy
Hath couched his downy cheek, and she hath thrown
Her head upon his bosom lovingly:
So motionless they lie, they might be ta'en
For a creation of the sculptor's art,
But that the azure and transparent veins
That wander through their alabaster brows,
And the soft hue that mantles o'er their cheeks
Like the reflection of a rose on snow,
Proclaim the hand of Deity is there.

There is a charm about their loveliness,
Beauty, material only, could not give.
'Tis in the exquisite repose, which tells
That souls unsullied, and hearts free from guile,
Within those graceful tabernacles dwell;
No human passions mar their tranquil rest;
No feverish dreamings, such as haunt the soul
Which hath had commerce with the busy world,
Raising up shadowy phantoms of the past,
And visions of the future—there they lie
In their consummate grace, twin cherubims,—
Fresh from their God—all purity and peace.

[*Selected.*]

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope.—The following extract from the "*Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated,*" by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, both on account of the importance of the subject, and the high authority of the learned and distinguished author, is worthy of a careful perusal:

The primacy is essentially a spiritual office, which has not, of divine right, any temporal appendage: yet the Pope is actually sovereign of a small principality in Italy, designated *the patrimony of St. Peter, or the States of the Church.* It has been so styled, because it has been attached to the pontifical office, through reverence for the prince of the apostles. It has no necessary connection with the primacy, and though Catholics beyond the Roman States, are not subject to the civil authority of the Pope, yet it is a matter of no small interest to trace its history, and observe by what a combination of events Providence has annexed it to the Holy See, and most wonderfully maintained it amidst the revolutions of empires and kingdoms.

Christ sent forth his disciples without scrip or staff, giving them no dominion over the least spot of earth. In making Peter the ruler of His kingdom, He gave him no dominion, nor wealth, nor any of the appendages of royalty. The Master had not whereon to lay His head; and the chief disciple was unprovided with any earthly possession. Gold and silver he had not, but he had powers of a supernatural order, for the government of men in order to salvation.

The generous zeal with which the first disciples devoted themselves to the service of God, led many of them to sell their property, and lay the purchase-money at the feet of St. Peter, to form thence a common fund for the general necessities: yet we have no reason to suppose that it rose to any great amount, since the constantly flowing streams of beneficence left but little in the common reservoir. When the apostle closed his career, he bequeathed to his successors no inheritance but the labors and dangers of his office. Fôr three centuries they continued exposed to the fury of persecution. Nevertheless, the generosity of the faithful consecrated to the service of religion, under their direction, a considerable portion of their worldly riches; so that a public treasure was formed, by means of which the clergy and a large number of indigent persons were supported. In the middle of the third century, Pope Cornelius, in a letter to Fabius, Bishop of Antioch, stated that there were then at Rome forty-six priests, seven deacons, seven sub-deacons, forty-two acolythes, fifty-two exorcists, lectors, and janitors; that is, clergymen in minor orders; and one thousand five hundred widows, with other afflicted and distressed persons,—to all of whom the grace and bounty of the Lord furnished support. The heathens believed the wealth of the Church to be great, since the deacon Laurence, in the time of persecution, was called on to deliver it up to the public officer. To avoid doing so, he distributed all to the poor, whom he presented at the appointed time, saying: "Here are the treasures of the Church."

It is certain that the Emperor Constantine, on his conversion to Christianity, bestowed large possessions on the Bishop of Rome; although the document purporting to be the instrument of donation is now acknowledged to be suppositious. As the acute De Maistre observes, nothing is more certain than the donation of Constantine. Voltaire avows that "he gave in reality to the cathedral church of St. John, not to the Bishop of Rome individually, a thousand marcs of gold, and thirty thousand marcs of silver, with a revenue of fourteen thousand sous, and lands in Calabria. Each emperor successively increased this patrimony. The Bishops of Rome stood in need of it. The missionaries whom they soon sent to pagan Europe, the exiled Bishops to whom they afforded a refuge, the poor whom they fed, put them under the necessity of being very wealthy." The palace of Lateran was in the possession of the Pope, soon after

the conversion of Constantine, since Melchiades held there a Council to decide the Donatist controversy, and the Church erected beside it still bears the name of the generous emperor. Fleury testifies, that from the ancient monuments of the Roman Church, it is apparent that Constantine gave to the baptistery of St. John of Lateran, which is attached to the Constantine basilic, so many houses and farms, not only in Italy, but likewise in Sicily, Africa, and Greece, that the annual revenue amounted to 30,934 marcs of gold. Secular influence naturally followed wealth, and the withdrawal of Constantine from the ancient capital of the empire, left the Bishop of Rome in a position almost independent; the pontifical chair being no longer overshadowed by the imperial throne. Necessity forced him oftentimes to act as protector and father of the Roman people, when his interposition alone could avert the wrath of some fierce barbarian rushing forward to lay the fair city in ruins, and fill her streets with her slaughtered citizens. When Attila, "the scourge of God," at the head of 500,000 Huns, advanced to its destruction, the mild eloquence of Leo the Great disarmed him. Two years afterwards, the Pontiff discharged the same office of mediator with Genseric, who, at the head of Vandals and Moors, came to wreak vengeance on the queen of nations: but he could only save the citizens by delivering the city to pillage. Although the Bishop of Rome was not in fact a temporal sovereign, yet his spiritual power was surrounded with so great secular influence, that he almost ranked as a prince, and felt that wrongs inflicted on his representatives in the imperial court were violations of the rights of sovereignty. In 484, St. Felix complained to the Emperor Zeno, that the laws of nations had been violated by the injurious treatment of his legates.

The moderation and indulgence with which the Popes treated dependents, made men desirous of enjoying their protection. St. Gregory the Great exhorted Sabinian, Bishop of Callipolis, a city dependent on the Roman Church, to see that the citizens should not be overmuch burdened. Pantaleon, the notary of Syracuse, having reported to him that injustice had been practised in the name of the Roman Church on her dependents, he praised him, and directed strict inquiry to be made into the wrongs already committed, that they might be repaired: "for," he says, "like the Teacher of the nations, I have all things, and abound: and I do not seek money, but a heavenly recompense." He instructed Peter, his agent in Sicily, to cause restitution to be made, if, as was alleged, the possessions of individuals, or their personal property, or their slaves, had been seized on in the name of the Roman Church, within the preceding ten years, and to save the aggrieved the trouble of coming to Rome for redress. Strict impartiality was enjoined by him, as the best evidence which the agent could give of his devotedness to the Apostolic See: "for then," says he, "you will be truly a soldier of St. Peter, if in cases which concern him you maintain what is right, without regard to his interests." Guizot, after citing some humane regulations of Gregory, observes: "It is easy to understand why people were at that time eager to place themselves under the dominion of the Church: lay proprietors were certainly far from showing like solicitude for the well-being of the occupants of their domains."

The possessions of the Roman Church were regarded as a trust for the poor, whose interest St. Gregory felt that he was guarding, while he attended to the collection of the revenues, which he dispensed with liberality and discernment. He directed two thousand bushels of wheat to be given by the Deacon Cyprian, his agent in Sicily, to the Bishop Zeno, for the relief of the poor of the city. Sending the priest Candidus into Gaul, to manage the small patrimony of the Roman Church in that kingdom, he ordered the revenues to be employed in buying clothes for the poor, and in purchasing English boys of seventeen or eighteen years of age, that they might be rescued from the bondage of error and sin, and instructed in some monastery where they might serve God.

Those who, in consequence of superior capacity and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, being continued, will make knowledge useless and genius contemptible.

The Indian and the Dog.—Many years ago, says a Boston paper, an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull-dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation. Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent all the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who passed along, either on pleasure or business. The owner, first mate of the vessel, would sit for hours and detail the wonderful deeds of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero, or rather, there raved the insane creature of the multitude, each individual indulging the vague hope that he would presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his powers.

Among the idlers was an Indian, who occasionally visited the city and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, the bull-dog was particularly violent, greatly to the amusement of the fellows, who took a malicious pleasure in irritating the animal. The mate finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose and eat him up. The Indian, not the least alarmed, in broken English announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground and chained to a post, he would for five dollars fight the dog with nothing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down from the ship and fastened him to a post. The Indian put away his bow and arrow, his knife, laid his neck bare, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced.

The Indian approached the dog crawling upon all-fours, barking and growling as if he was one himself. The bull-dog mean while jumped and fumed at the mouth, while his eyes beamed living fire with irritation. The Indian, however, kept up his pantomime, and gradually brought his face in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered, for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had become excited, and insisted upon "seeing the thing out." A mutual silence ensued between the combatants, the dog straining his chain in his anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was as straight and solid as a bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian seized the bull-dog's under-lip between his teeth, and in an instant whirled himself with the dog, over on his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air, and his jaw imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain; whereupon the Indian shook him a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold. The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy, and screamed with terror to get beyond the reach of the chain.

Avarice.—Hesham 15th Caliph of the Saracens was an able statesman, but was avaricious and seldom withheld by justice from robbing his people. El Makin, the Arabian author, relates that no caliph ever possessed so much tapestry nor so many robes and garments. "Six hundred camels," says this author, "were employed to carry his wardrobe, of which a thousand girdles and ten thousand shirts made a part." Waled, his nephew, ambitious of reigning, having received intelligence that Hesham was ill and past recovery, despatched some of his confidants to Damascus, that they might take possession of the royal treasure in his name. One day, Hesham having got a little respite, asked for a sum of money out of his treasury, which he wanted to dispose of. Finding that access to it was refused, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "O God! have I been amassing wealth all my life, not for myself, but for Waled!" These were his last words, grief and indignation broke his heart. This prince so fond of hoarding, died in as great want of necessaries as the most wretched of his subjects. "He who hath gold, hath fear: he who hath none, hath sorrow."—Covetous men are fools, says Burton, miserable wretches, buzzards, madmen, who live by themselves, in perpetual slavery, fear, suspicion, sorrow, discontent, with more of gall than honey in their enjoyments, who are rather possessed by their money than possessors of it; *mancipati pecuniis*, bound apprentices to their property; and *servi divitiarum*, mean slaves and drudges to their substance.

A Man Voluntarily in Bed for Forty-nine Years.—The last London "Illustrated News" has the following:—

On Friday, the 7th inst., were consigned to their final resting place, in the church yard of Keighley, Yorkshire, the mortal remains of one of the most eccentric individuals that ever lived; in fact a parallel seems scarcely possible of a man voluntarily going to bed in good health, and remaining there for a period of 49 years! He went by the cognomen of "Old Threelaps" in the neighborhood, but his real name was William Sharpe. He lived in an isolated house called "Worlds," (probably an abbreviation of "World's End") not far from Braithwaite, in the parish of Keighley. He was the son of a small farmer, born A. D. 1777, and from an early age showed little predisposition to steady work. When thirty years of age he took to his bed and the room, which he never left till carried thence on the day of his funeral. The cause of this extraordinary conduct is believed to have been a matrimonial disappointment; his wedding day was fixed, accompanied by a friend he wended his way down to the parish church, and there patiently awaited the arrival of his bride elect; but she never came; her father having sternly and steadily refused his consent. Henceforth the young man consigned himself to a small room, nine feet square, with the determination of spending the remainder of his existence between the blankets—which resolution he kept most unflinchingly. At the time of Sharpe's death, the window of his room had never been opened for 38 years! In this dreary abode did this strange being immure himself. He constantly refused to speak to any one, and if spoken to, never answered even those who were his constant attendants. His father, by his will, made provision for the temporal wants of his eccentric son, and so secured him a constant attendant. During the whole period of this self-imposed confinement, he never had any serious illness, the only case of indisposition those about him can remember being a slight loss of appetite for two or three days, caused apparently by indigestion, and this notwithstanding he ate on the average as much as any farm laborer.

Benjamin Franklin in his Gig.—It is now about a century since Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the Crown, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It was about eighty years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress, when a small folio, (now preserved in the department at Washington,) containing but three quires of paper, lasting as an account book for two years. These simple facts bring up before us, more forcibly than an elaborate description, the vast increase in post office facilities within a hundred years; for if a postmaster general were to undertake to pass over all the routes at present existing, it would require six years of incessant railroad travel, at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles daily—which, if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require a life time for its performance. Instead of a small folio with its three quires of paper, the post office account consumes every two years, 3,000 of the largest size ledgers, keeping no less than 100 clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with 30,000 contractors and other persons.

Dr. Kane, in his journal, gives the following specimens of what may be done in acquiring the power of enduring cold:

"The mysterious compensation by which we adapt ourselves to the climate are more striking here than in the tropics. In the Polar zone the assault is immediate and sudden, and, unlike the insidious fatality of hot countries, produces its result rapidly. It requires hardly a single winter to tell who are to be heat-making and acclimatized men. Peterson, for instance, who has resided for two years at Upernavich, seldom enters a room with a fire. Another of our party, George Riley, with a vigorous constitution, established habits of free exposure, and active, cheerful temperament, has so inured himself to the cold that he sleeps on our sledge journeys without a blanket or any other covering than his walking suit, while the outside temperature is thirty degrees below zero."

The Sources of the Mississippi.—Lift a bucket of water from the Mississippi river at New Orleans, and ask yourself the question, "From whence it came," and the answer may be: From the sandy deserts of New Mexico, from the pine hills of Carolina, from the rolliug prairies of Nebraska, or from the cotton fields of Georgia; from the British possessions, north of the 49th degree of latitude, separated by a thin ridge of ice-covered rocks, from streams that flow into the Arctic ocean, or from bowers of orange and magnolia that perfume the cane-fields of Louisiana; from the frozen lakes that gem the bosom of Minnesota and Wisconsin, or from the sunny fountains that gush up from the flowery plains of Alabama and Tennessee; from the lake bound peninsula of Michigan; from the hill-sides of waving grain in Pennsylvania and New York; from the tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland.

It may be part of those mighty volumes that roll their never tiring waves through Iowa and Missouri, through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio; through Kentucky and Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas. It is a part of the ten thousand thousand little rills that come hymning their way from that mountain range wherein arise the Columbia and the Colorado of the West, or of those from whence the Delaware and Susquehanna hasten away to meet the rising sun. In the spurs of the Alleghany it has saluted the springs of the Roanoke and the Saluda, and far beyond the Black Hills it has locked arms with the mighty Saskashawan, as he hurries on his cheerless journey to Hudson's Bay. The springs of the Conewango listen to the roar of Niagara, and the fountains of the Platte overlook the craters of the extinct volcanoes of Utah. It has fertilized a country greater than the empire of Alexander, and has carried a richer commerce than all the rivers tributary to Imperial Rome. *Louisville Journal.*

Reproof.—The following, taken from an exchange, we heartily commend to our readers. The golden maxims it contains, cannot be too strongly inculcated:

Whisper it softly, when nobody's near,
Let not those accents fall harsh on her ear;
She is a blossom, too tender and frail
For the keen blast—the pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently, 'twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches the stubborn may move—
Noble the conquest aided by love.

Whisper it kindly, 'twill pay thee to know,
Penitent tear-drops down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue wandered astray?
Guide her feet gently, rough is the way.

She has no parent, none of her kin;
Lead her from error, keep her from sin.
Does she lean on thee? cherish the trust;—
God to the merciful ever is just.

Times as they were.—In the year 1784, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish the practice then prevailing, passed the following resolution, after considerable opposition:—"That hereafter no member shall come into the chamber barefooted, nor eat bread and cheese on the steps of the capitol."—So says an exchange.

A sceptical man one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing that he did not understand. Dr. Parr replied, "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

It is principle, and not manners, that makes the man. Principle is the main-spring; manners are only the figures on the dial.

A Chapter for the Young.

A Young Hero.—*An example worthy of imitation.*—Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars *whistling* in school. Whenever he called the boy up to account for such a disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—'he forgot all about where he was.' This became so frequent, that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender. The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud sharp whistle broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief-maker and a liar. He was called up, and with a somewhat stubborn look, he denied it again and again—commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant, a little slender fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear and firm tone of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him—I whistled. I was doing a long hard sum, and in rubbing out another, rubbed it out by mistake, and spoiled it all, and before I thought, I whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may ferule me, sir, as you said you should." And with all the firmness he could command, he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected.

"Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity; "I would not strike *you a blow* for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle. You have been a hero, sir."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him in admiration, for the smallest scholar could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent man. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct. *Twilight Hours.*

A Touching Incident.—The following touching incident recently occurred in one of the Courts of France:

Lucille Rome, a pretty little girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a lively countenance, started from amidst the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid."

"O, how good you are James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About two years ago, sir," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to my-

self, I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed, while I slept on the floor. But it appears that she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I soon found a good place where I am lodged, fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir."

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

An Unexpected Gift.—A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men, it was his office to instruct! While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's task.

The young student turned to the professsor saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes, but feeling something hard, he stopped and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides; but could see no one.

He put the money into his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his surprise when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him—he saw the money was a present—and he fell upon his knees, looked up to Heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget! I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

Advice for Young and Old.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor,—Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the part of a hyprocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere; and mountains will become mole-hills.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Olive Branch; or, the White Oak Farm. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The genius of the present age is adequate to any task—even that of making a book possessing no small degree of attraction, out of the *darkest* and most unattractive materials. Here is a novel, a genuine work of fiction, with characters of every shade of color, discussing with the gravity of sages the merits and demerits of domestic slavery. The book, however, is not a rehash of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The author has the merit of attempting a good purpose,—that of amicably discussing the subject, apart from all bitterness of feeling, and free from every thing that could in the remotest degree wound the feelings of the most sensitive. He tells us that he has written the volume in the hope that it may be acceptable to the citizens of both North and South, and "to them he offers it as an *Olive Branch*, in all good faith and Christian affection."

The question of slavery is at all times exciting. Unfortunately we have our extremes, both North and South, on the subject. Hence it is seldom approached with that calmness and deliberation, that coolness and freedom from passion, which its importance demands. Indeed, so unaccustomed have persons been to listen to reason on this question, that even the highest judicial opinion in the country on the subject, is treated by a large portion of our citizens with no more respect than the wild ravings of a maniac. It is, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure that we find a book on this subject coming from a non-slaveholding State, breathing moderation and couched in language unoffensive to the ear of a Southerner. It bespeaks the return of a better feeling on the subject, and gives room to hope that reason may finally settle that vexed question.

There is much in the book before us that might be read with profit both by the friends and foes of slavery. A Judge Woodhull is taken as the representative of the South. The judge calmly discusses the question with his friend, Col. Laurance. He shows that no good has resulted from the extreme agitation of the subject; on the contrary, that it has been productive of evil, and has rendered the condition of the slave much worse than before such agitation was commenced. He laments the blindness and fanaticism of those, who believe or who feign to believe, that slavery is *per se* iniquitous and abominable, and, therefore, ought to be resisted as a moral evil. There is logic in some of the learned judge's remarks well worthy of a place in a more serious work. He rises above the level of a fictitious speaker, and discusses the subject with all the gravity of a statesman. Listen to him and see how many truths he tells in the following extract:

"I believe that the safety of the South depends upon the prevalence of conservative views. We occupy at present an extent of territory large enough, in all conscience, for our political and social wants. Let us be content with it. What we gain in extension we lose in stability. Our policy points to consolidation. Congress has no power under the Constitution to legislate in relation to slavery in our acknowledged borders. It cannot therefore interfere with us without violence to the federal constitution; and the public sentiment of the whole Union is overwhelmingly in favor of preserving its principles intact. Whatever we may think or say respecting slavery in the abstract, it exists; and that not by our own choice. It is an entailed institution. We are told—'get rid of it—set your slaves at liberty. This slavery is a blot upon our national escutcheon; we are ashamed of you and your quashy tribe both. Break your yoke and let the oppressed go free.' We answer you: 'You talk at random. Set our slaves free? We suppose we do: what then? We have near four millions of them, or shall have, if the ratio of increase continues in the same proportion until the next census. If these millions are set free, and all the restraints which are now barely sufficient to keep them under control be removed, then we do not want them in the South. But where are they to go? At the West the cry is: "We will not have them!" By the Constitution of Illinois, of 1848, the General Assembly was required at the first session, to pass such laws as would *effectually prohibit* free persons of color emigrating to or settling

in the State, and to *effectually* prevent the owners of slaves from bringing them into the State for the purpose of setting them free. Somewhat similar restrictions exist in Ohio. Georgia and Florida forbid free negroes to enter their limits: and, in short, the result of immediate emancipation would be the expulsion of the African race from most of the states of the confederacy, and the measure would involve an immense amount of cruel suffering. We must, therefore, for the present take things as they are, and try to make the best of them! If the thing were practicable in the present juncture, the South might be glad to be rid of slavery: it would be no disadvantage; but the thing is not practicable.'"

2. The Dublin Review for April—No. LXXXIII. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson & Son. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This able Review, embodying at all times the soundest and most erudite critiques on the current literature of the day, presents in the present number a greater and more interesting variety than usual. It opens with an article of much ability, showing the importance of a more familiar acquaintance with the modern languages, and the many advantages to be derived from their study. The Reviewer answers the objections of those who argue that an acquaintance with foreign works may be acquired from translations, in the following words: "But then they must wait for the translations and trust to their fidelity, both of which are serious evils. Besides, all the beauty of the language and all its splendid literature are lost—these cannot be translated. The translator is often a mere drudge, incapable of appreciating the works which he translates, and at best he can only represent the body, he cannot animate his likeness with the spirit which gave life to the original."

The remarks of the Review, as to the many advantages to be derived from a knowledge of the modern languages, especially of the German, French, and Spanish, apply with equal force on this side of the Atlantic. This country is the great forum on which the representatives of the various nations of Europe meet. They form at present no small portion of the body politic. We mingle with them in our daily pursuits; but we are debarred of many advantages in a business point of view, and of much pleasure in our social relation with them, by reason of our want of a knowledge of one or more of the modern languages. The increasing importation of foreign publications, is another reason why we should extend our acquaintance with the modern languages. A knowledge of the French and German, especially, would serve as the key to introduce us to a vast storehouse of science—a domain of literature, of which we have but little conception.

On account of the many advantages to be derived from this study, it is a subject of regret, that so few of our citizens have any knowledge of the languages of Europe, save the Anglo-Saxon tongue. It is not, we believe, that the study of the modern languages is neglected in our schools; their study forms a prominent part in the course pursued in many of our colleges and academies. But after all, how few there are of the young men and young ladies, who come from these institutions, that have made any proficiency in the acquisition of these languages. Few can translate, and fewer still can speak them. Is this owing to any defect in our educational system? Or must it be attributed to the incapacity of American youth. This we do not believe. Nevertheless, there seems to be a defect somewhere, which deserves the attention of those entrusted with the instruction of the rising generation.

The second article in the Review is an admirable comparison between the histories of Lingard and Macaulay. The object of the writer is to show, that the Revolution was caused by the anti-Catholic party, and originated in the same spirit, and aimed at the same ends as the Rebellion, which was a conspiracy of a like faction, and at once the retribution and result of royal tyranny. The contradictions and the discrepancies of the respective views entertained, and the parts taken first in the Rebellion, and next in the Revolution, are contrasted in the following words of the Review:

"The 'Church of England as by law established,' prescribes, for the 'Feast of King Charles, the Martyr,' a prayer, in which it is stated, that his life was taken away by 'cruel and bloody men,' that this was a 'heavy judgment, which the sins of the nation

brought upon it,' 'and for which the country was delivered into the hands of cruel and unreasonable men.' And on the double anniversary of the pretended discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and of the landing of 'Our Deliverer from Popery,' the State Church requires its ministers to thank God 'for discovering and confounding the horrible and wicked enterprise plotted and intended to have been executed against the King and State of England, for the subversion of the government and religion established among us, and for wonderfully conducting King William to preserve us from the attempts of our enemies to bereave us of our religion and laws, and for the deliverance of our Church and nation from Popish tyranny and arbitrary power;' and furthermore, in the fulness of its devotion the State Church prays the Almighty to cut off all such workers of iniquity as 'turn religion into rebellion and faith into faction.' To appreciate the mingled blasphemy, absurdity and hypocrisy, of these specimens of the 'services' of a State Church, it is necessary to bear in mind, what we have shown in former articles, that tyranny was first established in this country by those monarchs who suppressed 'Popery;' and that the reaction from this tyranny was combined with the anti-Catholic prejudices they had inspired, and produced the bitter and sour spirit of Puritanism which first 'turned faith into faction and religion into rebellion.'"

Of William, "of pious and immortal memory," the writer says:

"Even Mackintosh, as good a whig as Macaulay, but not such a reckless and servile eulogist of the Revolution and its hero, believes that William had been implicated in the horrible massacre of the brothers De Witt; and that he was privy, or capable of being privy to a plot for murdering James. Any how, he for years machinated most treacherously and unscrupulously to rob his wife's father of his throne, and did so by the basest means and on the falsest pretences. 'The prince had already the reputation of being not only a phlegmatic but an unscrupulous politician. His policy was charged by some with tolerating, by others with sharing the practices which stimulated the populace of the Hague to massacre the patriot brothers De Witt, and give him undivided sway over the republic.' His agents in England got up the horrible Popish plot; and so soon as he landed he concocted another. He caused to be issued a proclamation setting forth that the Papists were in arms to destroy London by fire, and massacre the Protestants: called upon the magistrates to secure them, and declared that not only if they resisted, but even if found with arms in their houses, or were in office, they should be treated as robbers and refused quarter!"

The leading cause of the hostility to Catholicity in England the writer shows in the following words, and as a matter of history it is well worthy of being remembered:

"The new aristocracy were almost entirely founded upon the spoils of the Church. It would be difficult to fix upon any family of the aristocracy, still less on any of the leaders among them, whose estates had not been enriched, if not entirely derived, from Church lands. We have already drawn particular attention to this, in some of the most remarkable instances, as the houses of Russell, Seymour, Paget, Herbert, &c. These men were the prime movers of the Reformation, and they were the original movers of the Rebellion. Their motive, in the first case, was the acquisition of Church lands; in the second, the retention of those lands. This was the reason of their perpetual recourse to a 'no-Popery cry;' and let it be observed, that the lands of religious houses had been, to a great extent, divided and resold, and parcelled out among a large number of persons; so that (especially when the case of Ireland is borne in mind, with the wholesale confiscations which there took place), there were few landed proprietors in the country who had not a pecuniary interest in Protestantism, and hereditary reasons for hating Popery, or affecting to hate it."

The other articles of prominent interest in the present number of the Review, are Epidemic Disease in Ireland, Recent Antiquarian Discoveries in Italy, a paper on English and Irish Crime, and the State of the Catholic Affairs, all of which are well worthy the attention of the reader.

3. The Sufferings of Jesus: by *Catharine Emmerich*. Translated by a Sister of Mercy. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This interesting little work contains a series of meditations, if we may so call them, on the passion and death of our Divine Lord. The pious author is said to have been favored with visions in her meditations during the season of Lent, and to have been conducted in spirit through the different stages of our Lord's passion, and relates without art, what was revealed to her concerning these sacred events.

Whether these visions were the dictates of her pious imagination, or whether in the inscrutable designs of Providence she was really permitted to witness the suffering, agony and death of our Divine Redeemer, we will not pretend to say. Such things

have been accorded to some special servants of God, as the reward of their tender devotion to the Passion. The meditations, however, breathe a spirit of fervor and piety which goes to the heart of the reader, and leaves there impressions that must be productive of good. The short sketch of the life of Catharine Emmerich which the book contains is exceedingly interesting. We will take pleasure on some future occasion in laying it before our readers.

4. Mass for Four Voices, &c. By *H. S. Colman.* Baltimore: H. M'Caffrey,—Murphy & Co.

We have examined this Mass and find it much to our taste, on account of its simplicity and melody, and the ease with which it may be learned by choirs of even humble pretensions. The music without being grand, is sweet and harmonious, and of a kind that is calculated to please. We understand it has already been produced with great satisfaction by one of the choirs of this city, and on no less an occasion than Easter Sunday. This speaks well for its merit. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable contribution to our stock of Catholic music.

5. The Memorare: A Collection of Catholic Music, &c. By *Anthony Werner.* Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Baltimore: H. M'Caffrey,—Murphy & Co.

This is the title of a new collection of Catholic Music, arranged by Prof. Werner, of Boston. The pieces are selected from the best composers, and combine the qualities of great brilliancy, power, beauty and harmony. The names of Witzka, Est, F. X. Schmidt, Cherubini, Palestrina, Stoeclin, and others equally celebrated, are enough to give assurance of the excellence of the music. Prof. Werner himself stands second to none in the country as an accomplished musician and choral director. There are six Masses, besides a mass of Requiem, and a large number of miscellaneous pieces, nearly all of which are arranged for four voices, yet in such a manner that some of them may be sung as duetts or trios. Many of the very best of these compositions are, in all their magnificent harmony, so simple, that they may be easily learned by any choir, where the least musical knowledge or taste exists. The entire arrangement is excellent and exhibits the hand of a master. On the whole, a more noble or useful collection of Catholic music has not, to our knowledge, ever been published; while at the same time it is the cheapest work of the kind that has yet been issued from the American press. The fact that it is published with the sanction and special recommendation of the Right Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, is sufficient of itself to establish its claims to superior merit; since the distinguished prelate is known to possess an intimate acquaintance with "the art divine." We therefore heartily recommend it to clergymen and leaders of choirs throughout the country.

6. The Catholic Chronicle.—To our Australian friends we owe an apology for having so long inadvertently delayed a notice of their excellent periodical. The *Catholic Chronicle* is a monthly magazine, published at Melbourne, in the far distant land of Australia. Its appearance is a proof of the rapid progress of our holy faith in the great Southern empire, a monument of Catholic zeal and enterprise, and living evidence of the fact that wherever Catholicity gains a foothold, intellectual culture and the diffusion of knowledge go hand in hand with religion. The *Chronicle* is conducted with a spirit of enterprise and ability worthy of the cause in which it is engaged. It has the best wishes of the Catholics of the States for its permanency and success.

Books Received.—From Charles Scribner, *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots,* in two books; by Donald MacLeod. From D. Appleton & Co., *Illustrated School History of the United States,* and the adjacent parts of America, from the earliest discoveries to the present time; by G. P. Quackenbos, A. M.;—and *The Life of Charlotte Bronte,* in two volumes; by E. C. Gaskell. From G. P. Putnam & Co., *The Bay Path,* a tale of New England Colonial Life; by J. G. Holland. From Murphy & Co., *The Creator and the Creature; or, the Wonders of Divine Love;* by F. W. Faber, D. D.;—and *Gerald O'Reilly,* or the Triumph of Principle; and *Eva Beirne,* or the Little Lace Maker—the first volume of their Juvenile Series for Parochial and Sunday Schools, Premiums, &c.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—The publications of the last month are few, and the announcements of new Catholic works still fewer. Some however we may notice, and among these Dr. Miley's work on the Temporal Power of the Popes claims the first rank. The able works which have already emanated from the pen of this distinguished scholar and divine attest his familiarity with Rome's history and his fitness for the task which he has undertaken.

Two contributions to the history of the Catholic Church in England also appear, announced as nearly ready. These are Canon Flanagan's compendious History of the Church in England, which will be a most useful and serviceable work, and Dr. Oliver's Collections as to the History of the Church in England.

The latter author is already well known for his work on the English, Scotch and Irish members of the Society of Jesus, a work of immense research, and a perfect biographical dictionary of the Jesuits in the British isles. Since the days of Bishop Challoner no one has put in a permanent form more that relates to the history of the Church in England for the period since the Reformation.

In France, Lecoffre has published an important work, "La Théologie des Familles Chrétiennes ou cours suivi et complet d'enseignement religieux en forme de lectures par tous les jours de l'année"—"Theology for Catholic families, or a complete and connected course of religious instruction in the form of readings for every day in the year." The author, M. l'abbé Tamisey, says truly: "Didactic works by the severity of their style attract few of the faithful who ordinarily seek rather nourishment for their piety than instruction for their mind, and who in this last respect rely too readily perhaps on the impression that they know all that they ought to know. If the books instruct, they do not always exhort enough; and on the other hand pious books exhort well indeed, but do not give sufficient instruction." The repulsive dryness of many of our excellent didactic works is well known, and the want here noticed in French is doubly felt in English.—Mgr. Dupanloup's works on Education, that absorbing question of the day, are still continued, and excite great attention.

Among the reprints of old ascetical works we find Douniol announcing "Entretrens sur la vie cachée de Jesus-Christ dans l'Eucharistie par le père Charles Lalemant de la Compagnie de Jesus, premier Superieur de la mission du Canada:" an edition due to Father Alphonse Cadres, who revises it and adds a sketch of the author. Charles Lalemant uncle of the great martyr was himself long a missionary in America, having been one of the founders of St. Saviour's mission on Mount Desert island in 1613, and also one of the first on the St. Lawrence. He was several times wrecked and often in danger, but at an advanced age returned to France. The pious outpouring of the early missionary on the coast of Maine may not unfairly be claimed as a part of American Catholic literature.

American.—Our Catholic publishers have made no new announcements, although we learn that Cunningham has in press an American edition of Northcote's work on the Catacombs, which has elicited such general praise in England. An American edition of Maitland's Dark Ages is also promised, and will we hope be given.

Nor have any of the works lately announced by them appeared, except Dr. Faber's new work, which is noticed in the first article in this number,—so that this month we have little to chronicle. If not literary news, at least something new in the world of letters is the fact that a New York type founder is about to cut dies for a full font of Irish type, none of which are, we believe, to be found in this country. The history of Irish printing is curious. The Reformation excited Irish scholars, and they found on the continent freedom that England had denied them at home. The first works in Irish character were printed in the Low Countries at Louvain, Antwerp and Brussels. The Propaganda Press at Rome issued at least two works in Irish character, and Paris

claims at least one. Few works were printed in Ireland in the Irish character before the present century, and none, we believe, before 1735. Since 1800 a great number have appeared, and the active study of the Irish language is a most consoling feature, as it cannot but shed new light on the history of Catholic Ireland, the only European language still spoken that has a literature anterior to the tenth century. The extent of the Irish element in this country will naturally lead to the study of Irish as it does in many to the study of the Anglo Saxon ; and more than one family and can show its manuscripts with pure Gaelic enough on the venerable pages to make a knowledge of the language a matter of pride.

Archbishop Kenrick's Works.—A late number of the *Catholic Chronicle*, a periodical which we have noticed elsewhere, thus speaks of the works of our Most Rev. Archbishop :

His treaties on Dogmatic and Moral Theology have placed him in the first class of modern Theologians, and his Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated," and his " Vindication of the Catholic Church," have earned him a high reputation among all ranks of the clergy and laity both in Europe and America. But the work, which at the present moment we wish to especially to bring under the notice of our readers, is a translation of " The Four Gospels " from the Latin Vulgate. Its objects are, first, to vindicate the Catholic Vulgate, and show its superiority to the Anglican version; and, secondly, by short notes to remove difficulties and facilitate the reading of the Gospels. Cardinal Wiseman, in his exquisite illustrations of Catholic Doctrine by the Parables of the New Testament, speaks of this work as a monument of learning, and, referring to the Vulgate, supports Archbishop Kenrick's proposition as follows :

" It is an undoubted fact that all modern judicious critics will give great weight, and even preference, to the Vulgate or Latin version beyond the ordinary Greek text, where the two differ. The reason is simple : on these occasions the oldest and best manuscripts, and the most ancient versions, almost invariably agree with the Vulgate, and their concurrent testimony establishes the fact that the Vulgate represents manuscripts more accurate than have been used to form the received Greek text. When we consider the scorn cast by the Reformers upon the Vulgate and their recurrence in consequence to the Greek as the only accurate standard, we cannot but rejoice at the silent triumph which truth has at length gained over clamorous error. For, in fact, the principal writers who have avenged the Vulgate and obtained for it its critical pre-eminence are Protestants. But though such a judgmeat has long been passed by the learned, the great bulk of readers, including men of education, no doubt fancy as yet that the Greek must always have the preference ; and even Catholics may not be free from this opinion. Now Bishop Kenrick has taken the simplest mode of removing it. He shows in few words, that where the Anglican version agrees with the Greek, but differs from the Latin, the best modern Protestant critics give the preference to the latter."

His Eminence then goes on to " express a hope, that this work will lead to others in scriptural learning, and those not merely introductory but deep, earnest and solid. For we are fully convinced that the field belongs exclusively to Catholics, and that they alone can properly occupy it."

It is a subject of much gratification to find that the works of this distinguished Prelate are known and appreciated in almost every civilized part of the world. But recently we had occasion to mention the fact, that a second revised edition of his *Theologia Dogmatica* will soon be issued from the famous establishment of Mr. Dessain, in Malines, Belgium. What the *Chronicle* says of " The Four Gospels," might be repeated of the "Acts of the Apostles " and " The Psalms," the latest productions of his gifted pen.

Newspaper Change.—We learn by announcement that Mr. Thos. D'Arcy McGee has retired from the *American Celt*, and is about to establish in Montreal, Canada, a paper under the title of " The New Era," We hope that Mr. McGee may meet with that encouragement and support, which his industry and varied talents eminently entitle him. As a former contributor to the Metropolitan, he carries with him our best wishes and those of our readers, for his success in the new enterprise in which he is about to embark. The *Celt* passes into the hands of Sadlier & Co., New York, and will be hereafter published under the title of the *New York Tablet.*

Editors' Table.

Lafayette.—Few names connected with the history of our country, deserve to be held in greater veneration than that of Lafayette. His ardent patriotism and disinterested love of liberty, endear his memory to the hearts of the American people, and will forever call forth their gratitude and respect.

The following lines to his memory, though somewhat irregular in their nature, will be read with pleasure:

LAFAYETTE!

Now honor to the gallant Frank, and green his memory be,
In every happy homestead of the land he came to free!
Throughout the wide Republic spread the glory of his name,
And let the mountains thunder back the echoes of his fame!
When gasping *Freedom* fled to seek a wild and unknown shore,
And dimmer, dimmer shone the star that led the Greeks of yore—
When flickering in the western sky it almost seemed to set—
Then blazed anew that sinking star,
As joyful tidings came afar,
That o'er the ocean's rolling wave,
The bold, the young would fly to save
The fortunes of the struggling brave—
And *Freedom* raised her drooping head,
As onward to the rescue sped
The valiant and the chivalrous—the noble Lafayette!

Then in the fray for glory's palm each eager patriot vied,
For Europe's picked and practis'd troops were battling by his side!
And onward with the stars and stripes the flying foeman's glance
Beheld amid the combat borne the snow-white folds of France!
And when the hosts of Freedom shrank before the iron hail,
And where the British bayonet pressed, a moment seem'd to quail—
When scarlet legions swept the field, one dauntless voice yet
Rang hoarsely o'er the bloody plain,
And summoned to the charge again
The champions of their country's right!
One iron arm was seen to smite
Amid the now renewed fight!
And Victory—the struggle past—
In loud huzzas proclaimed at last
The power of a voice—an arm, like that of Lafayette!

Years roll along—again he comes, but now no more in arms,
The mortal strife is long since ceased, and hushed its dread alarms!
The Briton's hostile tracks no more profane our surf-beat strand,
And Peace and Plenty reign supreme throughout the gladdened land!
Rejoice Columbia! gladly hail thy champion true and tried—
And let one long and lasting triumph greet the people's pride!
Still are his actions glory's theme, for never can the debt
That *Freedom* owes him, cancelled be,
Though ages hence, from sea to sea,

A Nation grateful homage pays,
Recounting e'er in strains of praise,
The struggles of the trying days
When failure seemed our certain doom,
But through the fast increasing gloom
We saw the generous son of France—the Catholic Lafayette!!! IVA.

DR. BROWNSON'S LECTURE.—The lecture of this distinguished gentleman in our city on May the 11th, was attended by a large and intelligent audience. Among those present, we observed our Most Rev. Archbishop and several of the clergy, together with other prominent citizens. The subject chosen by the distinguished lecturer was: "The Church as affected by the Concordats of Europe, and by the Constitution of the United States."

On the first part of the subject he touched but briefly, stating that to do it justice would require more time than the occasion would afford. He observed that previously to the time of Constantine, the Church had no legal position; but when Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire, the Church was protected by the laws of the State. It happened, however, in the course of time, that sovereigns, especially the emperors of Germany, revived the ancient Roman laws, concentrating the ownership of property in the ruler of state—and this law was extended to ecclesiastical property. Hence sovereigns, acting upon statutes for centuries dormant, attempted to exercise powers alike infringing the rights of the Church and detrimental to the interests of religion. To settle these subjects of dispute, agreements, called Concordats, were entered into between the Sovereign Pontiff and kings and emperors. A Concordat, as the lecturer explained, was not a treaty, but the settlement of a question by mutual concessions. The Church had always kept her faith with the state, but the latter had not always kept her faith with the Church, as has recently been the case with the Sardinian government. Concordats were not always the most desirable methods of settling difficulties between the Church and the state; yet they were often resorted to by the Church when nothing more advantageous could be obtained. In this country a different state of things prevailed. Here the Church and state are entirely separated, and have wholly distinct and unconnected interests and organizations. The fundamental principle of the Constitution of this country—the equality of the rights of every citizen—carries with it an equality in religion. The government leaves every citizen entire freedom of religion and freedom of conscience, and acknowledges its incompetency to legislate on spiritual subjects; and every man has a right to the protection of the government in the exercise of his religious duties, so long as they do not disturb the good order or well being of society. That the American doctrine on this subject was not that this right of conscience was a right derived by man from society, or from government, but that it was an inherent right belonging to every man alike, and existed prior to the establishment of government, or the formation of society. The power of the state in this country is limited by justice and the natural rights of man, and under this law of justice, the state recognises the right of conscience, but the state does not grant it. The state does not claim any right over the consciences of the citizens. The Constitution does not say that any particular religion shall be protected, but it places all upon the same equality. This principle warrants the legal freedom of the Catholic Church. Here the professor of religion can ask nothing of the state, neither is anything exacted, except obedience to the civil authority. The lecturer regarded it as a great mistake to call this a Protestant country. Such is not the fact. It is a Christian country; but no more Protestant than Catholic. The government recognised no particular Church, but extended the arm of its protection to all in the exercise of their religious rights. The mass of the people belonged to no particular church, and held the consoling doctrine that a man could go to heaven in one religion as well as in another, or in no religion at all.

In the United States, men are governed as free men, no matter what their capacity

may be, and the Church can only govern them, as she can reach their intellectual natures. Whether good or otherwise, this is the true condition of circumstances under which the Church in this country is placed. He would not be understood as saying that this was against the interests of the Church. On the contrary, here she has an opportunity of doing what she could not otherwise have done; and if she makes progress here by addressing herself altogether to the intellectual nature of man, it will be a most glorious work, far more so than if her edicts were enforced by the civil laws of the land. She must here teach men to love the Church and obey the laws because of their affection for her.

The conversion of the American people to the true fold, he did not regard as an easy task, nor to be accomplished in a day nor a year; nevertheless he regarded the task entirely within the range of the power of the Catholic Church. The work which the Church had before her in this country was a glorious one. God could readily compel obedience to his will, but such obedience was not acceptable to him, as he desired an offering of the will—an obedience from principle and love of right. He reminded his audience of a truth, that cannot be too strongly impressed upon Catholics, that if they would succeed in the great work of the conversion of their dissenting fellow-citizens, Catholic talent and Catholic intellect must lead the country. They must not be behind their neighbors, in the pursuits of literature, or in the acquisition of those treasures which adorn the mind. Catholics had done much, but much remained yet to be done. On the youth of the Catholic Church devolved the task of accomplishing the great work which had been already commenced. To them he appealed; to their piety, to their zeal and their energy would shortly be committed the further advancement of the Catholic Church in America.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.—Although we have frequently spoken of these excellent periodicals, and urged their dissemination among the faithful, we feel we will not be trespassing upon the attention of the reader, if we again allude to the subject. Each succeeding number brings with it new subjects of interest, new evidences of the happy fruits of this noble institution, and new sources of consolation to those who have contributed towards the object for which it was established. Could Catholics but realize the glorious results that follow from the small pittance they contribute to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, nothing more would be required to stimulate their zeal and lead them to redouble their exertions a hundred fold, in a cause so worthy their attention. If a glass of water given to the poor man to quench his thirst is not suffered to go unrewarded, how great will be the reward of those who, by their contributions, aid in making known the name of the true God in Pagan lands, and in erecting the cross where infidelity had for ages reigned uncontrolled. "To you," in the beautiful language of the Pastoral of the Capitulary Vicars of the Diocese of Aire, contained in the present number, "To you belong the great apostolic works that are being accomplished at the present day; you it is that make the sun of justice to shine over so many nations, hitherto seated in the shadow of death; you it is that baptize those multitudes, you who plant our glorious Cross upon the most inhospitable shores, you who civilize so many barbarians, you who cause the august Victim to be immolated on the most remote regions and islands of the earth, isolated and, as it were, buried in the depths of the ocean. These immortal works are yours; because those who perform them in the name of God and for His glory are but the spiritual warriors whom you arm by your prayers, and pay with your alms.

"Continue, pious and faithful souls! Amidst the evils which modern impiety has brought down upon our land, amidst the terrors raised in the breasts of all good Christians, by the contempt into which the name of God and His holy laws seem to have fallen amongst us, two great motives of confidence still remain to us: devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Work of the Propagation of the Faith. So long as we preserve these two anchors of safety, we may be tried by the justice of God, but never abandoned by His mercy."

Record of Events.

From April 20th to May 20th, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—The foreign papers contain interesting details of the celebration of Holy Week in Rome. On Palm Sunday, the Holy Father blessed the palms at the Basilica of St. Peter's, and distributed them to the Cardinals of the Sacred College, to the bishops, and others that assisted around the Pontifical throne. On Thursday, in Holy Week, the venerable Pontiff carried the Blessed Sacrament, after High Mass, to the sepulchre in the Pauline Chapel, and afterwards went to St. Peter's to perform the touching ceremony of the washing of feet. After the ceremony was over, the Holy Father served those whose feet he had washed, at dinner in the grand hall above the vestibule of St. Peter's. On Good Friday, Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the Sistine Chapel, by his eminence Cardinal Ferritti. The Holy Father proceeded barefooted, and his head uncovered, arrayed in a simple Alb to the veneration of the Cross. The churches were thronged with the faithful. Some attended the way of the Cross, others with tender devotion ascended on their knees the twenty-eight steps of the Scala Santa. This staircase from the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate, sanctified by the feet of Our Saviour, was brought from Jerusalem to Rome by St. Helen, and has ever since been the object of public veneration. Charlemagne ascended it on his knees. It is particularly on Good Friday that the pilgrims crowd towards the Scala Santa, each one ascending step by step, and bathing them with tears. At the top of the steps there is a large image of our Saviour reposing on a cushion, and, each pilgrim before rising from the kneeling position applies his lips to the wounds and the crown of thorns.

From Holy Thursday, and until the "Gloria in Excelsis" on Holy Saturday, in Rome, as in all Catholic countries, the church bells are silent, and the moment the "Gloria" is intoned, the three hundred belfries of Rome recover their voices, and send forth the most joyous notes of praise in honor of our divine Lord's triumph over sin and death, while the cannon of St. Angelo joined in the anthem, causing the "Seven Hills" to reverberate with the sound. The whole city awakens, as it were, from the sadness of the penitential season, and prepares for the joyous festival of Easter. The present season was closed with even more than ordinary solemnity, the Holy Father lending to it additional interest by his presence, his kindness, and condescension. After the Mass on Holy Saturday, notwithstanding the fatigue of the morning and preceding days, the Holy Father was kind enough to admit to audience about 400 different persons, clergy and laity, from all parts of the world. Each person was presented to his Holiness by Mgr. Pacca, the chamberlain, who entered into conversation with them, blessing the rosaries and medals presented to him. All wished to prostrate themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, which, however, he prevented, by presenting his hand for them to kiss, but some of the ladies more daring in their devotion threw themselves at the Holy Father's feet, regardless of his remonstrances, pressing their lips to the cross of gold worked on his slipper, and this pious violation of his wishes seemed visibly to affect those present, and soon the Holy Father was surrounded by the faithful prostrated before him for the purpose of kissing his sacred feet. On Easter Sunday High Mass was celebrated by the Holy Father himself at the high Altar of St. Peter's.

It is announced that the Pope will shortly leave Rome on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto. On the 16th of April, the Holy Father visited the Oratory of St. Alexander, or the *Via Nomentana*, which was discovered more than a year ago, after it had remained concealed for nearly ten centuries. "On its recovery," writes the corre-

spondent of the London *Standard*, "the altar was found in a state of very remarkable preservation, with the sepulchral slab which had formerly covered the remains of St. Alexander, sixth successor of St. Peter in the Papacy, who was buried here by an illustrious lady named Severina, together with St. Eventius and St. Theodulus, also martyrs. The site of this church and catacombs adjoining belonged to this lady Severina. The property of this portion of the Campagna is now administered by the College of the Propaganda, and a church is to be built here, including the precious remains of primitive ages which we have named. The foundation stone was laid by the Holy Father with all the appointed solemnities. A bronze box, enclosing a medal, was placed in the ground on the occasion. The medal was engraved with the effigy of the Holy Father on one side, and on the reverse the following inscription:—

TEMPLI EXTRUENDI
P
BEATISS. MC MARTYRIB.
ALEXANDRO PAPÆ
EVENTIO ET THEODULO PRESB.
PIUS IX. PONT. MAX.
PRIMUM FUNDAM. LAPIDEM
RITE POSUIT
XVI. KAL. MAJAS, A. MDCCCLVII.
VET. ORATORII RELIQ. NOVA EXED.
COMPREHEN. UT LOCI ANTIQUISS. RELIGIO
STARET.

After the completion of the ceremonies, the Holy Father, sitting in the ancient marble episcopal chair, delivered an address especially to the students of the Propaganda who were present, reminding them that they were being educated for the missionary life, to spread that same faith for which the Holy Pontiff S. Alexander and the other martyrs had shed their blood. He then pronounced the Pontifical Benediction."

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, have issued a circular to all the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and Vicars Apostolic of the Catholic world, inviting subscriptions towards the fund for the purpose of erecting a church over the tomb of St. Alexander, pope. The Holy Father, as characteristic of the zeal with which he takes part in every good work, has subscribed to the fund the sum of 3,000 Roman crowns.

It is a fact not generally known, that several of the charitable confraternities of Rome apply their funds towards furnishing marriage portions to a number of young girls of the working classes. The most prominent of these confraternities, is that of the Blessed Annunciation, which is governed by a committee of ecclesiastics, nobles, and the middle class of Rome. Its President is His Eminence the Vicar-General. This Society distributed on the festival day of the Annunciation, a sum of 21,915 Roman crowns, among 695 girls, some of whom had not yet decided on their state of life. The report states that of the above number, 25 of the portions were granted to young persons who wished to devote themselves to the religious life, thus facilitating their entry into some religious house; and 519 were given as marriage portions. Ignorance and malice would have people believe that persons are compelled, against their will, to enter convents. The above figures will, however, prove that marriage is held in high honor in Rome.

An important measure has been adopted relative to the religious orders of men. A circular from the congregation of Bishops and Regulars, has been issued and sent to all the Generals of Orders, and Superiors of Communities, requesting that henceforth they should only receive the simple vows of young men who have gone through the novitiate, and to require from those who intend to proceed to the solemn vows of profession, a further probation of three years. The object of the Congregation is to give a further guarantee and solidity to those who have a monastic vocation.

SPAIN.—Late advices from Spain indicate that the country is threatened with insurrection; some slight disturbance had taken place. According to the Concordat recently

concluded with the Holy See, there will be several vacant sees to be filled. Nothing, however, it is thought will be done, until after the arrival of the Ambassador from Rome. The church of Spain has recently sustained a severe loss in the death of the venerable Mgr. Gil, Bishop of Lugo.—A grand religious festival took place towards the end of April, on the occasion of the solemn translation of the mortal remains of the great Cardinal Ximenes, to Alcara de Henarès. After the identification of the coffin by the chapters of the two churches, the office of the dead was celebrated; after this, the translation took place.

The war with Mexico is still talked of, though nothing decisive has taken place.

France.—An affair of some importance has taken place which has brought the government in conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities. The Bishop of Monliers is said to have introduced several ecclesiastical regulations, among which he required from the clergymen appointed in his diocese, a previous written pledge that they would not bring ecclesiastical matters into secular courts, and would not pretend to rights, said to have been conferred by certain laws enacted during, or shortly after the Revolution. The Bishop found it necessary to suspend one of the priests of his diocese. He resisted—and instead of appealing as he might have done to the archbishop, he sought redress in the civil courts. The case was brought before the Consil d'Etat, which gave judgment against the bishop, not to the effect that the priest was innocent or undeserving of the censures pronounced by his bishop, but that the bishop was estopped from condemning him, by the organic laws, and was guilty of an abus de pouvoir, in disregarding them.

The following brief statement will serve to show the grounds upon which the government pretends to claim the right to exercise jurisdiction in the matter:

"When the concordat, or settlement of their powers as regards ecclesiastical matters, was agreed to between Napoleon, the First Consul, and Pope Pius VII, in 1801, it was necessary, in order that that convention might become the law of the land, that it should pass through the existing Corps Legislatiff, and be promulgated with the assent of that body. Before however, it was introduced to that assembly, there were added to it without consulting the Pope, what are called the Organic Articles, consisting of a long series of administrative enactments, professing to be essential for putting the concordat into execution, and therefore, laid before the Legislature and passed by it into a law, just as if they had formed part and parcel of the agreement with the Pope, and been sanctioned by him as much as the concordat itself. Great was the distress and astonishment of the poor Pope when he learnt what had been done and found how he had been deceived by the First Consul, whose will was already the sole law both of Church and State. There were many things in these articles which could not fail to be highly repulsive to the Pope. By them, it was forbidden to print or publish in the kingdom, not only any bull of the Pope, but any decree of any national Synod or Council of the Bishops of France, until the government had examined, approved of, and allowed it. By them, also, (article 6) was attributed to the *Conseil d'Etat* this very jurisdiction of *appeal comme d'abus*, or appeal to the secular power against the abuse of ecclesiastical authority, which has been put in force in the case of the Bishop of Monliers, and against which enactment the statute of the Chapter of Monliers, mentioned in the decree, and excommunicating *ipso facto* any ecclesiastic who should invoke the protection of the civil authorities, is particularly levelled. The same articles also guarantee a *Cure* or Rector, in the possession of his parish, and allow the Bishop only the power of suspending him in his ecclesiastical functions."

The subject, however, has been referred to the Sovereign Pontiff, in whose decision, it is said, the government will acquiesce.

The ceremony of the installation of His Eminence, Cardinal Morlot, as Archbishop of Paris, took place near the close of April, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The Cardinal having received the Pallium, proceeded to the Cathedral, where he was received by the Metropolitan Chapter and conducted to the altar. After the ceremonial prescribed by the ritual, the theologian exhibiting the papal bulls, proclaimed: "The Most Eminent and the Most Rev. Francois Madeleine Morlot, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of Ss. Nicius and Achilles, to be in possession of the Archbishopric of Paris." The ceremony was finally concluded by the Te Deum. The new Archbishop on the occasion of his installation, addressed a pastoral letter to

the clergy and faithful of his diocese. After alluding to the horrible crime which had deprived them of their late prelate, he pronounces a long eulogium on the many virtues of the deceased, and expresses a firm resolution to follow in his steps. After expressing regret at leaving his former residence, he reminds the clergy that, in order to accomplish the onerous duties which now devolve upon him, he should require their zealous co-operation, without which his own efforts would be paralysed. He concludes by impressing on the faithful the necessity of a strict attendance on their religious duties. The Archbishop has appointed as his private secretary the Abbe Cuttoli, who is an Honorary Canon of Paris, and was secretary to the late Archbishop.—It is rumored that the papal Bull for the creation of Grand Almoner of the Empire, has been asked for and issued, and that Prince Lucien Bonaparte, known now as the Abbe de Canino, but shortly to be raised to the dignity of Cardinal, will be appointed first to the new office, which is to embrace in itself those of Almoner of the Court, the fleet, and the army.—The Church of Rueil, which contains the tombs of the Empress Josephine and of Queen Hortense, and which has been enlarged and repaired, was lately reopened.

England.—The result of the late election and the meeting of the new Parliament, form the chief topics of comment in the English press. Of the composition of the new Parliament, it is difficult to form an opinion; that it is not held in very high estimation by a portion of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, may be inferred from the following extract from the London *Times:*

"An extraordinary panic has seized the crowd of gentlemen who were members of the last Parliament, but are not of the new one. They are in consternation at the mediocrity of their successors and the period of legislative inefficiency with which England is threatened. They have been beaten, not by bad men, but, what is worse, by men of straw—the merest lay figures of faction; and, though they can easily reconcile themselves to their own defeat, they are concerned for the country that suffers this plague of nobodies. Hardly a man of them can make a good speech or has any politics. The panic is extraordinary, not so much for those who feel it or for those about whom it is felt, but for the matter of it. This inefficiency, now so much apprehended, was the chief characteristic of the last Parliament, and the very boast of all the three sections routed at the election."

The new Parliament met on the 7th of May, and Evelyn Denison was elected, without opposition, Speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Elgin has been appointed on a mission to China. He is invested with very extraordinary powers, if we are to credit some of the foreign journals:

"He is to have the superior direction of all affairs in that part of the world, and for that purpose he is to receive full powers from the English government, with whom alone he is to be in correspondence. He is to decide on the opportuneness of all warlike operations, and to fix the time for commencing them. In case the authorities of the country should think fit to send propositions of arrangement, he is to endeavor to obtain the following concessions:

1. The old treaties are to be renewed and extended to eight ports of China, in place of five; and, in addition, English trading vessels are to have the right of putting in, from stress of weather or for repairs, to every point on the coast.

2. England is to have, like Russia, a college at Pekin. The head of that establishment, which is to be composed of five members at least, is to be charged with all official relations with the Chinese government.

And 3d, the English are to have military posts in all the towns in which they have consuls or agents. A piece of ground shall be conceded to them at Shanghai, and another at Canton, on which to raise forts and form military establishments, the strength of which will be fixed by common accord. Independently of these principal conditions, other secondary points are left to the judgment of the English Commissioner."

On the 14th of April, Queen Victoria was safely delivered of a princess, her ninth child.—The Catholic Bishops have been in London to attend the Annual Episcopal meeting, held, as usual, at the residence of the Cardinal Archbishop. A *soiree* was given by the Cardinal at his residence, which was attended by the prelates and a large number of the Catholic nobility and clergy.

An Extraordinary Trial.—The illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, has again been dragged into a court of law to answer to the suit of a certain Abbe Roux. The action was brought by Abbe Roux, a French Priest, to recover damages laid at £1000, for breach of contract. The facts of the case are briefly these, as given in the foreign papers: The Princess Letitia Bonaparte, the sister of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and first cousin to the present Emperor Napoleon, having married Mr. Wise, afterwards the Right Hon. Thomas Wise, our Minister at the Court of Athens, and having subsequently been separated from her husband on account of her dissipation, took up her residence in France, and was allowed £200 a year by her husband. Here she became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the plaintiff visited her, and advanced money for her to pay creditors, to rescue her from a maison de sante, and to redeem furniture and goods. The plaintiff alleged that she had signed the acknowledgment of debt of 25,000 francs, and this he had placed in the hands of Cardinal Wiseman, who, he alleges, had undertaken to endeavor to obtain payment from Mr. Wise, but had not done so, and now the paper was not forthcoming. The Cardinal, in his testimony stated, that the document in question was shown to him by the Abbe, but that the paper was not left with him; that if it ever was in his possession, it had merely passed through his hands with some documents which were handed over to Mr. Wise by him at the request of the Abbe. He had promised the Abbe to use his exertions to procure a settlement of the claim, and even to write to the Emperor of France on the subject, but this he afterwards declined, for reasons which he would give if necessary. The solicitor of the Hon. Thos. Wise proved that he had seen the document at the residence of Mr. Wise, but that the latter refused to recognise it. The evidence of Princess Letitia Bonaparte (Madame Wise), taken on interrogatories in Italy, was next read to the court. She stated that the plaintiff had offered his friendly offices in her affairs, and had paid numerous sums of money on her affairs; but she declared that he had been repaid by sales of her jewelry and from other sources, and that he received one-quarter of a year's allowance from her husband (Mr. Wise), which left him actually in her debt to the amount of 250 fr. She admitted signing the acknowledgment of her debt to him of 25,000 fr., but this she did on the representation by the plaintiff that the Archbishop of Paris had requested him to discontinue his visits to her, and that he wished to have the document to show that his visits were visits of business. He promised, after showing the papers to the Archbishop of Paris (who, it will be remembered, was assassinated only a few months ago), to return them to her. Accordingly, on the day after he had received the paper of acknowledgment as to the 25,000 fr., he again came to her, told her he had shown it to the Archbishop, and as there was no further use for it, he threw what appeared to be the very document into the fire. Notwithstanding all this evidence, the jury gave a verdict against the Cardinal for £500 damages.

Ireland.—Since the excitement caused by the late election, political matters have been quiet. The result of the election is said to have been favorable to the Catholic cause, a larger number of Catholic and liberal members being returned from Ireland than occupied seats in the previous Parliament. The efforts making in the cause of science and religion, are worthy of the olden fame of Ireland.—The "Introductory" lecture in the medical department of the Catholic University, was lately delivered by Dr. McSweeny, professor of medical jurisprudence. On the same day, Dr. W. Sullivan, professor of chemistry, delivered the initiatory lecture of the course on the science of practical chemistry.—The first stone of a new church was lately laid, at Doohamlet, in the parish of Clontibret, by the Most Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher. The foundation also of another large church, under the patronage of St. Balthen, at St. Johnsten, was lately laid by the Right Rev. Bishop McGettingan, assisted by a large number of clergy and a great concourse of people. A large bottle was placed in the foundation stone, containing a scroll of parchment, with all the necessary details, in mediæval characters, illuminated with gold and colors, and signed by several witnesses present; besides a large

number of the coins of Queen Victoria and the United States, including among the latter a one dollar gold piece, with a copy of the *Derry Journal*, &c.—The Right Rev. Dr. McElvily, the lately consecrated Bishop of Galway, had an enthusiastic reception on the occasion of his entry into Galway to take charge of his diocese. He was met by a large cortege of the principal inhabitants, and various associations with music and banners, and escorted to his new residence. The prelate delivered an eloquent address on the occasion, thanked the clergy and the people for their manifestation of kindness, and concluded by imparting to them the papal benediction.

Austria.—Austria has not as yet resumed diplomatic relations with Sardinia, and from present appearances, it is not likely that such will shortly be the case. The Sardinian ensign has been taken down in Vienna, and its chancellerie is transferred to the French Embacy, while the Prussian Legation takes charge of the interests of the Austrian subjects resident at Turin.—A convention has been concluded between the Holy See and Austria for the extradition of criminals.—The Emperor has lately granted an amnesty to all the Hungarian political prisoners and refugees, with the single exception of Kossuth.—His Eminence Cardinal Scitousky, Primate of Hungary, has lately added to the already large sums which he has given for the support of the Sisters of Charity, the large donation of 10,000 florins; besides this, his Eminence, within a very short space of time, has devoted the sums of 28,000 florins towards founding salaries for priests, 10,000 florins to the nuns of Funfkirchen, 500 florins to the church of Nemes-Dross, 7,000 florins for repairing the churches and chapter-houses of the diaconal district of Miava, and 2,000 florins for building a chapel in the cemetery at Pesth.—In the Greek Catholic diocese of Grosswardein, in Hungary, there have been in the year (1855, 1856) numerous conversions from the non-united Greek Church to the Catholic Church; for example, in the town of Szemlak 2,012 persons have been reconciled with the Universal Church; at Dragscseke, there have been 574 persons reconciled, and 165 in other localities; besides which, six Protestants have been converted, and three Jews have been baptized.—The inhabitants of Ventez and Ksidombrovizia, who at the time of the Revolution fell off into apostacy, have been brought back into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

Prussia.—The German papers announce the death of M. Otto de Dusseldorf, a distinguished member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. He was eminent as an orator, and was the zealous defender of the Catholic cause in Prussia. "M. Otto," writes a correspondent of an English paper, "had ascended the rostum and commenced his discourse, but soon the cries of 'speak up,' 'louder, louder,' rung through the Chamber from the opposite seats. M. Otto made an effort to raise his voice, but his strength suddenly failed, he pressed his hand on his head, as if to compress some sudden and violent pain, and to the reiterated cries of 'louder, louder,' he replied in a faltering voice, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, it is impossible, I cannot go on.' The words were scarcely uttered when he sank insensible to the floor. Some of the Deputies bore him immediately into an adjoining room. Several physicians, who were present, rendered every assistance that art or science could suggest. M. Thissen, cure of Cologne, assisted by other ecclesiastics, administered the last Sacraments of the Church to the honorable member, and in a few minutes afterwards he breathed his last. M. Otto died on the field of honor, a rare occurrence in the annals of Parliament, at the moment when he was in the act of defending the interests of seven millions of Catholics."

Russia.—The Russian government has entered into diplomatic relations with Venezuela. This is the first instance of Russia having entered into diplomatic relations with any of the South American Republics.—Advices from Circassia state that the Circassians had again beaten the Russians on the banks of the Laiba. The Russians were driven back over the river with a loss of 400 men, four pieces of cannon, and their baggage. The Russians are seeking to take possession of the Chutta.—It is stated in a report to the Russian government, presented by the government of Siberia, that

since the attack on Canton by the British the trade between Russia and China by land has been considerably increased, and an opinion is expressed that so long as the war continues the commercial relations between the two countries will become every day more intimate.—An Imperial ukase has been published permitting the Jews to acquire landed property in Russia, but this privilege is confined to certain parts of the empire.—Since the peace the steam fleet at Cronstadt has been increased to nine frigates, twelve corvettes, and one hundred gunboats.—The cholera has for some time prevailed at St. Petersburg.—A letter from St. Petersburg in *Le Nord* of Brussels, says the operation of raising the vessels sunk in the port of Sebastopol has commenced. There are upwards of eighty of them sunk, and sixteen have already been recovered, namely, the Chersonese, a steamer of 260 horse power; four transports, one brig, two schooners, two tenders, and six small craft. The four transports are already afloat, and are engaged in conveying provisions and equipments. The Chersonese is undergoing repairs at Nicolaeff, and will be launched again in the spring. Beside these vessels, the government have six sailing transports and some steamers of from sixty to one hundred horse power, and has but lately bought five screw-steamers, which are to cruize along the eastern coast in the Black Sea.—The prospectus of the commpany for constructing the great Russian railways has been published in Paris, and it is stated that the issue of the shares was to commence on the 28th ult. The first amount offered for subscription is 300,000,000f. (£12,000,000,) represented by 600,000 shares of 500f. each, equal to 125 silver roubles, or £20 sterling. The deposit to be paid is 150f. or £6 per share.

China.—It has been rumored that the Emperor of China had disapproved of the proceedings on the part of the Governor of Canton, and had given orders to conciliate the English. If this be so, an end of the hostilities is near at hand.—A letter from China, lately published in the *Civilta Cattolica*, gives the following interesting particulars:

"The recent success of the insurgents in the province of Kiang-nan, and their advance to within a few leagues of Tan-yan, obliged the fugitive Imperialists of Nan-King, who had taken refuge here on the occupation of their native city by the rebels, to desert their new homes, and fly still further southward. There were many Christians amongst these fugitives, and no less than two hundred women and men threw themselves at once on the charity of the Catholic missionaries at U-si (Vu-si.) The resources of the poor priests are very scanty, but their heroic charity did not fail them; they shared their homes with their suffering brethren, and contrived to send them on to Scian-Hia, (Shanhing,) where there is a large number of resident Catholics. At Scian-Hia the traffickers in women importuned the missionaries to sell to them the female Christians, and unable to comprehend the motive which prevented them from ridding themselves of such a burden, would not believe but that they were holding out for higher offers—one of them was so audacious in his importunities that they were obliged to have recourse to the authorities to be rid of him. On their application, the Mandarin governing the city issued a decree, extolling the charity of the Catholic missionaries to the fugitives, and forbidding any one, of whatever rank, to offer them any annoyance or molestation whatsoever. It may be observed that all these places may be found on the map to be on the eastern bank of the Grand Canal."

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* hints at the probability of a convention being concluded between the French and English governments, with the view of acting together in China.—The *Monituer de la Flotte* refers to some savage orders by the court of Pekin to the Mandarin governors of the maritime province of China. At Whampoa so much alarm had been created that the few Europeans who were in that city thought it best to go on board the foreign vessels.

Switzerland.—In Geneva superstition is at present in a form so profane and ridiculous as almost to exceed belief. Under the name of "Bortism," a Protestant minister by the name of Bort, has recently founded a religion of "Speaking Tables." A crowd of devotees have attached themselves to this new doctrine.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—The Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Elder, Bishop of Natchez, took place in the Cathedral of our city, on Sunday, the 3d of May. The grand and imposing ceremony was witnessed by a vast assembly of the faithful, besides a large number of our dissenting fellow-citizens, who were present on the occasion. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated as consecrating prelate, assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. L'Homme, V. G. as assistant priest; the Very Rev. Mr. Coskery and the Rev. Mr. Foley, as deacons of honor; the Rev. Mr. McNally, officiating deacon; and the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, sub-deacon. The assistant chaplains were the Rev. Dr. Corcoran, of Charleston, the Rev. H. McMurdie, of Mount St. Mary's College, and the Rev. Mr. Dubreul. The assistant prelates were the Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, attended by his chaplains, the Rev. Ed. McColgan and the Rev. F. Guistiniani; and the Right Rev. Dr. Wood, with his chaplains, the Rev. Mr. Obermyer and the Rev. Mr. Parsons. The Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, was also present on the occasion. The sermon was preached by the Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mount St. Mary's College, who took for his text the following words from the Acts of the Apostles: "Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops, to rule the Church of God, which He has purchased with His blood." One of the most interesting incidents of the occasion, was the presence of the venerable parents of the newly consecrated bishop. Though having passed the ordinary span of human life, they have been spared to witness a happiness enjoyed by few parents, that of seeing a son raised to the dignity of a bishop in the Church of God. May they still have many days to enjoy this happiness—the reward of a long life of virtue and good works. Pontifical vespers were given by Bishop Elder.

Ordination.—On the 30th of April the Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, with the consent of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, gave tonsure and minor orders in the church of Ss. Peter and Paul, Cumberland, in this State, to twenty-six members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer; and on the 1st of May, the same Right Rev. Prelate promoted to sub-deaconship, Wm. Wayrich, Joseph Wirt, John Carroll, Michael Rosenbaum, Joachim Heymann, Wm. Wingerter and Peter Zinmer, members of the same congregation, who, on the day following, were promoted to deaconship.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, the 17th of May, in St. John's church in this city, to 133 persons, among whom several were converts; and on the day following, in the chapel of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., the Right Rev. Bishop Elder confirmed thirteen of the pupils of the Academy.

A New Church for Washington City.—We are much gratified to learn that the long cherished hope of the Catholics of the District, of seeing a Church in Washington worthy of the metropolis of the country, is again revived, with a reasonable prospect of it being accomplished. The project is one in which the Catholics of the country should feel a deep interest; and we trust that it will meet their cordial approbation and generous support.

2. Diocese of Philadelphia.—*Confirmation.*—On Sunday, the 17th of May, the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 91 persons in the cathedral chapel; and on the same day the Right Rev. Bishop Wood administered the same sacred rite at the church of St. Charles Borromeo, Kelleysville. On Tuesday, 12th of May, a sister was received into the Order of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, in the city of Philadelphia. The Right Rev. Bishop Wood officiated on the occasion. The consecration of St. Philip's church, Philadelphia, is to take place on the 21st of June.

3. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—*Consecration of the Right Rev. Drs. Wood and Juncker.*—The solemn ceremony of the consecration of the Right Rev. James Frederick Wood, as Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, and the Right Rev. Henry Damian

Juncker, as Bishop of Alton, Illinois, took place in the Cathedral of Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 26th of May. The following prelates were present and took part in the solemn services: Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia; Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Louisville; Right Rev. Bishop Henni, of Milwaukie; Right Rev. Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit; Right Rev. Bishop Miles, of Nashville; Right Rev. Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; Right Rev. Bishop De St. Pallais, of Vincennes; Right Rev. Bishop Carroll, of Covington; Right Rev. Bishop Whelan, of Wheeling; Right Rev. Bishop Young, of Erie; and a large number of the Rev. clergy of the diocese of Cincinnati and the neighboring provinces. The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell was the consecrating prelate. The Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, and the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, were the assistant consecrators of Bishop Wood; and the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, of Milwaukie, and the Right Rev. Bishop Young, of Erie, were the assistant consecrators of Bishop Juncker. At a quarter before 10 o'clock, the procession, consisting of the Bishops and the Rev. clergy and attendants, in full pontificals and vestments, moved from the archiepiscopal residence to the Cathedral. "The route of the procession," says the *Catholic Telegraph*, "was lined on either side by the members of the St. Peter's Benevolent Society, whose presence, while it added to the splendor, contributed greatly to the perfect order of the ceremony outside the church. According to the directions of the pontifical the bulls were read by the respective chaplains, the customary oath, and profession of faith repeated by the bishops elect, kneeling before the consecrator, and the prescribed ceremonies of imposition of hands, anointing, giving the ring and pastoral staff and mitre, the solemn procession through the church of the newly consecrated prelates, with their assistants, the chanting of the Litanies, Psalms, &c., diligently and decorously observed." The consecration sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Edward Purcell. In the evening, solemn vespers were chanted by the Right Rev. Dr. Wood, and the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding preached on the dignity and duties of the Episcopal office. Before the departure of the Right Rev. Bishop Wood from St Patrick's, of which he had been long the devoted pastor, the parishioners presented him with a magnificent gold cross, a chain and ring, as a testimonial of their love and affection. The German Catholics also presented the Right Rev. Dr. Juncker, the newly consecrated Bishop of Alton, with a magnificent missal, chalice, pyx, and holy oil stocks.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell administered the sacrament of Confirmation at the cathedral on Sunday, May 3d, to 176 persons, mostly children from the schools of the Sisters of Nortre Dame; and the Right Rev. Bishop Young, of Erie, confirmed 89 persons at St. Joseph's church, 18 at St. Michael's, and 290 at St. John's church, Cincinnati. On the same day, the Right Rev. Dr. Juncker, Bishop of Alton, confirmed 71 persons at St. Paul's church, and 23 at the church of St. Francis de Sales.

4. Diocese of Pittsburg.—Intelligence has been received from the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, as late as the 19th of April. He was then at Malta, and enjoying excellent health. The trip on the Mediterranean after leaving Rome, had entirely dissipated all symptoms of the disease. He was then about to leave, in company with several clergymen, for Alexandria, and thence to Palestine.

Coadjutor of Pittsburg.—It is announced that the Rev. John B. Byrne, pastor of St. Matthew's church, Washington city, has been appointed by the Holy Father as coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburg. Dr. Byrne, we believe, is a native of Philadelphia. He was educated at the "Old Mountain," the venerable *alma mater* of so many of our distinguished prelates, and graduated there in 1839. He entered upon the profession of the law, but after a few years of successful practice, he threw aside Coke and Blackstone and entered the seminary at the Mountain to commence the study of theology. After his ordination, he remained at the Mountain and discharged for a time the duties of professor, and afterwards entered on the duties of the mission.

Religious Reception.—On March 25th, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Latrobe, Miss Mary Phelan received the white veil from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Phelan, taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Rosalie. At the convent chapel, Pittsburg, April 14th, Sisters Patrice and Aloysius made their solemn professions; and on the 27th of April, Miss M. Tomlinson and Miss Maria Donahoe received the white veil at the convent, Latrobe; the former taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Sylverius, and the latter that of Sister Mary Melania.

5. Archdiocese of New York.—*Ordination.*—On Wednesday, the 29th of April, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes in St. Patrick's cathedral conferred minor orders and sub-deaconship on Richard Brennan, Charles Slevir, Peter Murphy, Thomas Treanor and Mr. Byrne; and on the 1st of May, the same gentlemen were raised to the order of deacons, and on the following Sunday they were ordained priests.

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MEMOIR OF REV. CHARLES NERINCKX.*

Charles Nerinckx was born on the 2d of October, 1761, at Herffelingen, in Hainault, Belgium. During their earthly career, his excellent parents were remarkable for the same lofty virtues and firm faith, which afterwards adorned the life of their distinguished son. His father was a distinguished physician. The devout and exemplary life of his mother made a deep impression upon the religious character of Charles. He commenced his studies at an early age in the elementary school of Ninove, and at the age of thirteen was placed at the college of Geel, in the province of Kempen. Subsequently he entered the University of Louvain, where he made his course of philosophy. His parents spared no pains or expense in his education, and they received a grateful recompense, for their solicitude and care, in his zealous application and great success in his studies.

At the completion of his academic career—that crisis in a young man's life—he was deeply impressed with the importance of selecting a profession, or rather of discovering and embracing that vocation, for which Providence seemed to destine him. Recourse to prayer, and intimate converse with his own conscience, determined him to consecrate himself to religion. He accordingly entered the seminary of Malines in 1781, and prosecuted his studies in theology. Stimulated by a high sense of duty and religious zeal, his success at Malines was far more complete and brilliant than even at Louvain. But he was still more remarkable for his holiness of life and tender piety. His humility made him more solicitous to conceal his merits from observation, than to attain success itself. Such a course, even when the result of modesty, is admirable in a worldly point of view, but when induced by the Christian virtue of humility, it becomes heroic. He was elevated to the priesthood in 1785.

In 1786 he received the appointment of *cure*, or pastor, at the metropolitan church at Malines, the archiepiscopal city. He ably and zealously discharged the duties of this important station for eight years. The glowing zeal of the young priest was crowned with abundant fruits, and the good results of his ministry are still visible at Malines, where the people long regretted his removal from them, and still venerate his name.

* Authorities: Bishop Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky; the United States Catholic Miscellany, Vol. V, 1825; Catholic Almanac for 1854; Bishop Spalding's Life of Bishop Flaget; &c. &c.

A vacancy having occurred in the rectory of Everbery Meerbeke, situated midway between Malines and Brussels, by the death of the late aged incumbent, a public examination, or *concursus*, as recommended in such cases by the holy council of Trent, was held for the purpose of filling that important post. In this examination the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx defended a thesis in theology, for which he was awarded the palm of victory over all others, by the general suffrage of the board of examiners. Unwilling as he was to leave his church and flock at Malines, yet recognizing the voice of God in the call, he went with alacrity to assume the arduous and responsible duties of the extensive and long neglected parish of Everbery Meerbeke.

On entering upon his charge, he found the interests of religion in a deplorable condition, in consequence of the extreme age and corporal infirmities of the late incumbent. The church had become dilapidated, and the people had grown lukewarm. He caused the church to be repaired, and at once addressed himself to the task of reviving piety in the hearts of his new parishioners. The children became the objects of his particular care, hoping to influence the parents by the edifying example of their children. All the children of the parish were required to attend catechism every Sunday; their names were taken down, and they were divided into classes; the pastor, assisted by a certain number of catechists, selected with great care by himself, imparted to them solid lessons in Christian doctrine. Devotion towards the Blessed Virgin was inculcated as a most powerful means of promoting piety. Parents and children were induced to enter into his plans, and the attendance at catechism and public devotions became uniformly exact and regular. The children were prepared for the reception of first communion, and the devout manner in which they received, showed their sincere appreciation of that august mystery. Their good example soon won the hearts of the parents, and thus religion revived throughout the entire parish. The most negligent and hardened adults returned to the practice of their religious duties, and Everbery Meerbeke, recently so indifferent and lukewarm, now became a model parish. Numerous pious associations were formed, some in honor of the Blessed Virgin, some for visiting the sick, and for other objects of Christian charity.

While thus zealously laboring for the reformation and sanctification of others, he did not omit to exhibit in his own conduct the example of a most holy life. His manners were polite to all and full of charity, but at the same time he was austere in his requirements of duty, and a rigid disciplinarian. But in every respect he was far more severe upon himself than upon others. He was a stranger to recreation, and never paid visits of ceremony. His visits to his parishioners were always connected with the interests of religion or charity, and for this reason they were generally paid on Sunday evenings. Having immolated himself on the altar of religion, he gave no time to idle conversations, or other pleasant pastimes, but scrupled to rob God of any portion of the time that belonged to Him. Whenever and wherever the interests of Jesus were to be promoted, in the salvation of souls, the alleviation of suffering, or the ministration of consolation, then and there was this devoted priest ever to be found, without regard to time or weather. When not thus actually engaged, he remained in the retirement of his own closet, absorbed in prayer or study.

But the revolution, which had so grossly outraged religion in France, was now devastating all that was good in Belgium. Father Nerinckx

was too prominent a mark to be missed. The leaders of the revolution issued an order for his arrest in 1791. Flying from his beloved parish for safety till the storm should pass, he took refuge in the hospital of Terremonde, under the care of the Hospitalières, of whom his aunt was superioress. For seven years he remained there concealed from his enemies, living all that time in constant and imminent peril of his life. The former chaplain of the hospital had been banished by the revolutionists to the Isle of Rhe, and Father Nerinckx discharged in secret the duties of his place. Such was the peril of his position, that he was obliged to arise and say mass before two o'clock, and retire to his secret apartment before dawn. His time was divided between prayer, study, writing, and works of mercy to the sick of the hospital. It was during his imprisonment that he composed several learned treatises, on Theology, Church History, Canon Law, and other subjects, comprising eight or ten octavo volumes in Latin. But his modesty and humility could never be overcome by the repeated entreaties of his friends that they should be published. The misery and suffering, which however prevailed among the inmates of the hospital, afforded an ample field for the exercise of his charity and love; but he had to serve them at the peril of his life, and his visits to them were always made in dead hours of the night. He also went in secret several times as an angel of consolation to his dear flock at Everbery Meerbeke, to whom he carried the sacraments and other blessings of the Church. Seeing that the revolutionary storm was not likely soon to pass away, he availed himself of an opportunity to escape, and embarked at Amsterdam on the 14th of August, 1804, for the United States, where he knew that a vast and needy vineyard awaited his labors. A contagious disease made dreadful havoc among the passengers and crew during the voyage, and such were the irreligion and immorality that reigned on board the vessel, that Father Nerinckx called it a "floating hell." The captain of the vessel, though lost to every moral sense, could not help attributing the preservation of himself and companions to a particular interposition of Divine Providence.

He arrived at Baltimore in November, and was received with great joy by Bishop Carroll, at whose disposal the good missionary placed himself for any mission whatever. Father Nerinckx was forty-five years of age when he arrived in America. The bishop sent him at once to Georgetown College to study English, and he applied himself so zealously to the task, that in a few months he was to a great degree master of the language. Bishop Carroll determined to associate Father Nerinckx in the mission with M. Badin, the pioneer priest of the West, and in the spring of 1805, the hardy missionary was actually on his arduous journey to Kentucky. He arrived on the 5th of July, and joined M. Badin at St. Stephen's, where the two continued to labor together in the cause of religion, and with abundant fruits, for seven years. Father Nerinckx then took a separate mission, and removed his residence near the church of St. Charles, erected by himself on Hardin's creek, from which, as a central point, he extended his care to the numerous missions embraced in his circuit. Entering upon the missionary career in Kentucky at an advanced period of life, the labors he performed, and the austerities and hardships he endured, were really wonderful. So scattered were his stations, that much of his time was spent on horseback. His food was coarse, he took no breakfast, and seldom broke his fast before three or four o'clock in the afternoon. His sleep was short, for he arose several hours before day for prayer and study, and the bare ground, or the dried leaves of the forest, were frequently

his only bed. Notwithstanding his long and frequent journeys, he seldom missed offering up the Holy Sacrifice every day, for he would ride thirty miles or more in order to say mass. Amid the ice and snows of winter, and the burning heat of summer, he was going without intermission, day and night, on his holy and relieving ministry, traversing all parts of Kentucky in search of souls. The most unexplored regions became familiar by his frequent visits; and in swimming the rivers he was frequently in peril of being swept away by the impetuous torrent. If he arrived at a house during the night, as he frequently did, he would disturb no one, but after attending to his horse himself, he would take his brief repose in a stable or out-house, and the first of the family who arose in the morning, would find the father already up and reciting his office. He often rode fifty, and sometimes even a hundred miles, in order to visit the sick. He frequently rode all night in order to reach some missionary station at day-break, where the people were expecting him: on arriving there he entered at once on the duties of the confessional, said mass, instructed the people and taught catechism till noon. There seemed ever to be a protecting hand over him, in the many perilous positions in which he found himself. On one occasion he spent the entire night in his saddle in a forest, surrounded by ravenous wolves, which for a long time he succeeded in keeping at bay by his courage and great strength: at length the wolves were twice on the point of seizing their prey; the sign of the cross and prayer then became his only hopes, and his escape was evidently the favor of a mysterious Providence.

His zeal for the honor of God and his service would allow him to pass over no impropriety or disrespect, from any one, in the house of prayer. On one occasion of this sort, in consequence of his imperfect knowledge of English, his language was such as to give offence to a young man of violent temper and quarrelsome habits, who declared that he would revenge the insult. He accordingly waylaid the missionary, on his way from St. Charles' to St. Stephen's, seized the reins of his horse, and ordered him to dismount. Father Nerinckx dismounted and endeavored to pacify his assailant, by assuring him that he had never intended to offend or injure him, and to dissuade him from his purpose of attacking one whose profession made him a non-combatant. The young ruffian however persisted, and was about to strike the priest, when the latter gently took his assailant in his arms and laid him on the ground, observing with a smile, "that he would neither strike nor injure him, but that he felt authorized to see that himself received no injury from his hands." He thus retained his antagonist, until he obtained promise that no further injury should be attempted on his person. On arriving at the church, and being asked how his stirrup strap became cut, he briefly related the circumstances, and observed with a smile, "that these young buckskins could not handle a Dutchman." The young assailant used to remark afterwards to his friends, that "he had often thought before that he had handled men: but that he really never had hold of one before he met priest Nerinckx, who, he verily believed, had something supernatural about him."

Father Nerinckx possessed immense physical strength, and he consecrated to God, the Creator of both, the faculties of the body as well as those of the soul. In the erection of his churches he bore more than a laborer's share in the hardest of the work. He labored with the workmen, in the burning sun with his head uncovered, in cutting and felling timber, clearing the undergrowth, and in the heavy work of rolling logs,

in which last he used to lift against two or three men of ordinary strength. His own residence was erected almost entirely by his own hands, and he relates that it cost him only six dollars and fifty cents in money.

Uniting to such gigantic strength and powers of endurance an enlightened and highly cultivated mind, and an untiring zeal, it may be well conceived what an efficient and invaluable laborer he was in that vast and new vineyard of the Lord. He erected in Kentucky ten churches, two of which were of brick; one of these was called Lebanon, the other Holy Cross. One of his churches also was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which, himself remarked, was "the first which was placed under her invocation in Kentucky." The souls committed to his charge numbered three thousand, who were scattered over an immense expanse. He regularly attended six congregations, besides a number of other distant and scattered missionary stations. He succeeded in visiting all his churches and stations every six weeks. Wherever he arrived the people assembled round him to approach the sacraments. Before receiving their confessions, he gave them an instruction as to the mode of preparing for it, and on these occasions he was usually engaged in the confessional from early dawn till noon. In the woods of Kentucky, as well as in Belgium, he was distinguished for his great care of the children, and the ardor with which he labored to spread the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It was owing in no inconsiderable degree to his labors among both adults and children, that religion became so deeply and permanently planted among the Catholics of Kentucky.

As an example of his zeal and tender piety, may be mentioned a beautiful devotion after mass, which he introduced among the children. "He went to the centre of the church, where, surrounded by the little children, who so dearly loved him, he knelt down, and, with his arms extended in the form of a cross—the children raising also their little arms in the same manner—he recited prayers in honor of the five blessed wounds of Our Divine Saviour. The parents often joined the children in this moving devotion. After this he led his little congregation, composed chiefly of children, into the adjoining graveyard, where he caused them to visit and pray over the graves of their deceased relatives and friends."*

The success that attended the missionary labors of Father Nerinckx in Kentucky, prove that he was a chosen instrument of Providence for spreading the Gospel. Father Badin had opened the way, and he gladly confided a portion of his infant church to one so zealous and efficient as Father Nerinckx. All the Catholics within his missionary circuit were brought under the wholesome influences of religion, and what was so recently a waste now became a well cultivated vineyard. He was no less successful with the Protestants. With the exception of Father Badin, no priest made more converts; and on a single excursion thirteen Protestants, touched by the grace of conversion, and led by his counsel, returned to the one fold of Christ.

It was with great satisfaction that Bishop Carroll heard of the signal services rendered to religion by one whom he had sent to labor in that glorious cause. Convinced of his merits and abilities, the bishop suggested his name to Rome as a suitable person to administer the vacant diocese of New Orleans. This was intended as the prelude to his appointment as bishop of that see. Accordingly a papal brief, appointing Father Nerinckx administrator of the diocese of New Orleans was received

* Bishop Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky.

by Bishop Carroll from Rome. When Father Nerinckx heard of this appointment he was with M. Badin; his humility was deeply affected by the news, and he exclaimed in the language of the Psalmist, "Bonitatem et disciplinam et scientiam docendus, docere non valeo." "Mine is to learn, and not to teach, goodness, discipline and knowledge." Profound as was his obedience to superiors, his humility and delicacy of conscience would not permit him to accept so responsible an office. M. Badin and the Dominican Fathers of St. Rose, desirous of retaining him in Kentucky, united in his petition to the Holy See to be released. Thus, to his infinite joy, the humble and good missionary was permitted to remain to labor among the flock he had reared up around him.

One of the eminent services rendered by Father Nerinckx to the cause of religion and female education in the west, was the establishment by him of a religious community of females devoted to their own sanctification, and the education of the youth of their own sex. Such was the Sisterhood of Loretto, of which he was the founder and spiritual director. The sisterhood was permanently founded at Loretto, on Hardin's creek, near the church of St. Charles, on the 25th of April, 1812. The love of poverty, prayer, self-denial and devotion to the cause of female education, became the crowning virtues of these pious ladies, and have ever distinguished their excellent institutions. As their spiritual guide, Father Nerinckx was most constant and untiring in his efforts to lead those his daughters in religion to the practice of all the exalted virtues appropriate to the holy life they had espoused. But it was not only by fervent precept, it was still more by his own shining example, that he endeavored to conduct them to the daily practice of the most beautiful and heroic Christian virtues. It was a beautiful practice in all their convents to keep up the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, by successions of two sisters at a time going during the entire night, to adore the Lamb of God on the altar. Under his fostering and paternal care and guardianship this pious community went on increasing in usefulness and prosperity, and became one of the greatest public benefits ever conferred upon that section of our country. Besides his ten churches, Father Nerinckx has left, as monuments of his zeal and labors, six convents of these holy Lorettines and as many oratories. He twice visited Europe to seek assistance for his establishments, from the Catholics of England and Flanders, and each time returned with a handsome supply of altar service, books, money and other valuables, amounting in the aggregate to about fifteen thousand dollars in value. From one of these visits he brought with him pictures of the Crucifixion and of St. Bernard; the clock, which has stood so long in the old cathedral at Bardstown, and an organ, the first instrument of the kind ever introduced into Kentucky. Shortly before his death, he began the establishment of a community for religious men similar to that of Loretto, and having similar designs in regard to boys that the latter had for the girls.

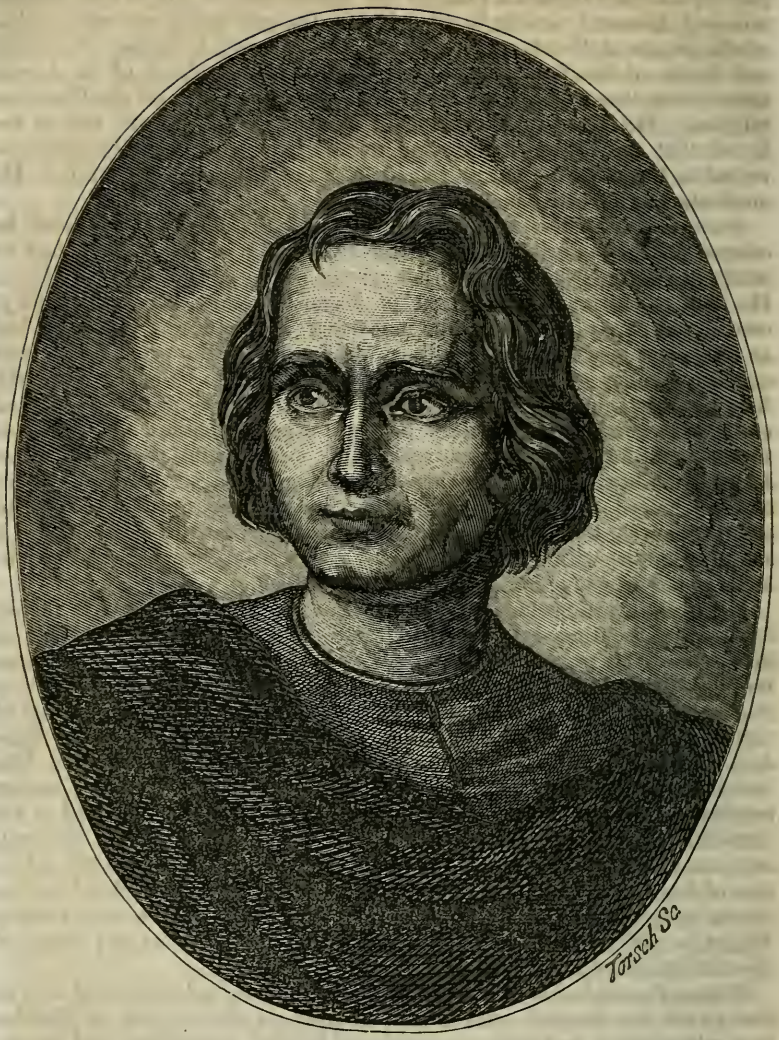
His long and severe missionary labors, in Belgium and in Kentucky, had now begun to make deep inroads into his iron constitution. Though suffering much from these causes, which were increased by old age and his many exposures and penitential austerities, he never murmured, nor even relaxed his extraordinary labors in the least. Having established a colony of his Lorettines in Missouri, from which he had received the most encouraging accounts, he resolved, at his advanced age and with his infirmities weighing heavily upon him, to undertake the arduous task of visiting

that new community. Another holy object induced him to make this journey: he had formed a plan for the conversion of the savage Indian tribes of Missouri, similar to his plan for the conversion and reformation of the people at Everbery Meerbeke. He proposed to induce the chiefs and heads of families to send their children to the schools of the Loretines, where they would be taught the English language and the Christian religion. He hoped thus to influence the lives of the parents, and he believed that the savage and roving tribes of the west might be thus converted to Christianity, and redeemed from barbarism to civilization. He made the journey early in 1824.

Soon after his arrival among the sisters of Bethlehem, in Missouri, he entered upon his glorious work for the redemption of the Indians, and he wrote to inform Bishop Flaget that success promised to crown his efforts. He went to visit an establishment of Flemish Jesuits, his own countrymen, about ninety miles from the monastery, and returning thence he had an interview, near St. Louis, with an Indian chief, who promised to send a great number of the young women of his tribe to be educated by the sisters. Hastening to carry the welcome news to the monastery, he visited on the way a settlement of eight or ten Catholic families, who had not seen a priest for more than two years. He came among them like a messenger from heaven; he gave them instructions, received their confessions, and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice for them. He appealed to them to erect a church, that priests might be induced to visit them; he headed a subscription list with a donation from his own scanty means, and immediately a sum over nine hundred dollars was raised.

His great exertions and exposure in the sun had brought on a raging fever, which continued to increase in violence. Yet he did not diminish his labors or his travels. He pushed on towards St. Genevieve, and was hospitably received by the Rev. Mr. Dahman, the pastor, at his residence. Such was his feverish state, that he was compelled to retire to a bed of sickness, from which he arose but once, which was on the following Sunday, when his faithful attendant, Brother Vanrissalberghe, assisted him into the chapel to hear mass. On the 12th of August, 1824, after having received all the last rites of the Church, Father Nerinckx departed in his sixty-third year, in the same spirit in which he had lived and labored, ever anxious to do more for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of his neighbor, but ever ready to go with joy, when called from his chosen vineyard by the Master who had sent him. The saintly Bishop Flaget has left recorded his high appreciation of the merits and labors of this distinguished missionary.

Bishop Rosati hastened to console his last moments, but arrived only in time to see him interred, with great solemnity, at the convent of Bethlehem, whose sisters had earnestly petitioned for that consolation and honor. In 1833 his remains were removed to Kentucky, and deposited at the mother house of Loretto, beneath a monument piously erected to commemorate his exalted virtues and noble labors.



SCENES IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

Chapter I.—*Genoa.*

Whatever may be said of the present condition of Genoa, four hundred years ago she well deserved her proud title of "Genova la Superba." The magnificent *coup d'œil* presented to the stranger who approached by the sea, threw him into ecstasies. Whatever other lands he might have seen, whatever other cities he might have visited, when arrived at the centre of the port, and about a mile from the shore, he could not help

acknowledging the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the scene before him. Towering churches of black, and white marble; palaces of the most imposing architecture; hospitals of the grandest proportion; fortresses grim and massive; lifted themselves out of the glittering verdure of trees and gardens, gleaming with snow-white houses, and rising higher and higher, in picturesque masses, up the vast mountain-amphitheatre. Nor did a closer acquaintance tend to diminish the exalted ideas produced by the first impression. He found the city enjoying all the luxury demanded by opulence, and all the comfort sought for by well-paid industry. He found the nobles liberal and virtuous, the merchants enterprising and hospitable, the people courteous and refined, and all breathing the air of freedom. Too soon, indeed, would he discover that the cancer of disunion was preying on the heart of the Republic, and that fatal dissensions, for which there absolutely seemed no remedy, were rapidly bringing her long day to a close; still, in spite of unsuccessful wars abroad, and suicidal contests at home, he could not but admit that Genoa was as yet a great and prosperous city, and well deserved her proud appellation.

On a beautiful morning in May, 1449, one of the last among the crowd that streamed out from the church of St. Stephen del Arco, after hearing early mass, was an old man of tall and noble stature, whom his cowl, dress and staff, at once proclaimed to be a monk and pilgrim. He was evidently a stranger, for while the others retired, he continued to look around him with inquiring glances, and from time to time he stopped to gaze with pleased admiration, at the magnificent scene that lay at his feet. Built as the church was, on almost the highest point in the upper town, it commanded a panoramic view of the city, with its streets at that hour just beginning to swarm with life; of the port, crowded with vessels of every nation, and of all shapes and sizes; and of a vast expanse of the waters of the Mediterranean, now purple with the eastern sun, and flashing with many a sail.

The old man was still slowly moving away, when he overtaking a youth standing beside the path, stopped to address him.

"Heaven bless thee, my son." But the youth made no reply. He did not even turn his face towards the voice.

The old pilgrim saw that his young companion's attention was so completely engrossed by some object which his keen eye had discerned in the Gulf, that he was completely unconscious of his presence. Touching him with his staff, he again saluted him.

Turning quickly, the boy immediately doffed his cap, bowed his head, and with a sweet smile and gentle voice replied,—"Many thanks, father."

He might be about fifteen years old. His tall and robust form said more, but his youthful countenance even less. His complexion was soft and fair, his blue eyes large and bright; his white forehead broad and high; his long light hair curled over his shoulders; his regular features were rather delicately formed, and their expression was thoughtful—even dignified. Altogether, his distinguished air ill accorded with his dress, which, though remarkably neat and rather precise, was that usually worn by the sons of the humblest tradesman.

"Your magnificent Gulf," said the old man, "seems to possess as many attractions for you, as it does for me, who never saw it before."

"You are a stranger then in Genoa, father?"

"I only arrived here late last night."

"Only late last night? You must have been in St. Stephen's church before daylight."

"How do you know that?" asked the old man, surprised at the quickness and confident tone of a reply so near the truth. "Because though I was there very early, I found you there before me," answered the boy. "I saw how earnestly you were looking at the picture of the 'Martyrdom.'"

"One of the most precious treasures in all your Genova la Superba. Many a time have I heard of that glorious picture, my boy, and often did I pray to see it before I died. In this too, has my prayer been heard. God is merciful. Blessings on his holy name."

The boy affected by the old man's solemnity, took off his hat, and reverently bowed his head.

"Have you come over the sea, father?"

"Yes, my son; your young eyes may be able to detect down there on the right, a newly arrived vessel. It has a white cross surmounting the Genoese flag."

"You mean the 'Santa Maria,' father?"

"The same. The vessel which your noble city has fitted out, and sent to Barbary on its annual voyage, to ransom the poor Christian captives. It was driven by contrary winds into our port of Palos, where I was waiting for a vessel to take me to Italy."

"Palos!" exclaimed the youth in much surprise, "where is Palos?"

"In the province of Andalusia, which forms part of our kingdom of Castile and Leon."

"Then there is such a place as Palos!" muttered the youth to himself, and for a moment he seemed lost in thought.

"Why should you doubt it?" asked the old man.

"Listen, father. Last night I dreamed I was alone in a great ship on the ocean. No land was to be seen all around in any direction save one. This was a little speck in the East, where I knew people stood calling me back. Though I could not see them, I heard their voices clearly, crying, 'come back! come back to Palos!' But I would not go back, for in the western sky I saw a mighty cross-shaped cloud, which something told me overshadowed vast and beautiful, but unknown lands."

"Have you such dreams often?" asked the pilgrim.

"Very often," the boy readily replied. "Indeed, in my dreams I am happier than in my waking hours. I think I am sailing over boundless oceans, smooth and green, under skies more brilliant and more varied than our own, and at night blazing with unknown constellations, or among beauteous islands, where birds of dazzling colors flash through groves of the richest luxuriance, amid landscapes of the most gorgeous magnificence."

"Boy, I fear you dream by day as well as by night."

"That is what my father has been saying latterly. Yet I attend to his work industriously. Though I am only two years at the business, he entrusts me altogether with the superintendence of the wool-carding, while himself attends to the looms."

"Are there any inhabitants in the lands you dream of, besides the beautiful birds?" asked the old man, willing to humor the strange fancies of the boy.

"O yes, father; human beings as numerous as the leaves on the trees! But they know nothing of our dear Lord Christ, and they live and die in infidelity. Would that I could be the means of announcing to them His holy word. How gladly would I cross the unknown tracts of the great ocean, even if I were whole weeks out of sight of land! Neither its grinning monsters, nor its billows running mountain-high should terrify

me. The Lord Christ would watch over me, his Virgin Mother would pray for me, and under the banner of his holy Cross what should I have to fear?"

"I see you would be a missionary," said the pilgrim, greatly surprised at the boy's enthusiasm. "Have you consulted your confessor on the subject?"

"The Abbate Don Toscanelli? I have. He does not encourage me to take religious orders. On the contrary, he rather advises me to be a sailor. It is for the sea I feel I have the most decided disposition."

"A sailor with such sentiments as you seem influenced by! what attraction can the sea have for *you*?"

"Father, can you ask that question of a Genoese? Look around, and what do you behold? Black mountains on one side, black mountains on the other side, a pent-up city at our feet, nothing beautiful, or grand, or free but the sparkling sea before us. Besides, it is painful to witness the mad feuds at present raging in our city. The swords that in our fathers' hands so often smote the Venitians, our hereditary enemies, and the infidel Turks, are now dyed with Genoese blood. O, father, never were Dante's bitter lamentations over the unnatural divisions that distracted his country more applicable than at this present moment in Genoa. Here, indeed—

> Her living ones abide not without war; and one
> Malicious gnaws another; ay, of those
> Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.

There is nothing left us but the sea. Whether raging or at rest, we cannot help thinking on its power and beauty. Look at it now, father,—calm as one of those lakes near Switzerland which we once went to see, on one of our excursions from Pavia. I could not share in the rapture of my companions at the sight of these lakes. The mountains, indeed, were glorious, but the lakes were too small. They wanted the vastness, the freedom of the sea. As it lies now, or when swept by the wildest storm, it is to me the most delightful object in nature. I feel I was born for a life on the sea!"

The cheeks of the lad glowed, his eyes kindled, and he seemed totally unconscious of how far he had been carried by the fervor of his eloquence.

"But to lead a wild roving life on the ocean! what good could come of it? We must give an account of our stewardship," observed the pilgrim, now much interested.

"O father, much as I love the ocean, I love better to think on the beautiful lands that lie beyond it. I long to see the southern heavens joyous with the rays of the luminous

> Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken
> Of our first parents.

I long to see the great palace of old Kublai Khan, in the grand city of Cambalu. Shall I ever have the pleasure of beholding the beautiful province of Man-gi, or of sailing among those seven thousand four hundred and forty-four islands between it and the great island of Cipango. I feel almost certain that I shall."

"I see you are a devoted believer in Marco Polo's traveller's stories. But that is no wonder. Youth is prone to the marvellous, and finds the truth irksome."

"Truth, father? What is the truth? Am I wrong in considering Marco Polo an observant and truth-speaking traveller? But I have listened to, and been engaged in too many disputes on that subject, already, and I have seen my ideas upon it confirmed in too many ways, to entertain many doubts regarding it now. Marco Polo's work was my favorite study during my leisure hours in Pavia. I admired it so much, that with the assistance of a friend, I wrote it all out, and I still have the copy at home very carefully bound."

"Wrote out Marco Polo! a vast labor for two boys. Who was your friend?"

"A fellow student—Hugo Ires—from a very distant land—Ireland,—a lonely island in the great western ocean. He often spoke of old traditions current in his native land, regarding wonderful countries in the region of the setting sun, especially of a voyage made thither by St. Brendan, a holy priest, who returned and told what he had seen. He admired Marco Polo as much as I did myself, and he made an agreement to accompany me on my first voyage to Cipango."

"Cipango! and a voyage! Your ideas are becoming more and more astounding. How can you *sail* to Cipango? Even supposing such a place really exists, Marco Polo reached it only by Constantinople, Armenia, and thousands of miles travelling through Upper India."

"Yes, father, but the world being round, we do not intend to travel to the East, but to reach it by the West."

The old man smiled. "What heathen ideas are these? The world round! Who taught you that? How long were you in Pavia?"

"Not altogether three years, father. I was young when I went there, and knew very little. My stay there was too short to learn much. My knowledge of Latin and Greek is very limited, and of science I hardly know anything. Still, father, I feel convinced that not only the earth is round—that is a truth known long ago, and all truly learned men admit it—but that any point may be reached by going west as well as by going east. This conclusion perfectly natural and evidently inevitable, I entertained long before I ever examined books, and all that I have since read, instead of opposing, confirms the idea."

"Do you know what Seneca says in the Medea?" asked the pilgrim with eagerness. "Have you read the Atlantis of Plato?"

"Yes, father, and much more on the same subject—the 'Liber Geographicus' by Albertus Magnus—the 'Opus Majus' of Friar Bacon—the 'Imago Mundi' by the bishop of Cambrai. These all confirmed the idea, but did not originate it."

"To what then are your singular ideas and the strange interest you take in such a subject to be attributed?"

"Father, what makes the future missionary dream in his childhood of multitudes of heathens abandoning their idols for the Cross of the sweet Saviour? What makes the young soldier dream of glorious victories, where the enemies of his native land, or of his faith, are overthrown by his valiant sword? What makes the young physician dream of pestilences stayed, and human sufferings alleviated, by his profound skill in the divine art? The same cause operating in my mind, fills it with thoughts of great lands to be discovered, and of vast numbers of human beings, now wandering in the valley of darkness, to be illumined by the light of our holy faith. I feel that such is my mission, and with God's blessing I will accomplish it."

The old man's eyes kindled as he gazed on the earnest, but excited countenance of the youth, and he seemed to partake of his enthusiasm.

"'Who are these," he exclaimed, "that fly as clouds and as doves to the window?

"For the islands wait for me, and the ships of the sea in the beginning: that I may bring thy sons from afar, their silver and gold with them to the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified them.'" After a short pause, he added:

"Boy, the time indeed may have come for the great revelation. But I fear thou art not the favored one. For *thy* land that glory is not in store. For my own land, for Spain, the chivalrous and the pious, a legend, of origin lost in the dimness of early ages, reserves the distinction of discovering and converting whatever lands still lie hidden from the knowledge of Christian man. There is a picture in our Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, near Palos, representing a holy hermit carrying the infant Christ over the waters of a wide river. With this picture, which is very common all over the south of Spain, the old legend is closely but somewhat mysteriously connected. The meaning of the tradition seems to be that the country where St. Christopher is most honored is destined to have the glory of bearing the sign of Christianity to the, as yet, undiscovered lands."

"Father, every word you speak to throw doubt on what I feel I may almost call an inspiration, has only rendered me if possible, more confident. Palos, the town near your convent, is the name of the place I dreamed of, and I am called after St. Christopher."

"You are named Christopher? Christoporos? The Christ-bearer? Heaven manifests itself wonderfully. Boy, it may be that thou art destined for great things. What is thy family name?"

"Colombo," said the boy.

"Colombo! more and more strange," said the old man as if to himself, "what means *Columba* but *dove*—the sacred bird that brought back to Noah the glad tidings of land beyond the waters."

"Yes, father," cried the boy in delight, "and the word *Columba* in our language here, is the name usually given to the keel of a ship."

"The dove," the old pilgrim repeated to himself, "the keel or ship that bears Christ across the waters! What if there be something foreshadowed even in such an apparently casual circumstance as a name."

"Father, said the boy suddenly, taking the old man affectionately by the arm, "will you not come to our house this morning? We can not entertain you as honorably as we could wish, but father and mother will deeply feel the favor. Holy pilgrims often visit the house of Domingo Colombo."

"Is not that your father's name?" asked the old man. The boy nodded assent.

"Then I am under a double obligation to see him. I am the bearer of a letter for him."

"From Spain! My father knows no one in Spain. But, perhaps it is the letter we expect from my grand-uncle!" added the boy, in a tone of delight.

"Listen, son, and you shall know all. Having it at last in my power to go to Rome, I at first thought of making the journey by land—the usual mode of pilgrimage—but considerations of my old age, and the dangers arising from the present wars in Spain, induced me to prefer the sea. Knowing that seldom, if ever, a vessel bound for Italy calls at our

little port of Palos, I was preparing to start for Carthagena, when one morning the arrival of the 'Santa Maria' was announced at our convent. It had been obliged to take refuge in Palos, after a severe easterly gale. Such an accident had never happened before, and as the vessel was to start for Genoa after a few days refitting, I determined to take advantage of the opportunity. But the day before sailing, a small flotilla of French vessels arrived, under the command of a Captain Colon."

"That was my grand-uncle," said the boy. "Instead of Colombo, the Spainards call him Colon. He gave you a letter?"

"Yes"—said the pilgrim. "Colombo—Colon. Even in the corruption of the word there is meaning. Colon—*Colonus*—a *Colonist*—a leader of men beyond the waters. But your letter. Captain Colon called at our Convent, and hearing that I was going to Genoa, he entrusted me with a letter to Dominico Colombo, wool carder. It is only in accordance with the other wonders, that you should be the son of the very man to whom I bear a letter."

With these words the old man opened a leather bag suspended from his girdle, and drawing forth the letter, he slowly unfolded the papers in which it had been carefully wrapt up, and presented it to the delighted boy. He gazed at it eagerly for some time, and then said to the pilgrim—

"See the seal, father. That is our family coat of arms. I have one at home beautifully painted, which I will show you. These three doves, snowy white on azure ground, often connect themselves in my mind with three ships crossing the great *Mare Tenebrosum*—as boundless as the sky, and of the same color."

"Every thing, boy, seems to have reference to your prevailing idea, simply because it *is* your prevailing, sole, dominant idea, reducing all the others to subjection. I am sure you have discovered a hidden meaning also for the legend *Fides, Spes, Caritas*. But shall we not move towards your father's house? As we go along, you can tell me what it was you were gazing at so earnestly, when I first addressed you."

"This letter," said the boy, as they left the church-yard, and entered a poor quarter of the town, where the houses were low, and the streets narrow, "will explain it. I was looking out for some sign of the arrival of the French flotilla that you saw at Palos. Morning and evening, for the last month, I have examined the port, expecting to see or hear of my grand-uncle. Since leaving Pavia, I have been employed at my father's business. The assistance I give him is considerable, and I am the eldest son. But nothing is so repulsive to me as the idea of being a wool-carder all my life. Four years ago, my father sent me to the University, and, indeed, kept me there as long as he could, but when I came home he expected me to attend to his business, and would not listen to anything about the sea. My mother says a sailor's life in the present troubled times is as dangerous as a soldier's, and she also would have me stay at home. But our priest, Don Paolo Toscanelli, who often comes to see us, maintains a different opinion. He often talks with me, and instead of laughing at me like the others, he sympathises with me. It was at his request that I had been sent at all to Pavia. He even helped my father to pay my expenses there. But he is poor, and my father is poor, and I had to leave the University after learning only very little," and the youth pausing, sighed deeply.

"But about the letter?" gently urged his companion.

"Well, after some remonstrances on the part of Don Paolo, who represented to my parents that I was never intended for a quiet, stationary life,

showed them the maps I had traced, and the volumes I had copied, and pointed out particular passages in my preceptor's notes regarding my disposition and acquirements, and above all, insisted on my own strong and decided propensity for the sea, they at last yielded, and my father wrote a letter to his uncle, a captain in the service of the Duke of Anjou, asking him to take me into his vessel, where I could serve under his own eye. The letter you bring is probably the answer. But here is my father's house."

They had arrived at the Strada di Mulcento, a steep, narrow street, through the middle of which a stream of black steaming water—evidently the production of many a dyeing vat—was pouring. Stopping at number 166, the boy ran up the steps, and almost immediately reappeared, accompanied by a man still in the flower, if not in the bloom of his age. His dress showed the hard-working tradesman, the careworn expression of his features spoke of struggles against poverty not always successful, but his forehead was broad and lofty, and his eye beamed with intellect. He greeted the stranger with courteousness and cordiality.

"My son has told me you are a stranger here, father. Will you not honor our humble abode by at least a short stay? If our means were only equal to our will, you should not be entertained more hospitably in Genoa."

Thus speaking, he came down the steps, and taking the old man's hand, he half led, half helped him up to the open door, and ushered him into a room where a woman, still young, and of a remarkably sweet, and at the same time thoughtful cast of countenance, was attending to some household duties. Everything in the apartment betokened circumstances far removed from opulency, still order, neatness, and even a certain degree of elegance were apparent at the first glance. Pictures were hung on the walls in precisely the light where an artist would place them; statuettes were disposed so as to be seen to advantage, and at the same time to be quite out of danger; a viol and other musical instruments were arranged in one corner, a small book case containing a few parchment volumes stood in another, while in a third, two small desks, on which were lying some parchment leaves, palettes, and paint brushes, showed that some of the inmates of the house regularly occupied themselves in the art and mysteries of transcribing and illuminating. Five children, four boys, and a girl about twelve years old, stood near the mother, quietly looking at the stranger.

"Susanna," said the boy's father as he entered, "here is a holy pilgrim from Spain, whom Christopher met this morning at St. Stephen's church, and prevailed upon to pay us a visit before he departs for Rome."

"And who from a very short acquaintance with your son, Signora," observed the old pilgrim, "is led to suppose him destined for the accomplishment of some very extraordinary, if not divine work."

The imposing appearance of the stranger, his saintly aspect and noble features, immediately won the deepest respect of all. To his commendatory words the woman answered only with a smile of the cordialest welcome.

"And, mother, he brings a letter from my grand-uncle," said the boy.

The mother's countenance fell, and her eyes became suffused with tears, which she attempted to conceal.

"Weep not," said the pilgrim. "A mother's love is powerful, but the will of Heaven is irresistible. Seek not to struggle against its evident dictates. God will shape every event for the best."

He presented the letter to Dominico Colombo. All preserved a breathless silence while he perused its contents.

"Your grand-uncle, my son, here writes that he will call for you at Genoa, early in June. He is engaged at present in some negotiation with John II, king of Castile, in favor of his master Réné, Count of Anjou, which he expects to bring soon to a favorable conclusion. He may be here any moment. What day is to-day?"

"Friday, May 22d, 1449," promptly answered the boy.

"Then, mother, there is no time to be lost. Get the boy ready," said Dominico.

"Heaven's will be done," said the mother, with a deep sigh.

"Christopher going to sea!" exclaimed the girl. "Though I am glad you have come to see us," she added, turning with a smiling face, but tearful eyes to the pilgrim, "I am sorry, holy father, you brought that letter."

"And I am sorry," the pilgrim heard the oldest boy in the group mutter in a whisper to his companions, "I am very sorry that the letter should come on a Friday. Christopher will either be drowned or unfortunate."

"Hush, Bavarello!" whispered another of the boys, still audibly enough to be heard by the attentive old man, "you are always saying something unpleasant. How can you consider Friday unlucky, when it was on that day the Holy Christ died to save us?"

"Yes, Bavarello," said the girl in the same tone, "brother Bartolomeo is right—still I can not help wishing that this letter had not come on a Friday."

"Friday!" exclaimed Christopher. "Blessed be Heaven for sending me the best tidings on the holiest day. Holy pilgrim, is there not meaning even in this? Father!" he added, turning to Dominico, "should I discover islands before reaching Cipango, I shall name the first after the Holy Saviour, the next after my dear mother, and the third after you!"

"Not after me, my son," said the mother with much earnestness, though smiling. "If, indeed, such glory lies before thee as thou often dreamest of, promise me, that after thy first discovery is honored with the name of the Holy Saviour, thy second will bear the name of our Holy Mother of the Immaculate Conception! This thought would console me in hours of the deepest affliction for thy absence."

"Friday"—said the old pilgrim, speaking to himself,—"redemption, —woe—faith—enthusiasm—filial affection. Great are the deeds, wonderful the achievements, not unmingled perhaps with bitter disappointments and woeful sufferings, which seem already shadowed forth as the varied incidents of this strange boy's mortal career. His life seems fraught with much—perhaps of good to his fellow-men. Heaven bring it to a happy termination!"

To be continued.

WRITINGS OF REV. F. W. FABER, D. D.

Continued from page 271.

"There is no earthly science which can compete in interest with the Science of God." If the Catholics of America understand their true interests, they will never lose sight of this principle. For a principle it is, of civil and religious liberty; of social and national happiness. General intelligence, education, public wealth, public spirit, statesmanship, vast resources, mineral, agricultural, commercial, and so forth,—all these things have their worth and are good in their degree. But over them all, like some majestic billow rolling from mid-sea, inward towards the shore, rolls the divine word, Wisdom's stern rebuke to the World's pride;

"Vani sunb omnés homines in quibus non subést Scientia Dei."

All men are vain in whom there is not the Knowledge of God.

A people may possess every material advantage that a nation has ever enjoyed, with a wise government to boot; but unless this "Scientia Dei" underlies its prosperity, it will soon go the way of all flesh: soon, compared to what would have been its long and prosperous career with such advantages held and enjoyed in the right spirit. The brightest morning, is often the soonest clouded. How repeatedly are we compelled to observe it, in our fitful climate; and we may meditate on it, if we are not wholly deaf to that "various language" which

> To him who in the love of Nature, holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks,

lifting daily men's thoughts to better things, from the "favorite phantom," care or folly of the hour. Is it a type of our national life? or of the Church in America? For that the earthly destiny of the Church shares to a great extent the fortunes of the people among whom it is planted, Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, Northern Africa, and how many other lands, loudly proclaim.

Towards the close of our former article on Dr. Faber's writings—we said his last work, "The Creator and the Creature; or, The Wonders of Divine Love," might be regarded as the Fundamental Philosophy of Religion. In support of our view we invite attention to the following passages from Book I, chapter 1,—The Case stated between the Creator and the Creature. The justness of the idea, is however particularly brought out in the questions that close the last extract. Elementary indeed they are, but how clearly also, the foundation-truths of all knowledge, all happiness, all power; "the first elements of all practical religion, the A B C of devotion." And yet how sadly forgotten, nay, never so much as learned by a multitude of those who pass for the

great, the gay, the wise, the disputers of this world, now contending heart and soul over a handful of gold-dust or a bale of cotton, and to-morrow about some bauble of pleasure or power. How far are we Catholics of the Union, especially "the rich" among us, concerned in this statement? What lesson will we learn from the following extracts? how much of the admirable wisdom and warnings therein contained, will we lay up in our hearts?

"Forgetfulness of God has been in all ages the grand evil of the world: a forgetfulness so contrary to reason, and so opposed also to the daily evidence of the senses, that it can be accounted for on no other hypothesis than that of original sin and the mystery of the fall. This forgetfulness of God has been far more common than open revolt against Him. The last is rather the sin of angels, the first the sin of men. Yet every age of the world has its own prevailing type and fashion of iniquity; and in these latter times it appears as if the forgetfulness of God had taken the shape of forgetfulness on our part that we are creatures. Men may realize that they are creatures, imperfect, finite, and dependent. This truth may be continually coming uppermost in books of morals, in systems of philosophy, and in the general tone of society. And yet, with all this, God may be set aside and passed over, almost as if He did not exist. The world simply does not advert to Him. Who that has read certain philosophical and scientific books of the last century does not know how men could write of creation without their thoughts so much as touching or coming in contact with the idea of the Creator? To such writers creation seems the end of and answer to all things, just as the Most Holy Trinity is to a believer. They speak of creation, investigate creation, and draw inferences from creation, without so much as brushing against a personal or living Creator even in their imagination. Creator is to them simply a masculine form of the neuter noun creation, and they have a kind of instinct against using it, which they have probably never perceived, or never taken the trouble to explain even to themselves. It is not on any theory, or any atheistical principle, that God is thus passed over. He is unseen, and hence is practically considered as absent; and what is absent is easily forgotten. He is out of mind because he is out of sight. There is no objection to giving God his place, only he is not thought of. This is one phase of the world's forgetfulness of God.

"Then again there have been times and literary schools, in which God was continually referred to, and his name used in an impressive manner, sometimes reverently and sometimes irreverently. He has been a fashionable figure of speech, or an adornment of eloquence, or the culminating point of an oratorical climax. Or there has been a decency in naming him honorably, as if it were burning a kind of incense before him. It soothes the conscience; it gives an air of religion to us, and it enhances our own respectability, especially in the eyes of our inferiors. And yet this word God has not in reality meant the Three Divine Persons, as the Gospel reveals them to us. It has been an imaginary embodiment or a vague canonization of an immense power, of distant majesty, and of unimaginable mystery: a something like the beauty of midnight skies, or the magnificent pageant of the storm, elevating the mind, quelling and tranquilizing littleness, and ministering to that poetry in our nature which is so often mistaken for real worship and actual religion. The ideas of duty, of precept, of sacrifice, of obedience, have been very indistinctly in

the mind, if they have been there at all. It is the notion of a grand God, rather than a living God. The multitude of his rights over us, the dread exorbitance of his sovereignty, the realities of his minute vigilance, of his jealous expectations, of his rigid judgments, of his particular providence, of his hourly interference, these things have not been denied, but they have not been part of the idea wakened in the mind by the word God. The close embrace and tingling pressure of his omnipresence, as theology discloses it to us, would have made the men of whom we are speaking start away in alarm or in disgust. The God who demands an account of every idle word, and measures his penalties to each unbridled thought, and before whom all men are simply and peremptorily equal, is a different being from the poetical sovereign who reigns over the Olympus of modern literature, to keep our inferiors in check, to add gravity to our rebukes, to foster our own self-respect, and, in a word, to "paint a moral or adorn a tale." This God is rather our creature than our Creator; he is the creature of moral respectability, the necessity of a dissatisfied conscience, the convenience of a social police, the consolation of an unsupernatural sorrow, and the imagery of a chaste and elegant literature. Yet the atheism of this is not explicit: it is only implied. No revolt is intended. A false God has slipped into the place of the true one; and because their faith had failed, men did not see the change, and do not see it still. This is another common form of forgetfulness of God; but it does not seem to have the peculiar characteristics or particular malice of the form which we suppose to belong eminently to our own days. For in the form, of which we have been speaking, the name of God was a necessity just because men did not forget that they were creatures. Nay, it was respectable and moral to speak slightingly of human nature, its weaknesses, and its vagaries, and to say great things of the far-off God. Men's notions of God wanted correcting and purifying, enlarging and heightening; above all, they wanted to be made real, and brought home to them, and laid as a yoke upon them. Nevertheless they remembered they were creatures; only, because they had lost the true idea of the Creator, they made the weaknesses of the creature an apology for his sin, and so went desperately astray."*

Again; if the following passage had been written with an eye solely to our country, could it be more deserving of our attention? And the same train of thought is carried on through several pages, touching the absorbing topics of Politics, Elegant Literature, Physical Science, with such mastery of each topic as must elicit the admiration even of those whose souls bewitched, bethralled by the fascination of trifling, have almost lost all sense of the divine realities by which we are at every step surrounded.

"All phases of civilization have a monomania of their own. Certain favorite ideas come uppermost, and are regarded with so much favor that an undue importance is given to them, until at last the relative magnitudes of truths and duties are lost sight of, and the ethics of the day are full of a confusion that only rights itself in the failure and disappointment, in which each age of the world infallibly issues at the last. Then comes a reaction, and a new phase of civilization, and a fresh monomania; and either because the circle looks like a straight line, because we see so little of it at a time, or because the living world, like the material one, really

* Creator and the Creature, pp. 20–23.

advances while it revolves, we call these alternations progress. Now we generally find that each of these monomanias, with its cant words, its fixed ideas, and its onesided exaggerations, transfers its temper and characteristics to the view which it takes of God. The ideas of liberty, progress, independence, social contracts, representative government, and the like, color our views of God, and influence our philosophy. No one can read much without seeing how the prevailing ideas of the day make men fall into a sort of unconscious anthropomorphism about God. Indeed nothing but the magnificent certainties and unworldly wisdom of catholic theology can rescue us from falling into some such error ourselves. At the present day particularly we should be careful and jealous in the view we take of God, careful that it should be well ascertained, and jealous that it should be according to the pattern showed us in catholic theology."*

The chapter closes with the following, which introduces us into the heart of the Treatise:

"All our duties to God, and to ourselves no less, are founded on the fact that we are creatures. All religion is based on the sense that we are creatures. The foolishness of this simple truth will bring to nought the pride of the wise world. It will be as the plain stone of the common brook against the might and bravery of the giant of modern misbelief. We speak to simple-hearted believers. We put no high things before them, but rather the lessons of a village dame. We draw no conclusions, and urge no definite duties. We only ask our dear readers to try to put together with us a few obvious matters of fact about our heavenly Father, and then leave it to grace and our own hearts what is to come of it all. We will therefore ask each other some such questions as these—What is it, as children express themselves, what is it to be a creature?—What is it to have a Creator?—Why does God wish us to love him?—Why does he love us?—How can we love Him?—How do we repay his love of us?—How does He repay our love of Him?—Is it easy to be saved?—And what becomes of the great multitude of believers?

"What, if when we put our answers together, something new and striking comes of it all? What if it warms our hearts, and moistens our eyes? Any how it is very sweet to talk of God. There is no holyday in the world like it."†

We do not fear to weary our readers. We write for those who wish to know more of their great Creator and His works: who cannot forget that there is nothing so much worth as a well-instructed soul. As the fruit of our brief excursion into this new world of "The Wonders of Divine Love," having laid before them

> Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
> Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine,

we now leave them for a while, again, in the company of the friend and guide to whom both they and we owe more than our weak words can tell or love repay. There are several statements in the introduction to the present treatise of much importance to all who are either already familiar with the writings of Dr. Faber, or may hereafter become so. We direct

* Creator and the Creature, p. 24. † Ib. p. 40.

attention to them (preface xiv), and also to the following analyses in his own words of the treatise before us; "a work both of time and labor;—and which stands to the author's other works in the relation of source and origin."

"It has thus come to pass, from various circumstances which need not be detailed, that the composition of this treatise has been a work of charity towards souls, almost forced upon the writer in consequence of the position which he occupied, and the work into which such a sphere as London introduced him.

"The treatise will be found naturally to divide itself into three parts. The First Book, consisting of three chapters, is the statement of the case, and contains a description of the phenomena around us, a detailed account of what it is to have a Creator, and of what follows from our being his creatures. The result of this inquiry is to find, that creation is simply an act of divine love, and cannot be accounted for on any other supposition than that of an immense and eternal love.

"The Second Book, consisting of five chapters, occupies itself with the difficulties and depths of this creative love, which have been classified as answers to the following questions: Why does God wish us to love him, Why does he himself love us, How can we love him, How do we actually love him, and How does he repay our love. Here, in other times, or in another country perhaps, the treatise might have concluded. But the course of the investigation has started some grave objections, which the Third Book, consisting of four chapters, is occupied in answering.

"If this account of creative love be true, if God redeemed us because he persisted in desiring, even after our fall, to have us with him as participators in his own eternal beatitude, salvation ought to be easy even to fallen nature. If it is easy, then it would follow that at least the majority of believers would be saved. If these two questions are answered in the affirmative, then a fresh difficulty rises to view. How are we to account for what is an undoubted fact, that these relations of the Creator and the creature are not practically acknowledged by creatures? The answer to this objection is found in the *nature*, the *power*, and the *prevalence of worldliness*. The flesh and the devil will not adequately account for the way in which men behave towards God, and the attitude in which they put themselves before him. Worldliness is the principal explanation of it. But then the conclusions which may be drawn from an inspection of worldliness, seem to dishonour, if not to destroy the previous conclusions about the easiness of salvation and the multitude of the elect. How is it that so many can escape; how is it that they do escape? By personal love of the Creator, by a religion which is simply a service of love, by a love which brings them within the suck of that gulf of the Divine Beauty, which is our holiness here, as it is our happiness hereafter. And thus the creature secures that enjoyment and possession of the Creator, which was his primary intention in creation; and so the treatise ends."

The four productions which we have thus briefly noticed, and which all who love God, their country, and their Church, should pray to see in the hands of every Catholic family, form in themselves a treasure of theological learning, devotional reading, and practical piety, to say nothing of the author's countless beauties of thought and language, such as, we believe, cannot be found in any other four works bearing the same rela-

lation to each other. Pages filled with our acknowledgments would not adequately express all that the Catholics of the present age, both in Europe and America, owe to Dr. Faber, to Dr. Newman, and, indeed, to the "Fathers of the English Oratory." Happy are we in the knowledge that there are many, on this side of "the great waters," who cannot think of them without sentiments of profound gratitude, admiration and respect. Their labors, their sacrifices, their virtues, their victories for God and His Church—in a word, all that they have done, have done so well, in so short a time, and are still doing for the temporal and eternal welfare of God's world—rise up like a "blessed vision of peace" between us, whenever some government-pique ruffles the temper of our kindred nations. At such moments, the earnest but almost unanswered wish of England's "Great Cardinal"—for how can we speak of the English Oratory and not be full of the memory of Cardinal Wiseman—again presses us to entreat that prayer, daily prayer, may be offered up, especially in our religious houses, for the conversion of England and its people.

Shall we not hope that our thought will be welcome; will awaken its echo in more than one American Catholic heart? England's conversion, one might almost say, would be our own. In the language of Father Faber—"Why is it we let slow time do the work, which swift grace would so much better do?"

It is from the very reason that prayer enters so little into the world's estimate of the progress and destiny of nations that we should not overlook either its worth or its importance. If we listen to some writers, as, for example, among others, the estimable author of that alarm-book "Ou allons Nous?" the whole world is rushing on with the swiftness of our Niagara to destruction. If with others we look around us and note how much is yet to be done, and in all likelihood will be done in various parts of the earth towards promoting the kingdom of God among men, we cannot but feel that indifference, selfishness, neglect of any even humble assistance, that we can give to so great a cause, is the worst course we can adopt. It has been said years ago, and therefore, before it could be as apparent as it *now is*, that our country's fate depends on the Catholic Church. In what sense? Not simply on its *material* growth, its wealth, the number of its adherents, or the secular influence which its clergy may wield in the State. These things are dust in the hour of darkness, of clouds and whirlwinds, unless the *spiritual* element, the spirit of prayer, of faith be strong among us. Then indeed may our union amid dangers which already threaten her very existence lean on the arm of the Church and find that support she needs. We have sermonized more on this topic than is perhaps suitable in a magazine; our readers, however, cannot complain, when escape from both sermon and preacher was such an easy matter. Our enemies are many, strong and active. Does it become us to slumber? There are those who have the will, and may soon have the power, to forge chains and fetters for us. Shall we wait until they try

them on our necks? until they bind us hand and foot? To save ourselves from bondage, to perpetuate our liberties, something more than mere good will is required. Knowledge, and the power that knowledge gives; these we must possess. And to no fountains can we repair with such certainty of having all our hopes fulfilled, our minds enlightened, our souls strengthened, as to works like these of Dr. Faber. They are written for the world we live in. To a great extent, they meet its wants. They who are not acquainted with them, can hardly fail to be behind their age; perchance, below those they are expected to elevate, encourage, guide and save.

THE EVENING HEARTH-STONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gay and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusty casement,
Creep around the fire-lit room;
Draw the curtains, close the shutters,
Place the slippers by the fire—
Though the rude winds loudly mutter,
What care we for wind-sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming,
Fickle fortune's frown or smile,
If around us love is beaming?
Love can human ills beguile.
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
All are quaffing from life's chalice
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing, music flowing
From those lips we love the best—
Oh! the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts on which to rest.

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
With what care and haunting sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of daylight,
Sadness haunt the midnight hour;
But the weird and witching twilight
Brings the glowing hearth-stone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings,
Childhood's well-remembered shrine,
Spirit yearnings, soul revealings,
Wreaths immortal round thee twine.

[*Selected.*]

MODERN ROME.

FEAST OF SAINT PETER AND SAINT PAUL.—*June* 29.

PETER and PAUL, the Fathers of great Rome!
Now sitting in the Senate of the skies!
One by the cross, the other by the sword.
Sent to their thrones on high, and Life's eternal prize.

O happy Rome! whom that most glorious blood
For ever consecrates while ages flow;
Thou, thus empurpled, art more beautiful
Than all that doth appear most beautiful below.

So thinks Rome; and with the closing days of June, as summer in all her radiance warms all that the fair Italian sky looks down upon, she celebrates with mighty pomp her feast of Rome's great patrons, St. Peter and St. Paul. And more than ever now when the new basilica of St. Paul, completed by Pius IX, has its special commemoration in the offices of the Church, that all Christendom may exult with Rome in her devotion.

The tomb of Peter! It is no wonder that our ancestors in the faith turned with reverence to Rome. It was the great pilgrimage

of our race. Many a king, many a chieftain, many a holy bishop or monk set out on that pilgrimage to lay his bones on the continent, dying as a poor pilgrim, or, his devotion satisfied, stopping by the wayside on his homeward route to convert the pagan or neglected Christian, or lead alone and unknown in the depths of some wildwood the life of a hermit. The Saxon Church, which learned its asceticism and its piety from Erin, inherited this devotion to Rome; but strange and sad, from the hour when a William crossed the channel of St. George, and a Henry the Irish sea with a papal bull, devotion to Rome, love of the Church, respect for its ministers, all the early asceticism and sanctity of the island gradually disappeared. The Normans brought subtle minds, but they dried up the unction of loving hearts, and the Reformation was the result of their school. Happily, in our day England and Ireland turn lovingly to Rome. Men enamored of Rome invite new heralds, like Patrick and Augustine, fresh from the tombs of the apostles, to infuse new life and revive the old asceticism that made Ireland the "Isle of Saints." Ireland's greatest statesman asked that his heart should be sent to Rome.

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL IN PRISON AT ROME.

Let us go back eighteen centuries nearly, to witness the latter days of the apostles. Both at Rome, they labored together to confirm and extend the faith. The magician Simon sank before their power. Miracles of

every kind attested the greatness of their ministry, but could not awe the tyrants into respect. The death of Simon made that imposter's disciples seek to avenge his fate by the overthrow of the apostles. In the year 65 they were cast into prison, into that Mamertine dungeon so famous in history, and still so reverently preserved beneath the Church of *San Pietro in carcere.* "In its cold and humid depth, devotion still points to the spot where the chief of the apostles sat loaded with chains, the fountain welling up before him, still cool and clear and limped as in those days when the inspired voice of Simon Peter rang to the heart's depth of those who descended daily to hear him, and his hand raised from its crystal flood the handful of its water to pour on the brows of the forty-seven whom there in chains he won to Christ. There his very jailors, Processus and Martinianus, awed by the sanctity of their illustrious captive, listened to his teaching and bowed to the cross; this very water streamed over the heads of these Roman centurions and made them soldiers of Christ, ready to die, as die they did for their Redeemer's love."

ST. PETER LED TO MARTYRDOM.

The hour drew nigh when Nero's fierce cruelty was to be sated in the blood of the noblest and greatest of the Christian teachers. In Rome's imperial city they had announced the words of Christ, they were now to attest it by the sacrifice of their lives. Sentenced to die, St. Peter by the ignominious cross, St. Paul the Roman citizen by the nobler sword, they were scourged and led out to die.* The faithful of the eternal city, insensible to the danger, eager only to gaze for the last time on the face of the

* The pillars at which they were scourged are still shown in the church of Sta. Maria Transpontine.

holy apostles, to catch, if possible, some words from their lips, gathered around the troop that bore them out of the city through the Ostian gate to the swampy banks of the Tiber. There they took leave of each other with the kiss of peace—St. Peter to suffer on the Vatican, St. Paul at the Salvian waters in the presence of the Emperor himself, who came to exult in the execution of his bloody sentence. St. Peter now saw the realization of his Master's prophecy, and asked but one favor. His humility shrank from being assimilated in the manner of his death to his divine Lord; in his own eyes he did not deserve to die even on the cross with his face and hands towards heaven—he asked to be crucified with his head down. The executioners gladly consented to this more cruel form, and nailing him to the cross on which too they bound him with ropes, they left him to expire by the slow lingering torture. Thus did the chief of the apostles fulfil the course of his pilgrimage, imitating by his death and cross the death and cross of Jesus Christ; planting the Christian religion, irrigating it with his blood in that city, then the capital of the empire, but now by the see and succession of St. Peter, to be the centre of all the faithful throughout the world.

St. Paul had longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ. To his burning love his Saviour had granted him to know the day and hour of his death.

> "Ipse prius sibimet finem cito dixerat futurum
> Ad Cristum eundum est; jam resolvor, inquit
> Non hora vatem, non dies fefellit." *

Joyfully then did he bare his neck to the sword to receive the crown laid up for him. The disciples, mourning over their fathers and guides, treasured up their chains as holy relics; while the holy priest Marcellus interred the sacred bodies of the apostles together in the catacombs, two miles out of the city; thence subsequently they were transferred, a part of each to the great church of St. Paul, on the Ostian road; a part to the vault beneath the Vatican. This latter has ever been regarded as the tomb of the two great apostles, next to the sepulchre of our Lord the holiest spot in Christendom. Looking back the dim vista of years, what a line of saints have knelt at the tomb of St. Peter before proceeding to the work for which they were chosen, Patrick to convert Ireland, Augustine England, Xavier India; here founders of religious orders came—Benedict and Francis, Dominic and Philip, Camillus and Ignatius, to learn the spirit and offer their congregations.

The Church honors on the same day St. Peter and St. Paul, and it is one of the most magnificent solemnities of Christian Rome. There where their blood was shed, there their names are exalted, and the voice of a whole nation, in the most majestic temple of the world, before the tomb of the holy apostles, under the eyes of the successor of St. Peter, chants the hymn with which our article begins. †

* Prudentius. Hymn VI.

† According to tradition, St. Peter was tall, well proportioned, his face pale, his beard short and curled, his dark eyes blood-shot from the tears that constantly streamed from them as he remembered his denial of his Master.

HOPE ON!

We have seldom met a more touching Poem than the following:

Hope on! hope on! God yet may hear thy praying,
God yet may mark the wild tears thou hast shed;
There may be mercy in the long delaying,
A richer, holier blessing for its staying,
Poured on thy head.
Hope on.

Hope on! and through the dreary night of weeping,
Think thou art watching with thy suff'ring God,
And thro' the long, dark hours, sad vigil keeping—
Thy mourning soul, its sin and misery steeping,
With Him, in tears of blood.
Hope on.

Hope on! and think the cup which thou art drinking,
The bitter chalice of his agony;
Nor deem he loves thee less for all thy shrinking,
Like thine, *His* heart 'neath grief and pain is sinking,
He suffers all with thee.
Hope on.

Hope on! and when thy grief and fear are deep'ning,
And all of joy forever seemeth gone,
Then with thy agonizing Saviour weeping,
Yet still the words of meek submission speaking,
"Father! Thy will be done."
Hope on.

Hope on! 'tis in the hour of deepest mourning,
God sends his strengthening angel from above;
The weary heart from earthly comfort turning,
Shall know in answer to its passionate yearning,
His tenderest love.
Hope on.

Hope on! 'tis but His best beloved and dearest
He taketh, thus to share his saddest hour;
They who His loving heart lie ever nearest,
And they for whom the hope of heaven is clearest,
Feel most grief's power.
Hope on.

Hope on! and if all hope on earth should fail thee,
And if all peace from thy sad heart be riven;
If every grief life knoweth should assail thee,
Sit thou not weakly down, and there bewail thee:
There's joy in heaven!
Hope on! R.

Philadelphia, 1857.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

THERE is no word of more fearful import in modern times than Revolution. Who can stem its course as it sweeps down altar and throne, the laws and institutions, the very language and ideas of nations? Who can lay his hand on this mighty motive power as man has done on steam, compress it and turn its fierce writhings to the public good? Who can tame its fury? Strange that the poor Brothers of the Christian Schools, the men whom the infidel and the unbeliever termed in mockery *Frères Ignorantins* should alone have succeeded in our day in giving a tone to the revolutionary spirit.

The French revolution of 1793 had been fearfully irreligious: that of 1830 was infidel to the core; why did the insurgents of February, 1848, show every respect to religion, why did the thousands reverently gather on the *Champ de Mars* to hear the holy sacrifice offered *pro adeptâ libertate?* The answer is simple. The evening schools of the Brothers for the mechanics had endeared them, and in their person had endeared religion to the class, which on the Gallic soil holds the power in the capital, and thus the power in France.

These same devoted Brothers are in our midst. Their schools uphold Catholicity in the masses in our great cities, from Canada to the Mexican frontier: and as accounts of them are rarely attainable, a few pages here may not be unacceptable.

The seventeenth century had just passed its mid course, when on the 30th of April, 1651, at the font of a church in the ancient town of Rheims, a child was presented for baptism by its parents, M. de la Salle, counsellor in the court of that city, and we may add, a near kinsman of the sainted Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi, and of a virtuous mother, Moët de Brouillet, who fondly offered the Almighty her first-born son, giving him the name of John Baptist. His youth spent in the practice of piety gave promise of future worth, as his parents hoped, in the secular state, but as God soon showed, in the ecclesiastical. He was not one to trifle with avocation, and soon by the tonsure enrolled himself among the Levites of the temple. After studying his philosophy at Rheims, he made his course of divinity at Paris, under the eye of the illustrious M. Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice. Learning in that celebrated school the true ecclesiastical spirit, the Abbe de la Salle was, on Holy Saturday, 1671, ordained a priest. He was soon after entrusted with the direction of a sisterhood for the Christian education of girls, fonnded by a Minim Father Barré, and became in a manner the heir of the same Father's idea of founding a brotherhood for the same object. In 1679 a school was begun, but the person chosen to inaugurate the work proved unfit: the task of forming the brothers, of preparing their rules, of regulating their studies and teaching devolved on the Abbe de la Salle. He

received them into his own house, and to inspire them with confidence in God's providence, gave up his dignity as Canon of Rheims, and distributed all his property among the poor. "Naked to follow Jesus naked." Strange policy in the eyes of worldlings for one about to found an order! but the ways of God, and the ways which he teaches his servants, are not the ways of man.

After testing his disciples for a time in the community life, the venerable de la Salle assembled them to perform a spiritual retreat, and give form to their institute. After this season of prayer, in which their founder's recollection and austerity were a living image of sanctity, they agreed on various points. The name to be borne was that of Brothers of the Christian Schools, the dress and food to be plain, the vows to be perpetual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Full of prudence, the venerable founder advised that the vows should at first be for only three years, and the twelve first Brothers of the order pronounced the first vows on Trinity Sunday. A uniform dress was soon after adopted suitable to the poverty of their origin and profession, the soutan of coarse cloth, with a coarse linen collar, strong shoes and a broad hat—a costume still preserved almost unchanged even in our land.

Like every new order this Institute met its difficulties. The holy founder was ridiculed, slandered and abused. Some brothers lost heart and forsook the life which they had adopted: others happier died in their work of good; but gradually members were formed so completely, that the servant of God laid down the superiorship, and directed them to elect one of their own number as superior. Brother Felix was elected, and him the venerable de la Salle obeyed as promptly as the least novice, for he lived with his Brothers as one of them. The ecclesiastical authorities however disapproved his course, and reinstated him in office. His next idea was to educate brother Felix for the priesthood, but as God called the good brother out of this world, the holy man saw in this the will of heaven, and by express rule forbid the Brothers to aspire to any ecclesiastical orders.

In 1690 he founded a house in Paris, and established a regular novitiate at Vaugirard, to train the brothers to the true spirit of their order. The success which attended the labors of the Brothers now made bishops in all parts solicit them eagerly, and when James II sought teachers to whom to confide a number of Irish boys, in whom he took an interest, none were found better fitted than the disciples of la Salle.

One desire of the holy man's heart now remained unsatisfied: this was to see a house of his order at Rome, and his institute approved by the voice of Peter. The former he effected in 1702.

The order now spread rapidly; Chartres, Troy, Rouen, Dyon, Monde, Grenoble, Calais and Boulogne received the Brothers with open arms. Troubles indeed continued within and without, but these were only trials sent by the Most High to purify his servant, and set jewels in the crown of glory that awaited him. Worn out by his austerities and labors in the

guiding of his schools, a prey to rheumatism and asthma, the holy founder sank rapidly as the Lent of 1719 came on, yet he resolved to keep it strictly. Strength returned for a moment on St. Joseph's day to enable him to say mass in honor of that great Saint, but in Holy Week it was evident that his release was nigh. Fortified by the Sacraments, he gave his last exhortation and benediction to his brothers, and expired on Good Friday, April 7th, 1719, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

The merits and virtues of this servant of God, the divine blessing so evidently vouchsafed to his works, led naturally to a desire to see him raised to the veneration of the faithful. The process of his canonization has indeed begun, and the late Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI, on the 8th of May, 1840, declared him venerable.* In person the venerable de la Salle was well proportioned. His eyes blue, cheerful countenance, the ruddy tinge that in spite of his delicate constitution and great austerities, always tinged his cheek, his whitened locks prepossessed men, and especially children towards him, and the sanctity that radiated from his whole appearance, impressed even those who acted with hostility towards him.

Brother Bartholomew, a holy and able man, was now chosen by the Brothers as Superior General. Under him and his successors,† the schools continued their work of usefulness, became consolidated, uniform in their teaching and spirit, and were, to the great consolation of all the Brothers, sanctioned by the Holy See, the rules having been formally approved by Benedict XIV, in 1725, and the community raised to the rank of a religious order.

While the order was in the zenith of its usefulness, the French revolution broke out, and the Brothers were scattered like all other religious communities. Brother Solomon perished at the Carmelite church—the *Carmes* of history. Brother Florence, once Superior of the Society, died of the outrages offered to him in the streets of Avignon, others died on the prison ships at Rochefort. Brother Agatho, too, was hurried from dungeon to dungeon, and was once even led out to the fatal guillotine. Some Brothers fled to Italy, and new schools arising, Pope Pius VI appointed brother Frumentius Vicar-General of the order. When the power of Napoleon I restored religion, brother Francis of Jesus, first assembled some Brothers at Lyons, in 1802, and around this neucleus the Society was once more formed, obeying brother Frumentius as their Superior.

* The body of the servant of God was exhumed in July, 1734, in order to be removed to the new church erected by the brothers at St. Yon, and was found entire and uncorrupted, although the vestments were touched by the hand of decay, which respected the person of the holy founder. St. Yon is no longer possessed by the Brothers, but we believe that they have borne the treasure to their new mother house.

† The Superior Generals have been—1. Rev. John Baptist de la Salle;—2. Brother Bartholomew, 1719–1720;—3. Brother Timothy, 1720–1751;—4. Brother Claude, 1751–1767;—5. Brother Florence, 1767–1777;—6. Brother Agatho, 1777–1797;—7. Brother Frumentius, Vicar-General, 1797–1810;—8. Brother Gerbaud, Superior General, 1810–1822;—9. Brother William of Jesus, 1822–1830;—10. Brother Anacletus, 1830–1838;—11. Brother Philip, 1838.

On his death, in 1810, a Superior General was again elected, and this government continues to the present time.

The object of the Brothers is chiefly the religious and secular education of poor boys, all their schools being gratuitous, and the Brothers receiving from the parish only a sum sufficient for their support. Reformatory schools are also in their scope, as well as evening schools of design and other useful branches for adults, but of all these collateral points none has won or deserved greater honor than the Normal School.

During the period of its existence this order has spread not only to Italy, but also to Belgium, Sardinia, Switzerland, Greece, and Isle of Bourbon, but also to Canada and the United States.* The first foundation in America was projected in Canada, a century ago, by M. Charron, of Montreal, who failing, essayed himself to establish an order: but in 1837 the Brothers really came under brother Edant, invited by the zealous Sulpitians of Montreal: in the next five years houses arose at Quebec and Three Rivers. The Catholic metropolis of the United States was next enriched with this Institute, a house having been begun in 1845, which though checked by the death of the Brother sent, soon revived and by the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Coskery was firmly established, and soon gave rise to a second house and a novitiate.

In 1848 the zealous priest of the Order of Mercy, the Rev. Annet Lafont, introduced them to New York, where their little grain of mustard seed has grown to a mighty tree. From a feeble commencement, it has now developed into the Academy of the Holy Infancy, a noble boarding school at Manhattanville, Academy of St. Vincent's, and several free schools in various parishes in the city and its suburb Brooklyn.

In 1851 the dioceses of Toronto, Detroit, and New Orleans rejoiced at the advent of the Brothers, and Albany has more recently enjoyed the same happiness.†

The order has now attained a development which its early years seemed scarcely to promise. The Superior General who so long resided at St. Yon, as to give the members the name in France of Brothers of St. Yon, now dwells at Passy, near Paris. The number of houses in March, 1854, was 727, of members 6,622, of pupils 277,954.‡ De Courcy in his recent sketches of the Church History of the United States (1856), states the number as still higher, and informs us that the order is divided into nineteen provinces, ten in the dominions of France, and the others in Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland, Savoy, Piedmont, the Levant, Malaysia and America, Canada and the United States forming one province, which has since 1848 been directed by the singularly able Brother Facile, and has two noviti-

* Garreau—Life of the venerable John Baptist de la Salle, Dublin, 1843. Heylot—Histoire des Ordres Religieux is silent as to the Brothers, although it speaks of a brotherhood founded by Father Barré.

† Article in the Philadelphia Catholic Herald, of January 12, 1856.

‡ Catholic Herald.

ates, one at Montreal, and the other at Baltimore.* Of the whole number, there were in 1854, in Canada and the United States, 23 establishments, 205 members, and 10,823 pupils. The Catholic Almanac of 1857 gives for the United States alone at the close of 1856, seven academies with 605 pupils, and 19 free schools with 5,566; but the number is we think underrated.

We have seen how rapidly it has extended in this country: this could be only by the accession of many members. Yet the vocations are few compared to the wants of the country, and the provincial is continually implored to assume the charge of new schools, which he is unable to supply with Brothers. Appealed to by the bishops and clergy, he in turn appeals to them to cultivate religious vocations in young men of their flocks, that if possible some may be called to embrace their institute and mode of life, and thus repay their pastors by returning to aid them in the ministry, by that most important of all functions, the Christian instruction of the youth.

In our land, unhappily, sectarian bigotry and proselytism has gained the control of the government, both in the Indian department at Washington, and in the Educational boards of the several States. The object, at least indirectly, has been to make the public schools of the country as much as can be, nurseries of Protestantism. Two great Protestant principles, the sufficiency of the Bible alone as a rule of faith, and the infallibility of private judgment in its exposition, are insisted upon as bases of the whole system of education, and forced alike on Catholic and Protestant. Godless schools would be bad, but under this system Catholic children are in a manner Protestanted, and perverted to a kind of sceptic lawlessness, and the bitter fruits to society are evinced in the fact that the most terrible crimes perpetrated in the north within the last few years, have been the work of young men educated in the present public schools. None then can fail to see how vital it is, not to Catholicity merely, but to society at large, to see Catholic schools arise wherever means can at all be obtained to secure the necessary rooms and efficient teachers. In this last particular the institute of the Christian Brothers seems divinely sent. Sisters of various congregations had already for years devoted themselves to the instruction and Christian training of the poor of their own sex, but till 1848 no brotherhood had arisen which seemed at all able to meet the emergency. "Extend the Christian schools" should be the rallying cry of every Catholic, as to them in no small degree we must look for the future usefulness, the future piety, of the growing masses.

No one can peruse the works of the venerable de la Salle, his *Duty of a Christian towards God*, intended for pupils, his *Government of the Christian Schools*, and especially his *Twelve Virtues of a Good Master* intended for his Brothers, without feeling that he was filled with the Spirit of God, and raised up especially to save the lower classes, by giving them a religious education. All is calm in his school, the masters are to seek gravity, silence, humility, prudence, wisdom, patience, reserve, meekness, zeal, vigilance, piety and generosity, and the pupils impressed by the virtues of the master, are to endeavor to profit to the utmost by their labors.

* De Courcy—Catholic Church in the United States, p. 147.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER VI.

SILVA and Mr. Moore went together to Augusta, and we came down into the room of the farmer's wife, occupied with thoughts, that it was useless to communicate to each other. The woman brought us some fruit and warm milk.

"For how long a time has this unfortunate woman, whom we have just seen, lodged with you?" asked Lord Henry.

"Sir, it is about a year since she came here; she then had a servant, and occupied part of the house. A short time after she told me she could no longer pay me; she even sold the little she had, to discharge the debt she owed her servant, who could no longer bear her haughtiness and violence, and left her. In a few days she was divested of everything, and had asked me through charity, to allow her the little garret she now occupies. When Lord Walsingham came to reside at Grove Castle, Lord Silva met her and promised her assistance; but a short time after she had an attack of apoplexy, which reduced her to the most miserable condition; she wrote a few words to Lord Silva, who sent William here the same evening to take care of her; who has himself bestowed on her every possible care and attention, for being half paralysed, she could not give herself the relief her forlorn situation required. From that time, it is impossible to express with what tenderness this young peasant whom we do not know, has lavished his time and care upon her; the most devoted of sons could do no more for his mother; nothing discourages him; soured by her misfortunes and acute sufferings, she is sometimes like a devil; for God forgive me; I think she believes in neither God nor the devil. Never would she admit either a Catholic priest or a Protestant minister to see her. Mr. Moore has often offered her the consolations of religion, but she would not even listen to him, scarcely will she deign to answer you; it must be an angel that can remain a quarter of an hour with her. I have heard it said in the neighborhood, that this William is not a peasant, but a lord of the family of Lord Walsingham. All that I know is that he earnestly requested me not to speak of him or Augusta to any one. I do not know any other name than this for this unhappy woman; but from her manners, and the furniture she brought with her, when she came, I should judge that she had been rich and of distinguished rank."

The farmer's wife was silent, and we could obtain no other details of Augusta. I was sure, I knew the sound of her voice, but I could not possibly recollect where I had seen her.

We came back to the Castle; Silva returned in the afternoon. He took the hand of his father with respectful affection.

"Will you not, my lord, pardon me for concealing from you a secret, which was not mine? this was my only motive."

"It is not really the only one," added I, laughing, "you like very much to keep your good work for yourself alone."

He colored.

"Do you know this woman?"

"She desires to die unknown."

"But," interrupted Lord Walsingham, "if you would take Mr. Kennelly there, I think he is better informed than Mr. Moore, and would be more suited to receive the confession of a person, who, they say, has given no marks of religion for several years."

"For the present, this is not possible, my lord; she does not wish that Mr. Kennelly should hear her spoken of. It was this that compelled me to keep my visits to Augusta secret from him."

We did not press him farther; he took a little soup at our request, and retired to the chapel, where he passed the evening. At break of day he returned to the farm house. Edmund told us, that he had commissioned him to inform us, that Augusta would receive the sacraments about seven o'clock in the morning. We all repaired to the farm. Mr. Moore celebrated mass privately in an upper room, where Silva had prepared everything for it; for since the unhappy times in England, no one was permitted to practise publicly any rite of the Roman Catholic religion. Mr. Kennelly said mass at the Castle: Mr. Moore almost every day, at a late hour in the morning in the cottages of the good and fervent Catholics, where the others assembled. After mass, Mr. Moore carried the holy viatican to the sick woman; Silva followed him. We remained at the foot of the stairs, except Mr. Kennelly, who stopped at the door of Augusta's room; but very soon he came down, pale and ready to faint; I took him by the arm into the open air, attributing his condition to his deep sensibility, or to the infection which exhaled from the miserable narrow habitation of the poor dying creature. He very soon disabused me of this idea, declaring to me that this unhappy person was his sister, the widow of Major Love, and she whose loss Lady O'Dell bitterly deplored.

Lord Walsingham had often spoken to me of the misfortunes of his friend, Major Love; I had myself known and admired his wife, the most beautiful person of Manchester. Her voice had struck me, it was all that remained of her, and never would I have recognized her in this state of misery, suffering and abandonment. Whilst I was plunged in deep and painful reflections upon the vicissitudes and ravages of human passions, and then on the greatness of the mercies of God, Mr. Kennelly, judging from the time that had passed, that he could see his sister without distracting her, went to her; I remained at the entrance of the door, Augusta was still at prayer; Silva on his knees near her bed, held a book open before her, in which she was reading; Mr. Moore was praying in silence. When they had finished, Mr. Kennelly drew near and saluted her respectfully, she looked at him with surprise, and asked who he was.

"He is an ecclesiastic," said Silva, "and the friend of all the afflicted."

"Does he know me? No matter," added she quickly, "I no longer fear the judgments of men; my faults are engraven in my heart; contempt must be my portion; and if heaven will pardon me, why should I dread what may serve to purify me. Ah! I have but one regret, that of not being able to expiate my crimes in this life. Pray then, all you who have compassion on me, that my pains may be abridged in the other world on account of your good works."

"Madam," replied Mr. Kennelly, "you have a brother, who has never forgotten you before God, permit him to call you still his cherished sister."

"I!" replied she, with a deep groan, "I have dishonored my family, abridged by sorrow, shame and indignation, the life of my husband; the brother and sister who are left me, have without doubt cursed my memory."

Silva whispered to her "It is Mr. Kennelly who is speaking to you." She pressed the hand of her brother with a convulsive movement, and fainted away.

Mr. Moore restored her to consciousness and requested that she should remain very quiet. We all withdrew with breaking hearts, blessing nevertheless the adorable Providence which had brought back this soul, that had gone so far astray.

Having returned to the Castle, we detailed all that concerned Augusta; the absence of Silva, who remained with her, permitted me to expatiate on all the delicacy of the heroic charity which shone in his conduct; the suspicions and indignation of his father served to add new lustre to them.

Edmund shed tears of tenderness. "My lord," said he, to me, "my brother is an angel, and no one can know it better than I. How many times do I not owe the salvation of my soul and the peace of my life to him; how many times have not his counsels and affection made me enter into myself, when the violence of my disposition would render me unworthy of pardon, he alone dared to follow me, to solicit me and lead me to the feet of my father, of whom he obtained my forgiveness; for added he, shedding tears, the paroxysm of anger in which you saw me, was not unfortunately my first violence."

I pressed Edmund's hand; he wiped away his tears, coloring and continued to entertain me with effusions of his brother's virtues.

The next day we went to see Madame Love; she had resisted Silva's pressing solicitations to have her removed to a more commodious apartment, and she wished to die in this miserable room, though, through a motive of penance, she made no objection to see us; she recognized me perfectly, and told us, that her husband had often spoken of Lord Walsingham. She was weak and suffered much, but was calm and resigned. She was no longer the same person. The farmer's wife could hardly believe the change she saw in her. Oh! holy religion, such is thy power, and thy empire; thou disposest of hearts, and canst substitute peace in place of the most violent agitations.

Madame Love had employed the little strength that remained, in dictating to Silva an humble and touching recital of her errors and spiritual infidelities, which had insensibly made her stray from the way of salvation, and plunged her into the condition we had found her. She gave the copy-book to Mr. Kennelly, charging him to send it to Lady O'Dell, and allowing it first to be read at Grove Castle, in case that Lord Walsingham thought it useful to his friends. And truly nothing can be more striking than to remark how this young woman, full of wit, virtue and knowledge, attached to her husband and son, fell gradually into the most grievous crimes, from love of display and pleasures that are permitted by the world, vanity and coquetry, and upon which the greater part of the women of the world scarcely ever even examine their conscience; dangerous principles the source of all the disorders and irreligion, which increases every day.

Madame Love passed several days in a state of great exhaustion; but the dispositions of her soul were good, above all she could have hoped. Silva only left her at intervals, when she desired to be left alone with Mr. Moore, or Mr. Kennelly, to whom, to humble herself more and more, she had also made a general confession.

I observed one day to Lord Walsingham, that Silva's health might suffer from his assiduous cares and fatigue. "It seems to me," said I, "that you ought to moderate them."

"God preserve me," said the Count, "from disputing my son with him. Is it not Jesus Christ himself whom he serves in this unfortunate being, and who better than he, can dispose of his life and his health, preserve him to me, or take him from me."

How far are these generous sentiments from those of the world, where almost always man leans upon false principles to dispense himself with the good he does not wish to do. He excuses himself from solacing the indigent, for fear of reducing his children, as if the same children, their fortune and their happiness did not depend on Him alone, who has said, that what is offered to the poor is given to himself, and that even the cup of cold water given in his name, shall not be without its recompense.

Augusta languished three weeks longer, which were for her days of grace and expiation. Before her death she again asked her brother, and the farmer's wife, to pardon her; she blessed Silva, shedding tears of gratitude; then she recommended to him her son, in case he ever should ever meet him, begging him, to return to him a ring of her hair and of diamonds, that she wore.

"It is the only remembrance I have received from him," added she, "and I would have preferred to die of hunger and misery, than to prolong my sad existence, by selling this pledge of his affection."

Silva promised to neglect nothing to find her son, and put the ring on his finger.

Augusta had a sweet and tranquil death, accompanied by a fervor and confidence that she never could have hoped for, without that infinite mercy which sounds hearts, discerns true repentance, and pardons the wandering child who comes and casts himself in his arms. Lord Walsingham had her buried under her own name, and in a manner suitable to her rank.

CHAPTER VII.

Sir Lois absented himself two days after his quarrel with Edmund. When he returned, a week had already passed since the death of Madame Love. He was charmed to find Silva in good health. I asked him if Lord B. had never spoken to him of Major Love, who was his intimate friend. Sir Lois reddened very much.

"His widow," continued I, "has just died in this village; her funeral obsequies were performed in our chapel."

He became very pale.

"How long since she came here?"

"Since about a year," replied Silva, "alone and abandoned; but she was not so by God, who converted, consoled, and I hope has received her in his love."

"She was a Protestant," replied Sir Lois, in an agitated voice.

"She was educated in the Catholic religion," interrupted Lord Walsingham, and she returned to it, and was reconciled to the Church before she died.

Sir Lois very much disturbed, arose and left the room.

Silva followed him, and found him at the lower end of the terrace, weeping bitterly.

"Do you then know Madame Love," said he; "is it her death that

affects you thus? Dear Sir Lois, you have called me your friend, open your heart to me, permit me to share your pains."

"My misfortune is without remedy," cried the young man, hiding his face in his hands; "leave me, Silva, I have never merited your friendship; I am now more unworthy of it than ever; tell me only in what position, how did Madame Love die?"

"Her situation was frightful, but her sentiments and her repentance gave me great consolation."

"Have you seen her?"

"I loved her as my mother," replied Silva, weeping.

"Ah! virtuous young man," said Sir Lois, throwing his arms around Silva, "you were then to her what an ungrateful son . . . ," at the same time he noticed Madame Love's ring on Silva's finger.

"It was the only remembrance of her son," said Silva, "and this good mother would never part with it; she charged me to return it to him."

Sir Lois appeared ready to faint; Silva drew him into the garden, placed him upon a bench, and seating himself beside him, entreated him to grant him his confidence.

The young baronet yielded to his request, requesting him to keep it a profound secret; he said, with an agitated voice: "You see before you the unfortunate son of Madame Love. Brought up by my father, whom I lost at the age of twelve years, I was entrusted to Lord B. as my guardian, under an assumed name, political events having proscribed my own. The little wealth that he was able to preserve from my father's estate, which had been confiscated by the government, was secured to me under the name I now bear. I never heard my mother spoken of; Lord B. acknowledged to me that her dissipated and improper conduct had compelled my father to separate from her. Her fate, he said, which was her own work, was a miserable one. Unworthy son, I blushed and trembled, for fear of being recognized and claimed by her; once only I found a letter addressed to her in a package, which Lord B. had destined for the mail. I was so indiscreet as to open it; he had sent her some notes on the bank of Bristol, where she then was. I adroitly slipped this ring in it with these few words: 'Your son sends you this trifling remembrance; do not speak of it to Lord B., and do not seek him who is removed from you by the will of his father.' From that time I have never heard of her; often in the midst of pains inseparable from every age, and not unknown even to the most dissipated youth, would I think with bitterness that were my mother near me, she would share my sorrows, console me, and be my true friend, but soon false and dangerous pleasures would banish these reflections, and I would fear to find in her a censurer of my conduct, and an obstacle to what I called my pleasures. Alas! it is then when she is no more! it is only then, that I would give my life to redeem hers!"

Silva folded him in his arms; then after a short silence—"Sir Lois," said he, "you would this day give your life to see her once more; life is not always the greatest sacrifice we can make. Would you be equally disposed to do everything for the love of this good mother?"

"Everything!" exclaimed the young man, "especially with a friend such as you, Silva. The opprobrium and misery which inspired me with so much horror, would cost me nothing to share them with her. Is it then really true that she is dead?"

"Madame Love has ceased to inhabit this miserable world, but she has expressed her dearest wish, her heart has named her son, has formed a last desire for his happiness. If you fulfil it, O my dear Sir Lois."

"Speak Silva, what does my mother ask?"

"Her prayer has become mine; to obtain it, the sacrifice of all my happiness here below would cost me nothing. God alone, I know holds in his adorable hands our hearts, desires, resolutions, faith and incredulity, but offers and gives his grace to him who asks it: Madame Love died in a different religion from yours, and with the sorrowful conviction that after having lost her son on earth, she will never behold him in heaven, if he does not open his eyes to the truth and embrace it. I do not ask, she did not require that you should adopt her principles and profess her faith without examination; no, certainly faith is a pure gift of God, but reason, justice, and the love which you owe to the memory of your mother, solicit you to examine, to study, and afterwards to follow the light of your conscience, with a sound judgment, free from all prejudice and human respect."

A disdainful smile succeeded the transports of the young Sir Lois. "As to the examen," said he, "I cannot refuse you, notwithstanding the intimate persuasion I feel of its inutility. Promise me only to keep it secret."

Silva assured him that only Mr. Kennelly should know of his intention to study the Catholic religion, and would take charge of instructing him.

At supper Sir Lois was very sad and serious. After night prayers Silva conducted him to Mr. Kennelly's room, having previously apprized him of what had passed. This latter received him with great affection and kindness; hoping to win him by the desire of finding a friend in the brother of his mother, he revealed to him the ties of relationship that existed between them. Sir Lois opened his whole heart to him, and the most solid intimacy was established between them. Lord Walsingham and Edmund perceived it: this latter equally as benevolent as Silva, manifested it in a different kind of piety and good works. He spent whole hours in instructing the poor Catholic children, explaining to them the fundamental articles of faith; he encouraged them by rewards, gave them assistance in their wants, and took care of them in their sickness, but never was he seen through choice with Protestants. As to Sir Lois, he spoke to him whenever he met him with kindness and affability, but he did not yet love him, and the visible affection of Silva and Mr. Kennelly for this young man, afflicted him more sensibly than he dared to admit to himself.

Though older than his cousin, he respected him so much that he could not resolve to ask him the reason of this new intimacy, whatever pain it might give him.

Lord Walsingham spoke no more of his journey to London. I congratulated myself for it, the more on account of the imminent dangers which became every day more threatening against the friends of the unfortunate Queen of the Scots, who was still a captive, and against whom they were carrying on a criminal persecution.

A letter from Lord B. made another change in our situation; he informed Lord Henry of the certainty of his approaching end, and expressed a wish to see before his death, Sir Lois, whom he knew was still at Grove Castle.

Lord Walsingham communicated this letter to us, in the absence of Sir Lois. Silva taking his father aside, discovered to him all that had passed between this young man and himself, and the hope Mr. Kennelly had of converting him. He expressed his fears at the dangers to which this unforeseen absence, and the society of Lord B., who was warmly

attached to the reformation would expose him, as Lord B. might be induced to favor him on account of his religion.

Having explained all these motives to his father, Silva asked him, to allow him and Mr. Kennelly to visit Lord B. on pretext of paying respect to him. Lord Walsingham embraced his son; then after mature reflection, he said: "It is my intention to go myself to see my relative; we can all go to Bath together. This trip, moreover, will be of service to you Silva; you will take the waters, for I do not feel easy about your health."

Silva was at the summit of his wishes; he did not stop to argue that the remedy was not necessary to him. He thought only of thanking Heaven for permitting him to execute his design, and forgot nothing to draw the divine blessing on another, that did not interest him less, though he had not spoken of it to any one: it was the conversion of Lord B.

He kissed his father's hand and flew to Mr. Kennelly, to whom he opened his whole soul in the transports of his happiness.

We set out together. Edmund and Silva left to Mr. Moore the care of their protégés in the village. We found Lord B. in an alarming state of weakness.

Silva soon prepossessed him in his favor, and put in requisition all the winning graces of his character and the sensibility of his heart, to gain him.

He succeeded perfectly. Lord B. loved Lord Walsingham tenderly, and he could not be a moment without Silva. The latter had communicated to us his design. We all united to secure its success. Lord Walsingham charged himself with making the first overture; he performed this delicate task with a sweetness and energy, that made the most happy impressions on his relation. Lord B. was frightened for the first time in his life at the approach of eternity, upon which he had never seriously reflected; he was struck besides at the constant and social virtues of those who surrounded him, and at the unheard of change in Sir Lois, who was not yet a Catholic. He yielded at last to our entreaties, and consented to be instructed, and lay aside the prejudices in which he had been nurtured. Faith opened the way to his heart. He sincerely abjured the reformed religion, and died ten days after this affecting ceremony in the most edifying sentiments. Sir Lois made his abjuration at the same time; Lord B. left him a rent of a thousand pounds sterling, and a piece of land near Grove Castle. After Lord Walsingham had placed the administration of this inheritance in good hands, he left for Bristol, where his presence was very important. Sir Lois intending to remain yet some time at Bath, requested Mr. Kennelly to correspond with him, which he promised to do with great pleasure.

To be continued.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

A Catholic Reformatory Institution.—The following description of the Catholic Reformatory, near Birmingham, England, from the pen of Charles Dickens, in his *Household Words*, is a just commentary on all similar institutions of the Catholic Church:

Next, away to what was known as the Abbey Grange, but which now is called the Reformatory. On Ash-Wednesday of last year this place was opened as a reformatory for youthful Roman Catholic criminals, or whose parents are of that belief. The number of inmates at present is 120; but the building, when completed, will hold about 300. The ages of the boys range from ten to sixteen, and their terms of imprisonment from three to five years. Three large towns, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, supply a large portion of the inmates. . . . . Coming down stairs again, we take a peep into the refectory, where the tin utensils shine as brightly as if made of silver; and then proceed to the workshops. Each boy who enters the reformatory, in addition to reading, writing, and religious exercises, is taught some trade by which he may be able to obtain his living in after life—gardening, field working, tailoring, shoemaking and watchmaking. It is left entirely to the lad's own choice which of those occupations he will adopt. The military system of discipline, which is in operation, rewards various degrees of merit and ability by the different grades of corporal, lance corporal, and sergeant; each grade being marked by one or more red stripes on the blue blouse, which, together with a grey Scotch cap, is the uniform. As the boys advance in grade a greater degree of confidence is placed in them; and they are allowed to go on various errands into the neighboring villages. In no instance, my conductor informs me, has this trust been betrayed. Our entrance into the tailor's shop causes an instantaneous commotion. Discipline for a few moments is flung to the winds, and Father Lawrence becomes the centre of a group of eager, up-turned faces. The father puts various questions, chiefly on religious topics, which are replied with more or less intelligence; and when he asks, "Which among you are sergeant?" the three red stripes are pointed out with pride by those who possess them. There is a lay brother in his dark habit, who seems to be superintending the youngsters. When he thinks it time to return to a state of order, he calls out, "Attention. Boys to your places! Let us hear the clock tick!" The lads are back in their places, and we do hear the clock tick; almost, as it seems, before the brother has done speaking. It is the shoemaker's revolution when we enter the next room, and both last and hammer are deserted for the time being. Next into the watchmaker's room. The youthful workmen here merely turn round and greet us with a quiet smile, and a "Good day, Father Lawrence," and then go on with their work. In going through these various rooms, as I consider the faces that pass before me, it seems unnatural to believe, although I know it for a fact, that all these lads are criminals in a greater or less degree, and that many of them have been in jail several times before being sent here—so open, fearless and honest do they look. True it is, that here and there I observe a face on which the cross lines of early training are so deeply marked that they can never be erased; but such are the exceptions. As a rule, the handwriting of crime can, with time and patience, be erased from these young faces; and my conductor informs me that the disappearance of the louring, furtive look which marks them all when brought here, is the first real sign of improvement. When you have a clear, bright, honest face before you, then you may labor with some degree of hope.

The Last Hours of Mozart.—Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna, in the year 1791. There is something beautiful and touching in the

circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sung—the *Requiem*. He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cycnean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—*my* Requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes; "you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow on it—I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary like thee—the wretched shall find
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing,
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still and passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.

Extremities of Cold.—The following interesting extract is taken from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, showing the remarkable extremities of cold for a period of 1,400 years:

In the year 401 the Black sea was entirely frozen over. In 462 the Danube was frozen so that Threadmare marched on the ice to Swaiba to avenge his brother's death. In 642 the cold was so intense that the strait of Dardanelles and the Black sea was entirely frozen over. The snow in some places drifted to the depth of fifty feet, and the ice was heaped in such quantities in the cities as to cause the walls to fall down. In 850 the Adriatic was entirely frozen over. In 891, and also 893, the vines were killed by frost, and the cattle died in their stalls. In 991, the winter lasted very long, and was extremely severe. Everything was frozen, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1107 the cold was so intense that most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133, it was excessively cold in Italy; the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the heaps of snow rendered the roads impassable; the wine casks burst, and trees split by frost with an immense noise. In 1234, a pine forest was killed by frost at Ravenna. In 1236, the frost was most intense in Scotland, and the Categat was frozen between Norway and Jutland. In 1282, the houses in Austria were buried with snow. In 1292, the Rhine was frozen, and in Germany six

hundred peasants were employed to clear the way for the Austrian army. In 1344, all the rivers in Italy were frozen over. In 1384, the winter was so severe that the Rhine and Scheldt was frozen, and even the sea at Venice. In 1468, the winter was so severe in Flanders, that the wine was cut with hatchets to be distributed to the soldiery. In 1670, the frost was very intense in England and Denmark; both Little and Great Belt were frozen over. In 1684, many forest trees, and even the oaks in England were split with the frost. In 1692, the cold was so excessive that the starved wolves entered Vienna, and attacked both men and cattle. The cold of 1740 was scarcely less inferior to that of 1692, and the Zuyder Zee was entirely frozen over. In 1776, much snow fell, and the Danube bore ice five feet thick below Vienna.

The City of Canton.—This famous port is divided into two towns, the Chinese and the Tartar, which are separated by walls. Round the whole there is also a wall sixty feet in height, and overgrown with grass, creepers and bushes. Within this lies Canton, a chaos of small houses interspersed with trees, but showing neither fine streets nor squares, nor any architectural object worth note. The town is nine English miles in circumference. The house population is 400,000, the boat population about 60,000, and the population of the environs about 200,000. The Europeans number between 200 and 300. As in Turkish towns, each business has its separate street. There is a street for glass, another for silks, another for doctors, a fourth for provisions, and so on. Between the houses stand small temples of the same style as the other buildings. The shops are opened daily by taking out the front side of the house as far as the ground story. The wares are then strewn about in boxes made with compartments, or they are spread upon tables, behind which their owners sit and work. Provisions, especially, are laid out with great elegance. A narrow staircase leads to the upper part of the house, which forms the dwelling of the merchant and his family.

The streets are paved with broad stones. Before each house is a sort of niche, there is a little altar two or three feet high, before which are burnt little night lamps. The observance is religious, but it has also its social advantages. During the day, especially in the part of the town devoted to the sale of provisions, the throng of people is very great. The women and girls waddle from shop to shop to make their purchases, unveiled, as they do in Europe. Besides the provisions in the shops, there are street kawkers, who go about with immense baskets, bawling out their wares, like London costermongers. The crowd is increased by the wealthy, who are borne to and fro in their sedans; and it is still further aided by the "nightmen" of Canton, who do their night work during the day, bearing along the sewage from each house in open tubs, which add to the fertility of their gardens, but not to the salubrity of the atmosphere. Their want of cattle, and consequently of manure, makes this kind of "guano" of great value to them. Poultry and swine are plentiful in the narrow streets. In the poorer quarters, the number of sick people, with their bodies covered with skin eruptions, sores and boils, is exceeding disgusting. In parts of the environs are the burying places, covered over with small mounds of earth, upon which are placed stone flags, two feet high, bearing inscriptions. There are family vaults also, dug in the hills, and surrounded with low walls, in the form of a horse shoe; the mouth of the graves are also walled up. There is another way in which the Chinese bury their dead. They build small halls, consisting of two walls and a roof, open on both sides. Within these rise a tier of wooden benches, not exceeding four, and about two feet apart. Each bears a coffin, formed generally of boughs of trees hollowed out.—*Morning Adver'r Cor.*

The Veiled Picture.—A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a painter's daughter. And the question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both having come to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted the picture of fruit, and displayed it for the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful

life. Presently the birds came down to the canvass of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

"I leave that to you," said the artist with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden approached the veiled picture and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be the picture. We need not say who was the lucky lover, for if the artist who deceived the birds in painting fruit, manifested great power of art, he who could so veil his canvass with the pencil as to deceive a skillful master, was surely the greatest artist.

Washington.—Among the books in the library of George Washington, at the time of his death, was the "Poetical Works of William Preston, Esq.," a work published in Dublin, in 1789. The book was a presentation copy, and was inscribed by the author to Washington, in the following lines, which, for terse and comprehensive thought, cannot be excelled:

To His Excellency,
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
The Deliverer of his country,
Undismayed in Danger,
Unshaken in Adversity,
Uncorrupted in Prosperity,
IN WHOM
Military Talents,
Consummate Wisdom,
and
Unexampled Moderation
Most happily Unite
and render him
The Boast of Human Nature!

From the Author.

What more truthful and comprehensive tribute to the memory of the immortal Washington has been rendered by any writer than this inscription, from the pen of an almost unknown author, and one who had no national affinities with him whom he thus eulogized.

A Singular Case of Hydrophobia.—An extraordinary case of hydrophobia is related as having taken place some years ago, near Lyons, France, which, if the facts are correctly stated, would go to prove that this fatal malady can remain in the system as long as four years without development—a much longer period than has ever been authentically shown to have elapsed between the injury and its consequences; but there is some doubt as to the real nature of the disease, though unfortunately none as to the dreadful catastrophe which took place. A young farmer named Peyron, about twenty-five years of age, in the department of the Rhine, was married a few weeks ago to a neighbor's daughter. The young couple had been long attached to each other; but the parents of the bride had refused their consent on account of strangeness of conduct occasionally observed in the young man, who otherwise was a most eligible match, his parents being comparatively well off, and the son himself generally of exemplary good conduct. His passion for the girl became at length so violent that he declared he could not exist without her, and meditated suicide, went to the parents of the young woman, and, after some entreaty, prevailed upon them to agree to the match.

Young Peyron at once recovered his spirits, the young woman was delighted, and the mariage was celebrated with all the rustic pomp and ceremony common in that part of the province, concluding with a grand dinner and the inevitable ball. The gayeties were kept up until daylight, when the company separated. The new married couple were lodged in one wing of the farm-house, separated from the main building; but, in some time after they had retiried, cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. At first

they were unnoticed; but at length they increased to fearful shrieks, and the father and mother, alarmed, hastened to the room, followed by the farm servants. The cries were by the time they arrived changed to scarcely audible groans from the poor girl; and, on breaking open the door, she was found in the agonies of death—her bosom torn open and lacerated in the most horrible manner, and the wretched husband in a fit of raving madness and covered with blood, having actually devoured a portion of the unfortunate girl's breast.

A cry of horror burst forth from all present, and he was dragged from the room after a most violent resistance, it taking no less than six men to hold him down. Aid was instantly sent for; but before the doctor could reach the spot the unhappy victim was no more. Young Peyron was put under treatment, and a striaght-waistcoat was attempted to be put upon him; but his struggles and screams were such that the doctor, apprehensive less he should expire in the assistants' hands, ordered them to desist. The unfortunate man had by this time become so weak that he was easily conveyed to bed, and died at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, without having for one moment recovered his consciousness. It was then recollected, in answer to searching questions by a physician, that somewhere about five years previously he had been bitten by a strange dog, and taken the usual precautions against hydrophobia. But, although the dog was killed, it had never been satisfactorily shown that it was really mad; and, no ill consequences resulting from the bite, his friends concluded that it would come to nothing, and the incident had been altogether forgotten.

It was considered by the doctor that the circumstances preceding the marriage and the excitement of the occasion itself had roused the latent virus, which had so long laid dormant in the blood, and led to the terrible outbreak of frenzy which had ended so tragically. On the medical report being laid before the authorities, the extraordinary nature of the case naturally excited much attention and considerable controversy—the opinions of the heads of the profession being, after full inquiry, that there was no hydrophobia whatever in the case, but rooted insanity, and that it was shown to exist by the occasional aberrations of the unfortunate young man, as before mentioned; and that his diseased temperament and too violent passions, powerfully acted on by the circumstances, led to the fatal consequences narrated above. This sad catastrophe has given rise to fierce medical controversy in some of the professional journals on the nature of hydrophobia, from which it would appear that, although instances of remarkable cures of this frightful malady are often described in the journals, no authenticated account of its favorable termination is yet known in France.

The Marriage Fee.—A certain doctor of divinity was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which ministers earned money.

"Now," says the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes service."

"Pooh!" reply the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards, the doctor was called on to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'spose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in a barn. Worth full five dollars—and I s'spose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:

"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

A Chapter for the Young.

The Garland of Flowers.—Emma was a flighty and sportive child; but when she attained her twelfth year, as she was preparing to make her first communion, she became grave and recollected. When the happy day arrived, she entered early her mother's apartment, and kneeling before her, said: "My dearest mother, pardon, I implore you, the pangs my faults have caused you in order that I may receive my God with holy hope and a pure conscience." The mother clasped Emma to her bosom, shed tears of tenderness over her, and placing her right hand on the young girl's head, gave her her benediction. She then placed on her brow a muslin veil and a garland of white flowers, saying: "May these beautiful flowers be the emblem of the purity of your soul!" When Emma returned from church, she said to her mother, with a heart full of holy joy: "I will preserve this garland all the days of my life, as a souvenir of my happiness; but as those flowers, if exposed, might suffer a stain in their beautiful white, will you let me have them encased in a glass frame?" "With pleasure," replied the mother; "but on condition that each time you look on your garland, you will recollect that innocence, like it, is a delicate flower which the least breath may sully."

Impoliteness in Children:—

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger nails in company.
4. Whispering in company.
5. Gazing at strangers.
6. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
7. A want of reverence for superiors.
8. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
9. Receiving a present without some manifestations of gratitude.
10. Making yourself the top of conversation.
11. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
12. Joking others in company.
13. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
14. To commence talking before others are through.
15. Answering questions when put to others.
16. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. And
17. In not listening to what one is saying, in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

A Good Rule.—A certain khan of Tartary, travelling with his nobles, was met by a dervis, who cried, with a loud voice—

"Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice."

The khan ordered the sum to be given him, upon which the dervis said: "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

The courtiers, hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer: "The dervis is well paid for his maxim."

But the khan was so well pleased with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in gold letters in several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plate.

Not long after, the khan's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he bled him. One day, when the khan's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the hand of the surgeon, the latter read on the basin—

"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

The khan observing his confusion, inquired the reason; the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned, but the conspirators were put to death.

The khan, turning to his courtiers, who had heard the advice with disdain, told them that the counsel could not be too highly valued which had saved a khan's life.

Review of Current Literature.

1. Concilium Baltimorense Provinciale VIII. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are pleased to find that the acts and decrees of our last Provincial Council, held in 1855, have, at length, received the sanction of the Holy See, and been issued from the press of Messrs. Murphy & Co., with their usual accuracy and elegance of execution. Though the decrees are few in number, they will be found to embrace matters of great importance, and tend to develop our institutions with increased advantage to the clergy and people. The regulations regarding the increased number of clerical counsellors of bishops, and the sources of information to be sought for the safe commendation of candidates for episcopacy, will be read with great interest, as they show increased solicitude on the part of our prelates to secure the best candidates, without fostering intrigue, or excitement. The course of proceedings to be adopted in cases of charges against clergymen, as suggested by the Council of St. Louis, and recommended for general adoption by the Holy See, shows great wisdom and justice. The prelates and clergy of this province will doubtless provide themselves with copies of this work, which will be consulted with eagerness throughout the U. States. In connection with it, we beg to recommend the general collection of the decrees of the various Councils of Baltimore, which, for the convenience of clergymen, are published apart from the acts and proceedings.

2. The Creator and the Creature; or, The Wonders of Divine Love. By *Frederick William Faber*, D.D. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

In the last and elsewhere in the present number, we have spoken so fully of the works of Father Faber, that little remains to be said under the head of Current Literature, of this, the latest and the most sublime of his productions. We might reiterate what has already been said, and even enlarge in its praise, but we feel that no language however eloquent or elaborate will suffice to give the reader an idea of the merits of the *Creator and the Creature*. Language would fail in the attempt. To be appreciated it must be read—read thoroughly and attentively.

In these heaven-forgetting days, when the pursuits of this world, its vanities, its false pleasures, its delusive wealth, engross our whole thoughts as if this perishable earth were the end of our being, it is well for us to listen to the voice of a Faber, and reflect that, in his own beautiful and impressive words, "There is no redemption for the creature, but in the service of the Creator." That, "There is no power to counteract the manifold spirit of evil but one, that is the desire of God, the craving to see his face, the yearning for his beauty." That, "There is no specific against worldliness but God."

Much credit is due to Messrs. Murphy & Co. for the very elegant dress in which they have presented the works of Father Faber to the public.

3. Gerald O'Reilly: or The Triumph of Principle: and Eva O'Beirne: or The Little Lace Maker: two Tales. By *Brother James*. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have seldom read, among the numerous class of works designed for the entertainment of the young, a book that gave us more pleasure than this little volume. The object sought to be accomplished is one that cannot be too highly commended—the encouragement of virtue, the development of sound principles of morality, the early formation of a virtuous character in youth. In the simple but beautiful stories of Gerald and Eva, children will learn the important truth, that wealth, prosperity, and happiness even here on earth, are often the rewards of a virtuous and well spent youth.

The little volume, apart from other merits, possesses a pleasing style and an agreeable humor, which must render it a favorite with the young! It is the first of a series of tales, which Messrs. Murphy & Co. are about to publish for the entertainment of youth. We cheerfully commend it to all who desire to procure for their children works which at once combine instruction with entertainment.

4. Life of Mary, Queen of Scots: in two books, by *Donald MacLeod*, author of "Pynnhurst," &c. New York: Charles Scribner. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There are certain subjects which, however often repeated, never fail to excite a feeling of romantic interest. Like choice music they improve with acquaintance, and awaken the soul to new emotions at each successive repetition. The human heart everywhere acknowledges the supremacy of sentiment; and while history challenges for the master-strokes of her heroes, the admiration of the world, and delights the intellect with evidences of intellectual power and its achievements, she also touches the heart with sympathy, pity and love, for the beautiful and the wronged. These feelings once excited can never wholly die out; they are transmitted like an heir-loom from generation to generation; and he who undertakes to repeat the old familiar story is sure of an eager audience. Such a subject has been chosen by the author of this book. The beauty, the learning, the goodness, the overwhelming sorrow, and the sad, sad fate of Mary Queen of Scots, are "household words" to the multitude. There is a sweetness in her name like music—an immortal romance clustering around it, which causes us to linger as we speak it. Mary Stuart! We repeat it—lingering still in the repetition. We speak the name gently, as of some one who deserved our sympathy and our pity, and yet is beyond the reach of them;—as though we felt the truth of her own sad lines—

> "O'er my life's early spring,
> And o'er its opening bloom,
> My deadly sorrows fling
> The darkness of the tomb.
> My star of hope is set
> In yearning and regret."

The tone of Mr. MacLeod's work is indicated by a quotation from Hamlet upon the title leaf of Book I. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." He believes in the existence of a wide-spread evil opinion of Mary of Scotland, fostered and kept alive by the repetition of often refuted calumnies, which even Abbott and Dickens have repeated in their books for children; and which "Dr. Doran re-echoes with his customary cold envenomed sneer," and even Thackaray, he says in his preface, forgetting his English sense of fair play and his chivalric duty as a gentleman, "turns himself into a literary grave rat to gnaw unprovokedly at the reputation of a woman dead nearly three hundred years."

Our author's view of public opinion being thus guided, he enters spiritedly upon the most conclusive defence of Queen Mary; rehearsing the treachery of her nobles—the jealousy of Elizabeth—the final triumph of treason and the mournful spectacle of the execution, "when the people sobbed and wept" and the bloody executioner holding her head up by the long gray hair, said—

"God save Queen Elizabeth."

"So perish all her enemies," said the Dean of Peterborough. And the spectators wept.

"So perish all the enemies of the Gospel," cried the Earl of Kent. And the people sobbed and wept; but no man said "Amen."

Of new material to which Mr. MacLeod has had recourse in the construction of his work he mentions some eight hundred letters and State papers collected by Prince Alexander Labanoff de Rostoff, from royal libraries, university archives, State paper offices, records of private families, &c., relative to or written by the unfortunate princess, and since the discovery of which no one has written about her except Agnes Strickland, whose work is not yet completed. From such material, in connection with that which has already become historical, Mr. MacLeod has produced a most entertaining and instructive book. It is well written, terse and vigorous, and as he spares no pains to hunt down the calumnies that have been circulated against the unfortunate queen's reputation, the unprejudiced mind cannot fail to be convinced of their fallacy, and to agree with the author in pronouncing her "as gentle and stainless a lady as God ever made."

5. The Life of Charlotte Bronte. In two vols. By *E. C. Gaskell.* New York: Appleton & Co.

There seems to be of late years a rage for reproducing in America every thing that emanates from the English press. The question of the merits of the work is seldom raised—has it met with favor in the English market? is the leading inquiry. If so, the stamp of approval of the "mother country," is all-sufficient to give it currency on this side of the Atlantic. With this stamp,—a certain pledge of its anti-Catholic orthodoxy,—it is sure to find here publishers, venders and readers by the thousand.

With the spirit of enterprise, which prompts our publishers to risk their means in the reproduction of foreign literature, we do not find fault; on the contrary, it is laudable and praiseworthy. But in their eagerness to spread before us the productions of our European cousins, we do object that they should depart from the rules of common civility; that they should violate that which Christian charity or even enlightened liberality forbids; that they should injure us as citizens, and outrage our feelings as Catholics.

In a country like this, where religious bigotry has no legal existence; where the right of conscience is guaranteed by the charter of our liberties; where the constitution creates no distinction among our citizens by reason of their religion, it betrays a spirit at war with every principle of American citizenship to foster religious animosities. The letter and spirit of our constitution forbid all interference with the religion of the members of the commonwealth, it is therefore little less than treason against the institutions of the country, to single out the religion of a particular class of our citizens, and hold it up to obloquy and reproach. The spirit that invokes such a course is anti-American,—and strikes at the foundation of the most cherished of our national institutions.

If an English, or any other foreign work, should contain strictures unfavorable to our republican institutions; should the author traduce the fair fame of Washington; malign his character, and undermine his virtues, is there a publisher in the country who would take the responsibility of publishing such a book? Most assuredly not. Public indignation would rise up against such an act, and the man who would attempt it, would be regarded as an enemy to the country, its laws and institutions. Now we respectfully maintain that any infringement upon the constitution itself, is anti-American in principle, and should be met with the indignant frown of every right-minded man in the community. The right to enjoy and exercise our religion is a constitutional right, and every attempt to interfere with this right, either by press or pulpit, by slander or misrepresentation, or open attack upon the religious tenets or practices of any class of our citizens, is an unwarrantable assumption on the part of those who attempt it, and is not tenable upon any American principle.

But to return from this digression to the work before us. Charlotte Bronte's writings are not without merit in a literary point of view; but all their good qualities are lost in the estimation of Catholics by the strong vein of anti-Catholic feeling with which they are imbued. A few passages will be sufficient to satisfy the reader on this point. Writing from Belgium to a friend, she uses the following language:

"People may talk of the danger which Protestants expose themselves to, in going to reside in Catholic countries, and thereby running the chance of changing their faith. My advice to all Protestants who are tempted to do anything so besotted as to turn Catholics is to walk over the sea to the Continent; to attend mass sedulously for a time; to note well the mummeries thereof, also the idiotic, mercenary aspect of all the priests, *then* if they are disposed to consider Papistry in other light than a most feeble, childish piece of humbug, let them turn Papists at once. I consider Methodism, Quakerism, and the extremes of High and Low Churchism foolish, but Roman Catholicism beats them all. At the same time, allow me to tell you, that there are some Catholics who are as good as any Christians can be to whom the Bible is a sealed book."

Her conceptions of the sublime and touching ceremonies of the Catholic Church, were in keeping with her conceptions of Catholic belief, as she tells us often witnessing the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Spanish Ambassador's chapel by Cardinal Wiseman, that "the whole scene was *impiously theatrical.*" We might

multiply extracts, showing the deep-seated prejudice of Charlotte's character. Apart from this, however, we are pleased with her writings, for the work is made up chiefly of extracts from her numerous letters. They possess a purity and vigor of style rarely met with in female compositions, and in this respect, might serve as models; and we regret that the publishers did not omit those portions of the work which offer insult to Catholic feelings, and thereby rendered it accessible to Catholic patronage.

6. Journal d'un Missionnaire au Texas et au Mexique, par *l'abbé Domenech*. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

What will embarrass any writer on our church history hereafter will be the abundance of French material in letters, journals and stately volumes, not always reliable; as first impressions where there is a lively imagination will often mislead—and on the other hand, the almost total absence of *memoirs* in English on the ornaments and glories of our Church. France not only gives the lives and works of her own sons; she translates similar works from the German, many of them being entirely unknown to us. We have had a life of Archbishop Carroll, another of Bishop Flaget, a brief sketch of Quarter—Mother Seton finds a biographer, the early Indian missions a historian, the State of Kentucky and the city of New York a sketch of Catholicity within their borders: but if we except the collected works of Bishop England this is all produced in this country. No pains-taking Oliver has appeared to chronicle the early Jesuits of Maryland, the apostles of Catholicity here. Bishop Neale and Mother Teresa are almost unknown; the Sisters of Loretto have no life of their founder; Bishop Fenwick of Ohio and his brother Dominicans are unchronicled—the devoted priests who have labored to the end in the vineyard of their Lord will soon be forgotten in the very spot of their ministry. This field lies open to our writers. There is no lack of edifying matter: there will be no lack of delighted readers.

The Rev. Mr. Domenech writes graphically, and his picture of border life on the Rio Grande is full of interest. Some parts may seem overdrawn, but on the whole his judgment seems unbiased; he is lavish neither of praise nor of censure.

7. Le Christianisme en Chine, en Tartarie, et au Thibet, par *M. Huc*, Ancien Missionnaire Apostolique en Chine. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The travels of MM. Huc and Gabet in Tartary and Thibet was one of the most interesting volumes published this century. There is a freshness, a vigor, an interest in the theme and in the narration that captivate and allure. Huc's second work, "The Chinese Empire," was far less interesting to us, to whom much of Chinese life had become more or less familiar from the great American commerce with China, and the efforts of American missionaries who had availed themselves in their writings of the publications of the Catholic apostles of the Middle Kingdom. The same author now gives us a history of Christianity in China, down to the conquest by the Tartars. The work is interesting doubtless, but except a few new Chinese authorities to defend the monument of Signanfou against the sneer of Voltaire there is little to show the research which we expected, and the fund of information which his knowledge of the language, literature and manners of the Chinese would have enabled him to afford us. At the present time, however, when a change is evidently working in that strange country, a history of the Church there is most welcome, but would be doubly so had he continued it to the present time. The last century and a half are of all others the most interesting in the history of the Chinese Church, and as to these points we have no authentic work in English.

8. Edith Mortimer, or The Trials of Life. By *Mrs Parsons*. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

From a cursory glance we are well pleased with this book. It is an entertaining story, showing the trials to which converts to our holy faith are subjected, and will be read with interest and profit.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—The new work of Gratry—*De la connaissance de l'ame*—a necessary sequel to his *Connaissance de Dieu*, will doubtless meet a favorable reception with the learned. Gratry is one of the noblest ornaments of the new French oratory and a philosopher of undoubted talent. Brownson has devoted many pages to reviews of his former works, and has enabled many to give the French philosopher that serious examination which he deserves.

We have not we believe alluded to a work of an American prelate—for we suppose we may so call a Canadian bishop—that has been recently issued by Lecoffre at Paris. This is the *Ceremonial des Evêques commenté et expliqué par les usages et les traditions de la Sante Eglise Romaine*. In France many local customs had almost supplanted the Ceremonial, or so altered it as to make it entirely different. This work based on the Roman usage will enable bishops in all parts to carry out the Ceremonial according to the views and intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Some new devotional works have appeared, but we need only give the names which explain themselves: *Le mystère de l'Eucharistie medité au pied du St. Autel par l'abbé Joiron*, and *Le Chretien éclairé sur le nature et l'usage des Indulgences par le père A. Moiron de la Compagnie de Jesus*.

The house of Russand has just published a life by Etienne Cartier of the blessed Fra Angelo of Fiesoli, the celebrated Dominican painter. It is a work that will be prized not only by Catholics as the life of a most holy servant of God, a glory of the order of St. Dominic, but also by every lover of art.

The *Libre Examen*, a work of Father Deschamps, the celebrated Redemptorist of Belgium, has led to some discussion in France between the Univers and the Correspondant: all agree, however, in their admiration of the book, and grant it a high rank in our cotemporary literature. The liturgical works of the Jesuit Lambellotte have been attacked by the abbé Cloet: and on the other hand a Lyonnaise scholar revives the memory and redeems the honor of Father Menestrier, a celebrated Jesuit of whom Lyons is justly proud. Some of the works of Father Charles Lalement, another French Jesuit, who was on the mission in Maine before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, have also been republished with a careful memoir.

We are pleased to see that the popular Life of Mother Seton has been translated by abbé Babad, missionary of the diocese of Lyons, and published by Lecoffre, Paris.

Gaume has issued a volume which will be a useful one for the clergy. It is a collection of thirty-one of the best French Sermons on the Blessed Virgin, thus furnishing a pastor with a selection of eloquent discourses of the most eminent French preachers, enabling him to prepare during the month of May, especially, discourses which in variety and in elevation of thought, will tend to encourage and aid the devotion of the faithful.

In English Duffy announces "The Church of the Fathers," by Newman, and "The Robber Chieftain," a tale of Dublin Castle, from the fertile pen of Carleton. Dr. Newman's work will be looked for with interest. Before his conversion he had gone over this ground, and is undoubtedly most familiar with it. His present position, the guidance which his submission to the Church and her teachings gives him, will enable him to make the most important work on Church History published in our language for years.

Longman announces a work on Rome and its institutions, with special reference to the pontificate of Pius IX, by the talented Irish member of parliament, Maguire. This work will we trust be immediately reprinted here: as here, no less than in England, is it necessary to spread before the people and place in the hands of Catholics authentic accounts of what Pius IX really has done and is doing: of what the revolutionists intended, and what they really did during their brief sway.

A work under the taking title "Popular Delusions concerning the Faith of Catho-

lics," by W. Dodsworth, is also noticed as having recently appeared in England, while a new tale by the author of Mount St. Laurence, and a popular Church History are announced.

American.—At home, Haverty of New York has announced as ready a new edition of the "Hibernian Nights' Entertainments," a series of very clever tales by Samuel Ferguson, now first collected. They will afford pleasant reading, as all who read the Dublin University Magazine must be aware.

Dunigan & Bro. have issued "The Three Kings of Cologne," one of the Rev. Mr. Joslin's pious little works, graceful in style and full of unction: while the "Star of Bethlehem," a new prayer book by the same author, has just been issued by Mr. O'Shea, of N. York, who has also issued the long looked for Life of Bishop McGinn, by T. D'Arcy McGee, Esq. Dunigan also announces Father Perrone's "Protestantism and Catholicity," a popular work, which has indeed been popular in Italy, if we may judge by the many editions of it that have appeared. The work has been translated at Rome under the superintendence of the author.

We are pleased to learn that Messrs. Sadliers, of New York, announce for early publication, abbé Huc's "Christianity in China, Tartary and Thibet," giving the history of Christianity in these regions from the days of the Apostle St. Thomas to a very recent period. This is an important work, and will supply a want much felt, by placing us in a more intimate acquaintance with religion in the East.

Of our neighbor Canada, we are happy to state that Mr. Acotē, of Quebec, has in press a reprint of all the Jesuit Relations or annual reports of the state of their missions from 1632 to 1672. They will be reprinted in a size and at a price to enable them to be attainable by all. Of the historical value of these relations no one can doubt who has seen Dr. O'Callaghan's work on them, or who has noticed the use made of them by Bancroft, Murray and other general historians or by writers on Catholic missions like Shea. We hope to be able to state in our next more definitely the exact form and price of this interesting work.

Messrs. Murphy & Co., who have just issued, uniform with their editions of the former Councils, "Concilium Baltimorense Provinciale VIII, Habitum anno 1855," have nearly ready, with the necessary sanction, a new edition of the "Rituale Romanum," (Small Ritual,) heretofore published by order of the Councils of Baltimore. In this revised edition, the form for Baptizing Adults is inserted conformably to the desire of the Holy See, acquiesced in by our Prelates, that it should be used here, as throughout the Church generally, instead of the simple form of Baptizing Children; which has hitherto been used for adults likewise. An interesting Note is inserted, by authority, correcting a mistake which occurred in an official communication regarding the publication of the bans in mixed marriages. This new edition will be required by all the clergy, and must necessarily have a large circulation. The same firm have just published in their usual neat and attractive style, a little work entitled "Ritus et Preces ad Missam Celebrandam, in usum præcipue eorum qui sacris initiantur," which will be very useful to the clergy. They have also published a new German Prayer Book, "Worte des Heiles," compiled by one of the Redemptorist Fathers. In light literature, they have just issued their second volume of the uniform series of Lady Fullerton's Tales, "Lady Bird," and a new edition of "Grantly Manor"—the third and last volume, "Ellen Middleton," will be ready soon. They also announce a graceful little volume of Oriental Tales, entitled "The Thousand-and-One Days," a companion to the Arabian Nights, embellished with fine engravings. Each of these tales are intended to inculcate a valuable moral lesson, and will no doubt receive, as they merit, an extensive circulation.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. also announce the "*Catholic Youth's Magazine of Religious and Entertaining Instruction.*" This is a happy idea, and one that deserves, as we are sure it will receive a hearty welcome and liberal encouragement. Did our space admit, we could write pages setting forth the advantages and claims of such a periodical—but, we deem it superfluous, as we feel that the announcement of a magazine for the Catholic Youth of the United States—at the low price of 50 cents a year—will meet such a response as will at once secure its success and efficiency.

Editors' Table.

The Washington Riots.—Although we lament, in common with all Christian men, that the majesty of the law should at any time be brought, of necessity, into conflict with the sanctity of human life, we cannot nevertheless but rejoice, as good citizens, whenever such unhappy necessity is met, with firmness and a manly sense of duty, by the constituted authorities. No government is tolerable, whatever be its form or pretensions, and no true freedom can exist under any system, no matter how auspicious its name or guise, if there be, under such form or system, any power which can place itself, with impunity, above the law. You may call such power what you please—emperor or dictator—mob or people—if it knows no sanction but its own will and in the exercise of that will is above responsibility, it is neither more nor less than a despot, and any man who lives under it is only not a slave, because in its caprice it for a while may permit him to be free. Nor are the evil and the shame in any way diminished by the fact, that they are wrought under republican or democratic institutions, and that he who is among the downtrodden to-day may, perhaps, be chief among the masters to-morrow. In such case all government is at end, with all the blessings which government was intended to secure, and national existence is a mere internecine struggle of bad passions and brute force. Worst indeed is it, of all possible shapes which such a scheme of violence and wrong can take, when it not only prostrates the barriers of rational and regulated liberty, but does so, in the desecrated name of that liberty itself. Wicked and vile enough in its own nature, it then becomes, besides,

> "A stain upon a vestal's robe,
> The worse for what it soils!"

These reflections, and many more as trite and seemingly as much forgotten in practice now a days, among our countrymen, have been suggested to us by the unhappy occurrences which rendered necessary the interposition of the military arm, at the recent municipal election in the city of Washington. Such interposition, especially in a popular government, is of course always to be avoided, as long as it safely and reasonably may be, and, when it is invoked, should always be directed by the most prudent and tolerant forbearance. The concurrent testimony of all credible witnesses appears to establish the fact beyond peradventure, that on the present occasion recourse was not had by the Mayor of Washington to the President of the United States, until there was no longer any alternative, and that the conduct of the officers and soldiers who were detailed to suppress the riot, was manly, patient and humane in the highest degree. As a consequence, we find that the press, with a very few partisan and insignificant exceptions, has united in an unqualified support of the authorities, and in expressing its sense of the necessity and value of the example which has been set by the executive of the nation. Repeating, always, our regret that such necessity should have arisen, we cannot but join our contemporaries in the sentiments which so many of them of all parties, have taken the opportunity to announce, in condemnation of the spirit of violence which is among us, and in sincere gratification at the determined and uncompromising tone in which it has been rebuked. We rejoice that the blow which has been given to it has been dealt by the hand of the Chief Magistrate—the first in authority and the first in responsibility; that it was dealt promptly and efficiently, and that the whole country has recognised the justice and moderation with which it was inflicted. We look for the most beneficial results, both from the force of the example and the unanimity of the public approbation.

Nor has the example been set too soon. The evil is a crying one, and has been expanding itself. It has attacked the very root of popular government and freedom, the independence and sanctity of the right of suffrage. It has gone on, until the drunken brawls of a few years ago have grown into organized riots or insurrections, and the pot-valiant bully of former days is represented by disciplined gangs of deliberate and

confederated assassins. Partisanship has attempted to disguise the outrages in question, or to palliate them. Men, otherwise respectable, have so far forgotten what is due to themselves and society, as to encourage the organizations through which the spirit of lawlessness makes itself manifest and dangerous. A mawkish sentimentality, tender of the lives of ruffians, though indifferent to those of their victims and to the violated rights of good citizens, has enlisted itself on the side of the malefactors, whenever it has been sought to bring them to justice, and weak or perverted juries have been found to send them scot free. It is time there were an end of this. The evil should be prevented, if possible, by moral suasion,—by the combined efforts of the prudent and patriotic of all parties—but at all events by the knowledge that if violence and wrong are attempted, they will be met and subdued by force and right. If it cannot be hindered otherwise, let it feel the strong hand of the law, both in resistance and in punishment. There should be no child's play about it. We confess that we have no "fellow-citizen" sympathy whatever with the gentlemen who administer the slung-shot and revolver department at the polls. The sooner they are gotten rid of the better. No method of disposing of them can be too summary or too severe. They will soon cease to be a reproach to our country and to popular institutions, if all the officers clothed with the authority of the law shall exercise their functions as energetically and manfully as President Buchanan. Now that the adoption of the new police law has placed ample means for the preservation of the public peace in the hands of the executive of our city, and there can be no excuse whatever for its violation, we trust that Baltimore, at least, will not again be visited by the outrages which at the last and the preceding election stained its streets with blood.

We take great pleasure in inserting the following exquisite poem, written for the Annual Commencement of St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg. It is a composition creditable alike to the fair authoress and the institution to which she is indebted for developing those talents with which she has been singularly gifted:

FAREWELL TO ST. JOSEPH'S.

Written by Miss Ellen Rohan, of Norfolk, Va.

Oh, sad are the moments that sever
The ties to the spirit most dear!
Their mem'ry shall linger forever,
To waken the sigh and the tear.
The sunbeam all vainly is shining,
All vainly do music and song
Now chide my fond heart for repining,
As they float on the breezes along.
Chorus.—Fain in this bright valley, forever,
With the friends of my childhood I'd dwell,
Their mem'ry shall perish—oh never!
Sweet Home!—dear St. Joseph's—Farewell.

Could a bird only dwell for an hour
In Eden's rich garden of light,
How drear would appear the green bower,
Where lately it found its delight!
E'en like that poor bird of the wildwood,
I turn with strange sadness and fear,
From this beautiful Eden of childhood
To the world, so deceitful and drear.
Chorus.

Though parents and friends fondly cherish'd,
Shall solace my grief with their love,
I'll mourn for the joys that have perish'd,
And often, in spirit, I'll rove

To the scene of life's innocent pleasures
When joyous and free from all care,
I revel'd amid richest treasures
Of science and piety there.
CHORUS.

Companions, so loved and so loving,
No more shall we 'guile the bright hours,
Thro' haunts of our early home roving,
In quest of the pale, forest flow'rs.
But thoughts of that home shall still cheer us;
And when from sweet virtue and truth,
The voice of the tempter would lure us,
We'll think on the lessons of youth.
CHORUS.

How many a spell shall be broken,
That now calls up visions of light:
How many a blossoming token
Of bliss, shall be touch'd by the blight!
Ah! then let us turn to that Heaven,
We've learn'd here supremely to prize,
And strength to our hearts will be given,
Above earthly sorrows to rise.
CHORUS.

Sweet "Sisters in Mary," oh never
Forget the dear title we bear,
Our mother will shield us forever
From every illusion and snare.—
In danger we'll turn with devotion,
Oh! purest of Virgins, to thee—
Thy smile, gentle "Star of the Ocean"
Shall still the dark waves of life's sea.
CHORUS.

Lov'd Father, ah! nobly thou 'st striven,
Our souls unto virtue to gain,
And fix our affections on Heaven,
Since Earth's passing pleasures are vain.
Thy lessons and image forever
Enshrin'd in our mem'ry shall be:
May heavenly blessings rest ever
Our kind, cherish'd Father, on thee.
CHORUS.

And now as we murmur, dear Mother,
Sweet Sisters, a mournful farewell,
All vainly we labor to smother
The tears our emotions, that tell.
Dear Guides of life's sunniest hour,
"Earth hath no reward for such love."
Be yours then, the beautiful dower—
A home in God's bosom above.
CHORUS.

Farewell, cherish'd scenes of my childhood,
Farewell to the Fount and the Glade,
Farewell to the Grot and the Wildwood,
And to the stream, on whose borders I play'd.
Farewell to the birds and the bowers,
Farewell to the blossoming Lea,
Farewell to thy Shrine and the flowers,
That bloom there, Madonna, for thee.
CHORUS.

The Catholic Press.—Among the many agencies that have contributed towards the rapid increase of Catholicity in this country, none have been more powerful than the Catholic press. The time was, and that within a comparatively recent period, when the whole Catholic press was comprised in a single paper; now it numbers beneath its standard a score of journals, which for talent, for editorial ability, for elevated tone and sentiment, rank with the most influential and best conducted journals in the country.

They wield at present a power that is felt throughout the entire extent of the land. They rise up like so many valiant sentinels, guarding the outposts of Catholicity, defending the rights and protecting the interests of the Church; combatting error, prejudice and fanaticism; exposing falsehood and inculcating everywhere respect for authority and obedience to the laws, and pointing to virtue and morality, as the only saving elements that can give perpetuity to the State and happiness to the people.

If the character of our beloved bishops or devoted clergy is assailed, if they become the victims of falsehood and misrepresentation, the Catholic press hastens to their defence. If the tongue of slander dares to intrude within the sacred precincts of our convents, or other religious institutions, the Catholic press interposes the arm of its power to shield the innocent, and to hold up the guilty authors to the reprobation of the right-minded of every class. If a church is to be built, the Catholic press is the first to move in the good work. If a school is needed, or an asylum for the destitute and afflicted is to be erected, the Catholic press becomes the most zealous and eloquent advocate of the noble enterprise.

All feel its power as a Catholic element in the country. All recognise its importance. But do we, as Catholics, appreciate its worth? Do we manifest an interest in its success commensurate with the benefits we receive from it? In plain language, do we subscribe to its support? Alas, we fear that there are too many Catholics who freely acknowledge the blessings derived from the Catholic press, who boast of its ability and feel a pride in its existence, but who leave to their neighbors the undisputed honor of supporting it.

Feeling, as we do, a deep interest in the success of the Catholic press of this country, it gives us peculiar pleasure to notice that additions have been recently made to the catalogue of Catholic papers. Among these is The New York Tablet, published by Messrs. Sadlier & Co., and edited by Bernard D. Killian, Esq., a journal in every respect worthy of Catholic patronage. It has entered on its career of usefulness with a spirit and ability which is creditable alike to the publishers and editor. Though yet in its infancy, it will compare favorably with the best of our Catholic journals.

But while we rejoice at the additions which have been made to the number of Catholic journals, we deeply regret to learn that the Catholic Miscellany, the venerable relic which reaches back to the infancy of Catholic journalism in the United States, is languishing for the want of adequate support. This, indeed, is much to be regretted. The discontinuance of such a journal as the *Miscellany* would be a loss much to be deplored by every Catholic in the country. For the sake of the cause in which it has so long and so faithfully labored, for the sake of the common interest of Catholicity which it has so long defended, let it not be said that the Miscellany has been discontinued. Let the Catholics of the South especially, to whose interests it has been so long devoted, come forward to its support and resolve to sustain it, cost what it may,—and give not the enemy, which it has so often worsted, an occasion to rejoice.

The Sunday Leader.—The Sunday Leader published at St. Louis, though not purporting to be strictly Catholic, may at least be regarded as an auxiliary to the Catholic Press. The new journal is edited by the popular and talented author and lecturer, Donald MacLeod, and is conducted with an ability that will secure to it, as it well deserves, an extended patronage.

The New Era, edited by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and published at Montreal, Canada, has been received. The name of Mr. McGee is familiar to the people of the States. His talents as a writer, and his long experience as an editor, are the best guarantees for the success of the enterprise in which he has embarked. With his new paper, we are well pleased; it bears the marks of those high literary abilities for which Mr. McGee is so eminently distinguished.

Record of Events.

From May 20th to June 20th, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—The progress of the Holy Father through his dominions, on his pilgrimage to Loretto, forms the chief subject of interest at present at Rome. The joy with which he was received at every point of his progress, shows how profound is the love and affection of his subjects towards their sovereign, how deep their veneration for the head of the Church. His departure from Rome took place on the 4th. The particulars attending it, with the incidents of his progress, we abridge from our foreign files: After saying his own mass, the Pope assisted at a second mass celebrated by his chaplain, at the chair of St. Peter, after which the prayers of the liturgy for travellers were sung by the choir of the papal chapel, and his Holiness then withdrew into the sacristy, where he partook of a collation prepared for him, and took leave of the cardinals and other dignitaries. It was at one time thought that the Holy Father had left the basilica by one of the side doors, but in a short time Pius IX reappeared followed by his suite, and inclining himself before the tomb of St. Peter, kissed the foot of the bronze statute of the First Pope, and then left by the central door of the basilica. Meanwhile the troops and people were in expectation on the piazza. Gen. Goyon was at the head of the staff. A detachment of the "noble guard," destined to accompany his Holiness to the first stage out of Rome, the escort being subsequently of dragoons, took up their station in front of the cortege. At half-past eight the Swiss guards issued from the central door of St. Peter's, and his Holiness, having uttered a parting prayer before the apostle's shrine, descended from the church, preceded by the canons and accompanied by several cardinals and prelates. The troops all knelt as the Pope passed down the sanded centre of the piazza, bestowing his benedictions right and left, and a profound silence prevailed throughout the thousands of spectators beyond, amongst whom not a few, especially of the softer sex, gave evident tokens of regret at the departure of their sovereign, of whose individual benevolence and amiability of character there is in unbiased minds but one opinion. The Pope arrived at Civita Castellana on the evening of the 4th, and on the following morning went to the cathedral on foot to say mass before his departure. During the ceremony he administered the sacrament to all the municipal authorities, and to many of the other inhabitants. At Magliano, Otricoli, and Narni, he also visited the cathedrals and gave his benediction to the people. At Terni, he visited the large foundry of that place, where several medals with the effigies of our Divine Redeemer, the Blessed Virgin and the holy apostles Peter and Paul were cast in his presence. When about to leave that place, some young men from the best families offered to take the horses off his carriage and draw it, but this his Holiness would not allow. The streets through which he passed were everywhere strewn with flowers. At Spoleto, triumphal arches had been erected, and before the cathedral stood a large wooden column surmounted by a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The town was illuminated when he arrived. On alighting, he proceeded on foot to the cathedral, and thence to the episcopal palace, where he admitted all the authorities to the honor of kissing the cross on his slipper. Next day, his Holiness celebrated

mass in the cathedral, and afterwards gave his benediction to an immense concourse of people who thronged the church and its vicinity. The Pope's liberality was abundantly experienced by the poor of his quondam diocese, and amusing anecdotes are related of his friendly recognition of former acquaintances, amongst whom a country curate of very small means, to whom his Holiness presented forty scudi, telling him jocularly at the same time that he well recollected having tasted some famous coffee in his house, which coffee, he assured his attendant, the curate had made in the same recipient he used for his broth, to the said curate's great confusion. The town of Foligno displayed its loyalty on the 7th of May, by the variety of its festive decorations, amongst which a triumphal arch and a copy of the column in honor of the Immaculate Conception, both executed in wax, were most conspicuous. The Pope's carriage was inundated with flowers from the windows and balconies. Having imparted customary benedictions, and given audiences, his Holiness set off the same afternoon for Assisi, where arches, allegorical statues, and illuminations and fireworks awaited him. The monks of the celebrated convent of St. Francis had the honor of lodging the pontiff, who sang mass next morning in the cathedral, decorated with the paintings of Cimabue and Giotto, and then prayed aloud before the tomb of St. Francis. Benedictions, receptions, and visits to the religious establishments occupied the Pope until four o'clock, when he set off for Perugia, where he arrived in the rain about six the same evening, and was received at the cathedral gates by the cardinal bishop and his clergy, who had been joined by ten bishops from the neighboring Umbrian and Tuscan dioceses. On the 9th the Pope, accompanied by the cardinal bishop and others visited several places in the town, especially the works of Pietro, Perugino, Raphael, Vannucci, and other mediæval masters, in the public buildings and religious establishments—his Holiness entertaining the party at dinner at his customary early hour. On the morning of the 10th, the Pope celebrated mass in the cathedral, and kissed a precious relic preserved there, which he also presented to the archduke's lips. After mass his Holiness bestowed benediction with plenary indulgence to the collected crowds of people on the piazza, and paid farewell visits to the colleges, convents and monasteries, after which his Holiness set out on his return towards Foligno, in the rain, notwithstanding which unpleasant accompaniment, he honored Signor Bianchi's agrarian establishment for the education of orphans with a visit, and entered the church and convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli, near Assisi. The bad weather did not prevent an immense concourse of people from awaiting the Pope's return to Foligno, through the streets of which town, brilliantly illuminated, his Holiness was escorted with a most profuse display of those ponderous wax tapers for which Foligno is famous. On the morning of the 11th, after having said mass for the poor, the Pope left Foligno for Camerino, on the other side of the Apennines, where he arrived safely at two o'clock in the afternoon, the hill on which the town is picturesquely situated being crowded with spectators from the neighboring districts. The Pope's stay in Camerino was marked with the usual demonstrations, the evening winding up with fireworks and illuminations. On the 12th, his Holiness arrived at Tolentino, where he was received by the cardinal archbishop of Fermo, at the head of a deputation of ecclesiastical and temporal authorities. And on May 14th, his Holiness arrived at Loretto, amidst the delight of the inhabitants.

Naples.—The political news is unimportant. Some attempts to create disturbance were recently made by putting up on the walls inflammatory placards. The foreign papers give the following as the basis of the Concordat between Rome and Naples:

"1. The government binds itself to suppress the 'exequator,' so far as concerns the appointment of bishops in the different dioceses of the kingdom.

"2 Ecclesiastical property and the estates belonging to the charitable institutions ('Luoghi Pii') shall be exempted from the control of the common law, and shall not pay any taxes.

"3. The civil registers shall be entrusted to the hands of the 'cures,' and when persons are married they shall no longer have to make a declaration of their marriage to the civil authorities, but simply address themselves to their respective 'cures.'

"4. The 'cures' shall have the superintendence of families, and may demand, if necessary, the aid of military force.

"5. King Ferdinand II, as the King of Sicily, renounces all the privileges which have, from time immemorial, been enjoyed by the sovereign of that island, in the character of 'legate a latere' of the Holy See.

"6. Lastly, the 'Tribunal of the Monarchy,' which has existed in Sicily for a very long time, and which has preserved until now at least, a nominal existence, shall be and continue to be suppressed."

The festival of the Translation of the Relics of St. Januarius was celebrated on the 5th of May with great solemnity. "At 6 o'clock in the morning," says the correspondent of the *London Weekly Register*, "the procession left the cathedral for Santa Chiara, accompanied by the canons and other dignitaries, in which the numerous silver statues of saints kept in the Tesoro, were carried by priests in surplice and stole, each statue preceded by a banner of the particular saint. The procession entered the church of Santa Chiara up the Gospel side, each statue remaining a second or two before that of St. Januarius, and then returning down the epistle side, and so out of the church into the cathedral again; all this time the so called *Parenti di St. Gennaro* reciting in any thing but musical tones certain prayers to each saint as his statue came up. The second procession was closed by his eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples in full canonicals, before whom was borne on a solid silver stand and under a rich canopy, the jewelled shrine containing the blood of Saint Januarius. The blood is contained in a small glass phial of a flat oval shape, and occupies about two-thirds of it. By the side of this first phial is a second, smaller and longer, in which there are also a few drops of the saint's blood, together with a piece of straw, supposed to have been accidentally picked up by the pious deaconess to whom the preservation of this relic was due; the two enclosed in a silver case resembling a carriage lamp, surmounted by a crown and cross. For the information of your readers, I must mention that the miracle takes place at the approach of the blood to the head of the saint, though the time occupied varies on each occasion. Sometimes the liquefaction takes place in a few minutes, at others in one, two, or even three hours.

"His Eminence on reaching the high altar, gave his benediction to the immense crowd of people assembled in the church. The relic was then placed on the epistle side of the altar, and the Cardinal taking it in his hands, and standing in the middle of the altar with his back to the people, began turning it gently round. I was quite close to his eminence and might have touched him, and was thus enabled distinctly to see that the blood was perfectly congealed in the phial. Credos, Paters, and Aves were then recited, and the phial again turned, but no sign of liquefaction. Then followed the Creed of St. Athanasius, the Magnificat, the Benedictus and other Psalms. These occupied an hour and five minutes; when on again turning the phial, the blood was seen to be gradually liquefying. A bell was then rung to notify that the miracle had taken place. The wonderful faith shown by the crowd at this moment was something overpowering, and carried one along with it almost in spite of oneself. The Creed was said aloud by all the vast concourse of the people, the choir sent forth a song of joy, and all appeared sensibly to feel the nearness of God's presence."

Spain.—Some vague reports were in circulation to the effect that a political conspiracy was on foot, having for its object the dethronement of the queen; but it seems to be without foundation. Indeed the most extraordinary changes for the public good have taken place since the government has been entrusted to Narvaez. In the space of six months the government has redeemed 300,000,000 of the floating debts. Commercial credit is every were sound; there is employment in public works or private enterprise for every man who wishes to work. The Bank has lowered its rate of discount, and money can be had freely at 6 per cent. But what is far more important, religious feelings are daily gaining ground amongst those who under Anglican influence were inclined to be liberally religious, that is, to affect a carelessness in religious affairs.

The arrival of the Mexican Ambassador was expected by the middle of May,

when it is supposed the difficulties between the two countries would be settled.—The government had announced its determination to send two ships of war into the China seas, with an agent specially charged to conclude a treaty of commerce with the Celestial Empire.

FRANCE.—The reception and entertainment of the Grand Duke Constantine were conducted with imperial grandeur. For his special entertainment the Court removed to Fontainbleau, where the emperor and the imperial visitor indulged in exploits of hunting.—The Neufchatel affair has been finally settled, and the King of Prussia renounces his jurisdiction to that principality.—Prince Napoleon had gone to Germany, and it is rumored that his visit was in relation to a matrimonial alliance between himself and the Princess of Hohenzollern.—Baron Gros has been appointed commissioner extraordinary to repair to China, with instructions, it is said, to demand reparation for certain grievances affecting France, especially the murder of M. Chapdelaine; and to ask a commercial treaty.—The trial of fourteen persons accused of belonging to secret political societies, having for their object the overthrow of the government, was lately brought to a close, and most of them condemned to imprisonment, and to pay certain fines.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings of Parliament are the only matters worthy of special notice. In the Commons, Lord Palmerston has given notice of his intention to bring in a bill to abolish the present oath—"on the true faith of a Christian"—which excludes the Jews, and promises at some future period to bring in a more comprehensive measure of Parliamentary reform. Mr. George H. Moore gave notice that he would bring in a bill for granting compensation to tenants in Ireland. Spooner, as usual, asked leave to bring in a bill to withdraw the Maynooth grant, but on a division the motion was lost by a large majority. Thus the subject will be permitted to rest, at least for a season. The sum of £750,000 was asked and granted as a dowery for the Princess Royal, who is shortly to be married to the Prince of Prussia. The divorce bill introduced into the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor, passed to a second reading. The effect of the bill will be to render marriage a mere civil contract Another important bill was brought forward in the House of Commons, by Mr. Fagan. The object of the bill is to relieve eight corporate towns in Ireland of the "minister's money," a most infamous and unjust burden. The bill further directs that the £62,500 now levied on these towns be paid out of the fund of the ecclesiastical commissioners. Napier and Whiteside strongly approved it. Lord John Russell, and what was yet more important, the government, in the person of Lord Palmerston supported it, who said that with a view to remove the bickerings, heart-burnings and disputes, it was considered by the government expedient to remove the impost. The second reading was carried by a majority of 313 to 174, being the large majority of 139. The minister's money therefore may be considered as abolished.—The Catholic bishops met lately in London to attend the annual episcopal council which is usually held in the second week after Easter.—The Holy Father has appointed the Rev. Dr. Manning to the provostship of the Metropolitan church at Westminster, left vacant by the resignation of the Very Rev. provost, Whitty, who has entered the Society of Jesus.—The Protestant bishop of London has commenced a regular crusade against the Puseyites. By the decision of the judges, the crosses might be retained in the churches provided they were not on "fixtures," but the bishop has refused to permit them in the Church at all. The *Union*, the organ of the Puseyites, in reference to the subject has the following remarks: "Our readers will perceive with deep regret that the new bishop of London seems determined to precipitate matters, and if possible to bring about the disruption of the Church of England. He will not allow the law of the Church, as defined by the Privy Council, to be observed and, in Mr. Westerton's company, has been making observations which, to say the least, are very unepiscopal. It is not, however, with St Paul's and St. Barnabas' alone that the bishop has concerned himself. Others of the clergy have learnt practically that there is another bishop of London."—Dr. Pusey is in very feeble health.

IRELAND.—There are but few items of special interest for record this month. Political matters are quiet. The Tenant Right movement still continues, but with little excitement. The farmers of Louth are about to present a testimonial to Mr. Tristam Kennedy, for his services in the tenant right cause. The friends of the movement in Limerick are about to give a banquet to the venerable Archdeacon Fitzgerald, and it is said that the archbishop of Tuam is laboring to effect a recon-

ciliation of the leaders of the club in Dublin.—The utmost zeal is still manifested in the affairs of religion. In Dundalk, the zealous fathers of St. Vincent of Paul have lately held a mission, which has been attended by an immense concourse of persons.—The Redemptorist Fathers on the 5th of May opened a new church at Ramsrange.—The foundation stone of a new convent of the Sacred Heart was recently laid in Armagh, under the patronage of St. Catharine of Sienna. The building will be very extensive, with all the convenience suitable for an educational establishment.—The Catholics of the town of Lancaster have determined to erect a new church, adequate to the wants of the vast Catholic population of that place.

Belgium.—This usually orderly kingdom was the scene of a recent outrage. An exciting debate in the Chamber of Representatives took place on a bill relative to "charitable institutions," (the object of which we have not learned) and owing to some disorder in the galleries, the President ordered them to be cleared. This gave offence to the anti-Catholic party, which commenced an outbreak with cries of "down with the priest," "down with the Catholics," "down with the convents." At Liege, the windows of the bishop's palace were smashed with volleys of stones. At Ghent, Antwerp, and other places, similar outrages took place. In some places the popular feeling was restricted to street processions, with expressions of strong antipathy against the Jesuits and convents. At latest accounts, order had been restored

Switzerland.—Some months ago, the Common Council of Tesino, on the borders of Italy, went so far in their insulting opposition to the Catholic Church as to pass a decree, declaring that confession was a useless and noxious practice, and henceforth to be discontinued as unlawful. They further decreed that all the confessionals should be removed from the churches. The order was executed in the most insulting manner. The confessionals were tumultuously torn from their sacred places, paraded in insolent triumph through the streets, and burnt with indignity in the market place. Two days after this event, three men, who had been the ringleaders of the mob in burning the confessionals, went out a short distance from the town to work in a bank, the top of which projected over their heads. While engaged at their work the bank fell, and two of them were buried beneath a mound of earth. They were immediately dug out, but so badly injured that they only survived a day or two. As soon as their consciousness returned, they regarded the occurrence as a just judgment of God, whom they had outraged by their late conduct, and their first cry was for a priest, *to hear their confessions.* The very counsellor who had drawn up the form of the law for abolishing the confession, frightened by this example, sent to a neighboring village for a priest. He came, heard their confessions, gave them absolution, and thus soothed their last moments by the blessings of that sacred institution which only a few days before they had endeavored to destroy.—The Rev. Father De Wattewl, of the Society of Jesus, has, by his will, bequeathed to the Canton of Berne the greater portion of his patrimonial inheritance, which amounts to more than one hundred thousand francs, to be distributed by the Cantonal government—the majority of whom are Protestants—amongst the poor and indigent of all sects and creeds without any distinction, whether the indigent be Protestants, Catholics or Jews.

Prussia.—The Catholics of Berlin have had heretofore but one church, which has for years been far too small for their numbers. They had for a long time petitioned the government for permission to build another church, but their petition was sternly refused. Their request, however, has been at length complied with, and the building of a new and spacious church under the patronage of St. Michael, has been commenced. His Holiness, Pius IX, has given towards the erection a donation of 750 florins, and a magnificent suit of vestments for divine service.

Austria.—The Emperor of Austria has lately granted an amnesty in favor of the Hungarians who took part in the late rebellion, in which Kossuth figured so conspicuously. This act of clemency embraces all political prisoners and refugees, Kossuth excepted, and restores the estates which had been confiscated.

Hungary.—The Bishop of Passau has given 20,000 florins for the purchase of a building in the most prominent part of the city, which was once a Franciscan church, but is now desecrated and used for secular purposes. It is to be renewed once more as a church in honor of the Immaculate Conception and as a monument of the late definition.—Listz, the celebrated Pianist, who has recently entered the Franciscan Order at Pesth, is devoting his unemployed hours to the composition

of religious music. He has on hand two Oratorios, the "Sermon on the Mount," and a "Legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary."

Russia.—From Russia the news is unimportant, except an addition to the imperial family by the birth of a son.—A treaty has recently been concluded between Russia and Persia, the former renounces her claim to the money due by Persia, and obtains two pieces of land, one on the Caspian Sea, and the other on the eastern part of Persia.

Canada.—*Death of Bishop Phelan.*—The Right Rev. Dr. Phelan, Bishop of Kingston, died at the episcopal residence in that city, on the 6th of June, in the 62d year of his age. The lamented prelate was born in the diocese of Ossory, Ireland, in the year 1795; and was elevated to the episcopal dignity in 1843, as coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gaulin, late Bishop of Kingston.

On the 31st of May a new and spacious church was dedicated at Port Sarina by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Pinsoneault, Bishop of London. This church has been built by the zeal and indefatigable exertions of the Venerable Dean Kirwan.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—*Religious Reception.*—On May 28th, Miss Jane B. Edwards, of Philadelphia, daughter of the late Thomas A. Edwards, and Miss Elizabeth Murray, daughter of Purser Charles Murray, U. S. N., were received at the Carmelite Convent of this city. Miss Edwards took the name in religion of Sister Agnes of the Immaculate Conception, and Miss Murray that of Sister Julianna. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated on the occasion, and the Rev. Father Pacciarini preached. The number of Sisters now in this convent, the only one in the United States, is twenty-two. Of these, one is over 96 years of age, another 82. One of the Sisters has been in the convent for 58 years, and the majority have been members for a period from 20 to 40 years; and all enjoy generally good health.—On the 14th of May, in the chapel of the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Sister Mary Cephas Sullivan, Sister Mary Perionne Adam, and Sister Mary of the Cross McElhill, were admitted to the holy profession. The Most Rev. Archbishop presided and preached on the occasion.

Confirmation.—On Whit-Monday the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation in the church of St. Ignatius to 30 students of Loyola College.

The Catholic Institute.—At a late meeting of this association convened for the election of officers, the utmost harmony and zeal was manifested for the interests of the Institute. Mr. Griffith, the late efficient president, having declined re-election, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing three months: President, Francis P. Gallagher; Vice-Presidents, John P. Boyle, L. D. Tormey, P. H. Bennett; Treasurer, B. S. Elder; Rec. Secretary, Charles A. Leloup; Cor. Secretary, Eugene Cummiskey; Library Committee, Rev. L. Obermeyer, Daniel Kirwan, Joseph S. Henisler. This excellent association, combining together the Catholic young men of our city, is an institution of which the Catholics of Baltimore may feel justly proud. It is the centre not only of good, but the medium of accomplishing good, which could not otherwise be reached. Singly, Catholics in this country can effect but little—associated, they can accomplish much. "In union there is strength"—a motto which, we rejoice to see, they are putting daily more and more into practice. To encourage these associations, as a means of encouraging religion itself, every Catholic should lend his influence.

2. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—*Ordination.*—On Wednesday, June 3d, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati held an Ordination at the chapel of the Seminary, on which occasion he conferred tonsure on Messrs. Callaert and Theophilus Buyse, of the diocese of Detroit; and tonsure and minor orders on Matthew Hunt, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati, and subdeaconship on the Rev. Messrs. Eugene P. Corcoran and Francis Follot; on Friday, Rev. Messrs. Follot, Corcoran and Bartholomew Langlois were raised to the deaconship, and on Saturday the two last named Rev. gentlemen and Rev. Wm. Barry were promoted to the holy order of priesthood. Rev. Messrs. Langlois and Follet are subjects of the archdiocese of New Orleans.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop recently administered the sacrament

of Confirmation to 129 persons at Holy Trinity church, Cincinnati, and 175 persons were confirmed at the cathedral on Sunday, May 31st.

The Right Rev. Dr. Demers, Bishop of Fort Victoria, Vancouver's Island, was the guest of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell during his stay in Cincinnati.

3. Diocese of Pittsburg.—Letters have been received from the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, dated April 27th, from Alexandria, Egypt, at which time the distinguished prelate was enjoying good health.

Ordination.—The following gentlemen, members of the Benedictine Order, were, on the 24th of May, at St. Vincent's abbey, Youngstown, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Young ordained subdeacons, on the 25th deacons, and on the 26th priests: Revs. P. Wendelin Maier, Ludwig Fink, Otmar Wirz, Alphons Heimler, Otto Kopf, Leo Rau, Magnus Mayer, and P. Sheehan, of the diocese of Pittsburg, who some months ago was raised to the order of deacon and subdeacon by the Most Rev. Archbishop of this city.

The corner stone of a new German church of the Most Holy Trinity, was recently laid at the corner of Centre avenue and Fulton street, Pittsburg. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. E. McMahon, V. G., assisted by several of the German clergy. The church will be 88 feet in length, by 44 wide, and 26 feet high, and to be built in the Roman style of architecture.

The Catholic Young Men's Society.—The members of this excellent society, at a late meeting in the basement of St. Paul's cathedral testified their personal esteem and their high appreciation of the services of John J. Mitchell, Esq., late President of the Society, by presenting him with a beautiful silver mounted cane, cut from the ruins of the venerable *Fort Duquesne.* The presentation was made by Dr. L. Oldshue, in a neat and appropriate speech, and responded to by Mr. Mitchell in his usual happy and elegant style.

4. Archdiocese of New York.—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes administered the sacrament of Confirmation on Thursday, June 11th, at St. Francis Xavier's church to 488 persons, mostly children; and on the 26th of May the same prelate confirmed 367 persons at the church of the Nativity.

5. Diocese of Buffalo.—It is with much pleasure that we record the fact of a new seminary being recently opened in this diocese, near Niagara city, on the American side. The erection of this institution is owing chiefly to the zealous labors of the Very Rev. F. Lynch, of the order of St. Vincent of Paul, or the Lazarists.

6. Archdiocese of St. Louis.—The consecration of the Right Rev. James Duggan, coadjutor bishop of St. Louis, and the Right Rev. Clement Smyth, coadjutor bishop of Dubuque, took place in the cathedral of St. Louis on Sunday, the 3d of May. The Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, was the consecrator, assisted by Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, Right Rev. Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, Right Rev. Bishop Henni, of Milwaukie, Right Rev. Bishop O'Ragan, of Chicago, and the Right Rev. Abbot of the Trappists of Gethsemane, Kentucky. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, preached the consecrating sermon.

7. Diocese of Portland.—It will be a subject of congratulation to Catholics generally, to learn that the Right Rev. Bishop Bacon has entirely recovered from the severe accident he met with during Holy Week. On the 31st of May he sung pontifical mass and assisted at pontifical vespers, giving at the same time the papal benediction.

8. Diocese of Detroit.—On Sunday, the 31st of May, the Right Rev. Bishop Lefevre administered the sacrament of Confirmation at the cathedral of that city to 195 persons, mostly children under the charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools and of the Sisters of Charity.

OBITUARY.—Died, on the 24th of May, the Rev. James Conway, pastor of St. Mary's, Salem. The deceased died suddenly of an affection of the heart.

Died, on the 24th of May, the Rev. Michael O'Donovan, pastor of the church at Goshen, after a short illness, in the 40th year of his age.

The Rev. Valentine Felder, of Newark, was killed almost instantly by being knocked down and run over by a railroad car, at the corner of Oliver street and the Bowery, New York. The deceased was a German by birth, and aged about 30 years.

Secular Intelligence.

Death of General Walbach.—It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of this distinguished man, Gen. John De Barth Walbach, U. S. A., which took place on Wednesday, June 10th, at his residence in this city, in the 93d year of his age. The venerable deceased was a native of Alsace, France, and was born in October, 1764. He came to this country in 1796, and shortly afterwards received a commission in the army of the United States, in which he served for a period of sixty years. The War Department, on learning his death, directed that appropriate honors should be paid to his memory; and Lieut. Gen. Scott, in his general order on the occasion, bears the following honorable testimony to the public services and private virtues of the deceased:

"A native of French Alsace, General Walbach, after having served in European armies, entered ours as an officer about the close of the last century, and was a member of the staff of Major General Alexander Hamilton. Belonging at different times to the cavalry and to more than one of the staff corps, he became finally, in 1815, an officer of artillery, and rose to the command of the 4th regiment in 1842. The faithful and creditable character of his service may be inferred from the facts that he was retained through two reductions of the army establishment, and was often breveted—first, a major for 'gallant conduct in the battle of Christler's Fields,' in 1813; second, a lieutenant colonel for 'meritorious services' in 1815; third, a colonel for 'ten years faithful service' in 1825; and last, a brigadier general for like conduct in 1850. His long life and military career were characterized by some of the best traits of a gentleman and a soldier—unwavering integrity, truth and honor, strict attention to duty and zeal for service; and he tempered the administration of an exact discipline by the most elevated courtesies."

The remains of the deceased were conveyed to the church of St. Ignatius, where a high mass of requiem was celebrated, and thence accompanied with all due military honors to the Cathedral Cemetery, where they were interred.

Thus has closed the career of one whose long life has been devoted to the active service of his adopted country. The life of such a man as General Walbach ought to be sufficient to silence forever the tongues of those who rail against foreigners and Catholics.

General Walker.—General Walker, who has figured so conspicuously in Central America, has abandoned the field of his operations, and made his exit to the United States. On the 7th of May he "capitulated" to Capt. Davis, of the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Mary's, and with his staff and two hundred and sixty men (the remains of his army), were brought to Panama by the St. Mary's. The Costa Ricans were not known in the articles of capitulation. General Walker surrendered because Capt. Davis signified his intention of seizing the schooner Granada, which held his (Walker's) reserve. General Walker was kept a close prisoner by the United States Commodore, at Panama, notwithstanding the terms of capitulation, which allowed him and his officers their liberty, and giving them the privilege of retaining their side arms. He arrived at New Orleans from Panama, in the Empire City. He was received with much enthusiasm by his friends in that city, whom he addressed in a speech, expressing his thanks for the splendid reception given him, saying that in the mass before him he recognized the American love of liberty, and assuring them that victory was still sure. From New Orleans he passed through the country to the City of Washington, where he waited on President Buchanan, and filed some complaints against Captain Davis. Whether they will receive any attention on the part of our government is doubtful. From Washington he journeyed to New York, where he was "enthusiastically" received according to some accounts.

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THE CATHOLIC ELEMENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Roman Catholic Element in American History. By *Justin D. Fulton*, of St. Louis, Mo. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

We confess ourselves greatly disappointed with this book, the title of which led us to expect something manly and vigorous; something that would be really a contribution to our literature, as tracing the influence which Catholicity has had in the history and destinies of our country; but unfortunately Mr. Fulton, after "years of patient investigation," is so little acquainted with his subject or the manner of treating it, that he writes history without authorities, and apparently without an idea of the sources of our history or the method of studying up his subject. Bancroft and Prescott are made to supply a few pages, but senator Brooks, Kirwan, Gavazzi, and the orators of the late Know-Nothing movement, with the prolific swarm of anti-catholic writers, are acknowledged or unacknowledged contributors of most of his four hundred pages. Old calumnies are of course here, but there are some few that are absolutely new; and these show an evident talent for fiction that might be turned to advantage in the columns of the Sunday papers, those receptacles of high-toned morality.

Before dismissing Mr. Fulton, we may cite as evidence of his historical knowledge, the following:

"The temporal power of the Pope had been tottering since 1789 when the first blow of the French Revolution was struck by Napoleon I." p. 300.

His knowledge of language is evinced in this:

"One of the most carefully written papers of Dr. Brownson in his Catholic Review, a gentleman of high endowments, and who has recently in an appointment to a professorship in a Catholic university, received the highest evidence of Catholic confidence, in speaking of this doctrine of allegiance, employed this language," &c. p. 291.

His clearness of intellect may be inferred from the fact that he is unable to understand the difference between men claiming for themselves "liberty

to worship God" as they will, and their granting that same liberty to others. He constantly contrasts the French settlers of Canada with the English settlers of New England. The former excluded Protestants, the latter, as he himself admits, page 104, "persecuted all forms of faith different from that which they themselves professed," and yet it will hardly seem credible that his great argument, repeated from one end of the book to the other, is that the intolerance in Canada has crushed it, while toleration and religious liberty have exalted New England. All nations then pursued the same course, Catholics excluded Protestants, except in Maryland, and Protestants without exception, as even the Rev. Dr. Baird admits, excluded Catholics, and in almost all cases every other form of Protestantism but their own: and if Rhode Island claims the honor of initiating a course of religious toleration in America, it boasts that its founder was a fugitive from the intolerance of his brother Protestants, an intolerance which he drew on himself, in part, by his more than ordinary intolerance of every thing that smacked in the least of Catholicity.

Mr. Fulton was not the man to treat the subject, and we sincerely regret it, for it is a subject which should be well and fairly presented to the American public by an honest, impartial writer, we care not whether Catholic or Protestant, who will refrain from attempting to settle the controversy of the three last centuries and confine himself to the operation of the Catholic element on American institutions.

The Catholic body is numerically speaking so small, and its increase of so recent a date, that it may be needless to attempt to trace the Catholic element in our history, but a moment's reflection will show that it is highly important. In the last Presidential election hostility to Catholicity, and a desire to fetter and control it, was a prominent feature in one of the parties: and from the first settlement of the country there has scarcely been a decade of years in which the Catholic or anti-catholic element has not influenced legislation, manners, literature, education, in some part of the territory that forms at the present moment the domain of the United States.

The nucleus of our republic and the part which has given its ideas, its theories, its literature and many of its institutions to the rest, is undoubtedly the Protestant colonies which had grown upon the Atlantic shore, and which at the Revolution united to form a common government. These colonies were completely environed at the time by colonies of Catholic origin, and though two of them, Canada and Florida, had passed under the sway of the British crown, they did not make common cause with the thirteen, but remained at peace in the hands of Great Britain. Besides this, in the very heart of the new confederacy was a body of Catholics, the descendants of the founders of the Catholic colony of Maryland. The two systems were therefore in an antagonistic state on every border of the colonies: and the most intense dread of Popery was cultivated and encouraged in the quasi republican governments that obtained

from the first in the English colonies. Wherever a Catholic colony or body existed, we will accordingly find the anti-catholic spirit in the neighboring province necessary to explain many facts and ideas, many enactments and many decisions, not for the clergy and the people merely, but the legislature and the judiciary were constantly swayed by the all absorbing fear of the increase of Popery.

Parts of the old Catholic colonies are now states or territories of the Union, and though the descendants of the Catholic colonists, now a minority, have accepted much of the ideas and manners, laws and customs of the predominant body, still their early legislation and early institutions give a peculiar character to the population. This forms a second point to be studied, as being the action of the Catholic element directly: while the first was the action of the antagonistic element in the Protestant colonies developed by the proximity of a Catholic body. In the study of our colonial history, a study necessary to comprehend the history of the actual republic, it is then in these two forms that we are to study the Catholic element, including in the second branch the direct action of the Catholics of Maryland on that State and of James II as a Catholic proprietor in New York.

Since the establishment of the Republic and the freedom which Catholics obtained, the influence of Catholicity by its literature, its institutions of learning, its free schools, its asylums and hospitals, its religious orders furnish a still wider and more perceptible field of inquiry: and at the same time the great Protestant revival of the present century, and the shape which the reawakened Protestant mind has taken in consequence of the rapid increase of Catholics by immigration, the progress of Catholic ideas, the conversion of many able men, forms, as in colonial times, a subject of study, as the antagonism produced by the proximity of the Catholic body.

Such would be the scope and plan of a sketch of the Catholic element in American history. Well and properly presented it could not fail to do good service to the country, that by mirroring the past it might teach us to guide the present and prepare the future.

Florida, where Protestantism and Catholicity had a momentary, but fierce and deadly struggle, in which both strove for very existence, and where the Spaniard Melendez stained his triumph by a cruelty and perhaps by a treachery that all must condemn, was the first of the European colonies within the present limits of our republic. New Mexico was the next, and both these preceded the first permanent settlement in Virginia. Texas was settled much later, and Alta California is cœval with Kentucky.

In these colonies we look in vain for the cruelties to the Indian which stain the early annals of Spanish America, when the gold seekers as reckless of human life and as insatiate of wealth as those of our day, rushed to the favored spots. These colonies were planted when the Church had obtained laws for the protection of the Indians, and when the government

had done all that human laws can do to prevent crime. The action of Catholicity on the Indian tribes in these parts was remarkable, and though the red men have disappeared almost entirely from all save New Mexico, the Indian race attests there the extent to which the missionaries were enabled to introduce Christianity and inculcate European civilization. The relations of the white man and the Indian were carefully settled, and the remains of this early legislation which have survived show the inferiority of the course subsequently adopted, and prove not only the justice but the advantage of the system inspired by Catholicity. The Indian races have, however, dwindled to so insignificant an element in the country, that the influence of the Catholic Church on them is more a matter of pleasing and edifying study than of actual or present interest.

The relation of the white man to the negro slave was another point which early enlisted the attention of the clergy of Catholic Spain. To their influence is due the many and excellent regulations adopted in Spanish America with regard to slaves. Unable to effect the abolition of a system which it regards as eminently dangerous to the eternal welfare of both master and slave, the Church sought to throw such barriers around the person of the unfortunate bondman. Holidays were allotted to him, certain hours even were his: the right to his earnings and the power to purchase his freedom from even a reluctant master—these were privileges which the Church obtained for the negro slave. Nay more, when a master ill treated his slave, the latter might flee to the magistrate and remain in prison till his charge was examined; if the case were made out against the master, he was compelled to sell his slave, thus enabling the negro to obtain as a master any kindly disposed planter who took an interest in him.

Catholicity thus sensitive to the temporal wants of the slave, was not indifferent to his eternal welfare. She has indeed been constantly reproached with preferring the latter to the former, with attempting to convert to Christianity before converting to civilization. She watched over the baptism, instruction, and especially over the marriage of slaves: her anathemas were ever launched at those who made their female slaves the instruments for gratifying their lust, even though—as in the case of the present Archbishop of Cuba—the assassin's knife in the hand of the infuriate debauchee should be driven at his very heart. The result of the efforts of the Church was strikingly manifested at the time of the supposed negro plot at New York in 1741. Numbers of negroes were then hung or burnt, and more would have met the same fate had not the good burghers of the town at last begun to fear more the certain loss of valuable slaves, than the uncertain loss of their own lives. Among these negroes chiefly born or brought up in New York were some who had been taken prisoners in a Spanish vessel. Nothing can be more striking than the difference between these negroes and those of New York on their trial, and more especially at the place of execution. The former displayed all that could be expected from a white man of the middle classes of society,

minds refined and rendered acute by education, hearts moulded by religion: the latter on both occasions showed themselves not a particle above the brute, contact with the whites having deprived them even of the manly qualities which characterize them in Africa.

The Spanish American republics carried their sense of justice to the negro further, and abolished slavery entirely soon after the achievement of their independence, and Texas, New Mexico and California while Catholicity prevailed had freed themselves from the institution of slavery. Louisiana under the Spanish rule had adopted the Spanish laws, and the negro slave is there superior in condition to his fellow bondsmen in our other Southern States, although many of the kindly laws with which Catholicity inspired the Catholic rulers are now rendered nugatory.

Here is, then, a point in which the action of Catholicity was most beneficent and lasting; a point, the study of which cannot but prove interesting if the matter is well traced down, and the progress of the influence of the Church noted from year to year during the period when it swayed the councils of the rulers.

Other points in Spanish rule of which traces remain in the parts formerly within the domains of the Catholic sovereigns, will furnish additional themes for discussion and development in the hands of a historical scholar, but we cannot dwell on them here.

Canada in its settlement was eminently Catholic. Religion was apparently the absorbing idea in men's minds, and the early settlers seem to us now-a-days to have been strangely indifferent to their temporal interests and their own comfort. The conversion of the Indians, the founding of sodalities, the erection of chapels, devotion in every form, seem to have been more thought of than gaining wide acres or speculating in new clearings. The Canadian settlements were wide-spread and less compact: they dotted the continent from the St. Laurence to lake Superior, from Pittsburgh through the whole valley of the Mississippi and its eastern tributaries. Religion ever accompanied the pioneers, and these were accordingly men who show far more strikingly the Christian virtues and the effect of religious teaching than do those who formed the border men of the English colonies. To the one the Indian was a friend, a fellow man, whom he would fain make a fellow Christian: to the other, a wild beast of the forest, to be shot down as unceremoniously as the gaunt wild wolf of the forest. To this day, the Indian tribes distinguish between the two, and cherish a respect and attachment to the Catholic French which they deny the English and American. Catholicity recognizing in the Indian a fellow man, and in the converted red man a fellow Christian, threw no obstacle in the way of intermarriage, and thus aided in exalting the red race, while Protestantism prohibiting intermarriage, as it still does in some States, compels the small Indian tribes to intermarry, almost with near kindred, entailing upon their offspring those diseases and weaknesses

which physiologists show to be the inevitable result of unions which nature reproves, but which some legislatures have compelled.

The Catholic colonies less eager for temporal wealth were less ashamed of poverty and more contented with moderate means. Hospitals and asylums were endowed, and directors found in the person of religious who from motives of Christian charity devoted their lives to the service of the poor, sick and unfortunate. In the eyes of Catholicity the poor are a loving deposit left us by our Lord, to be cherished and preserved for his sake. The Catholic element accordingly is averse to poor-houses, and poor rates, and pauper acts, and forcible, harsh treatment of God's poor: it seeks to relieve them, not at the expense of the state, but by influencing the hearts of those whom the Almighty has made his stewards.

The French element in Illinois, Michigan and Missouri has been absorbed in the Anglo-American, and the action of Catholicity is consequently less apparent than in Canada, but its influence is not extinct and is well worthy of investigation.

Having thus rapidly noted a few points in colonial history, evincing the direct action of Catholicity, to which we may well add the toleration to the white and the liberality to the Indian which characterized its brief sway in Maryland, we may turn to the picture presented by the colonial history of the thirteen original states, and watch the effect produced on laws, institutions and manners, by the wide-spread feeling of hostility to the Catholic Church which animated so generally the hearts of all whose parents left the pale of Catholicity in the sixteenth century, even of those, and this is a remarkable fact, whose ancestors were compelled by penal laws and most tyrannical acts to submit to the new doctrines.

The separatists who founded New England were the bitter denouncers of Popery, and their hostility to the Church of England was based on the fact that it had retained so much of the doctrines and forms of the Church from which they had all revolted. On settling in the New World they laid aside none of the feelings of hostility to Catholics and Catholicity which they had cultivated in their hearts, and in no party has this hatred been more lasting, more energetic and more bitter than in the English Independents and Puritans, men who never suffered at all from Catholics, men who had no personal or ancestral persecution to avenge. As it had no immediate foundation, distance, the scenes of a new colony, did nothing to dispel the prejudice, while the proximity of the French fishers to the Plymouth settlements on the Kennebec roused it to action. A penal law against Catholic priests was passed; the first victim of the witchcraft mania fell a sacrifice no less to the hatred of Popery than to the detestation of the black art. Subsequent acts followed from year to year, closing in the seventeenth century with that which owed its peculiar forms to the Earl of Bellamont.

The colony of Virginia had even taken the lead of New England in bigotry, and after destroying the Jesuit mission of St. Saviour's at Mount

Desert island in 1613, expelling the Irish Catholics who came to settle a few years later, and even Lord Baltimore himself, began its series of penal laws against Catholics, which in intensity of hate surpass those of any other colony, and disgrace her the more as the worst were passed less than a quarter of a century prior to the revolution. In her case the neighborhood of the colony of Maryland, Catholic in its origin—and always a Catholic centre—will explain, but not justify, the violence of its enactments.

New York came into the hands of the English almost untainted with penal laws, and passed none during the reign of the two Stuart brothers, but under William and his successors passed laws disfranchising the Catholic layman, and rewarding the Catholic priest with prison and the halter.

Maryland, originally a Catholic settlement, established toleration, but when the Protestants obtained the upper hand the Catholics were disfranchised, deprived of civil rights, subjected to degrading marks and loaded with double taxes.

Carolina and the later colony of Georgia, found in the presence of Spaniards in Florida, reasons for excluding Catholics and subjecting them to pains and penalties, as well as for justifying the cruelty which it exercised on the Catholic Indians and their spiritual guides.

Independent of the local causes, the colonies received the contagion of anti-catholic feeling whenever it was an epidemic in England, and each outburst of penal laws in England had its copy here. The New England chaplain who headed the expedition against Louisburg with his axe over his shoulder, destined by the will of the Saints of the land to demolish the idols in the Romish temple of the besieged place, was a local manifestation of wrath, but the laws passed about 1643 were connected with those in England springing from the pretended Irish massacre of 1641, those of 1691 owed their origin to the Revolution in England and the anti-catholic feeling then excited; those in 1715 and 1745, in like manner, mark the period of the Stuart attempts to recover the throne which they had lost.

These repeated penal laws, which are far more numerous than is commonly supposed, too numerous for us to detail here, deprived Catholics of their clergy, and of churches, subjected them to double taxes, made them ineligible to office, incapacitated them as voters and jurymen, and in Virginia even as witnesses; restricted them in the use of horses, not allowing a Catholic to possess one worth more than five pounds, deprived them of the use of arms even on the Indian frontier, regulated even their promenades, for the laws made some spots too sacred to be trod by Popish feet.

In many of the colonies these laws having no Catholic population to act upon, acted solely on the Protestant mind, inflaming and embittering it; in Maryland they bore most oppressively on the small body of Catholics whose generous ancestors had set the noble example of toleration. Everywhere the result was disastrous: people are apt to suppose laws founded in reason, and required not even exaggerated preambles to penal

enactments to convince them that Catholics as a set of men were dangerous to the peace and well being of any community.

The Spanish colony of Florida dwindled to comparative insignificance, but Canada remained in the hands of France, active, energetic and bold. Its overthrow was the prayer of New England and New York. Plan after plan was formed for its reduction, and when at last Wolfe's glorious death, veiling to posterity the savage cruelty that religious bigotry led him to perpetrate on the Canadian colonists, overthrew the power of France in North America, the Protestants of the older English colonies looked on the destruction of Popery as an accomplished fact. The English government either from fear of outbreak or from a desire of making it, as our Declaration of Independence alleges, an example and fit instrument of his tyrannical designs, gave Catholicity a liberty in Canada, no where else enjoyed under her rule.

This offence to the Protestant feeling of the country was one of the causes of our Revolution, and the Declaration of Independence in omitting the word "popery" before "arbitrary power," disjoined the two terms that by common usage and common consent had become so blended as to be the representative of a single idea, and courtesy to Carroll probably induced the polite exclusion of the offensive name of his faith and creed.

The attitude of the Catholics in the war—of the Carrolls, a Fitzsimmons, a Moylan, a Barry—the services of the Catholic officers who like Pulaski, Lafayette, Kosciusko, DeKalb, came to give their science and lives to the cause of America, the alliance of Catholic France, the presence of her armies and fleets where the services of the Catholic Church were performed with pomp and dignity, the necessity which courtesy imposed on the Federal and State officers of attending the Catholic service on solemn occasions, while it excited the sneers and taunts of the English and tories, induced the people at large to look with far other eyes on a religion and worship which they had been taught to loathe: and when Congress assembled in St. Joseph's church in Philadelphia to hear the solemn High Mass and Te Deum chanted to thank the Almighty for the happy close of the war, it ratified the equality of all denominations, and did all that our government can do to dispel prejudice.

The name of Catholic was honored in the land. Strange and wonderful effect of the guidance of Divine Providence, that made a movement begun in hatred of Catholicity redound to its glory and exaltation.*

* The Catholic element since the establishment of the Republic will form a second article.

MEMOIR OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Mary Stuart, who in her life, and still more by her death, was destined to illustate one of the most melancholy chapters in history, and to prove that a crown may indeed be, in Shakspeare's words, "polished perturbation, golden care," was born in Linlithgow Palace, on the 8th December, 1542. Her father, James V, King of Scotland, was the son of Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII of England. Mary, therefore, had in her veins the blood royal of England and of Scotland, and she was also connected by birth with France, as her mother was Mary of Lorraine, sister of the Duke of Guise. James V died a few days after the birth of Mary, through grief at the reverses he had sustained in his contest with the generals of Henry VIII.

The infant queen was crowned at Stirling, on Sunday, the 9th September, 1543, by Cardinal Beaton, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and she passed her earliest years in the island of Inchmahome, in the lake of Monteith, in the company of the "four Maries," Mary Beaton, the Cardinal's niece; Mary Fleming, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seaton, all related to high Scottish families. When only six years of age, the young Queen of Scots was sent to France by her mother, who wished to avoid the betrothal of Mary to Prince Edward of England, for which Henry VIII

* From the *Lamp*, London.

was most anxious, in order that he might have some excuse for interfering in the affairs of Scotland. The Scottish Queen-dowager, however, was opposed to the projected union, as the English prince was a Protestant, and therefore sent her daughter to be educated at the French Court. She was instructed in a convent at St. Germain's, and in after years she often dwelt with warmth on the affectionate kindness which she received from the good sisters, whom she frequently visited as long as she remained in France, and for whom she, with her own hands, embroidered an altarpiece, which was long cherished as one of the most prized ornaments of the convent chapel.

Mary, who had become a queen of one kingdom when only six days old, became in her sixteenth year, wife of the heir to the throne of another. She was married in 1558 to the Dauphin, who, as Francis II, succeeded in the following year to the French crown. She was now at the summit of earthly greatness, being Queen of Scotland, Queen consort of France, at the head of a brilliant court, of which she was the most distinguished ornament, both by her talents and her beauty.

The first sorrow which fell on Mary was the loss of her excellent mother, who died in 1559, and this loss was soon followed by the death of her husband, who sank into an early grave in December, 1560. She now, therefore, prepared to take possession of the throne of her unfortunate ancestors, and after a residence of thirteen years in France, she left that country which had been endeared to her by many happy recollections. She embarked at Calais on the 21st July, 1561, and did not cease to gaze on France while a speck of the shore could be seen. She is said to have composed on this occasion, in French, the "Farewell to France," of which the following translation appears in Mr. Walter's interesting work:

"Thou pleasant land of France, farewell;
Cherished with love,
All lands above,
Nurse of my infancy, farewell:
Dear France, and happier days, adieu.
The sail that wafts me far from you
Bears but my half away; the rest
Thine own, and thine alone shall be;
This of its faith the pledge and test,
To love and to remember thee."

An effort was made by Queen Elizabeth's ministers to intercept Mary, who had been refused permission to pass through England, but she arrived safely in Scotland, where she met with an enthusiastic reception. Elizabeth then wrote to her a long hypocritical letter, assuring her that the ships sent out were to attack pirates, lest they should molest her. This letter thus concludes: "We recommend us to you, with the most earnest request not to neglect our friendly and sisterly offers of friendship which, before God, we mean and intend to accomplish." We will see whether this solemn oath was sincerity or perjury.

In a few months, the jealousy or policy of Elizabeth was called into action by a communication from Mary, stating that she had received a proposal of marriage from the Archduke Charles of Austria. The announcement put to the test all the ingenuity of Cecil. To prevent the match, he devised two plans, which were instantly carried into effect. By the first, Elizabeth was again brought forward as a rival to Mary. Cecil applied to the Duke of Wirtemberg, and that prince, as if of himself, solicited the

emperor to make a second offer of his son to the English queen. But Ferdinand replied, that he had once been duped by the selfish and insincere policy of Elizabeth, and that he would not expose himself to similar treatment a second time. The other plan was to induce Mary, by threats and promises, to refuse the archduke. Elizabeth proposed that Mary should marry Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; but she refused, as Elizabeth evidently expected. In a short time the Lord Darnley was set up. Darnley was the eldest son of the Countess of Lennox; and it was represented to Mary that a marriage with him could not be degrading, since he was sprung by his father from the kings of Scotland, by his mother from those of England. Mary appeared to listen to this proposal with a willing ear; and the intelligence was immediately conveyed to Elizabeth. The matter hung in suspense till Elizabeth, to the surprise of most men, though she had at first refused, allowed Darnley to proceed to the Scottish Court with letters of recommendation. Mary accepted Darnley, but strange to say, this announcement irritated the English queen; and a letter was forwarded to Mary, describing the inconveniences and impolicy of the marriage. Mary said that she had pledged her word, but would defer the ceremony for three months.

Elizabeth then sent agents to excite rebellion in Scotland. Mary summoned the Scottish nobles to meet her at Perth; Murray and his friends refused to obey. She received secret advice that it was the intention of the discontented lords to make her their prisoner with Lennox and Darnley; but she defeated their object. Mary now, to free herself from the state of uncertainty in which she had so long lived, privately married Darnley.

Both parties soon began to prepare for the approaching struggle. The lords met at Stirling, and subscribed a bond to stand by each other: a messenger was despatched the next day to Elizabeth, to solicit speedy and effectual aid. Mary immediately acknowledged her choice of Darnley. She ordered the bans to be published, created him Duke of Albany, and was married openly to him in the chapel of Holyrood House, by the Bishop of Brechin. Proclamation was made that he should be styled king during the time of their marriage, and that all writs should run in the joint names of Henry and Mary, King and Queen of Scotland. He was in his twentieth, she had reached her twenty-third year.

The associated lords receiving no aid from England, were unable to withstand the superior force of the royalists, and they retired, some towards Ayr, and some towards Argyleshire. The rebel force soon disbanded, and Murray was allowed to proceed to London. At first Elizabeth refused to see him; afterwards he was admitted in the presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors, when, falling on his knees, he acknowledged that the queen was innocent of the conspiracy, and had never advised them to disobey their sovereign lady.

Mary, in the ardor of her affection, had overlooked the defects in the character of Darnley. Experience convinced her that he was capricious in his temper, violent in his passions, and implacable in his resentments. He had already contracted habits of inebriety, which led him occasionally into the most scandalous excesses, and made him forget, even in public, the respect due to his consort. But his ambition proved to her a source of more bitter disquietude. She had summoned a Parliament for the twofold purpose of attainting the most guilty of the fugitive rebels, and of granting liberty of conscience to those among her subjects who, like her-

self, professed the ancient faith. Darnley insisted that a matrimonial crown should be granted to himself, but Mary refused; and the discontented prince directed his resentment against those whom he supposed to be her advisers, and particularly against David Riccio, one of her secretaries, a native of Piedmont, who had come to Scotland in the suite of the ambassador of Savoy.

Many of the Scotch viewed Riccio with hostility. He was a stranger and a Catholic; two qualities calculated to excite the jealousy both of the courtiers and of the preachers. Maitland, observing the discontent of the king, suggested to him that Mary had transferred her affections to Riccio; and that the refusal of the matrimonial crown proceeded from the advice of that minion. On Saturday, March 9, 1566, between seven and eight in the evening, eighty armed men took possession of the gates of Holyrood palace. Mary, who was indisposed, and in the seventh month of her pregnancy, was at the time seated at supper in the closet of her bedchamber with her illegitimate brother and sister. Riccio, Erskine, captain of the guard, and Beaton, master of the household, were in attendance. Suddenly the king entered by a private staircase, and, placing himself next the queen, put his arm round her waist. He was followed by Ruthven and others armed. Mary, alarmed at the sight of Ruthven, commanded him to quit the room, under the penalty of treason; but he replied that his errand was with David; and the unfortunate secretary, exclaiming "Justitia, justitia!" sprang for protection behind his sovereign. Her prayers and gestures were despised. The table was thrown over in the struggle; and the assassins, dragging their victim through the bedchamber, despatched him in the adjoining room with no fewer than fifty-six wounds. The following morning the chiefs of the conspirators sat in secret consultation; and it was resolved to confine the queen in Stirling till she should consent to approve in Parliament of the late proceedings, and to give her husband the crown matrimonial. After dinner, relying on the assurances of Darnley, they separated, and repaired to their respective dwellings in the city.

The royal standard was immediately unfurled; before the end of the week 8,000 faithful subjects had hastened to the aid of Mary; and as she approached Edinburgh, the murderers fled to Berwick. The queen took up her residence in the castle of Edinburgh, and on the 19th of June, 1566, was delivered of a son, who lived to ascend the thrones of both kingdoms, as James VI of Scotland and James I of England.

The murder of Riccio disappointed the hopes of Darnley. Instead of obtaining the matrimonial crown, and with it the sovereign authority, he found himself an object of scorn and aversion. He therefore formed the design of leaving the kingdom.

Mary was advised by some of the nobles to seek for a divorce, but she did not consent, and the lords formed a scheme of assassination. The Earl of Bothwell took upon himself to perpetrate the crime, and the others to save him from the consequences.

It chanced that at this time the small-pox was prevalent in Glasgow, and that Darnley took the infection. When the news reached Edinburgh, Mary sent her own physician to her husband, with a message that she would shortly visit him herself. This promise she fulfilled; their affection seemed to revive; and they mutually promised to forget all former cause of offence. From Glasgow, as soon as he was able to remove, she returned with him to Edinburgh, and, probably, to preserve the young prince

from infection, lodged him not in Holyrood House, but in a house without the walls, belonging to the provost of St. Mary's, generally called "the Kirk of Field." Here it was that the conspirators prepared to execute their plan. By a door in the city wall their agents obtained access to the cellar of the house, undermined the foundations in several parts, and placed a sufficient quantity of gunpowder under the angles of the building. She had promised to be present at a ball to be given on the 9th of February [1567] in honor of the marriage of two of her servants; and the certainty of her absence on that night induced the conspirators to select it for the execution of the plot. On that day, Mary went as usual to the Kirk of Field, with a numerous retinue, remained in Darnley's company from six till almost eleven o'clock, and at her departure kissed him, and taking a ring from her finger, placed it on his. She then returned by the light of torches to Holyrood House; on the termination of the ball, a little after twelve, she retired to her chamber; and about two the palace and city were shaken by a tremendous explosion. It was soon ascertained that the house of the Kirk of Field had been blown up with gunpowder; that the dead bodies of the king and of his page were lying uninjured in the garden; that two men had perished among the ruins; and that three others had escaped with very little hurt.

Mary's chamber, according to custom on the death of a king, was hung with black; the light of day was excluded; and in darkness and solitude she received the few who were admitted to offer their respects or condolence. Judicial inquiries were instituted, and a proclamation was issued, offering rewards in money and land, for the discovery and apprehension of the murderers, with a full pardon to any one of the party who would accuse his accomplices. The same nobleman, however, continued to attend the royal person. Darnley's father, Lennox, expressed his suspicion of Bothwell's guilt, and that nobleman demanded a trial. His request being granted, he proceeded to the Tolbooth, surrounded by 200 soldiers and 4,000 gentlemen. As no prosecutor appeared, the jury having heard the indictment, and evidence to show that Bothwell could not have been at the Kirk of Field at the time of the explosion, returned a verdict of acquittal.

On the 24th April Mary rode to Stirling to visit her infant son, whom, for greater security, she had lately entrusted to the custody of the Earl of Mar. On her return, she had reached the Foulbrigge, half a mile from the castle of Edinburgh, when she was met by Bothwell at the head of 1,000 horse. To resist would have been fruitless: and the queen, with her attendants, the Earl of Huntley, Maitland, and Melville, was conducted to the castle of Dunbar. There she remained a captive for the space of ten days: nor was she suffered to depart till she had consented to become the wife of Bothwell. He then left the fortress; but it was to conduct the captive queen from one prison to another, from the castle of Dunbar to that of Edinburgh. Here she pleaded for time, that she might obtain the consent of the King of France, and of her relations of the house of Guise. But his ambition was too impatient to run the hazard of delay. The only remaining obstacle, his existing marriage with Janet Gordon, on the ground of consanguinity, was in a few days removed by a divorce. Exactly one month after his trial, Bothwell led the queen to the court of session, where, in the presence of the judges, she forgave the forcible abduction of her person, and declared that he had restored her to the full enjoyment of liberty; the next day she created him Duke of Orkney, and was married to him.

Several noblemen entered into a confederacy against Bothwell, and openly charged him with the murder of Darnley, the treasonable seizure and marriage of the queen, and an intention of gaining possession of the young prince that he might murder him. In four days Bothwell ventured with his friends to meet the more numerous and well-appointed force of his enemies on Carberry-hill, at no great distance from Edinburgh. From an early hour in the morning till nine at night, the two armies faced each other. The queen offered a full pardon to the confederates, on condition that they should disband their forces: they required her to come over to the nobility, and leave Bothwell to suffer the punishment of his crime. At length it was agreed that he should retire without molestation; that the queen should return to her capital, and that the associated lords should pay to her that honor and obedience which was due to the sovereign. The agreement was mutually ratified, and the army returned towards Edinburgh. An hour did not elapse before Mary learned that she was a captive in the hands of unfeeling adversaries. At her entrance into the city she was met by a mob in the highest state of excitement, and her ears were assailed with reproaches and imprecations. The next day she was conveyed by a body of 400 armed men out of the capital to the castle of Lochlevin, the residence of William Douglas, half brother of Murray.

The Queen of Scots was called upon to resign the crown in favor of her son; and when she had yielded to the threat of force, the royal infant was crowned in the High Church in Stirling, and Murray was appointed Regent.

The Scottish queen was still confined in the towers of Lochlevin, under the jealous eye of the lady Douglas, mother of the regent. It was in vain that, to recover her liberty, she made repeated offers to her brother and the council. They had resolved that she should never leave her prison alive. But she possessed resources beyond the control of her enemies; and her beauty, her manner, and misfortunes won for her an invaluable partisan in George Douglas, the brother of the regent. He introduced a laundress at an early hour into the bedchamber of Mary, who exchanged clothes with the woman, and carrying out a basket of linen, took her seat in the boat. She had almost reached the opposite bank, when, to secure her muffler from the rudeness of one of the rowers, she raised her arm to her face, and a voice immediately exclaimed, "That is not the hand of a washerwoman." She was recognized, and conveyed back to Lochlevin. In five weeks afterwards she succeeded in escaping, and rode in safety to the castle of Hamilton, where she revoked the resignation of the crown she made in her prison at Lochlevin. At this intelligence the royalists crowded round their sovereign. To her brother, the regent, she made repeated offers of settling every cause of dissension in a free parliament, but without success. On May 13th, 1568, Mary was on her road to the castle of Dumbarton, when Murray, with a small but disciplined force, appeared on an eminence called Langsyde. At the sight, her followers rode in confusion to charge the rebels, but were repulsed. From the field of battle the disconsolate queen rode to the abbey of Dundrennan, in Galloway, a distance of sixty Scottish miles, in the course of the same day. Her adversaries followed in every direction, but she eluded their pursuit, resumed her flight the next evening, and on the following morning, after a hasty repast, expressed her determination to seek an asylum in the court of "her good sister" the Queen of England. Her best friends remonstrated; and the Archbishop of St. Andrew's conjured her on his knees

to change her resolution; but Mary, crossing the Solway Frith in a fishing-boat, landed with twelve attendants in the harbor of Workington, and proceeded to Carlisle.

From the day that Mary landed in England she never had her freedom. Nineteen dreary years she passed in nine English prisons. Throughout all this time she bore up with a fortitude unexampled. Sir Walter Scott and many other Protestant writers have, equally with Catholics, condemned the unrelenting cruelty of Elizabeth. We have not space for an account of Mary's captivity, and must hasten to the sad close of her career.

In 1586, a plan for her liberation was arranged. One of the most active in the plot was named Babington, a young man of ancient family and ample fortune. Some years previously he had been page to the Earl of Shrewsbury, a situation in which he had learned to admire and to pity his lord's captive, the Queen of Scots. These feelings, as he advanced in years, ripened into the most enthusiastic attachment to her interests; and he had frequently rendered her very important services. He at first objected to any forcible attempt in her favor. It would be to do the work of her enemies; to provoke her immediate death at the hands of her warder. But he learned a plan devised in Paris; he entered into it with the most sanguine expectations of success; this plan embraced the assassination of Elizabeth, and the carrying off the Scottish Queen. It then occurred, perhaps was treacherously suggested to him, to consult Mary, and a letter to her was prepared, stating that it was the resolution of himself and friends, at the risk of their lives and fortunes to procure a sufficient force to "warrant the landing of foreign aid, her deliverance from prison, and the despatch of the usurping competitor;" assuring her, that on the receipt of her approbation, they were ready to bind themselves on the sacrament to succeed or forfeit their lives. The letter came into the hands of Walsingham, one of the ministers of Elizabeth. Babington and several others were arrested, tried, and executed for high treason.

To return to the history of the Scottish Queen. The great question was, how was the life of the captive to be taken? Leicester recommended the sure but silent operation of poison; Walsingham, on the contrary, advised as more honorable to the sovereign, the form and solemnity of a public trial. Mary was removed to the castle of Fotheringhay, in Northamptonshire, the place selected for her trial and death; and a commission was issued to forty-six individuals, peers, privy councillors, and judges, constituting them a court to inquire into the case. On the 11th of October (1586) the commissioners arrived at the castle. Mary, on learning their business, said, "I am sorry to be charged by my sister the queen with that of which I am innocent; but let it be remembered that I am also a queen, and not amenable to any foreign jurisdiction. I will not degrade the Scottish crown, nor stand as a criminal at the bar of an English court of justice."

An expression, however, had fallen from one of the commissioners, which exceedingly distressed the unfortunate captive; that if she refused to plead, the world would attribute her obstinacy to consciousness of guilt. The high tone of her mind insensibly relaxed; and Mary informed the commissioners that she was content to waive her objection, and therefore she consented to be tried, though she was refused the aid of counsel.

The charge against the Scottish Queen, like that against Babington, had been divided into two parts: that she had conspired with foreigners and traitors to procure the invasion of the realm, and the death of the

queen. The papers exhibited to the court as Mary's were only copies. No attempt was made to show what had become of the originals, or when, where, or by whom the copies had been taken. The commissioners adjourned the court, to meet again in the Star-chamber at Westminster on an early day. The court was opened at Westminster in the presence of a numerous assemblage of members belonging to both Houses of Parliament; but Mary was absent, immured in the castle of Fotheringhay. With one exception, the commissioners unanimously gave judgment, that "Mary, daughter of James V, commonly called Queen of Scotland, had compassed and imagined divers matters tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of the queen."

On hearing the result, Mary denied solemnly that she had been privy to a conspiracy against the life of their queen. She had, she said, accepted an offer made to rescue her from prison; and where was the person in her situation who would not, after an unjust captivity of twenty years, have done the same? Her real crime was her adhesion to the religion of her fathers, a crime of which she was proud, and for which she would be happy to lay down her life. She wrote to Elizabeth, praying that her dead body might be conveyed to France, and deposited near that of her mother; that she might send a jewel, her farewell, and her blessing to her son; that her servants might be allowed to retain the small bequests which it was her intention to make them; and that she might not be put to death in private, otherwise her enemies would say of her, as they had said of others, that despair had induced her to shorten her days. Throughout the whole letter she carefully avoided every expression which might be interpreted as a petition for mercy. This noble letter, worthy of a queen and a martyr, was the last which Mary wrote to her English cousin. It drew tears from Elizabeth, but nothing more. No answer was returned.

James of Scotland felt little for a mother whom he had never known, and whom he had been taught to look upon as an enemy, seeking to deprive him of his authority. He would probably have abandoned her but for an admonition of the French court, that her execution would exclude him from the succession to the English throne; and the remonstrances of the Scottish nobles, who could not brook the notion that a Scottish queen should perish on a scaffold. James therefore wrote to Elizabeth a letter of expostulation, but it had no effect.

On the 7th of February, 1587, the Earl of Shrewsbury arrived at Fotheringhay; and his office of earl marshal instantly disclosed the fatal object of his visit. The queen rose from her bed, dressed, and seated herself by a small table, having previously arranged her servants, male and female, on each side. The earl entered uncovered; he was followed by the Earl of Kent, the sheriff, and several gentlemen of the county; and Beale, after a short preface, read aloud the commission for the execution. Mary listened, without any change of countenance; then, crossing herself, she bade them welcome; the day, she said, which she had long desired, had at last arrived; she had languished in prison near twenty years, useless to others and a burden to herself; nor could she conceive a termination to such a life more happy or more honorable than to shed her blood for her religion. She next enumerated the wrongs which she had suffered, the offers which she had made, and the artifices and frauds employed by her enemies; and, in conclusion, placing her hand on a Testament which lay on the table, "As for the death of the queen your sovereign," said she, "I call God to witness, that I never imagined it, never sought it, nor

never consented to it." "That book," exclaimed the Earl of Kent, "is a Popish Testament, and of course the oath is of no value." "It is a Catholic Testament," rejoined the queen; "on that account I prize it the more." The earl exhorted her to accept the spiritual services of the Dean of Peterborough, a learned divine, appointed by the queen. But Mary replied, that she was, perhaps, better versed in controversy than he thought; she had read much, and had attended to the most learned of the Protestant preachers; but had never met with any argument which should induce her to leave the faith of her fathers. She requested that she might have the aid of Le Prêau, her almoner, who was still in the house; but this, which was the last and only indulgence that she had to demand, was cruelly refused. Mary asked when she was to suffer. The Earl of Shrewsbury answered, but with considerable agitation, "To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock."

Mary heard the announcement of her death with a serenity of countenance and dignity of manner which awed and affected the beholders; but her attendants burst into tears and lamentations.

After a long and fervent prayer, the queen was called to supper. She ate sparingly; and before she rose from table, drank to all her servants; asking at the same time forgiveness of them, if she had ever spoken or acted towards them unkindly. The last night of Mary's life was spent in the arrangement of her domestic affairs, the writing of her will and of three letters, and in exercises of devotion. In the retirement of her closet, with her two maids, she prayed and read alternately; and sought for consolation in reading the passion of Christ. About four she retired to rest; but it was observed that she did not sleep. Her lips were in constant motion, and her mind seemed absorbed in prayer. At the first break of day her household assembled around her. She read to them her will, distributed among them her clothes and money, and bade them adieu, kissing the women, and giving her hand to kiss to the men. Weeping, they followed her into her oratory, where she took her place in front of the altar; they knelt down and prayed behind her.

In the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. Before eight a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At that time the sheriff entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them to be content, and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

Mary was now joined by the earls and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found at the foot Melville, the steward of her household, who for several weeks had been excluded from her presence. "Good Melville," said Mary, "I pray thee report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the brooks of water. Commend me to my son; and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown." She made a last request, that her servants might be present at her death. But the Earl of Kent objected, when she asked with vehemence, "Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of Henry VII, a married queen of France, and the

anointed queen of Scotland?" It was then resolved to admit four of her men and two of her women servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her two maids. Mary wore the richest of her dresses, that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner; and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her, as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary, "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her, and in an audible voice addressed the assembly. She said that she pardoned from her heart all her enemies. She then repeated with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the book of Psalms, and a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was innocent of ever consenting, in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such Popish trumperies, and bear him in your heart." She replied, "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of his sufferings, but I must at the same time bear him in my heart." When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company. Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. One of her maids taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block, and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless, and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. The executioner held it up, and cried, as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth." "So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the dean of Peterborough. "So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent. Not a voice was heard to cry Amen. Party feeling was absorbed in pity.

The body was embalmed the same day. It was afterwards enclosed in lead, and kept in the same room for six months, till August, when Elizabeth ordered it to be interred with royal pomp in the abbey church of Peterborough, opposite to the tomb of Catharine, queen of Henry VIII. It was transferred to Westminster by order of James I in 1612.

EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES.

EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES; the Narrative of twelve months' experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari. By a Lady Volunteer. London: Hurst & Blackett. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A respectable post octavo volume of some 356 pages. When we say *respectable*, we mean that the publishers have done their part with due reference to giving public satisfaction. Good print, good paper, a neat muslin cover, and a few appropriate illustrations, always make an *ensemble* captivating to the lover of books, whether the book itself have any other merits or not. This work has these *prima facie* recommendations, yet we assure the reader that these are the very least that it offers. In these days, books are generally made up with so much artifice, that author-craft makes the principal feature; your regular book maker, with the zeal and honesty of a literary filibuster, is always plundering from somebody else's storehouse of ideas, and palming off upon us simple people, for something new, old wares sometimes regilt and varnished, and sometimes only daubed and disfigured.

Our lady volunteer has a field all to herself. She was one of Miss Nightingale's famous band of heroines, for we will call them so, although this lady lays no claim to heroism. She gives only a simple, straight forward personal narrative of events wherein she was generally a participator, but with the modesty of a truthful and generous character, she indulges in no self-laudations. That she bore her own share of the burdens and heats of the day is evident, but only so from the general tone of her narrative, and from the graphic details of daily duties.

The simplicity and truthfulness of her narrative address themselves directly to one's better feelings, and wield this influence without effort, which oftentimes cannot be effected by the most elaborate efforts of art. The reader who is blessed with any sensibility, is made to yield on one page to an involuntary smile, on the next perhaps, he finds the smile effaced by a tear. And although the lady takes him for a year or more among scenes of sorrow and suffering, of privation, nay destitution, sickness and death, he will be in no hurry to leave her company.

In the whole tenor of the book there is one thing shown most reasonable in itself, and gratifying to Catholic sentiment, but of the more value as a well-observed fact, stated by an intelligent and impartial eye-witness and collaborator also, not of our faith. This lady proves the zeal and good will of those of her countrywomen of the better ranks (the paid nurses were generally no better than the average camp-followers of their sex), who left all the comforts of English homes to minister to the wants of a great army exposed to unusual suffering. The self-devotion of these ladies deserves the lasting gratitude of every Briton. But yet the fact

is clear that their services, for want of method, proper direction and training, fell far short of those rendered by an equal number of Sisters of Mercy, or Charity. Without dwelling upon this subject, for we will show by extracts what impression the services of the Sisters made upon this lady volunteer as well as upon the army, we will say here that it is scarcely seemly for any ladies to be brought into association with soldiers without the protection that religion alone can give. The most profligate soldier respects the very garb of her whose vows are plighted only to heaven; her habit is her shield, it makes her person sacred; to every soldier of Catholic parentage at least, she is the beloved and revered sister, and however neglectful of his own religious duties, he would drag out his tongue by the roots before it should address one improper word to her, and he would lay down his life to protect her from insults from others. No government uniform can represent the religious habit, or give anything like its protection. The ladies and hired nurses adopted one for use on duty with the army in the East, but the uniform so far from protecting the ladies, gave them so much trouble and so many mortifications, that they were obliged in self-defence to abandon it.

Our lady volunteer discovered something perhaps new to her and her countrymen, but as old in the Catholic Church as church history, that female nurses must have some inducement above money or praise to do their work with fidelity.

"The establishment of a proper system of female nursing, whether for the bed-ridden poor at their own homes, or for the sick in civil and military hospitals, is indeed a desideratum devoutly to be wished; and it will be to the writer a cause of much thankfulness if the contents of this work should have the effect of drawing public attention more and more to this deeply felt want, and elicit a scheme which will have for its object the alleviation in some measure, of the hidden sorrows and sufferings of the helpless poor, by sending to them nurses who will, from the principle of love, minister unto them as unto Christ." You have seen, dear lady, just such nurses; perhaps you have not yet learned that they belong *exclusively* to the Catholic Church. We know you will point out as a triumphant exception the work of your fair sisters under Miss Nightingale. But you have heard also, that exceptions only prove the rule. And furthermore, the momentary outpouring of a generous enthusiasm, will not bear comparison with a life devoted from early youth to old age to God and his helpless poor. You say truly, that with nurses, "there must be a higher principle at work than that of gain or applause—one of simple duty in the fulfilment of a great command is required—an ever present realization of the fact, that 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' That principle alone will sustain the sympathising tenderness so necessary to efficient nursing and so endangered by the constant contact with suffering and distress."

Here the right chords are touched; the right sentiments spoken. The lady has seen the principle in practice, and she knows how to appreciate it.

We hope to see this book enjoying the most extensive circulation; in the meantime we will give our readers the benefit of the following interesting extracts from its pages:

> "Whose hallowed office is to tend the bed
> Of pain and death, and soothe the parting soul,
> Therefore are they called
> Sisters of Mercy." *Felicia Hemans.*

"The nursing of this hospital (Koulali) was under the charge of the Reverend Mother of the Sisters of Mercy, she being, of course, under the orders of the lady-superintendent appointed by Lord William Paulet; but as the superintendent could not be at the General Hospital so frequently as she was at the Barrack Hospital, both Miss Stanley, and afterwards Miss Hutton, left the arrangements and direction of the nursing almost entirely to the reverend mother.

"The mother had four sisters, two ladies, and two nurses, to assist her. She had had a long experience in hospital work, and possessed a skill and judgment in nursing attained by few. The hospital, from first to last, was admirably managed. The medical officers, both Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Guy, and the assistant-surgeons, fully appreciated her value, and there was a hearty co-operation between them. When the means of improvement were placed in her hands, they were judiciously used, and the hospital so improved that it became the admiration of all who visited it, and the pride of the ladies and nurses who worked in it; we used to call it 'the model hospital of the East.'

"In the corridor, to the right and left of the main entrance, were apartments; those on the right being occupied by the medical officers, the two rooms on the left by the Sisters of Mercy. One of these formed their community room, the other their dormitory, in which the ten sisters slept for many months. Out of the community-room opened a very small one, hardly more than a large closet, which formed their oratory. When the soldiers attended their service, they knelt in the outer room. When one of the sisters was taken ill with fever, the medical officers had her removed into a small room in another part of the hospital.

"The superintendent deeply regretted the insufficient room given to the sisters, while we lived in a large house; but the matter of hospital quarters was one over which she had no control.

"Ultimately, however, three additional rooms in the detached range of buildings were, with much difficulty, procured from the authorities for the use of the sisters.

"Visitors to the General Hospital usually visited the sisters, for they were universally beloved and respected, and they received all who called upon them with the utmost courtesy and sweetness of manner.

"Their community-room was a tolerably-sized and pleasant one, and furnished with the utmost simplicity—Turkish presses, with glass doors, stood round the walls, forming at once the sisters' hospital library and free gift store, a portion of all free gifts sent to the hospital being always forwarded by the superintendent to the General Hospital; a deal table, a few chairs, and boxes for additional seats, completed the furniture of the room, which, though occupied by so many, was a pattern of extreme neatness; and the warm welcome we ever met there, made it a pleasant resting-place after ascending the steep hill from the Barrack Hospital.

"Few of us had ever visited nuns before, and we often remarked among ourselves the bright, joyous spirit which pervaded the sisters one and all; in their work evidently consisted their happiness, and we often marvelled also at their untiring industry. They never seemed to pass an idle moment, for in their leisure time they were always busy about some needlework or drawing.

"The sisters never left the hospital (except when business took them occasionally to Scutari) but in the evening, when it was considered necessary for their health to go outside the walls for a walk on the hills around."

We cannot omit to introduce our readers to sweet Sister Bernardine, and her establishment at Constantinople:

"The shops are kept chiefly by French, or Greeks who can speak the language. The goods sold are of a very inferior quality, and at an exorbitant price. We found the greatest difficulty in buying the things we wanted; and we should never have succeeded, had it not been for the kind assistance of Sœur Bernardine, one of the French *Sœurs de la Charité*, who, hearing of our difficulty, offered either to do commissions for us, or to accompany us through the streets of Pera and show us the right shops. She had been many years in the East, and spoke Turkish. We availed ourselves of her kindness, and one day, under her escort, we traversed the streets of Galata and Pera. Sœur Bernardine was an invaluable *cicerone*. She knew the right price to be given for every thing. She penetrated into streets we had never heard of, and found shops hidden in corners, as if their object was to keep out of the way. The very shops that looked most unlikely to keep the articles we wanted were found nevertheless to do so. We procured that day large baskets, darning cotton, stockings, gill measures, and many other articles for cooking, &c. They had repeatedly been sought for in Pera before, but in vain; and we gained that day also much valuable information as to the shops at which to buy, and the prices to give, from Sœur Bernardine.

"As we walked along the crowded streets, we met among the motley throng, as usual, many French officers and soldiers. They instantly drew back to let la Sœur pass, and taking off their hats, bowed as if to a lady of noble rank; for throughout the French army there exists a deep affection and gratitude towards the Sœurs; and well may they entertain both for those who have followed wherever the flag of France has gone to strife and bloodshed. Wherever her sons have lain languishing on beds of sickness, when home and friends were far distant, one comforter was ever at hand, one well-known form hovered by their side—*la Sœur de la Charité*.

"Whenever the French armies, for the last two hundred years, have gone out to battle, as surely as they have taken with them weapons of war and destruction, skilful generals to lead them to victory, gallant hearts to fight, so surely have they also taken a gentle, holy band of *Sœurs de la Charité;* and amid rough soldiers, and among scenes of horror and distress, the Sœurs move fearless and unharmed. Around them is a shield which insult dares not touch. As safe on the battle-field, or in the hospital tent, or the 'ambulance' in some foreign town, are they as in their convent home; the 'wards of the hospital, or the streets of the city, are their cloisters, hired rooms are their cells, the fear of God is their grating, and a strict and holy modesty their only veil.' No wonder the Frenchman pays them such respect and honor, for they are worthy of it tenfold.

"After we had finished our shopping, and were very weary, Sœur Bernardine begged we would come and rest at the convent. *La Maison Notre Dame de la Providence* is situated in Galata; it is not far from the situation of the British Admiralty Offices; but though an extensive building, and standing close to a Catholic church, it is in such a narrow, dirty little street, that, unless guided there by some one knowing the way, one might wander about for an hour without discovering it. It stands in the midst of the Frank population of the city, its most filthy and abandoned haunts.

"Arriving there, over a large door we found written, *Maison Notre Dame de la Providence, Ecole des Sœurs de la Charité*. Raising the knocker, the door opened by a pulley from within, and we entered. This convent is in itself a wonder; on one hand is the reception parlor, which is constantly thronged. Persons of all nations come here to ask information on various points; French officers come about their soldiers' wants. Here throng the poor of all descriptions. Everybody in trouble, distress, or perplexity, seems to come hither to be relieved. We pass a little further on into the great store-room; biscuits and wine, and such like articles, are dispensed from this house to the 'ambulances;' the ambulances are a sort of out-stations for the *Sœurs de la Charité*, established near to each hospital; a certain number of Sœurs, under a *Supérieure*, are sent to these stations, and are supplied from this convent with stores for their patients. This convent is the *Maison Mère* for all the Sœurs scattered about the Turkish empire; here they return when they are ill, for rest and nursing. There are one hundred Sœurs in the convent, exclusive of those sent out; and women of eight different nations are in the community.

"Leaving the store-rooms we visited the schools, which contain many hundreds of children, of as many countries as are gathered together at Constantinople—including almost all the countries of the known world—and the children of this strange gathering are all taught one common faith, gathered into one fold. It was a wonderful spectacle to look on the various faces of the little maidens, the blue-eyed German, and dark Italian; the cunning face of the Greek, and stolid look of the Turk. Next to the school we passed through the courtyard, where the children play.

"A door opening from this admitted us into the adjoining church, which belongs to the Lazarist Fathers. It was very plain, and possessed no ornament worthy of note, save one or two fine paintings. Ascending stairs, we next visited the Sœurs' dispensary, which is kept in the most perfect order. The Sœurs are trained to make up medicines; and this is a most important branch of their work in Turkey, as they are the only doctors for large numbers of the poor, and among the poor of Constantinople exists an amount of disease far exceeding that of any other city of the same size and population.

"Ascending another flight of stairs, we came to the orphans' dormitory. This we found in beautiful order; long rows of little white beds, and at each end, curtained off, was the simple bed of a Sœur, who by night as well as by day guarded her orphan charge. Higher still—we sighed at the number of stairs—and we found the orphans—one hundred of them, such a happy-looking set, sitting at work in a spacious room, Sœurs being with them of course. At our request they sang a hymn. We distributed some sweetmeats among them, which gave great delight. The orphans do a great deal of needlework towards their own support; they also dress

dolls, in the different costumes of the country, and other articles of fancy work, which can be purchased in the parlor below.

"The Sœurs have a boarding-school for girls of a higher rank than the day-school. There was not sufficient room for this in the convent, in consequence of the number of Sœurs attending the different military hospitals, and the boarding-school had been moved to a house in Pera. The Sœurs serve six or more military hospitals in Constantinople.

"When we had seen the orphans, we had not even then reached the last story; another flight yet, and we found the children's chapel. It is merely a room set apart for this purpose, and tastefully ornamented, though with great simplicity. Stepping out from the chapel we found ourselves on the house-top, which forms a broad terraced walk,—and what a panorama was before us!—what pen could describe it? The curious maze-like streets of Constantinople lay at our feet. We were too distant to observe their drawbacks, we only saw the picturesque. There was the bridge of boats, with its thronging multitudes, whose forms looked shadowy in the distance. The Golden Horn and its shipping, the distant minarets of Santa Sophia, Sultan Achmet's mosque, and many a mosque and palace, besides cypress groves, the grand seraglio, and the beautiful rounding of Seraglio point, the blue Bosphorus, the great cemetery of Scutari, the hospitals on the cliff, the Sea of Marmora, the distant chains of mountains, where the eye strives to distinguish the faint outline of Olympus. All this can be seen from any eminence in Constantinople.

"The Sœurs, possessing no grounds to their house, come here to catch the fresh air. Here every August they make, according to their rule, a week's retreat; and those at the different ambulances change and flock into the convent for this end, during which retreat they spend much of their time in this quiet house-top. Sœur Bernardine said, in her pretty broken English—

"'It is the time we love the best of all, for then we come here, and we have nothing to do but to pray and think of God. Last year,' she said, 'I was here, I was so happy, but, alas! the cholera broke out at Varna, and they sent for us in haste, and I and some more had to go so quickly.'

"The *Sœurs de la Charité* are those whom I mentioned as having met on board the 'Egyptus.' They were founded two hundred years ago by St. Vincent de Paul, a man of whom it has with justice been said, he 'did more good in his single life than all the *philosophers* the world ever saw.' He thought that to effectually relieve the sufferings of the poor—besides the religious orders established for the relief of particular kinds of distress—there should be an order of women, taken themselves from the poor, who would be thus inured to the hardships they had to endure; and he ordained, that they should wear the peasant dress of the period, that they should be sent to nurse the sick at all times and in all places where they might be required, and that they should also educate young children.

"Persons wishing to enter this order were to pass five years at least in the noviciate, after which they were allowed to take the threefold vow of obedience, poverty, and chastity; but this vow was to expire every 25th of March, and to be renewed or not at the Sœur's own will. St. Vincent de Paul died in 1660, but his work lived on. He called his daughters the servants of the poor; but the people saw their deeds of love, and they named them *Sœurs de la Charité*.

"From France, its birthplace, this wonderful order—wonderful in its

extreme simplicity—spread into all lands. They number now eleven thousand. Ladies of high rank, even princesses, have laid down their rank and wealth and entered the lowly order of the daughters of St. Vincent; but the greater mass of the Sœurs is composed of the class for whom St. Vincent intended it—the women who in England are hospital nurses and schoolmistresses.

"This is the order which made the infidel Voltaire exclaim, that if anything could make him believe in Christianity, it would be such deeds as those wrought by the *Sœurs de la Charité*.

"In the din of the French Revolution, even in the Reign of Terror, the Sœurs won respect from those fiends in human form. During the Peninsular war, in one town, constantly taken and retaken by the French and Spaniards, was a convent of *Sœurs de la Charité*. Whichever army occupied the town sent sentinels to guard the convent, for the influence of their gentle deeds of love triumphed over the bitter animosity of war.

"The mission of *les Sœurs de la Charité* in Constantinople was founded in the following way. Fifteen years ago, a German lady came to Paris, and sought to enter the order. On inquiry she was found to be above the age at which the novices are received, which is either twenty-eight or thirty. The disappointment was great, for it was the wish of her heart, and at length the superiors of the order agreed to receive her, should she be willing to endure the test they would put to her. They wished to found a house in Constantinople, they said; would she go there with one companion, establish a school, and so make their footing good? She consented.

"Fifteen years ago, Constantinople was a very different place to Constantinople now. The Christian's life then was one, in outward things, not much unlike that of his Divine Master—being pelted with stones in the street, and suffering other insults, was the portion of these holy women. They persevered. Sœur Bernardine (for she was the lady we speak of) learnt the Turkish language, established a school—Sœurs came from France, and she entered their order. But so lovely have been their deeds during this period, that they have won respect from the Turks.

"On one occasion a fire broke out in the vicinity of their convent, and it was in danger. Directions were instantly given by the Turkish authorities to save the convent even should half a street be lost in consequence; and on another, parties having applied for a house near the convent, and their occupations being likely to prove an annoyance to the Sisters, they were refused. Such is the Moslem's opinion of the *Sœurs de la Charité*.

"For a contrast, let us turn to a Christian and enlightened country, into which ten of these holy sisters only set their feet to pass through it on their way to China to meet there at least the risk, if not the reality, of torture and death; and in the town of Liverpool hooting and insults were showered on those whose life had been a boast in Christendom these two centuries back.

"Sweet Sœur Bernardine! my memory loves to linger upon her. We shall never meet on earth again, but never shall I forget that saintly face, or that winning, loving manner, which spoke so plainly of the well of love within her heart. The toil the Sœurs undergo shortens their lives; many have died of fatigue during the present war—four at the convent in Galata, within a few weeks of each other. A lady who had been residing at the convent told me she never witnessed such peaceful deathbeds. Humbly but joyfully they went to Him they had so loved to serve on earth.

"After leaving the convent, we descended the hill to Tophana, on our return to Koulali. We were too late for the steamer, and therefore took a caique."

We have alluded to the character of the hired nurses and the difficulties of anything like co-operation and equality between them and the lady volunteers. A few paragraphs will make the condition of things sufficiently obvious:

"One great trouble we began to feel at this time—namely, the conduct of the hired nurses. We had, indeed, been tried by this from the beginning, and several, as I have mentioned, were sent home on account of bad conduct; no doubt, the distress around them, and the frequent sickness among their own numbers, kept some sort of check upon them, but still, after several had been dismissed for bad conduct, and others from sickness, only two remained when the new party arrived on the 9th of April.

"The hospital costume in which Miss Stanley's party left England was worn alike by ladies and nurses: this was intended by the authorities to mark the equality system; but soon after beginning hospital work we found it impossible to continue wearing the same dress as the nurses, and therefore discontinued it. When the new party arrived, we were astonished to find that those who at home had the selection of nurses for the East, had not accepted the advice, or listened to the remonstrance, of the ladies who had had to struggle with difficulties on the spot, and knew, from painful experience, that similarity in dress was far from desirable, and perfectly unnecessary for any good object. The ladies and nurses all wore the government costume. When we received them at Koulali, we expressed our surprise at the circumstance, and our conviction that the ladies would very soon follow our example, and make a distinction in dress between themselves and the nurses; and the sequel proved our expectations to be correct.

"The ladies soon found it was necessary for their own comfort, and for the good of their work, that in every possible way the distinction should be drawn. None but those who knew it can imagine the wearing anxiety, and the bitter humiliation the charge of the hired nurses brought upon us; for it should be remembered that we stood as a small body of English women in a foreign country, and that we were so far a community that the act of one disgraced all. After this period, it is true, we had no longer to encounter the hardships some had endured in the winter; but as long as the work in the East lasted, so long were there difficulties to be surmounted, and trials to be borne, of no common character.

. . . . . "Such were the consequences of sending out women of inferior character to such a work of trial and temptation. We felt it bitterly, when we wished so much that a good example should be set to the men, and that we should raise and influence them for the better; it would have been all undone by these women; while to them, poor creatures! a military hospital was the very worst place that could be imagined—rife with every sort of temptation.

"A few weeks only had elapsed since the departure of the two women I have mentioned, when disgraceful misconduct caused the dismissal of a third. Ere a passage could be had for her, another was obliged to go, from her habits of intoxication. She had been one most highly recommended; and to hear her talk, one would have thought that she was a very religious person. These two left together. The chaplain himself

offered to see them on board, and his task was no light one; for during the whole caique voyage down the Bosphorus, every sort of abuse and bad language were showered down upon his head."

Very many of these women had to be sent away, which gave great offence to the authorities at home; but, says the lady:

"They were respectfully reminded that our superintendent's duties did not include the reformation of women of loose character and immoral habits, nor did we imagine the authorities would require details which were often too terrible to dwell on. We certainly did expect that the ladies intrusted with the arduous charge of controlling the nurses in our Eastern hospitals were better judges of what class of persons were or were not fit for that work, than those who, safe in English homes, had perhaps never entered a hospital ward at all—who certainly never toiled in a military one day and night.

"Of the remaining nurses, two were very unsatisfactory. The others were all respectable and industrious, and, under a lady's supervision, did very well; but none, with one exception, could be entirely trusted alone."

The harmony between the ladies, or volunteer nurses, and the Sisters at the Hospitals on the Bosphorus, is worthy of commemoration:

"At Koulali there was always a large staff of unpaid nurses, so that, on an average, they nearly equalled the number of the paid.

"At Scutari, after the arrival of the December party, none but paid women, whether nurses or ladies, were received as a rule. The Sisters of Mercy, and the few ladies who had joined previously to this arrangement being made, of course continued to give their unpaid services.

"I may also mention with gratitude the excellent spirit of cordiality which existed at Koulali between all classes of the nurses. The sisters and ladies worked together with the utmost harmony and affection, having perfect confidence in each other, and never failing, on both sides, in due consideration and kindness for each other; and though there were amongst us persons of almost every creed and shade of opinion—(for among us were members of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Plymouth Christian, and other bodies, as well as members of the Church of England)—there was never one word expressed by any of us which could hurt the feelings of others."

Our lady volunteer records the influence of the Sisters over the soldiers, and gives some illustrations, out of which we select the following:

"There was another, an Irishman, suffering from an apparently incurable malady in his limbs. He looked strong and hearty enough to have fought three or four Russians single-handed; but he was also invalided home. His joy at going back to 'ould Ireland' was so great, that he thought it advisable to drink his own health, and those of the reverend mother and sisters, and every one else in the hospital, before his departure; so he persuaded one of the orderlies, who were sometimes open to temptation, to buy him some spirits; and when the reverend mother went in to give the invalids some clothes for their voyage home, she found him showering down blessings upon every one in such a very excited tone, that, instead of thanking him for those which, as soon as she appeared, he especially invoked on her own head, she very quietly went up to him, and, taking the large scissors which hung from her girdle,

cut from his neck a ribbon, to which was suspended a religious medal often worn by the Catholics.

"This silenced him at once. She left the ward with the medal in her hand, and poor Patrick was broken-hearted. He said 'he'd have no pleasure in going home now,' blamed himself for his folly in sending for the unhappy drink which had caused him this disgrace. In two hours they were to sail for England—what was to be done? One of the sisters advised him to go and beg the reverend mother's pardon, and perhaps she would forgive him. He seemed cheered by the hope, took courage and went immediately, begged her very humbly to forgive him this once, and he never would take a drop o' drink again till he got to the 'ould country.' Not liking to let him leave the hospital in disgrace, she restored his medal, and forgave him with many a word of good advice."

The reverence and gratitude of the men towards the Sisters were by no means confined to Irishmen and Catholics. Our lady volunteer, glancing at religion in the army and speaking of the happy influence exercised by chaplains of the various denominations represented in the army, continues:

"These, I think, are plain proofs that the spirit of real religion is in the British army, and only needs culture to bring it out; and had not its spiritual wants been so grievously neglected, it would not have become noted for its irreligion, nor would English parents have had cause hitherto to consider it a disgrace that their sons should fill its ranks. The following anecdotes will show how ready they were to amend. One orderly bore a very high character, and was much liked by the sister of the ward for his good conduct. One day he became intoxicated; when he came to his senses, he hid himself from the sister. However, she met him accidentally, and expressed her sorrow and displeasure; he had been a soldier for seventeen years, yet he blushed before her as a guilty schoolboy, and exclaimed—

"'Oh, ma'am, look it over this time, it never shall happen again; I'd rather be summoned before all the doctors in the hospital, and be punished by them, than that you should once reprove me.'

"Indeed, the orderlies at the Upper Hospital felt the sisters' displeasure much more acutely than being sent to the guardroom.

"One day, an orderly, who was partly drunk when the Rev. Mother entered the ward, attempted to conceal his state; she turned away, and called another, bidding the first go to bed at once. The next day the delinquent was ready, as usual, to carry round the extras for her. 'No,' she said, 'you have disgraced yourself, I will have another.' He slunk away, ashamed. Some days passed, and she took no notice of him. At last he waylaid her in the corridor, where no one could hear him, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'Will you never forgive me, Rev. Mother? I am so miserable to be in disgrace with you—indeed I will amend for the future.'"

We must acknowledge the necessity of a limitation to extracts, however interesting they may be. Those that we have presented are not superior in general interest to other parts of the narrative. We selected them with reference to our Catholic readers, and yet we have left untouched a vast deal more that would be equally interesting to them.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XIII.

THE SISTERS OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.

We have already seen how the holy order of St. Dominic was planted in our western wilds, and has flourished in its work of grace. Ever by its side in holy friendship will be found the order of the Seraphic Francis, the order of holy poverty. In every form this order has hallowed America. Its martyrs sank in death evangelizing the Indians on the head waters of the Rio Grande, in Florida, in the rapids of the St. Lawrence, in the prairies of Illinois, in the vegas of California. It made New Mexico, Texas and California rivals of Paraguay, and when the republic of America arose it gave one of the first bishops, the venerable Dr. Egan, of Philadelphia. Conventuals, Recollects, Reformed and Capuchins all have evangelized this soil, and a convent now rises again in Western New York, and brothers of the order labor in Pennsylvania. The second order of St. Francis, the poor Clares, founded in 1212, by St. Clare, and reformed in 1435, by St. Colette, have also planted their convents in our midst; but they have faded away for a time. One convent was founded in Georgetown in 1792, by the Abbess Marie de la Marche, who, with two of her nuns were driven by revolutionary fury from the convent of Sœurs, in France, sought a refuge in America; but after a struggle for some years the abbess died, and the other sisters finding none to join them, returned to Europe in 1805.* A second convent of the order was founded at Alleghanytown, near Pittsburg, in 1828, by Sister Frances Van de Vogel, from Belgium, who established a third house at Green Bay in 1830, but the superior met with insurmountable difficulties, the communities dissolved and Sister Frances returned to Europe.†

Meanwhile Franciscan Fathers were laboring in various parts of the country, chiefly among the German population. In 1848, when revolution swept over the face of Europe, and religious were expelled from their cloisters, a missionary father from America met at Vienna Sister Teresa Hackelmayer, a nun of the third order of St. Francis, whom *liberty* had deprived of a home. By permission of her provincial, the missionary appointed her superior of a community of the third regular order of St Francis of Assisi, to be founded in New York.

The third order of St. Francis was instituted by that illustrious saint in 1221, and after being verbally approved by Popes Honorius III and Gregory IX, was solemnly confirmed by a bull of Pope Nicholas IV, in 1289. It was intended for persons living in the world in every rank and condition of life, and soon spread over all Europe, all, from kings and queens on their thrones to the poorest peasants eagerly entering this order which associated them in the participation of the merits of the Franciscan

* Catholic Church in the United States, 78. † Id. 291.

Fathers and nuns of St. Clare Many members subsequently founded other institutes, adopting entirely different rules—the Blessed Thomasuccio, founder of the Hieronymites; St. John Columbinus, founder of the Jesuats; the Blessed Isabelle, of France, foundress of the Urbanists; St. Bridget, of Sweden, St. Frances, of Rome, Cardinal de Berulle, and Mr. Olier, all were members of the third order of St. Francis.*

The first, however, who after entering the third order simply added the solemn profession of the three vows of religion and associated others with her so as to form a *regular* community, and thus a third *regular* order, was St. Elizabeth, of Hungary, whose name and whose virtues the Count de Montalembert has render so familiar to us all. Forbidden by her confessor, Conrad, to enter a convent of Poor Clares, she resolved to remain a Franciscan tertiary, merely adding the solemn profession and devoting herself to her own sanctification and works of mercy.† Her profession of the three vows of religion which she had so often made in her heart took place in the church of the Friers Minor, on Good Friday, 1229, when after solemnly renouncing her will, her children, her relations, her companions, and all the pomps and pleasures of the world, she received the gray robe and cord of the order from Father Burkhard, warden of the Franciscans in Hesse.‡ Several of her maidens joined her, and during the two short years that she survived, her house at Marburg was a regular convent, the only one of the third order of St. Francis.

After her holy death many others wished to imitate her heroic example, and convents of the third order arose in various countries, and were formally recognized as a distinct order by the Holy See. Those in Germany always bore the name of Elizabethines, in memory of the holy princess of Thüringia, and there were ten houses in the Austrian States at the period that we have mentioned.

Sister Teresa, the foundress of the Elizabethines in America, arrived in New York in the winter of 1851, but found nothing prepared for the establishment of a community of her order, and little hope seemed to present itself of ultimately effecting the object for which she had crossed the Atlantic. Undeterred by this discouraging prospect, the daughter of St. Francis resolved to seek some other spot, and proceeded to Oldenburg, in the State of Indiana, where she was cordially received. By the fall of the year her convent was completed so far as to enable her to enter it with four novices who had joined her, and thus establish a community life. Other ladies soon joined the standard of St. Francis, and the community in 1856 numbered fourteen professed sisters, eight novices and two candidates, directing schools at Oldenburg, Rockville, Cross Roads and St. Joseph's, besides other works of mercy. This success had not been

* Helyot—Histoire des Ordres Religieux (verbo Penitents) Ed. Migne iii, 167.

† Helyot—Histoire des Ordres Religieux (verbo Elizabeth) Ed. Migne ii, 147. Montalembert—Life of St. Elizabeth, of Hungary, 279. ‡ Id. 281.

attained without difficulties and trials. Calumny and misrepresentation had beset the spouse of Christ.

A second convent of the third order of St. Francis was founded in the year 1851 at Nojoshing, four miles from Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan, in conjunction with a house of brothers of the same order by the zealous Fathers F. Keppeler and Mathias Steiger, whom God called to himself in September of that year. Their little community has survived through many difficulties, and now contains eight sisters and four novices, who devote their time to manual labor and the education of orphan children.

A third convent of the third order of St. Francis was founded at West Chicago in 1853, by Father J. B. Weikamp, who formed also a community of brothers. For two years the sisters devoted themselves to the instruction of the girls in the parish, but in October, 1855, Father Weikamp and the two communities proceeded to the southern peninsula of Michigan and took up their residence at the Indian mission of La Crosse, the field assigned to their labors by the Vicar Apostolic of Upper Michigan. Here, too, the sisters direct free schools for girls not only at La Crosse, but also at Little Traverse bay.

The rule of the sisters at Oldenburg, and we presume of others, are the statutes of the Council of Lateran, confirmed by Pope Leo X, the object of the institute being, first, the sanctification of their own souls; second, the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and prayer during that time for the diocese in which they live; third, the care of poor orphans whom heaven places under their charge; fourth, the instruction of girls.

OLD LEGEND OF THE PHYSICIAN OF KOZMA.

Translated from the French.

A poor man living in the town of Kozma, in Transylvania, was already the father of twelve children. His numerous family all his exertions could barely supply with bread, when one day he was told his thirteenth child was born. The good man immediately forgot all his trouble, and throwing himself on his knees he piously blessed God for this new mark of his favor. But not knowing whom he could ask to stand as god-father to the new-born babe—his list of personal friends had been long since exhausted—he decided on going out to the street and demanding this service from the first passer-by. He hoped good fortune would assist him in finding the protector so much needed.

He was not long waiting when he saw a tall, lean figure approach, closely wrapped up, head and all, in a long cloak. The stranger saluted the poor man without the least sign of pride, and even was the first to

speak: "Do you want me to be god-father to your son?" he asked. "Who are you?" was the reply of the poor man, emboldened by the stranger's affability, though troubled at his appearance. "I am Death," he replied ——— "Death, the leveller of all distinctions."

"You are a just and great king," said the poor man; "I am glad to see you; you treat rich and poor with impartiality. It is well. Be my son's god-father."

"I will make him rich and famous," said Death; "for I am powerful. —— When is the christening to take place?"

"Next Sunday, at noon; please, don't forget."

Death was punctual; and although his appearance rather threw a chill on the assistants, he was unanimously pronounced to be quite a respectable god-father.

When the boy had grown up, Death paid him a visit. Taking him by the hand and bidding him not to fear, he led him out into the forest.

"I am your god-father," said he. "I love you dearly, and I intend to make you a famous physician. That is a profession which I like and which depends much on me. Here is all you have to do to become wealthy and renowned. Whenever you are summoned to attend a patient, if the illness is serious, you shall see me present. If I be at the foot of the bed, say boldly that you will be responsible for the cure; and you will then make the patient swallow the extract of a certain little herb which I will show you presently. Nothing more will be necessary for an effectual recovery. But if I am at the head of the bed, it is a sign that the patient belongs to me. In that case you will say: 'He is past hope; this patient will infallibly die.' Thus you shall obtain great renown."

Death then showed his god-son how to discover the balsamic herb of which he had spoken and went away, cautioning him never to forget the instructions he had just heard.

In a short time the young man became the most famous physician in the world. He had, it was said, only to give a glance at the patient, in order to be able to tell with certainty whether he was to live or die.

His services, as may be supposed, were in the greatest demand. People came to consult him from the most distant countries, and he had soon acquired so much wealth that he enriched all his numerous relations.

It happened that the king of the country fell sick. The Physician of Kozma was sent for immediately. But as soon as he entered the chamber, he saw to his great sorrow his god-father, Death, standing at the head of the royal couch. The sick man was then irrecoverably lost. However, the young doctor thought that if, for the sake of saving so good a king, he played a little trick on his god-father, the latter might not be *very* angry. He might perhaps take into consideration the immense honor that would accrue to his god-son from such a transcendent cure as this. The plan then was immediately conceived and quickly executed. By the orders of the young doctor, the bed containing the king was turned

round so rapidly that in the twinkling of an eye Death found himself standing at the foot, and before he could recover his senses sufficiently to resume his place at the head, the patient had swallowed the healing balsam. The effect was instantaneous. The king rose up in perfect health, and immediately loaded his deliverer with the highest dignities and the most costly presents.

As the physician left the palace, he saw Death waiting for him with a very angry countenance.

"I pardon you this time," said he, restraining his rage; "I pardon you because I am your god-father. But remember, if you take away from me what is rightfully mine, it will be on yourself that the punishment shall fall!"

Not long after this, the king's daughter in her turn became extremely ill. The Physician of Kozma was absent. No one could cure her. The old king, her father, wept so much, according to the ancient chronicles, that he lost his sight.

The doctor returned to the city just as the princess was on the point of death. It was proclaimed everywhere that whoever cured her should receive her hand in marriage and the throne of which she was the heiress. The young man hurried to the palace. But, alas! there was Death standing, grim and ghastly, at the head of the bed.

"She is lost!" he cried, remembering the threats of his god-father. These terrible words threw the whole court into consternation.

Remarking, however, the youth and beauty of the dying princess, and remembering the generous promises of her disconsolate parent, he experienced a strong temptation to brave once more the fury of his fearful god-father. Youth is rash. Success renders us presumptuous. Regardless then of the portentous expression shooting from the eyes of the tall, thin figure that looked at him so fixedly, he turned the little bed so suddenly that Death again found himself at the foot before he was aware of what was done. At the same time by means of the healing balsam which the young man administered without the loss of a moment, the king's daughter was completely restored. Death made a gesture of extreme rage and disappeared.

But a few days after, when the doctor was receiving the congratulations of his friends on the glorious prize which he had won, his god-father suddenly presented himself before him.

"Follow me!" he whispered.

And seizing him with his icy-cold hand, he led him through the surprised crowd—for no one but the young man saw the spectre. Death conducted him outside the city walls, and into the mountains, till they came at last to an immense cavern. Here, ranged along the walls in lines which the doctor thought beyond the power of man to number, blazed millions and millions of lamps of all shapes and sizes. Some were large and complete; some small and frail; some half burned; some on the point

of being extinguished. At every moment some were quenched, and at every moment others burst out into flame.

"Thou seest here," said Death to his alarmed god-son, "thou seest here the lamps of the lives of men. They are all before thee. Those shining brightest and that seem complete animate children; those thou perceivest half consumed belong to mature years, and those on the point of being extinguished are the flickering lamps of the aged. Some children, however, are possessed of only a very slender lamp, and when it is burned out they are mine. It is all strictly regulated. Thou shouldst not then have disturbed the order of fate. Thou art to be punished."

These words were spoken so severely, and the mouth whence they had proceeded looked so hard and merciless that the doctor felt his limbs trembling with terror. His teeth chattered while he said to Death:

"O, my dear god-father, show me my lamp and protect it. I will never offend you again!"

The spectre pointed his long bony finger at a lamp already expiring in its socket:

"Look!" said he.

The terror which had taken possession of the young man now redoubled.

"O, dear god-father!" he exclaimed, falling on his knees, "light for me, I implore you, another lamp. Let your poor god-child enjoy a little more life; let him wed the princess, become king ——— "

"I have not the power," interrupted Death; "I am called the Just King; I cannot prolong your lamp, except at the expense of another; and that would be iniquity."

"O, my good, kind god-father!" again cried the young doctor in the most moving tones, "pour all that remains of my lamp on this new one that is not yet kindled; I will never disobey you again!"

He looked so unhappy, he begged for his life in such a heart-rending manner, that even Death was affected. He took the new lamp in his left hand and the physician's quivering luminary in his right.

But alas! just as the new lamp touched the socket, the pale glimmering flame of the doctor's lamp suddenly expired, and the young man fell at the feet of his terrible god-father, never to rise again.

Death can destroy but cannot restore.

WHAT I LIKE.

I like my friends, my children, wife—
The home they make so blest a spot;
I like my fortune—calling—life—
In every thing I like my lot:
And feeling thus, my heart's imbued
With never-ceasing gratitude.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER VIII.

We had spent three days at Bristol. The day before our departure, towards evening, Edmund was with his father and myself at a banker's. Whilst we were absorbed in our business affairs, a young man of handsome appearance, but whose haughty air betrayed vanity, accosted Edmund, and spoke with him some length of time. It was night when we quitted the bank, and Edmund was nowhere to be seen.

Lord Walsingham was very uneasy, I much more so, when I recollected his interview with the stranger; frightful suspicions seized me, the information we received confirmed them; they told us that the young man who accompanied us, had left nearly an hour since with another, that they had a very warm political discussion, and had both gone out very much excited.

Lord Walsingham shuddered, he took the road towards the gate of the city nearest to us, uncertain whither to direct his steps. Near the gate he met Silva, who was going in the same direction; he stopped, seized his father's hand, and said, "there is not a moment to lose, Edmund still lives, but he must leave the country. Follow his servant, I am going to send a carriage; oh, my father," added he, "do not crush him, he is too unhappy!"

Lord Walsingham was terrified, and followed the domestic without being able to answer Silva, who went back to the hotel.

When we arrived at the turn of a little wood we found Edmund, wounded and covered with blood, leaning over his unhappy adversary, who seemed to us to be dead. Lord Walsingham raised up Edmund. Unfortunate child! have you dared to commit murder? O God, to what horrors have you reserved me.

A deep groan escaped from the depths of Edmund's soul.

"Let us only think of saving him," I exclaimed, and drew him away.

"No, abandon me, O my lord," said he, in a tone of agony, and pressing in his trembling hands one of his uncle's, he said, "deliver me up to justice, let me submit to my destiny, to expiate my crime; the son of Arthur will be happy to perish on the same scaffold, on which his father consummated the glorious sacrifice of his virtuous life!"

Lord Walsingham unable to reply, pressed him to his heart, with a sentiment mingled with indignation, pity, and profound grief.

The noise of a carriage startled us; it was Silva, he helped us to put his brother almost fainting in it. Henry supported him in his arms.

"Go," said Silva, "gain the port without delay, I will rejoin you after you will have written to me from Grove Castle." He made a sign to the coachman to go. Lord Walsingham shook the hand of his son with inexpressible emotion. I got in the carriage with him, to abandon him at this frightful moment was impossible. We started; the motion of the carriage brought Edmund to himself; he suffered much.

Before 9 o'clock in the evening we reached the port; a vessel was just about to sail, and it was the only one. Lord Walsingham decided to repair without delay to Grove Castle; we arrived there in about forty-eight hours, in the middle of the night, with our hearts breaking with anxiety about Edmund's actual condition, and the consequences of the probable death of his unfortunate adversary. Mr. Moore gave him secretly all the cares his situation demanded, but Edmund himself was the greatest obstacle to be overcome; he recollected perfectly all that had occurred, his grief and despair augmented his fever, he tore the bandages from his wounds, protesting that he would die, that he was no longer worthy to live.

Henry, who watched over him with the assiduity of the most tender father, assumed at once a severe and determined countenance. "I know very well, Lord Edmund," said he, "that you are unworthy of our cares and of my affection, the consideration of your soul is the only motive that influences us, this soul redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and which you would have lost; for its sake alone, have I not forsaken you; but if it be true, that you feel your faults, and are overwhelmed by them, submit humbly to him who calls you his son, obey him, and suffer all the remedies required to save your life, which is necessary to you, that you may expiate a crime, for which your true friends can never console themselves"

Edmund answered only by a sad silence; but from that moment, his meekness never failed; he took without murmuring the most disagreeable remedies, suffered without complaining the most severe operations, and manifested in the midst of the most violent pains, a peace that never left him. As soon as his situation became more tranquil, he pondered in his mind the extent of his fault.

He then asked for Mr. Kennelly, and shed many tears. This estimable friend who had become so necessary to him, came immediately to rejoin us, Silva having apprised him of everything.

His presence revived the bitter regrets, confusion, grief, and likewise the courage of the young Marquis of Rosline. When he became more collected and capable of expressing himself, he informed us, that his great resemblance to his father, had struck the young stranger, who addressed him at the bank; that as soon as he remarked this, he spoke of the Queen of Scots and her adherents, and particularly of Arthur of Rosline, that he had not sufficient greatness of soul to despise his sarcasms, nor command over himself to conquer his resentment, which had cost the life of him who had provoked him.

CHAPTER IX.

Silva, immediately after our departure, went himself to procure assistance for the young stranger, who lay motionless in the place where the duel was fought. He was recognized as the young Emil of Tudor, the only scion of a branch of this beautiful name, then nearly extinct. He had him transplanted to Tudor Hall, his castle, situated at a short distance. Tudor Hall is a vast and magnificent structure, its extensive parks, gardens and woods make it a very agreeable residence: a great number of domestics came out to meet the litter on which the young lord was placed. Silva inquired whether he had any relation at the castle; an old servant who appeared to have the superintendence of the others, informed him

that for the last ten months when he became of age, he had lived entirely alone, that nevertheless, a distant relation of his, the marchioness of Montrose, came sometimes to Tudor Hall, but at this moment she was in London.

Silva observed with surprise the indifference with which the young Count was received in so deplorable a condition. Having decided not to leave him, he announced himself as his best friend, and sent for the most celebrated physicians and surgeons of Bristol. Learning that Emil was a Protestant, he contented himself with bestowing on him the attentions necessary for the preservation of his life.

Willoughby, the old servant and steward of the castle, who alone had answered Silva's questions, appeared also to be the only one of his people who was concerned at his danger—he had been in the service of the family forty years, had seen Emil born, and loved and respected him as a faithful servant should do. He was delighted at the cares Silva was disposed to take of his young master, and was eager to second them.

The latter gave himself no trouble about having an apartment, and placed himself near Emil's bed, whom he was resolved not to leave until he would either die or recover. The physicians said he lived still, but they could promise nothing. He was twelve hours insensible; at last he opened his eyes and shut them again immediately. Silva continued to watch and serve him as the most devoted friend; his gentleness, preventing care, and his modesty had gained all the servants without him being aware of it; he always praised the cares of others, and performed the most painful tasks himself; being accustomed to nurse the sick, he acquitted himself of it with a delicacy and an address that charmed the physicians. They had prepared a chamber for the surgeon, so that he might be near Emil in case of the least danger. He passed the first nights without going to bed, and almost without quitting the young count; the latter had recovered his consciousness; but was extremely weak and unable to speak. Being wounded in the right shoulder and left wrist he could not move.

This last wound was very dangerous, because the artery was broken; the surgeon declared after having bandaged it, that if the blood began to flow again, at whatever hour night or day, he must be called, if not Emil would die.

Silva recommended the nurses to pay great attention; he depended, however, only on himself. Emil was tranquil until two o'clock in the morning, when he felt his hand bathed in blood; the knowledge of his danger could not give him strength to call for help.

He had two nurses, one was asleep, the other whilst reading, became a little drowsy. A feeble groan of Emil was heard by neither; but Silva, who was kneeling in prayer behind the curtain of his bed, had his eyes fixed on the wound: seeing the linen stained with blood, he sprung up like lightning, and ran for the surgeon who came in time to stop the blood.

"Your friend," said he to Silva, "owes you his life."

The young Count of Tudor not being able to express himself, looked languidly and gratefully on Silva; his strength returned in a few days; but the fever coming on unexpectedly and his naturally violent disposition, caused the most lively apprehension. He refused at times every thing offered to him, and complained bitterly that he was surrounded by enemies, and spoke with fury of the son of the Marquis of Rosline, from which Silva thought, that in his anger, the imprudent Edmund had probably named himself.

CHAPTER X.

In the midst of these strange cares, Silva, forgetting neither his father nor his cousin, sent for Mr. Kennelly who was still at Bristol, to come to Tudor Hall. He came to the parlor to speak to him, and related all that had happened—not daring to write it to him—earnestly entreating him to repair to Grove Castle, where without doubt Lord Walsingham would direct his letters. Mr. Kennelly promised to give him news of his father and of us, without entering into any details that could compromise Edmund; he praised his care of Emil, and begged him to continue to conceal his family name, which he had done until then: on leaving him he said in the presence of the people of the castle:

"Adieu, my lord! as soon as the condition of your young friend will permit it, return to us, and take care of your health; this is all I recommend to you."

The servants had already guessed that Silva was of distinguished rank; the title which Mr. Kennelly designedly gave him confirmed their suspicions, and redoubled the esteem with which his assiduous and disinterested care of their young master had inspired them.

Silva alone had any control over the impetuous character of the Count of Tudor. In his greatest transports of violence, he calmed and consoled him; and tasting before him the drinks ordered for him, he reassured his imagination, impressed with the idea that they wished to poison him, and induced him to take all that the physicians prescribed. There were three of them and they agreed very badly; they had first proposed amputation of the left hand of Emil, the bone of the wrist appeared to be injured, but the young count absolutely refused to submit to it; from this time one of the physicians hoped to cure him without having recourse to so severe a remedy, the two others persisted in their first opinion. They were daily expecting the arrival of the Marchioness of Montrose or her brother-in-law, a very distant relation of Emil, but who having been his guardian, it was thought he would have some influence over him. The malady increasing, the physicians resolved to save his life by sacrificing his left hand—the one who had hopes of saving him without an operation did not dare to interfere in so delicate an affair, Silva alone, who knew the will of his friend, dared to oppose this design. They determined meanwhile to deceive Emil, but he suspected the subject of their secret conferences, and declared with haughtiness that he did not intend to be massacred alive, and that he preferred the loss of his life to that of his hand.

This anger irritated his wounds and inflamed his blood; Silva, greatly alarmed, fell upon his knees near him and besought him not to expose his life. He spoke to him earnestly and feelingly of eternity, death and judgment; no longer considering the same precautions necessary in speaking to Emil who was reckless of his situation, he profited by the liberty of which the relations of the young count might deprive him from one moment to another, and exposed to him without disguise his danger, and the risk of the indifference in which he appeared to be of the consequences of his death; he supplicated him at last with tears to grant to friendship what he refused to himself.

"Why," said Emil with emotion, "would you make me fear death, at the very moment in which I must resign myself to it? and why, above all, by so much devotedness, and by the charms of a friendship so disin-

terested and fascinating to my heart, make me bitterly regret the life which I am forced to sacrifice?"

In pronouncing these words Emil, with tears in his eyes, gave Silva a look expressive of profound sadness, affection and gratitude.

"Alone," continued he, "abandoned by all, deprived of support and protectors, I have but you in the world! Be then really my friend, defend me, and do not permit them to take advantage of my weakness to drench my last hours with sorrow and despair, by violent remedies which will not save my life."

Silva was greatly affected, and promised without hesitation to comply with his request; he wrote a note to Mr. Moore, which he sent by an extra carrier, to whom he promised a reward proportioned to his promptitude. He sent a few words to his friend informing him of Emil's condition, and requesting him to come to him immediately. Mr. Moore received the letter at Grove Castle; his attendance being no longer necessary to Edmund, who was convalescent, he communicated every thing to Lord Walsingham, who desired him to congratulate Silva on his conduct, and to tell him that he might prolong his stay at Tudor Hall as long as he wished, and he sent him at the same time a portfolio full of bank notes. Mr. Moore found Emil in less suffering than he had feared: he conferred with the three physicians, and agreed perfectly with the one attached to the castle, who had always hoped to restore Emil without the operation that he so much dreaded. Silva discharged the other two, and came to announce it to Emil, whose look expressed a sincere gratitude and joy. He declared that he was ready to suffer every thing to save his hand. Mr. Moore's prescriptions and cares operated a speedy and sensible change in the condition of his young patient; he was very soon free from fever and out of danger. When his mind became more composed he testified anew his gratitude to Silva, begging him to watch over his house and not to leave him until his health was entirely reestablished. He saw also his overseer and ordered him to look upon Silva as himself.

Three months had elapsed since the accident at Bristol; no relation or friend of Emil had given the least sign of remembrance: the frivolous companions of his pleasures had not even visited him, Silva alone acted towards him with the affection of a brother. He had remarked great disorder in the castle, and could any one wonder at it in the domains of a young man given up to dissipation of every description, and allowing every one to plunder and cheat him, and to vex his vassals according to interest or caprice, and without any fear that he would deign even to inquire about it.

Silva determined to profit by the confidence and power that his friend gave him, to render him the service of restoring order and peace in Tudor Hall and the dependencies of this vast castle. He took the steward aside, and told him in the first place to pay the physicians whom he had discharged; then he reproached him prudently and moderately on his conduct, told him to regulate his accounts and to put every thing in order, before his master's convalescence, promising him on this condition not to inform him of his prodigality and infidelity. The steward promised much, and Silva intimated that if his situation was embarrassing, he would be assisted, provided he sincerely endeavored to regulate the affairs of the young count in the best possible manner. He went afterwards to the farm houses and villages, received the complaints of those who had never been able to gain access to their master, rendered them justice, and conferred particular benefits on the unfortunate; and con-

cealing his own liberality under the name of Emil, he left nothing undone to render him beloved by his numerous vassals.

He lived at Tudor Hall as at Grove Castle, dividing his leisure moments between prayer and visits to the village; he passed a great part of the day with Emil, allowing little time for sleep; he occupied the time he took from it in spiritual reading and prayer. .

At dawn of day he repaired to Mr Moore's room, heard and served his Mass; then awakening Emil and breakfasting with him, he chose this time to give him an account of the transactions of the preceding day, informing him of the wants of the poor peasants, the demands of the farmers, who had begged him to make their representations to Emil. The interest, the mildness and the feeling with which he pictured to the young count the condition of those whose cause he pleaded, and the charms with which benevolence embellishes fortune and power, insensibly penetrated the soul of his friend, and left on it the impressions with which he desired to make him familiar.

Mr. Moore very soon announced to Emil that he was perfectly convalescent, but that his condition would require a long time and great care.

Silva profited by this circumstance to have a more serious conversation with him, than those he had yet ventured to introduce. As soon as they were alone, he sat down near his bed:

"God be praised," said he, "we can now rejoice at your preservation. I hope, that after having seen death so near, you will attach a greater price to life, and if not for yourself, at least for your friends, you will observe the temperance which Mr. Moore exacts for your entire cure."

"My friends," replied Emil with a deep sigh, "to whom do you give this name?"

"I have the honor," said Silva, smiling, "to be of the number, which is unknown to me."

"They are not worthy of the name. Those whom I have called my friends, were bound to me by ties of pride and interest. One only appeared to me to be influenced by affection; Frederick, too, has forsaken me, even my relations."

"There is no solid attachment but what is established on principles of virtue and religion. Is the world formed for friends? Would it know how to appreciate them?" Then after a moment's silence: "'Of what religion are you, Emil?" added Silva.

He could not have been ignorant of it, for since he came to Tudor Hall he had never seen his young friend practise any act of religion, and the danger of his situation had not appeared to awaken the least sentiment of religious belief.

"I was raised in the Anglican Church," replied Emil with great indifference; "but I confess to you, that were I to submit myself to the practice of piety, I believe I would be a Catholic; but there is no danger."

"No, certainly," replied Silva, giving a different sense to this last phrase, "there would be, on the contrary, very great danger in not thinking seriously of the most certain means for the salvation of a soul, that must necessarily either be eternally happy or miserable, and truly we often labor more effectually for our happiness here below, even when we think we are sacrificing every thing for eternity; and seriously were you then so happy, my dear Emil, in the life that you led before our first interview?"

"No, certainly, but do you believe that others are more so?"

"Yes, and I think I can easily prove to you, that there exists a purer and more certain source of pleasures than yours."

"Ah! those of friendship," replied Emil, quickly. "You alone, in fact, can convince me of it, by giving me the sweet experience."

"It is true, but in friendship we must still depend on the individual that inspires it, and on all the circumstances that may deprive us of it, or change it in our regard, whilst, I wish to prove to you, that a man detached from every thing, through virtue, good works and religion, may be a thousand times more happy than all the slaves of the world, independent of the joys of friendship, and other legitimate ties to which God in his infinite goodness has attached permitted and momentary pleasures."

He then discovered to the Count of Tudor, with tender affection, all the disorders he had permitted to be introduced into his domains, the oppression of a great number of his vassals, injustice of others, how the daring of impunity had produced insubordination among the inferiors, the dejection of those who suffered from it without the hope of obtaining justice; he represented to him how he had abridged his life by the intemperance of his conduct, that he would be very soon drawn into excesses of dissipation and intemperance from which his youth until now had preserved him, if he did not guard against them, by putting immediate restrictions on himself; for the providence who had watched over Emil, had preserved in him, as if by miracle, a great purity of manners in the midst of revelling, profane pleasures, and the most dangerous companies. Silva endeavored to make him appreciate this inestimable blessing; afterwards he drew the picture of a young lord whose conduct made him the father and benefactor of his vassals, the veneration of his friends, and the example of society. He was far from suspecting that he had painted his own picture in the portrait he had sketched.

Emil was deeply moved by this interview; he entered into himself, and began to believe that he could found his future happiness on other plans, and his glance into the future opened quite a new perspective.

CHAPTER XI.

The evening of the day on which this conversation took place, Emil received a visit from Mr. Brendfort, parson of the presbytery; he spoke to him with a kindness and politeness to which the latter being little accustomed was much pleased; he was a man of about fifty years old, a widower with several small children. His parish was all his support; interest and ambition had separated him from the Roman Catholic Church, and a train of disgraces and blighted hopes, had not enlightened him. He had dragged out an obscure life, embittered by remorse; and he seemed to wish to avenge himself for the evil he himself had committed in renouncing his faith and eternal recompense, by an inveterate hatred against Catholics.

Mr. Moore, who had known him ten years before whilst he was still a Catholic, was surprised to find him a presbyterian: he himself was not a little mortified to meet unexpectedly a witness of his apostacy; they saluted each other coldly.

"Since the last ten years, Mr. Brendfort," said Mr. Moore, "it appears to me great changes have been made in our destinies."

"We have each chosen the part that he believed the best: it is what every one should do," replied he bluntly.

Then he spoke with the physician of Tudor; after which, he asked if he could remain alone with Emil. Mr. Moore went out; the young count begged Silva not to leave him, and told Mr. Brendfort to speak; the latter apprised him that he had come to announce the arrival of the Marchioness of Montrose, and observed that his state being better, it was proper that on the arrival of this lady there should be no longer any strangers at the castle; he alluded to Silva and Mr. Moore. Emil quickly interrupted him, and with his usual haughtiness and vivacity:

"I trouble myself very little about the Marchioness of Montrose; she forgot me when I had a right to expect proofs of her pretended affection. I will always receive her politely; but I am in my own house, and it is not she that will ever influence me with regard to my connexions, my society, or my conduct."

"But still," persisted Mr. Brendfort, "this Mr. Moore who is attending you is no longer a physician, he affects this profession to conceal his proscribed character, persecuted by the state; in fact he is a Roman Catholic priest."

"It is possible. I have not asked you for information on the subject, and I dispense you with it; I have made no examination on those presented to me by the best friend I have, and whom I love best upon earth. Mr. Moore has saved my life and more than life."

Emil's ill temper excited that of Mr. Brendfort still more.

"I have nothing more to add," scarcely concealing his spite, "if once the papists ingratiate themselves in your favor, my lord, I can no longer present the advices which your youth and my affection would engage me to offer."

"You would be furious against them," said the young lord, laughing. "All I can answer is, that if I should ever be made a Catholic, I would act in such a manner, that my former adherents should only peceive it by a favorable change towards them. Go, Mr. Brendfort, believe me, compose your sermons quietly, and when you take Christian charity for your text, begin your preaching by example."

The parson, not daring to reply, bowed and went out, very much irritated. Silva, who had retired to the window, came back to Emil, who related to him all he knew of Mr. Brendfort.

"He is very much to be pitied," said the latter, with a profound sigh. "It is the greatest, in fact the only misfortune which ought to affect us here below, the loss of the grace of God, 'good conscience and faith!'"

"I confess to you my dear Silva," replied Emil with emotion, "that I have scarcely either faith or religion, it belongs to you to render me what you wish for my happiness. I have no longer any wish but to be united to you in sentiment and opinion, provided, that you do not yet leave me. Are you not the son of the Count of Walsingham?"

"Walsingham is the name of my father," replied Silva; "he permits me to prolong my sojourn here as long as you can desire."

At this moment Mr. Moore re-entered.

"You have been a Protestant, Mr. Moore?" asked Emil.

"Yes, my lord, but I have discovered the truth. I am happily to-day a Roman Catholic."

"And more still?"

Mr. Moore smiled. "I am an ecclesiastic—that is true."

"You conceal it?"

"Not always, but only when the occasion presents itself of producing more fruits, and inspiring the reformed with less diffidence, to whom I

may be useful as a physician. In the violence of persecution, I have made use of my profession of a physician to avoid being expatriated."

"Did they take your testimony without examination?"

"Pardon me, my lord, I would not have given it contrary to truth, and the love of a passing life could not have induced me to deny my religion. But they have left me in peace since I left the prison, where I was confined some months."

"And notwithstanding your prudence, you confide in me?"

Mr. Moore shook Emil's hand. "I know, my lord, that though a very ardent partisan of Elizabeth, you have honor, and at heart you do not hate Catholics; besides, what evil have I done, what could I fear from a just man, whom I have not offended?"

Emil smiled, and this conversation augmented very much his esteem for Mr. Moore.

A few days after, the young count apprised Silva that he had just deposed Mr. Brendfort from his parish, and sent him away. His friend represented to him with gentleness, that he had acted too precipitately, and reduced this father of a family to despair, whilst by your benefits you might have induced him to become what you could desire a pastor of the village to be. Emil was inflexible, and absolutely refused to do any thing Silva proposed to indemnify Mr. Brendfort. The latter insisted no longer, but after having communicated his project to Mr. Moore, he wrote the same day to Lord Walsingham, and requested him to appoint Mr. Brendfort mayor of Grove Castle, for which Mr. Billingham sought some one, as his great age no longer permitted him to fill the office. He added to his letter a note for Edmund, to whom he opened his mind more fully respecting Mr. Brendfort, charging him to visit him frequently, attract him by benefits, and to neglect nothing to bring him back to the bosom of the church he had abandoned.

He soon received a favorable answer, and went himself to the house of the pastor. The eldest of his children, about nine years old, received him; his father had gone out; Silva caressed him and his brothers affectionately, and waited for Mr. Brendfort, who returned a short time after.

"Sir," said he, "I have learned with much pain, that you are to leave the presbytery; but God, who directs all things, knows how to return to us on one side, what he takes from us on the other. The place of mayor of the village near Oxford is vacant, you have already filled this office with honor nearly three years, you are named for it to-day; it is at Grove Castle: a house agreeably situated, and more considerable emoluments than your presbytery yields, are offered to you. Believe me, accept them, renounce the teaching of error, be just, honorable and charitable, and the benedictions of heaven will fall upon your children."

Mr. Brendfort was enchanted, not knowing Silva, of whom he had had only a glance in the evening at the castle of Emil; he asked, who was serving him with so much zeal?

"It is Mr. Moore," replied Silva, "he is the physician at Grove Castle; he has requested some one to write on the subject to Lord Walsingham, who has complied with his wishes, and in all circumstances you will find in him a friend ready to serve you."

Silva then, without making himself known, left Mr. Brendfort, and gave without his seeing him, to his eldest son, a note of twenty guineas, to aid him in defraying the expenses necessary for his journey; he then returned to Tudor Hall, giving an account of his visit to no one but Mr. Moore.

A short time after, the arrival of the Marchioness of Montrose brought great changes in the castle. She was a widow with two children: Augustus, the elder, was a little younger than Emil, and her daughter Susanna was near fifteen. She announced that she had come herself to take care of her relation, and that she would no longer permit a stranger to perform the duties which belonged to her.

"Is it then possible," said she to the young lord, "that we have been apprised of your accident so late, and precisely at the time that my daughter was attacked with a malignant fever which nailed me to Montrose, whilst my heart hastened a thousand times to Tudor Hall?"

The vivid color which suffused the countenance of the ingenuous Susanna, who was in every respect an entirely different character from her mother, would have sufficed to discover to Emil the lie, if he had known less of the artifices of the ambitious marchioness; he received also very coldly the affected demonstrations of tenderness with which she overwhelmed him.

"I have not been abandoned," said he. "My best friend has bestowed cares upon me, that I could scarcely have expected from a brother."

"Your best friends," said the marchioness, vehemently, "were far from you."

Emil invited her to rest herself, and added: "Lord Silva, who has had the kindness to take care of my house, has given the necessary orders. Your apartments are ready. He is a second myself," continued Emil, with warmth, "I could never express what I owe him."

"You owe nothing to your friends; to serve you is an enjoyment"—

"It is a flattering compliment from you, cousin," replied the young lord, smiling, "and the conduct of Lord Silva in my regard would induce me to credit it."

The marchioness left him at length; Emil longed to be alone with Silva; making him first promise not to leave him; but the latter observed, that being nearly convalescent, it was not proper that his people should receive the orders of a stranger, particularly whilst his relative was at Tudor Hall.

"I do not choose, nevertheless," said Emil, quickly, "that she should take authority here —"

"You can avoid it by acting yourself; but above all, if you love me," continued Silva, with a deep sigh, "you will not abandon the intention you have of giving yourself sincerely to the love of God, and of fulfilling in the midst of the world the sacred duties which he imposes on you."

"I abandon it? Never! It is my dearest wish; we will steal away together from the importunate society of the marchioness, and assembled with Mr. Moore, we will treat of this subject particularly."

To be continued.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

Two Views of the World.—It is hard to live in a place and avoid the spirit of it. It is hard to live in the world and avoid worldliness. Yet this is what we must do. The world we cannot leave till God summons us; but worldliness, which is the spirit of the world, should not be allowed to infect us. As the smell of fire had not passed upon the garments of the three children in the burning fiery furnace, so must the odor of worldliness not pass upon our souls. But to avoid worldliness, no help is more efficacious, than having a right and fixed view of the world.

There are two views of the world, which Christians may take, two which are actually taken by those who are striving to serve God and love him purely . . . . . Some take a gloomy view of the world. To them every thing is danger; for there is sin every where. All its roses have thorns under their leaves. There is a curse upon every thing belonging to it. Its joys are other forms of melancholy. Its sunshine is a mockery: its beautiful scenery a deceit; the smoothness of its domestic affections a snare. We have no right to smile at any thing. The world is so dark that it is a partial eclipse of God. If the present is miserable, let us delay upon it; for in misery we shall find food for our souls. If it is joyous, let us rush from it into the forebodings of a future, when all this world and the fashion of it shall be burned up with fire. Let us speak low, lest the devil hear us, and use his knowledge to our destruction. Let us live as the ancient monarchs, in daily fear of poison in every dish. . . . . .

The other view is the very opposite of all this. It is a brighter view. Those who take it see all creation lying before them with the lustre of God's benediction on it. It is the earth on which Jesus was born and where Mary lived. They marvel at the number of exquisite pleasures with which it is strewn, so very few of which comparatively are sins. The innocent attachments of earthly love are to such men helps to love God better. Natural beauty supernaturalizes their minds. The sunshine makes them better men. God's perfections are every where written in hieroglyphics over the world. Kindness is so abundant, nobility of heart so plentiful, the joys so pure, yet so attractive, the success of the gospel so infinitely consoling, all things, in fact, so much better on trial than they seemed, that the world appears a happy place, and missing but a little, so little that it is sad to think, of being a holy place also; holy from the very abundance of its pure happiness.

At every turn there are radiant fountains of joy leaping up to meet us. Each day, like the cystus, has a thousand new blossoms to show: it lays them down when even comes, and the next morning it has as gay a show of flowers as ever. Even adverse things are wonderfully tempered in the present, while in the past have such a pathetic golden light upon them that the memory of them is one of our best treasures, and we would not for worlds not have suffered them; and, as to any evil in the future, there is such an inextinguishable light of joy within us, that we simply disbelieve it. The clouds fly before us as we go. Music sounds around our path.

St. Bernard may be called the prophet of the first view, St. Francis of Sales of the second. The first seems more safe for human presumption: the second more cheering to discouragement. The one leads through holy fear to love; the other through holy love to fear. The one disenchants more from the world; the other enchants us more with God. The one subdues; the other gives elasticity. The one seems more admonitory to man; the other more honorable to God. Both can make saints. . . . . The great thing is, whichever view we take, to have it clearly before us and keep to it consistently, because of the irresistible influence which these views exercise upon the spiritual life. . . . . The grand thing is to turn it all to God, and begin straightway to manufacture heavenly love both out of our darkness and our light.

Father Faber.—Creator and the Creature.

The City of Venice.—The following interesting descriptions of some of the public buildings in Venice is taken from a letter written by R. C. Murphy, Esq., U. S. Consul at Shanghai, to *The States*, a Washington paper:

The Churches in Venice.—We went to the Cathedral San Marco; originally but the ducal chapel, begun in 828, finished in 1111, and in 1807 increased to a cathedral. Its form is that of the Greek cross, the centre covered by a large dome, as are the arms of the cross by smaller domes, so that the roof is entirely without wood. Colonnades and arches separate the nave from the aisle into four compartments, and sustain galleries above. More than 500 pillars of exquisite workmanship, and chiefly of Grecian marble, enter into its construction; every ship returning from Greece to Venice being compelled to bring marble for the building as part cargo. The ceilings and most of the walls are of the most exquisite mosaic; verd antique, serpentine, porphyry, and various other marbles, adorn some pillar, nave, or arch; even the floors are raised like rich carpeting. But the mosaic of the ceiling is wonderful; the "Last Judgment," in small pieces of glass, covered with very heavy gilt, and so placed as to bring out the subject as perfectly as oil and canvas would do it.

The churches of Venice are generally fine, and no city has so many in proportion to its inhabitants—it having been the policy of the Republic that each islet should have its own church. One of the oldest and most remarkable is that of *San Giovanni e Paolo*, having been commenced in 1246 and finished in 1390. It is replete with works of art. Its bas-reliefs in wood are famous, and it rejoices in the possession of Titian's "St. Peter Martyr"—in rank the third masterpiece of painting in the world. Here, too, are Raphael's "Transfiguration," and Dominichino's "Communion of St. Jerome."

The Cathedral Salvatori has Titian's "Transfiguration," and Bellini's "Madonna and Child." St. Rocco possesses the labors of Tintorretto's pencil for eighteen years—the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "Last Supper," "Resurrection," "Annunciation," and "Massacre of the Innocents." Over the door hangs his portrait by himself, at 66 years of age; in the hall is the "Crucifixion"—his *chef d'œuvre*. Here they have, also, the "Annunciation" of Titian.

The finest works of art in Venice are contained in the Academy of Arts, founded by Napoleon: hundreds of rare paintings, and some fine specimens from Canova, whose hand and chisel are over the chair in the hall of meeting.

The Clock Tower—The Clock Tower is remarkable; the clock keeps double time, marked by two Moors of bronze, who strike the bell; yet the machinery is over three hundred years old. Near the Mole stand the two famous marble columns brought from the Holy Land in 1127; one surmounted by a bronze lion of St. Mark, the other by the statue of St. Theodore, the patron of the Republic. Pigeons come daily here to feed at two o'clock; the penalty is death to kill them, as tradition says a pigeon once saved the Republic by taking a letter. The Campanile, or Bell Tower of San Marco, is 323 feet high, and commands a splendid view. The ascent is by an inclined plane, up which Napoleon, as I said before, rode on horseback. The angel on top is a weather-cock, 30 feet high.

The Library.—The library has some treasures of MSS.—as the original "*Cicero ad Familiares*" and Marco Polo's will. The magnificent great hall, completed in 1334, 176 feet long, 85 broad, and 51 high, was painted by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Bellini, whose works, still unimpaired, are proud relics of the former grandeur and opulence of the republic. The "Paradise" of Tintoretto is the largest painting in the world: 85 feet wide, 34 high; its hundred heads are all studies. The portraits of the 72 Doges finish the top of the wall. The ceilings are very rich in gilding and painting.

The Martyrdom of a Priest in China.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, writing from on board the U. S. ship Levant, harbor of Hong-Kong, March 2, gives the following particulars of the cruel sufferings and death of M. Chapdelaine, Catholic missionary in China:

M. Auguste de Chapdelaine, of La Rochelle, a Catholic missionary, left Hong in

October, 1853, for the province of Kwang-Si, and in two years had made two hundred converts, when the persecution arose that terminated his ministry. A young neophyte, married to a heathen wife, unfortunately quarrelled with her, and woman-like she complained of him to her father and mother. They carried the matter to the Mandarin, asserting that the Christian religion was false, that its sectaries were magicians, and that the stranger at their head had come among them only to excite them to revolt against the government. On the 19th of the first moon (February 24th, 1856), the Mandarin ordered the chiefs of the militia to surround the Christian settlement of Yao Chan, which was three miles from the residence of M. Chapdelaine. In certain parts of Kwang-Si, the subaltern satellites are chosen indiscriminately from the people, and as may be expected, they exercise their ephemeral power in the most brutal manner. Such a set went to Yao-Chan and made fifty prisoners, robbing as well as maltreating them. Among the Christians was a young widow, named Agnes Tsaon Kong, who had been educated by the missionaries, and sent by M. Eyons from Kwei Chan to assist the new priest in his labors among the females. Another named Laurent Pe-Mon escaped and joined his pastor, who has accepted an asylum in the house of a celebrated Christian scholar named Lo Kongye. While here, five or six women, carrying children, came to the priest, asking him what they should do. Afraid alone, to try the effect of their tears on the Mandarin, Laurent volunteered to conduct them to the tribunal, and for his gallantry was rewarded by seeing his charges imprisoned, himself receiving a severe beating in addition.

Father Chapdelaine was next arrested at Silinghien, along with two young converts; one of them the second son of his host, Lo-kong-ye, whose decoration of a ball protected his own person and property.

At the prison, they found Pe-Mon and the Christian women, and on the same evening the prisoners from Yao-Chan arrived. It is said that the entire party were encouraged in their faith, by seeing in the heavens above them a glittering crown, with a beautiful cross shining in its midst; and this miracle, which was also witnessed by the pagans, was by them attributed to magic.

On the 26th of February Laurent was examined, and remaining true to his religion, although a novice and but five days baptized, was beheaded. The young Agnes was next questioned. She was accused among other things, of being the mistress of the priest, and refusing to renounce her belief, was directed to select the manner of her death. Desiring to undergo the same punishment as her pastor, she was confined in the cage, and died in four days. M. Chapdelaine was likewise examined, and ordered to receive one hundred blows with a bamboo on his face, thus breaking his jaw, and preventing him from speaking, and afterwards three hundred on his back. Although thrown so mutilated into his prison, a mere mass of mangled flesh, another miracle is said to have been enacted in his person, for the benefit of the true believers, for, notwithstanding his condition, he arose and walked and talked to the crowd outside. On the 27th he was subjected to the torture of the "iron chain," being suspended by the long queue, into which as a Chinaman he had gathered his hair, and compelled to kneel all day on heavy iron chains. On the 28th, he was confined in the "cage." This instrument of torture, which is about four feet and a half high, is so suspended that two of the upper bars embrace the victim about the neck while his legs protrude through the bottom, his toes merely touching the ground. Thus the weight of the body is supported by the jaws—all food is denied, but care taken that sufficient fresh air reach the sufferer to prevent him from immediately suffocating. During the night an extraordinary noise was heard in the cage, and lest he might not die at all, the poor priest was removed from his confinement and beheaded.

The Grave.—Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and recollections; who can look down upon the grave of even an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he ever should have warred with the poor handful of earth

that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we love—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished on us almost unheeded in the daily course of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its noiseless attendance, its mute watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble fluttering. Oh! how thrilling is the pressure of the hand, the fond look of the glancing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence, the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give more assurance of affection. Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience of every past endearment, unregarded, of that departed being, who never—never—can return to be soothed by contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing. *Irving.*

The Wife.—She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it.
She who kisses oft my lips,
Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary—
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart shall be thy throne,
Still this breast shall be thy pillow;
Still these lips shall meet thine oft
As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it—
Dream, then, on my loyal breast,
None but thou has done it;
And when age our bloom shall change,
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together.

Epitaph on a Money Lender.—
Here lies old thirty-five per cent,
The more he made, the more he lent;
The more he got, the more he craved;
The more he made, the more he shaved;
Good Heavens! can such a soul be saved!

If you saw a large fire, what literary men's names would you use in expressing surprise? Dickens! Howitt! Burns!

Review of Current Literature.

1. A Life of the Rt. Rev. Edward Maginn, Coadjutor Bishop of Derry, with Selections from his Correspondence. By *Thomas D'Arcy McGee*, author of "A History of the Attempts to establish the Reformation in Ireland," Discourses on "The Catholic History of North America," "The Irish Settlers in America," &c. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The late gifted and devoted Bishop of Derry has found an historian in one, who in his own honorable sphere of duty has shown, for years past, hardly less love for the cause of God and Truth, and not less courage in meeting its adversaries wherever they may be found. Such men as the author of this interesting memoir deserve the respect of both clergy and laity; and they will receive it, if genuine worth and talent and learning and priest-like zeal for the honor of the Church and the well-being of their fellows can entitle any man to receive it.

Dr. Maginn is one of the many Bishops of whom Ireland may well be proud. Though his sun went down while it was yet day, his name is forever written on that best of monuments—the hearts of his countrymen. In the language of Mr. McGee: "His public spirit, his moral courage, his thorough identity with the country, his fervid eloquence, his unwearied industry, his application to details, made him, in some sort, the judge and legislator of his people. His external influence was limited by his enjoyment of the episcopal dignity to three short years. Yet in these three years he undoubtedly did arduous and honorable things, never sparing mind or body, purse or person, where duty called or conscience pointed. In the prime and height of his life, he sank suddenly into the grave, lamented by his own nation, and regretted by all those throughout Christendom who take any interest in the Catholic affairs of Great Britain and Ireland."

Such is the Bishop whose life this volume presents to us—a bright and shining light in the Church of God while on earth; an example and encouragement now that he has gone to the reward of his labors. Not without reason, may those at least for whom he lived and for whom he died, say of their beloved pastor, protector and guide: "*Nomen tuum et memoriale tuum favus distillans in labiis captivorum: mel et lac sub lingua eorum, qui Tui memoria delectantur.*" In the production of this memoir, Mr. McGee has added another wreath to his fame—has given another proof of his well-known talent, industry and patriotism, and bound still more closely to him many a manly heart that will re-echo our greeting:

To thee no star be dark!
Both heaven and earth
'Friend thee forever!

2. Excerpta ex Rituali Romano, editio altera. Baltimori: Apud Joannem Murphy et Socios

We are happy to announce that the third edition of the small Ritual has appeared. It contains, in addition to the former, some short extracts from the instructions given in the Roman Ritual, as also the form for baptizing adults. Converts from the sects usually receive a conditional baptism, unless satisfactory proof be at hand of the validity of the baptism already received by them, which is chiefly doubtful on account of the slight application of the water. In these conditional baptisms it is not usual to supply the ceremonies, although the Roman Ritual recommends that they be supplied, unless the Bishop thinks otherwise, which discretionary power induced Dr. Carroll to direct their omission. In baptizing adults, the psalms and prayers in the beginning are left somewhat to the discretion of the priest, by the Rubric: "Si temporis ratio ferat." In the appendix will be found a form for celebrating mixed marriages, which, though brief and simple, will give them at least something more of solemnity than they have hitherto had, especially if the exhortation be made, as suggested. Some may regret

that various benedictions and rites are not added, but the liberty of the compiler was restricted by the Rule of the Index, which forbids all additions to the Roman Ritual made after its reform by Paul V unless with the approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The Ritual now published will be found on the whole to contain all that is important and necessary, in a convenient form. The Roman Ritual itself, of which the Mechlin edition is neat and not too bulky, may be also procured of Messrs. Murphy & Co., who are agents for the publishers.

3. Synodus Diœcesana Baltimorensis mense Junio 1857 habita. Baltimori: Apud Joannem Murphy et Socios.

The statutes of the late Synod held in this city have already been issued from the press of Messrs. Murphy & Co. This, we believe, is the fifth Diocesan Synod of Baltimore. In October, 1791, Dr. Carroll, then recently elevated to this See, held a Synod, at which twenty priests assisted. The acts were submitted by him to the Holy See, which graciously received them. The Most Rev. James Whitfield, the fourth Archbishop of Baltimore, held a Synod in October, 1831, at which thirty-five priests were present, the acts of which together with those of the former Synod, are still extant. Archbishop Eccleston likewise held a Synod, the acts of which were not however published. The late Synod is the second held by the present Archbishop, and contains but few statutes, all of which are directed to enforce the general usages of the Church, or to promote the devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. The example of the dioceses of Philadelphia and Buffalo, which practise the devotion styled of the Forty hours, has stimulated him to take measures for introducing it into this diocese, and the clergy and laity will, we are confident, eagerly embrace it. Although it may be doubtful whether the frequent exposition of this sacrament does not detract from the feelings of reverence which should be cherished towards it, it is beyond question that its solemn exposition as practised at Rome during forty hours in each church successively, so as to fill up the whole year with the cycle, is calculated to produce the deepest awe, and the most tender love for our Redeemer in this great mystery. The strict silence and devout demeanor observed in those churches strike every one as among the most sensible manifestations of piety and reverence. If circumstances forbid the close imitation of the Roman usage, which is to continue the devotion day and night for two entire days, we can, nevertheless, appropriate the greater part of that time to this sublime exercise. When the necessary arrangements shall have been made, the devotion will be announced and introduced with becoming solemnity.

4. Collections, illustrating the History of the Catholic Religion in the Counties of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts and Gloucester. In two parts, Historical and Biographical, with notices of the Dominican, Benedictine and Franciscan Orders in England. By the Very Rev. *George Oliver*, D. D., Canon of the Diocese of Plymouth. London: Chas. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Dr. Oliver writes for *the student* of history, civil and ecclesiastical; and such will find in his pages many facts of the highest interest. The production of such works requires time, patient and often laborious research; but the result is a volume of permanent value, and on many a perplexing, important, and sometimes mournful question, an authority on which both Catholic and non-Catholic may safely rely. The mere general reader will no doubt be rather disappointed, if he opens such a work in search of amusement. But most cordial will be the respect and thanks of all who cannot forget, that in the deadly strife which is forever going on between Truth and Error, Right and Wrong, *one fact* is worth a hundred theories. To our taste, the "Collections" are full of rare information. If our readers desire to see exemplified in a singular manner how in the service of God, clouds and sunshine, joy and sorrow intermingle, let them turn to p. 156, "The English *Liege Nuns of the Holy Sepulchre*," or p. 158, *Monastery of La Trappe, at Lullworth, Dorset*—and hardly will they lift their eyes until they have finished the chapter.

Would to heaven it were in our power to place the following paragraph before the

eyes of every Catholic gentleman in the Union. With gratitude do we acknowledge that in the South and Southwestern States, there are those who are conscious of their position and of the influence it gives them to promote the kingdom of heaven on earth—the Church—in all hearts around them:

"The state of religion in every country materially depends on the *example and encouragement of the landed proprietors*. . . . . After the Reformation (so called) and the suppression of monasteries, if the lord of a district stood forth the protector of religion, the neighborhood adhered to their ancient faith; but as he and his family withdrew their fostering care, the ranks of the faithful sensibly diminished, until in many parts scarcely a vestige could be traced of ancient piety."—p. 72.

This suggestive passage, which we have abbreviated from want of space, will recall more than one Catholic neighborhood in our own land, where religion has flourished or dwindled away just in proportion as the leading family, or men of the congregation were real Catholics or practical heathens. We heartily wish this work of Dr. Oliver may grace the libraries of all, both in England and our country who have the wealth to encourage such researches and the refinement to appreciate the motives which prompt them. In such literary labors we behold one of the purest forms of piety and patriotism combined. For though men will unhappily differ forever on other topics, all will admit the truth with which these "Historical Collections" gracefully open—

"Grata Deo pietas, hominum meminisse bonorum."

5. The Star of Bethlehem: A Manual of Prayer, compiled from approved sources. By the Rev. *Titus Joslin*, with the approbation of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Archbishop of New York. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

"It is more available to pray a little and well, with attention, than to pray much after another manner; for God is not overcome with the multiplicity of our prayers, but with the weight and fervor of them," says St. Basil; appropriately quoted on the title-page of this new manual of prayers. And although we have such a variety already of these helps to devotion, the "Star of Bethlehem," if we may judge from the paper, printing and the contents in general, may claim its share of public patronage. We call attention, however, to several pages, which, it seems to us, need further revision. There is some considerable confusion in the Penitential Psalms, pp. 240, 245; compare Ps. cxlii and ci with the Vulgate, verse 3d and seq. Is not the note on page 156 a rather awkward way of expressing the facts which the compiler intends to convey? "After our Redeemer and His disciples had celebrated *the Pasch*"—or had eaten the Paschal supper, would leave no ambiguity. Again, p. 190, "*It is not a sin to desire*," &c. Our lynx-eyed enemies will consider this a tolerably fair specimen of an infamous doctrine attributed to the Church. And the "because," which might rather have been rendered "*in order that it may make him*," &c. certainly does not clear up the *double entendre*. There are several other pages (p. 184) where it seems to us the language is not strong enough against the sins in question, particularly in a country like ours, where profane swearing of every description prevails, from the grey-headed parent down to almost the lisping child.

We observe throughout the Manual many useful notes and remarks, proofs of the Rev. Father Joslin's zeal for the instruction and welfare of the people entrusted to his care.

6. The Poor Family. By *Mary Monica*. The Easter Eggs and Tales—The Nightingale, and Henry of Eichenfels. By *Canon Schmid*. Philadelphia: H. McGrath. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These entertaining little volumes consitute the four first numbers of the Parochial and Sunday School Library. The Poor Family, by the authoress of "Cottage Conversations," is both interesting and instructive, and well adapted to the capacity of the young

Of the far-famed Tales of Canon Schmid, of which the three last are reprints, it is unnecessary to speak. The name of the author is a household word in every Catholic family, and his Tales for children are already too well known to require any commendation.

7. A Biographical Dictionary: comprising a summary account of the Lives of the most Distinguished Persons, of all ages, nations and professions; including more than two thousand articles of American Biography. By the Rev. *John Blake*, D. D., author of the "Family Encyclopedia of Useful Knowledge," &c., &c. Thirteenth edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: H. Cowperthwait & Co.

For the honor of our common country we wish we could speak of this costly and well-printed volume as no doubt the compiler and publisher would be glad to hear us speak. To place a new or well-known old publication, favorably before some eighty or one hundred thousand Catholic youth, pursuing their studies in our colleges, academies, parochial schools, &c., is, after all, something worth a second thought on the part of even Protestant authors. That the present Dictionary will compare advantageously with some bald publications of former years—that its articles on American Biography are valuable, we gladly admit, though when they relate to Catholic subjects they are often brief and jejune. But that in the present state of historical knowledge, Dr. Blake's labors are worthy of the commendations which some have bestowed on them, we must conscientiously deny. Let any man of a really liberal mind, and at least tolerably conversant with the progress history has unquestionably made within the last half century—we care not whether the enquirer be Catholic or non-Catholic—turn to such names as v.g. Anselm, Dunstan, Thomas a Becket, Ignatius, Galileo, Luther, the Queens Mary, Elizabeth, the Popes, Gregory VII, Innocent III—and he will soon discover whether the work before him be a mere echo of the blunders, misrepresentations and falsehoods of former days as far as Catholics are concerned, or such a production as might come forth from the study of a gentleman and scholar. "Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the original publication of this work," as the compiler himself admits. How has it happened that in all that time he has not, as far as we can judge from his statements, made himself acquainted with some of the admirable historical works which Germany, France, and England have sent forth within this same period, shedding a flood of light on the memorable epochs and transactions which the above mentioned names so naturally recall. We can hardly suppose that Dr. Blake is entirely unacquainted with such works as Voight's Gregory VII, Hurter's Innocent III, Audin's Lives of Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII, to cite no others. We will not believe that he has never heard of Balmes, Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Newman—whose writings cannot fail to enlighten the best of our scholars on more than one intricate question, and would have saved the compiler of the present work from many an error. The names of Marquette, Seton, Flaget, we have looked for, but found not. If Dr. Blake will turn to the pages of Shea, White, and Spalding, he will be among the first to acknowledge that few brighter characters adorn our American annals. It is with regret we must add this historical dictionary abounds with insulting expressions, unfair statements, &c. &c., when the Catholic Church or its doctrines come under notice. All this might have been easily omitted had the compiler and his co-laborers reflected for *what* and for *whom* they were toiling. The spirit that dictated the articles on Gallitzin and Ximenes, why has it been ignored in so many other instances where there was equal historical evidence of excellence, and cause for admiration and praise?

8. Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes Chretiennes, &c. Par *M. l'Abbé Paul Jouhanneaud*, Chanoine de Limoges, &c. Publié par M. l'Abbé Migne, Paris. Balt: Murphy & Co.

A goodly 4to volume of 1219 pages—dedicated to Monseigneur Franzoni, the exiled Archbishop of Turin. It consists not only of anecdotes, so called, but also of many valuable testimonies, interesting facts, &c. serving to illustrate the truth, divine origin, influence and beauty of the Christian religion.

9. The Three Kings of Cologne. By the Rev. *Titus Joslin*. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A neat and interesting little book, containing many lessons of pleasing and entertaining instruction for the young, and much which the more advanced in years may read with profit.

10. The Three Eleanors: Another very interesting volume, from the same publishers, by the fair authoress of "The Hamiltons."

11. Illustrated School History of the United States. By *G. P. Quackenbos*, A. M. New York: Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If the rising generation be ignorant of the history of this great commonwealth, it is not the fault of the historian. We have school histories of the United States of all sizes, and if there be a difficulty in the matter, it is not to find a history, but to make a selection from among the scores that meet us at every turn.

With the increase of the number, we are glad to see a corresponding improvement both in the general matter of contents, and in the style and sentiments which govern the authors. While an unfairness, either in stating or in suppressing facts relative to Catholicity, prevail even in many of the best of our school histories, it is a subject of pleasure to find a history which does even justice to all classes of our citizens. Mr. Quackenbos writes as a man of enlightened and liberal views, stating facts with a candor and impartiality which at once inspires the reader with confidence in the work. His language is at all times respectful, and free from every thing that could give offence to the most sensitive reader.

The following extract from the work, wherein he speaks of the early labors of the Jesuit Missionaries in this country, will be read with pleasure:

"Marquette, a devoted Jesuit missionary, next took the field. After establishing the important station of Mack-i-naw, in 1673, he started with Joliet to discover the Mississippi. Two canoes bore their dried meat and corn. The Indians they met advised them to give up the journey, declaring that they would have to encounter not only hostile nations and intense heat, but also monsters and demons that would certainly destroy them. The zealous Frenchmen were not, however, to be discouraged. Passing through Green Bay, they found a village. Allouez had been before them. The cross he had erected was loaded with bows and arrows, skins and belts, hung as offerings to the Great Spirit. They soon struck the Wisconsin, and finally, to their inexpressible joy, reached the Mississippi. . . . . After reaching the mouth of the Arkansas, feasted by the natives with hominy and dog-flesh, they retraced their course in safety to Green Bay.

"The zealous Marquette soon after undertook another expedition to the Indians of Illinois, whose hearts he had won by gentleness and love. While sailing along the eastern coast of Lake Michigan, on his return, he went ashore to perform religious service. His men waited long for his appearance; and, on going to seek him, they found that he had died during his prayers. They buried him near the mouth of a stream called after him Marquette. Years after, when the Indian was tossed by the boisterous surface of the lake, he would seek to calm the tempest and still the waves by calling on the name of the pious missionary."

The work is beautifully illustrated, and is in every way an excellent school book, and well worthy of general patronage.

12. The Demon of Gold. By *Hendrik Conscience*, author of "The Lion of Flanders," "The War of the Peasants," &c.; translated from the original Flemish. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another "pearl set in Flemish gold." As pictures of real life, invested with all the charms that genius and high christian principle can impart, we can hardly praise too cordially the works of this gifted Flemish novelist. Although it is only within the last few years that the English-speaking public has become familiar with his writings, Conscience has already won one of the brightest niches in the temple of fame that genius could desire. He is an honor to his native land and a benefactor to mankind. The parent, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, that does not secure for his family such a treasure of noble thoughts, salutary truths, and pure, delightful amusement as may be found in the several works of Hendrik Conscience, gives but too much ground to fear that he cares little for his own happiness or the welfare of his children. We refer, of course, to those who have the means to place such volumes in their family library; and how many such there are who will, before this time next year, squander on mere sensual indulgences, more than would enrich their humble homes with these admirable and instructive works. A good book in a house is a perpetual feast; and happy are the young whose parents have the piety and judgment to provide them such entertainment.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—The Literary world is like all, but the world of watering places, dull in summer. The heat has its effect upon authors, editors, publishers, and printers as on trades generally—*pardon! messieurs les Auteurs*, for making your labors a trade. There is, then, hardly a new work to constitute the matter of our *causeries;* scarcely anything appearing on the literary horizon to invite praise or censure. In France we find no new announcements, but that of a projected translation of Burns' popular Library, Fabiola, Callista, and even the Witch of Melton Hill, are to appear in a French dress. They will hardly, we suppose, be permitted in France to translate back the Heroines of Charity and Pictures of Christian Heroism which are made up mainly of wholesale plagiarisms from the little works of Leon Aubineau. Yet we must mention the Soirées Algeriennes of the Abbe Godard, a book of great interest, written with unusual skill. The barbarities of the Algerine corsairs of other days are here described by one who knows the country and the people.

In England, no new work of Catholic interest seems proposed; and not even the new Publication Company have thought fit to announce their first bantling. There are many good works and new sadly needed, and we hope this Company will take them in hand. No private house can; and it would seem under present circumstances that only a publishing company can ever give us a Catholic Cyclopœdia, or even a Biographical Dictionary, that can inspire a Catholic with any confidence. We make this last remark advisedly, for if on opening any of the present English ones we look for the definition of a Catholic term, the account of a religious order, or any similar topic, and find all that is said a compound of stupidity and ignorance, so ignorant as not to have even the most remote idea that it is ignorance, how can we suppose that the man who will not go to proper sources for a Catholic matter, will go to proper sources for a point of astronomy, botany, engineering, or any other art or science?

American.—There are some new issues and some few announcements at home. The Demon of Gold, by Conscience, one of the longer tales, has just been issued by Messrs. Murphy & Co., and with the other tales of the Flemish writer, is a most useful addition to our literature. The same house has just issued a neat little volume for priests and especially for the newly ordained. It is entitled *Ritus et Preces*—and a new edition of the *Small Ritual,* carefully revised and enlarged. They also issue a new edition of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's Lady Bird. This accomplished lady is publishing a new tale in French in the Correspondant. It will, we suppose, appear also in English. We are pleased to learn from the same publishers that the announcement of the "*Catholic Youth's Magazine*" has been received with a hearty response from every section of the country. Catholics have long experienced the want of such a magazine—a work adapted to the capacity, and supplying proper mental nourishment for the young; hence their cordial approbation of the movement.

Cunningham of Philadelphia whose little series of Lives of Female Saints furnishes such useful books for premiums, libraries, and general readers, and especially for communities, announces a life of St. Angela Merici, foundress of the Ursuline order. As this is the oldest religious order of women in our portion of North America, and has several houses in this country and Canada, the life seems well selected.

Dunigan & Brother of New York have just published the Three Eleanors, a tale by the authoress of the Hamiltons. This talented western lady hides her real under the *nom de plume* Cora Berkeley: but if she continues as she has begun, there will be as much anxiety to know who Cora Berkeley is, as to know who wrote John Halifax, Gentleman.

An Imperial Letter to an American Author.—It will be gratifying to the readers of the Metropolitan to learn, that one of our most talented contributors, Professor E. Roth, Vice-President of St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del., author of the Life of Napoleon III, has been honored with an autograph letter from the Emperor of France, acknowledging a copy of the work, and tendering to the author his most cordial thanks The extreme modesty of the author deprives us the pleasure of inserting the letter in full.

Editors' Table.

To the lovers of sweet poetry we commend the following lines:

THE MARTYR SPIRIT.

It hath not perished from the earth, that spirit brave and high,
That nerved the martyr saints of old, with dauntless love to die;
Beneath the savage headsman's sword, unflinchingly to bow,
Or in the wild arena stand, with calm, unblanching brow;
To dare the tiger's rending fang, the lion from his den,
Or yet more ruthless cruelty of fierce, infuriate men;
It hath not perished utterly, God hath His martyrs yet,
Even in this latter time of ours, earth with their blood is wet.

We sit beside our peaceful hearths, and read with shuddering dread
The sufferings of long ages past—the earlier sainted dead,
Yet scarcely give a passing thought, to those who in our day,
With the same heroic faith and love, in torments pass away.
We fret at every little care, wince at each petty ill;
We shrink from every trivial pain—tax human strength and skill
To pamper with luxurious art, our soft, indulgent life,
And turn with terror from the thought, of that old martyr-strife.

But still, Our Lord, the Crucified! hath warriors brave and true,
And noble deeds of Christian might even at this hour they do;
On many a far off barbarous coast, on many a foreign strand,
'Neath the wasting heat of southern isles—and in our own free land.
Well may we dwell on Christ's own words—"Earth is the harvest field,
And souls His priceless love redeem'd, the harvest it doth yield."
The Martyr's blood the fertile seed, o'er its wide surface cast,
And Holy Church, the granary, to garner all at last.

From the far east, where million souls before dark idols bow,
Beside the Ganges' sacred stream—'neath Hymalaya's brow,
And where the restless footsteps wend, of wand'ring Tartar hordes
Or the ignoble-souled Chinese, with false, philosophic words;
To the far-west, where in his pride, the stoic Indian dies,
Where Apic's dark-skinned children dwell, 'neath burning, tropic skies;
Mid northern snows, and wheresoe'er yet Christian feet have trod,
Brave men have suffered unto death, as witnesses for God.

O, should not *we*, with fervent prayers, their holy mission speed,
Till to the Church the whole wide world hath fled to help its need?
O! dearest Lord! Thy kingdom come—Thy blessed will be done!
Thy own sweet will of love to man, that every soul be won!
Let not Thy martyrs' precious blood be thus poured forth in vain:
A thousand fold for every drop repay Thy Church again:
It crieth to thee from the earth with love's own pleading tone,
O speed the time—Thy kingdom come! Thy loving will be done!

PHILADELPHIA, 1857. R. V. R.

A WILMINGTON CORRESPONDENT writes as follows:

"Among the pieces spoken at the Commencement of St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Delaware, the following, "THE BRANDYWINE," met with the most decided success. Though this may be attributed in a great degree to the elegant and really very impressive manner in which it was delivered by Mr. Edward M. Hickey, still you will hardly fail, I think, to see that the piece itself is not without some merit. The subject may have much to do with it; but to my ears at least it has a sort of melodious *Tennysonian* ring which is very pleasing. Thinking that it must prove particularly acceptable to all lovers of the glorious old Brandywine, I send you a copy for the *Metropolitan.*"

In reply to our Correspondent, we cheerfully give place to this beautiful and impressive poetic effusion. The Brandywine, rich in historic recollections, blended with romantic scenery, has been a fruitful theme for the muse, whose inspiration has no doubt been frequently experienced by the talented author since his residence on its beautiful banks:

THE BRANDYWINE.

Spoken by EDWARD M. HICKEY, *at the Commencement of St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del., June 25th,* 1857.

Through Pennsylvanian valleys fair,
A stream flows into Delaware—
Like silver lake now brightly flashing,
Like mountain flood now wildly dashing,
The theme of many a swelling line,
The far-famed, deathless Brandywine.

And meet it is that Bards entwine
Rich garlands round thee, Brandywine,
For, daintier wood-walks balm-diffusing,
Dreamier solitudes for musing,
Pleasanter echoing glens than thine
They rarely meet with, Brandywine.

Oh! green thy meadows, Brandywine,
Of velvet texture, Brandywine,
And lovingly thou tarriest by them,
Reluctant still and loth to fly them—
But *our* fell fate, alas! is thine—
Thou too must onwards, Brandywine!

And then thou glidest, Brandywine,
'Neath cliffs of granite, Brandywine,
Whose beetling rocks of vast upheaval,
Peering from gloom of woods primeval,
Are mirrored in thy crystalline
And sleeping bosom, Brandywine!

Deep in thy dingles, Brandywine,
Immersed in day-dreams, Brandywine,
How oft have stars of summer found me,
With all thy green luxuriance round me,
When every voice was hushed save thine,
O music-motioned Brandywine!

That voice—when pondering, Brandywine,
On the dark battle, Brandywine,
And the BRAVE forever by thee sleeping—
I've heard intone loud notes of weeping,
Swelling the choir of oak and pine
To chaunt their requiem, Brandywine.

Oh! I have loved thee, Brandywine,
With youthful ardor, Brandywine,
The years fly past, I'm growing older,
But never grows the yearning colder.
Oh when my limbs in death recline,
They'll rest by thee, loved Brandywine!

Then leaving Pennsylvania fair,
Flow on through gladdened Delaware,
On by fair trees thy tide caressing,
On by green meads thy waters blessing,
Oh that *my* course were blithe as thine,
Thou Queen of Streams, fair Brandywine! R.

OUR LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—During the last month our literary institutions have closed the labors of another scholastic year. Pupils have been permitted a brief period of relaxation, and professors and teachers have been allowed a short respite from their toils. The parental home has been made joyous for a season; the hearts of parents have been gladdened by the return of absent sons and daughters. Catholics everywhere rejoice in the success and prosperty of their schools. Indeed, if there be one thing more than another in which the Catholics of this country may feel a just and honest pride, it is in the number and the high character of their literary institutions. Their rapid increase is a subject of astonishment to all; their success is a problem that few can understand. Fifteen years ago, and Catholic schools in this country were counted by tens, now they are estimated by hundreds. In 1840, Catholic literary institutions were less than *seventy;* at the close of last year the number had increased to over *five hundred.* We behold them spread over the country, adorning every hill-top and every valley from the waters of the St. Laurence to the banks of the Colorado. We behold them moving onward in their career of usefulness with all the elements of youthful vigor, and standing forth everywhere as living, speaking monuments of the zeal of the Catholic Church in the cause of education.

But the interest in the scene is increased ten-fold by the reflection, that the numerous Catholic Colleges, academies, and schools, which now form so prominent a feature in the educational system of the country, have been reared by the zeal and enterprise of Catholics themselves, without the aid of a single dollar from the state or national exchequer; and as they contemplate the imposing spectacle, they can say to themselves with conscious pride: "Behold the result of our labor, the fruit of the many sacrifices we have made for the education of our children."

If our literary institutions claim our admiration, what shall we say of those who preside over them? How shall we sufficiently extol the labors of our devoted clergy who have manifested so much zeal in their establishment, and who guard them with parental solicitude. How shall we speak the praise of the humble and devoted Brothers of the different orders, of the virtuous and angelic nuns and sisters who move among their pupils like so many angelic spirits, winning their hearts to virtue, and guiding them in the pursuit of secular science along the flowery pathway of religion. Pursuing their sacred calling through motives of religion, they devote themselves to the work of instruction not for any pecuniary gain, but for the love of God, and the sanctification

of their own souls. They seek not in their high vocation, either emoluments or honors, but solely the mental and moral improvement of the children committed to their care—guarding them from the blighting influences of vice, and stamping upon their minds the noble character of virtue: feeling as every American citizen should feel, that, in a country like ours, the stability of the institutions depends more upon the *moral* than the *intellectual* culture of the people; that if the latter should be, as it deservedly ought to be, of a high and elevated character, the former should not be inferior to it in point of efficiency or in the profoundness of its teaching.

But even apart from the religious element which presides in our literary institutions, in point of efficiency, and the high character of their secular instruction, they will lose nothing in comparison with the best organized non-catholic educational establishments in the country. We will not say that our Colleges are superior to others, but in all that relates to imparting a thorough classical or English education, in disciplining the mind and expanding the intellect, in preparing our young men to act well their part in the great drama of life, we claim that our colleges are not inferior to any other similar institutions in the country. Indeed, were we to judge from the fact, that our colleges and academies are year after year thronged with the sons and daughters of our dissenting countrymen, we might infer that our non-catholic fellow-citizens discover a superiority in the teaching and the discipline of our literary institutions.

Catholics have recently been told by a writer of prominence, that their colleges are little else than preparatory schools; that we must have a wider range of studies; that we must have colleges, "devoted principally to secular studies," and finally they are told by way of reproach, that in their colleges "the claims of religious guidance and teaching are made paramount to those of collegiate instruction."

Such complaints, to say the least of them, come with a bad grace from a Catholic writer; and we conceive that the man who can entertain them, little understands the true conditions of our literary institutions, or the real wants of the Catholic Church in this country. Our colleges, it is true, will not compare with some of the Catholic educational establishments of the continent of Europe, in the extent and profoundness of their course of study; but in this respect they are equal, with perhaps one or two exceptions, to any class of colleges in the United States. But what is more important to us as Catholics than mere literary pre-eminence in a few isolated particulars, our colleges are adapted in a special manner to the wants of the times and the demands of the Church. They aim less at making transcendent scholars, than intelligent, useful and virtuous citizens; they seek to discipline the mind and cultivate the intellect, but they seek also to cultivate the heart and the moral affections. For this, the blending of science and religion, they were founded; for this they are conducted. Separate these objects, and they cease to be Catholic.

Let it not be forgotten that Catholic literature and Catholic literary institutions in this country are yet in their infancy. Our non-catholic fellow-citizens have a hundred years the start of us. Let us perfect our system, at least give it time to mature before we begin to experiment upon it. And instead of fault-finding, let us be thankful to God, who has so abundantly blessed our labors in the cause of education, and be grateful to our beloved bishops and clergy to whose zeal and untiring exertions we are mainly indebted for those numerous colleges, academies and schools which now form so bright an ornament among the literary institutions of our country: let us second their efforts, and our word for it, whenever the exigency of the times shall demand a higher order of colleges and wider range of studies, Catholic energy will be equal to the task of supplying the demand.

Record of Events.

From June 20th to July 20th, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—*The Progress of the Pope.* The progress of the Holy Father throughout his dominions has been one continued scene of triumph. Everywhere he was received with the most unbounded marks of affection. In Sinigaglia, his native city, which he reached towards the close of May, his reception was most enthusiastic. The city was most brilliantly illuminated, and all the streets had the appearance of a fair, so anxious were they to catch every glimpse of their Pontiff. He attempted to walk amongst them, but it was absolutely impossible, notwithstanding his being surrounded by his noble guard, Swiss soldiers, and police, to keep off the crowd; they broke through the lines, insisted on kissing the feet of their fellow-citizen, as they themselves called the Pope. The city is under special obligations to the Holy Father, as he has bestowed on it many marks of his favor. He erected and endowed in it a college of the higher order, which he has committed to the care of the Jesuits. He has built besides two churches, and will shortly begin an hospital.

On the morning of the 27th of May the Holy Father said a low Mass in the Cathedral, gave holy communion to the authorities of the town and others who presented themselves, and made a present to the church of a magnificent reliquary of massive silver, to contain the relics of St. Paulinus, the patron of the city. On the following day His Holiness performed a most touching act of devotion and respect to the memory of his parents, both father and mother, who were most excellent Christians, in offering up the holy sacrifice for the repose of their souls. It is a very rare occurrence that the Pope says Mass for the dead, and never wears black vestments: therefore he offered up the holy sacrifice in purple, and gave holy communion to all his surviving relations who were present—two brothers, two nephews, a sister-in-law, and several cousins. Many of the poor presented themselves to the Holy Father, and to them also he administered the Blessed Eucharist.

On the morning of the 29th of May the Holy Father left Sinigaglia for Fano, where he remained a few hours receiving the authorities, the members of religious orders, and other persons of distinction. He also visited the Convent of St. Archangelo, where the nuns of the city were assembled and presented to him. Fano is the residence of the Countess of Gabrielli, the sister of Cardinal Wiseman. This distinguished lady was prevented by indisposition from seeing His Holiness on the occasion of his visit to Fano, but on the following day, she went to Pesaro, where she had the happiness of being presented to him. He spoke to her of her brother, and expressed to her how thankful he felt to Almighty God for giving him so able an auxiliary in directing the affairs of the Church in England. From Fano, the Holy Father proceeded to Pesaro, where he was received by an immense concourse of people. He went first to the Cathedral; thence to the palace of the Delegate, which is a magnificent and princely edifice, having belonged to the ancient Dukes of Urbino Pesaro. Here His Holiness was visited by the Archduke Maximilian, brother to the Emperor of Austria, and Viceroy of Lombardy. While at Pesaro he made a circuit of the city on foot, a mode of travelling of which he is fond; and would more often indulge in, if he were not prevented by the people who throng around him to testify their respect and to receive his blessing. On the 1st of June he blessed and assisted at the imposing ceremony of laying the first stone of a new port, which is about being erected at Pesaro, and in the afternoon of the same day he departed to the city of Rimini.

At Bologna the Holy Father was also received with the utmost enthusiasm. Francis, Duke of Modena, with his sister, who married the son of Don Carlos in 1847, waited on the Pope and received his blessing; and on the following day His Holiness administered the sacrament of Confirmation to the two sons of the Infanta. The young duke of Parma, aged nine years, was also received by the Holy Father. He had been sent by his mother to receive the Apostolic Benediction. The presence of the young prince excited much sympathy, as all remembered that his father, the Duke of Parma, and his grandfather, the Duke of Berry, both had fallen by the hand of the assassin.

June 16th, the anniversary of the accession of Pius IX, was signalized by several acts of clemency, in pardoning a number of political offenders. Affairs in the city of Rome are quiet. The only matter which had occurred to disturb the usual tranquillity was a collision that is said to have taken place between the soldiers of the French garrison and a body of Pontifical riflemen. During the encounter several persons were wounded, but not dangerously.

Naples.—The King of Naples by four royal decrees, and four rescripts, dated May 18th and 20th has renounced, in favor of the liberty of the Church, many of the usurped powers which he inherited as an evil legacy from his immediate predecessors. The first decree enacts that provincial synods may be freely held, and the acts of provincial and diocesan synods freely published, without let or hindrance whatever by the State. The third decree provides that all persons shall be free to make gifts or bequests in favor of the Church, without, as hitherto, the necessity of previous sovereign royal authorization. The other provisions regard the jurisdiction over the property of the Church, and over charitable foundations, and the last has regard to the criminal offences of Clerks.—The conclusion of a Concordat between the Holy See and Tuscany is now under consideration, and will in all probability be shortly effected.

It has been reported that an attempt was made to assassinate the king at Gaeta, by a soldier of the artillery. The assassin, finding that he had failed in the attempt, shot himself.

Sardinia.—The Sardinian government sent chevalier Boncompagni to Bologna on a mission of courtesy to the Pope. The matter was made a subject of inquiry in the Chamber of Deputies and the question asked, whether the mission had in it any thing of a political character? To this Count Cavour, prime minister, replied, "No; the mission partook in no way of a political character; that it was an act of simple courtesy, and he would take this opportunity of saying, that notwithstanding the differences between Rome and Turin, the government of the King had not ceased to revere, in the person of His Holiness, the chief of the religion of the immense majority of the Piedmontese population."

Portugal.—A treaty between the Sovereign Pontiff and the King of Portugal, Don Pedro V, has been concluded, touching the exercise of the right of patronage conceded to the crown of Portugal in India and China. The patronage of the crown, regulated by the Apostolic Bulls, and conformable to the sacred canons, shall continue in the metropolitan and primatial church of Goa, in the churches of Cranganor, Cochin, St. Thomas of Meliapoor, and Malacca, in the Indies, and in the church of Macao, in China.

The province of Quam-si-no and the isle of Hongkong shall no longer be included in the jurisdiction of the see of Macoa, His Holiness reserving to himself to take such measures in the interest of the faithful as he may judge useful.

A new bishopric shall be erected in the province of Goa. The island Poulo Pinang will be separated from the jurisdiction of the see of Malacca. The limits of these bishoprics shall be fixed by common accord.

Spain.—The papers speak of attempts to create disturbances in some parts of the country, though no outbreak had actually taken place.—The Chamber of Deputies had under consideration several reforms in the Constitution. Among other things, the necessity of imparting to public instruction a strong religious character, was insisted on, and of placing the control of the system in the hands of the clergy, which was carried

by a large majority. The relations of the government with Mexico are still unsettled. Two war steamers, the Colon and Isabel II, had been dispatched to Cuba. The convent of Santo Domingo, in the city of Madrid, recently fell to the ground. Fortunately the inmates were at the time in the chapel engaged in their religious duties, and thus escaped uninjured.

France.—The election of members of the legislature took place throughout France on the 21st and 22d of June, and passed off quietly. The government candidates have been returned with little opposition, except in Paris, where the opposition vote reached 95,000, falling only 15,000 short of the government vote. Carnot, Goodchaux, and Cavaignac are elected as opposition members from Paris. There is a doubt, however, as to the success of Cavaignac. The vote in Paris was comparatively small, falling short 140,000 votes of the real number of the city.—The plenipotentiaries of Austria, England, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey lately met at the office of the minister of foreign affairs, Paris, for the purpose of signing the treaty for the frontier settlement of Bessarabia, and for regulating the question of the Isle of Serpents, and of the Delta of the Danube. The emperor was at latest dates at Chalons, inspecting the preparations for the camp. He is shortly to join the empress at Bearritz.

England.—The doings in parliament were somewhat important. The Divorce Bill which would have rendered marriage in England a mere civil contract, subject to be annulled almost at the will of either party, has been defeated in the house of lords. The Oath Bill, regulating the oath taken by members of parliament, and so worded as to admit Jews into that body, without obliging them to swear to a belief in the Christian religion, gave rise to an animated discussion. The opposition was made chiefly by Catholic members, and for the following reasons: The old oath obliged the Catholic members to declare, that they did not believe the Pope of Rome, or that any other foreign prince, prelate, person, state or potentate, has or ought to have any *temporal* or *civil* jurisdiction, power, or authority directly or indirectly within the realm of Great Britain; but the new oath contains the following words: "And I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state or potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, *ecclesiastical* or *spiritual*, within this realm." This clause was either intended to insult the Catholic members, or to throw obstacles in the way of Catholics in taking an oath, which aims at excluding the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction. The Catholic members did not oppose it, not because it relieved the Jews as has been asserted, but because it contained a clause derogatory to their rights as citizens, and insulting to their religion. A large meeting of the Catholic nobility and gentry was held for the purpose of considering the course best to be pursued by the Catholic members of parliament in reference to the Oath Bill, at which the following resolution was passed: "That this meeting believes that the fifth clause of the Bill re-enacts the Catholic Oath, which is acknowledged to be offensive in its terms even by Protestant gentlemen, and subjecting Catholics to offensive imputations, and therefore hopes that Catholic members of both houses will be induced to continue to oppose the re-enactment." The Bill passed, notwithstanding, by a large majority.

The Archduke Maximilian of Austria was on a visit to England, and was sharing the hospitality of Victoria with the Prince of Prussia.—Douglas Jerrold, the distinguished writer and satirist, is dead. Jerrold's fame is all that is left his family, and a committee of his principal friends had been formed for the purpose of providing support for his wife and family. Charles Dickens will superintend a series of performances by an amateur company of ladies and gentlemen, and among the greatest attractions will be the appearance of Boz's daughters. The lessees of various theatres will each devote the proceeds of a representation to this benevolent object. Mr. Russell, the "*Times* Correspondent," will deliver one of his Crimean Lectures.

Ireland.—Few events of importance have occurred in Ireland during the last month. The political matters are quiet. The Tenant League movement still continues, but without attracting much attention. On the 11th of June a large meeting of the friends of the movement was held in Rathkeale, where the objects of the League were elo-

quently advocated by Father Quaid, the Ven. Archdeacon Fitzgerald, and others.—The solemn dedication of a church and the consecration of a cemetery lately took place at Brookborough. The Most Rev. Dr. McNally officiated on the occasion.—The crops promise favorable.

The O'Connell Statue.—This noble specimen of art, which lately arrived at Dublin, is thus described by a Limerick paper: "To say that it realized the sanguine expectations of those who repose the utmost confidence in the power and talent of the truly gifted artist, would convey no idea of the sense of delight and admiration it imparted to every beholder. A more magnificently moulded statue could not be conceived. As a work of art its value is immense—as a monument of nationality it has nothing to approach it in any part of the kingdom—as a proof of the veneration and love which the people continue to cherish for the name and fame of O'Connell it is most creditable to the spirit and good taste of the citizens of Limerick, and of those elsewhere, in other parts of the country, who aided them in their successful exertions to raise a becoming memorial to the illustrious tribune who fought the good fight of Catholic Emancipation, and who would have achieved every other object for the nation's advancement were it not for causes with which the Irish people are lamentably familiar. The statue bears an unmistakable likeness to the great original—the lineaments of those noble features with which the millions were so intimately acquainted, as he addressed them in their assemblies throughout the land, are faithfully preserved, and at once bring to mind the *beau ideal* of O'Connell in one of his most impressive moods when vindicating the rights of his country. The drapery flows gracefully with a classic adaptation to the grand figure. The right arm encloses the ample toga to the body, and the right hand, exquisitely moulded, is in the attitude of O'Connell when arguing and impressing his arguments on his auditory. The left hand holds a scroll of paper. The entire figure is a perfect model, in which the best judgment and the utmost good taste are developed, and which speaks in the strongest terms in favor of the manner in which the work has been executed."

Austria.—The imperial family has sustained a loss in the death of their oldest child, the Archduchess Sophia. This event has prevented the Emperor and Empress from visiting Hungary as contemplated, at least for the present.—The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Austrian military order of Maria Theresa took place on 18th of June. The display was very magnificent.

Belgium.—Quiet has been restored and the election for new deputies is progressing. In some places the violence of the mob was carried to great excess. From our foreign file we take the following particulars of the destruction at Jemappe of the establishment of the *Freres*, a religious order of Brothers who conduct the Christian Schools which are designed for the education of the poor: "Large crowds of well-dressed individuals congregated together in particular spots, and paraded the town singing out the 'Brabançonne,' crying out, 'Down with the convents.' Before the establishment of the Freres, their shouts were redoubled, and a shower of stones was cast against the house, which smashed in the windows. A few of the leaders of the mob, wishing to carry their violence still further, separated themselves from the great mass, and one of them, armed with an axe, broke in the shutters that had enclosed the windows on the ground floor. The hall door was then attacked, and soon yielded to the strokes of the ponderous weapons which were levelled against it. A small party of the assailants rushed madly through the apartments, breaking every thing they met, and casting through the windows beds, mattresses, wardrobes, books, domestic utensils, stoves, the chapel candlesticks, &c. Those different articles were at once seized by the boys who had posted themselves in front, and were immediately thrown in a heap upon a fire which they had lighted a few yards from the convent, and which in a few hours consumed all the property belonging to the place. Three of the religious Brothers, seized with fear, hid themselves under the mattresses. They were soon discovered by the ruffian incendiaries, who commenced treating them with the most brutal violence. The religieux, however, managed to extricate themselves from their perilous situation.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—The corner-stone of a new church was laid on the 23d of June at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, in this State. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, formerly President of the College, officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. Dr. McCaffery, and a number of other clergymen. On the following day the commencement of the College took place. The premiums were distributed by the Most. Rev. Archbishop Purcell. Beside the Archbishop, there were present quite a number of the former alumni of the College. Among these, was the Rev. and venerable Father Mullon, Pastor of St. Patrick's church, New Orleans, who was a pupil of the institution as early as the year 1815.

The Annual Commencement of Loyola College took place on 9th of July. The Most Rev. Archbishop, with the Rev. Father Early, President of the College, and a large number of clergymen, and other of our prominent citizens were present on the occasion. The exercises of the pupils gave the highest satisfaction, and were alike creditable to themselves and to the institution.

2. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—The Most. Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati laid the corner-stone of the new church of St. Joseph at Wappaghkonetta, Ohio, on the 2d of July. He was assisted by the Rev. Father Witmer, and several other clergymen. Before the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, the Archbishop confirmed 37 persons. The same Most Rev. Prelate confirmed 109 persons in the church of St. Bridget, at Xenia, in the same State, on July 5th. The church of St. Mary, Hamilton, having become too small for the congregation, is about to be taken down, and a new one erected.

3. Diocese of Boston.—The Catholics of Boston are engaged at present in erecting a Female Orphan Asylum, under the patronage of St. Vincent of Paul, that will be a credit to that city and a monument worthy of the charity and zeal of those by whom it is being erected. The *Boston Pilot* thus describes it: The lot upon which it is located is within a few feet of an acre in extent, and cost about $20,000. The building itself will cost $60,000. It runs east and west, having a length of 165 feet, with a width of 46 feet. The main building is set in 20 feet from Camden street, but the tower, 20 feet square, extends to the line of the street. The tower will be 136 feet in height, and include the vestibule, and the stairway from bottom to top. Above the cellar will be four stories and an attic. Projecting from three stories on the south side will be corridors 69 feet in length, and 11 feet in width. The cellar is devoted to a bakery and store rooms. The basement story, which is above the level of the street, will contain the wash-room, the bathing-rooms, and a large play-room, &c. The chapel is on the first principal story, and on ordinary occasions will be 44 feet in length, and by opening folding doors can be extended to 67 feet. In the same story is a school-room 42 feet by 41. In the next story are two school-rooms—one 44 by 42 and the other 42 feet square. There are two dormitories, each 160 feet by 42. At each end of the building there are 50 feet margin from the street lines; and counting all the open space within the lot, there will not be less than two-thirds of an acre of available play-ground. In front on Camden street, on each side of the tower an iron fence will extend to the respective ends of the building; and the balance of the lot will be enclosed with a wooden fence. It is estimated that there will be comfortable and healthy accommodations for 600 children.

4. Diocese of Pittsburg.—*Religious Profession.*—On the 27th of June the following persons made their solemn profession in the chapel of the Franciscan Monastery at Loretto: Brother Benedict (Mr. Jas. Stewart), Brother Patrick (Mr. Murtagh Farrell), Brother Leo (Mr Patrick Purdy). The Rev. Mr. Pollard officiated, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Ford, Chaplain of the Monastery.—We learn from the *Pittsburg Catholic* that Bishop O'Connor, about the end of May, was at Jaffa on his return from a visit to the Holy Places in and about Jerusalem, Nazareth, and other localities dear to the

Christian heart. The first Mass he offered up in Jerusalem was in the Grotto, the place where our Blessed Saviour, the evening before His death, prayed and poured forth the bloody sweat. He was about to visit Beyrout, in Syria, at the foot of Mt. Lebanon, and other places of interest in that neighborhood. He expected to be in Constantinople about the middle of June. We learn with much pleasure, from the letter, that his health continues to improve, the trip to the East having done much towards banishing the traces of the disease under which he has been laboring since last November.

5. Archdiocese of New Orleans.—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans administered the Sacrament of Confirmation on the 24th of June to sixty children in the church of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and on 27th of the same month the same prelate confirmed 210 persons in St. Mary's church of that city. Subsequently the Right Rev. Dr. Elder, Bishop of Natchez, confirmed 119 persons in the church of St. Theresa. The learned prelate delivered an appropriate discourse on the occasion.

6. Diocese of Buffalo.—At the earnest solicitation of the Bishop of Buffalo the parent house of the order of the Sisters of Mercy in Providence has been induced to establish a branch of that excellent institution in Rochester. For that purpose the reverend mother, accompanied by four Sisters, proceeded to Rochester, where they were received with every mark of attention by Bishop Timon and his reverend clergy. A free school, pension school, and industrial school, have already been opened.

The corner stone of a new church in the city of Buffalo to be erected under the name and patronage of the Holy Angels, was laid on the 5th of July.—We are happy to learn that the Catholics of the Diocese of Buffalo have opened a new seminary near Niagara city, on the American side. The new seminary is situated on a lofty eminence, commanding a perfect and almost unbroken view of the most magnificent landscape in the world. It immediately overlooks the turbulent Niagara river, is only one mile below the far-famed Suspension Bridge, and from any part of the grounds, as far as the eye can reach, we enjoy a full view of the placid waters of Lake Ontario. We had the pleasure of visiting the spot a few weeks ago, and though somewhat familiar with the most enchanting sceneries of the old world, we unhesitatingly pronounce this one of the most luxuriant and picturesque landscapes it has ever been our good fortune to behold.

The whole property of the nascent seminary comprises a large and substantial brick house, with 110 acres of excellent pasturage and arable land—sufficient for the support of a numerous school.

7. Diocese of Richmond.—The Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, administered the sacrament of Confirmation on the second Sunday of July, in St. Joseph's church, Petersburg, to twenty-seven persons, the majority of whom were converts. The Bishop preached an eloquent sermon at high Mass.

8. Archdiocese of St. Louis.—From the Sunday Leader we learn that at St. Mary's Seminary, Perry county, Mo., the Right Rev. Bishop Duggan conferred minor orders upon the following gentlemen, students of the Congregation of the Mission, June 19: Herman J. Troop, Thomas Rice, Cornelius Thoma, F. X. Jacquemet, Chas. Becherer, James Moore, J. Beaky, Abm. Ryan, M. P. O'Regan, J. F. Landy, Stephen Masnon, M. Rubi. On the 20th he elevated to the sub-deaconate, Messrs. P. McMenomy, D. McCarthy, Denis Leyden, Thomas Smyth and Cornelius Thoma. The next day these gentlemen were made deacons, and on the 26th they were ordained priests. After Mass one hundred and twenty persons were confirmed. On the 24th, one hundred and eight persons received the same sacrament in St. Joseph's church, Apple Creek.

OBITUARY.—Died, June 1st, at the village of Fox Lake, Wis., the Rev. John Healy, in the 61st year of his age The deceased was a native of Ireland, and for many years a zealous missionary in the West. The cause of his death was the disease of the heart.

Died on the 7th of June, Mother Celestine, Superioress of the Sisters of St. Joseph. *May they rest in peace.*

Secular Intelligence.

Death of Ex-Secretary Marcy.—The Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, late Secretary of State under President Pierce, died suddenly at Albany on the 4th of July. Mr. Marcy was a native of Massachusetts, and emigrated to New York at an early age. He was Governor of the latter State, and held the position of Secretary of War under President Polk, and that of Secretary of State under the late administration. His death was remarkable, occurring on the 4th of July, a day remarkable for the demise of Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe.

The

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TRANSITION AND PROGRESS.

It must often occur to gentlemen of conservative instincts or principles that there are a great many words in common use which are better fitted for *ad captandum* purposes than for conveying definite ideas. Your worldly-wise men of all degrees, from Machiavelli, or Talleyrand, down to the last cunning aspirant for small preferment, know the importance of a word that shall vibrate pleasantly upon the public tympanum, which said word taken at the flood-tide, is often made to lead some very worthless fellows on to fortune. We will not give illustrations of what we say, either from among our political friends or enemies, and if the ingenious reader thinks he can lay his hand upon persons to whom we allude, we can only assure him that he is mistaken, and that he confounds his own "personal allusions" with ours.

To stick to the text. We say there are words which please the popular taste more by the range they give to the imagination than by any clear ideas they impress upon the mind. Political parties, religious sects, nations, towns, hamlets—nay, village schools and infant asylums, have their watch-words which sway the public mind, no matter whether the public spreads over a "boundless continent," or is limited to the four walls of the nursery. The words at the head of this article are the delight of the age, and if they are, in some respects, significant, they are in others so indefinite and illimitable, that they can be impressed into the service of the wildest illusions. It is a pleasure to find a man taking a sober view of these things, and especially a man who stands upon such a height as to command a wide spread horizon. Our readers would doubtless be pleased to hear from such a man on such a subject, and it shall be our humble task only to present the words of Balmes, in an English dress. The Christian philosopher addresses himself to a young gentleman of intellect and cultivation, who has lost the clew to guide him through his mortal pilgrimage. But, though skeptical, he wishes to know the truth, and he carries on a correspondence with Balmes, discursive enough on his part, but pointed and effective on the part of the priest.

"See the insignificance of man," says the skeptic: "what does he know, what can he know of the truth? We cast our eyes about us, and behold, there is nothing but darkness. Who knows what will one day become of this Christian faith, of this Church of Christ, which you believe shall last

to the end of ages? I do not despise religion; I see in Catholicism a great fact which cannot be explained by ordinary causes. You appeal to history, and you call upon me to find something akin to the history of the martyrs. I have already told you that I do not wish to envelop myself in powerless negations; I am not disposed to deny the evidence of facts; but shall I speak freely? Then, I cannot believe. I consider attentively society in its actual condition, and I think I see in its uneasiness and in its signs of deep agitation, the evidences that we are upon the eve of immense events: it seems that an intellectual and moral revolution must inaugurate the era about to open, and perhaps then we may see this dark horizon clear up, where at present I can perceive only error and uncertainty. The epoch of transition passed, the times which follow will doubtless solve the mysterious problem."

The priest answers:

Your language afflicts me, my friend, but does not astonish me. Allow me only to point out to you that it replies to nothing, proves nothing, includes neither affirmation nor negation. The truth is before you, but you will not receive it, "*I cannot believe.*" You then speak of that future which has been more than once the subject of your reveries and criticisms; you speak of a state of social transition without knowing exactly in what that state consists; you doubt and float between contrary thoughts, you put off from day to day a decision that costs you an unpleasant effort; you defer it to a time when, perhaps, alas! you will have ceased to exist. Sad consolation! deceitful hope! . . . . .

Sometimes you are upon the ground of socialism, sometimes upon the future, and again you speak of transition, of the new era, and I know not how many other things of the same kind. I have said that I would follow wherever it should please you to lead me; I will keep my word, and since just now you do not wish a discussion of dogma, we will set it aside, and treat of *transition* since transition is the theme.

Already in one of my preceding letters I have said that I did not regard transition as peculiar to our period, but as something belonging to all ages; that I could not admit then as a thing entirely new that which had been constantly produced under one form or another in the bosom of humanity. With little exception the law of movement is realized in all directions; we see, in the first place, the Greeks and the Romans in a continual state of transition. The age of Draco differs vastly from that of Solon; and the latter differs not less from the age of Alcibiades; the epoch of this voluptuous Athenian resembles in nothing those of Alexander and Demetrius. The sevarious epochs, however, are in the order of time closely connected—which proves that the social condition of Greece was undergoing a perpetual change, an incessant transition. The time that flowed between the first Brutus, the enemy of the Tarquins, and the second Brutus, the slayer of Cæsar, was certainly of no great duration, and yet through what wonderful phases passed in this interval the social and political condition of the Romans!

But, setting aside the nations of antiquity, and also those nations which apparently undergo no changes, but whose real internal history is so little known to us, let us limit ourselves to the consideration of the progress in modern societies since the establishment of Christianity; we may see therein effected, at all periods, changes as profound as any that can possibly take place among future generations. Even supposing that the strange predictions of the socialists will come to pass, and that the attempt

will be made to realize their boldest schemes, even then, we say, the difference that that social state will present in comparison with our present condition, will not be more striking than what has occurred in the different phases already undergone in the history of Christian nations.

If those who lived in the times when slavery was generally established, and regarded as an indispensable condition of all social organizations, had had presented to them a condition of things such as is now enjoyed by the various nations of Europe, they could neither have comprehended how public order could have been preserved, nor how the great questions could have been adjusted of labor for the poor, and prosperity for the rich classes; in a word, they would have regarded it as impossible that a vast society should exist without a foundation, as necessary, as indispensable in their eyes as the institution of slavery. Had any one said to a feudal lord reigning in his stronghold, that a day would come when all his titles would be ignored, and his name, as well as those of his powerful rivals, entirely forgotten; a day when his descendants would be confounded with the descendants of the poor vassals trembling at his feet, and the docile instruments of his power; had he been told that these very people would rise up against him, would struggle indefatigably against their masters, would triumph over them, and would establish a nation rich, powerful, and glorious, filling the universe with its renown and influence, his astonishment would have been equalled only by his indignation, and he would have regarded such predictions as no better than the ravings of insolence and folly.

What need to add more? We need not recur to times so remote for the most remarkable social metamorphoses. Take, for instance, the nobles of the days of Charles V and of Francis I, those haughty heirs of the great names of the feudal times, who, nevertheless, abandon the independence of their ancestors for a heroic fidelity to the persons of their kings, who give up the field, the theatre of their ancient power, for a residence at the capital, where rules a power acknowledged by all, who from warriors become courtiers; tell them that in three centuries the great offices of the state will no longer be their exclusive property, that it will no longer be their right to conduct armies to victory, that their voices will have no more weight in public affairs than those of the plebeians who cultivate their estates, and show themselves happy to render them the most humble services; tell this to the nobles of those times, and rest assured that so far from believing in the truth of these predictions, they will not even comprehend them; it will be in vain to show them by certain foreshadowings that these transformations are already approaching, they will believe that you mistake for reality the illusions of ambition and pride.

Transport yourself, if you will, to the times of Suger and St. Bernard, announce to the disciples of these great men that the rich monasteries and the great abbeys which rival in splendor and power the castles of the contemporary nobles, will disappear one day, so that after the lapse of time nothing will remain of them but wrecks and ruins, objects of study and curiosity for the learned; announce to the clergy of that epoch, that clergy whose influence is so great in all public and private affairs, whose power and wealth put them on a level with the first of their age; tell them that they will soon be limited to the precincts of the temple, despoiled of their wealth, restrained in their right of instruction, confounded with the most humble classes of society, if not, indeed, put below them by being denied what is conceded to all the rest of the world; predict to them these

changes, and I repeat it, they will tell you that all this is utterly impossible unless future centuries are destined to be brought under the subjection of the Saracens or Tartars. No, they could never have conceived that such changes should take place independent of some such visitations, and simply from changes of ideas and customs in the bosom of civilization.

All the revolutions that may occur will have, assuredly, no other results than changes of social conditions, and modifications of the relations of individuals and classes. Imagine such transformations as you will, and you will scarcely have any more profound and more important than those of times passed, either as regarding the essential conditions of property, the organization of labor, the distribution of the products which come from these two sources, or as regarding the state of the family, social distinctions, or the general constitution of states. Transition has existed at all times as well as to-day; the nations of Europe have undergone such rapid and thorough transformations that it is difficult to recognize them as the same at different periods of time.

You are at liberty, my dear friend, to make all sorts of hypotheses, however strange or capricious, to compare them with the facts of history developed in ages gone by; I am satisfied that you will find therein but a striking proof of the principles I have just established. Will you assume, for example, that the necessitous classes will rise out of the state of dependence in which they are found at present, to approach the middle or even the highest classes of society? See whether the laborer of the present day differs more from the proprietor or master than slaves differed from citizens, vassals from lords; assuredly not. And yet there remains in Europe no trace of the ancient slavery, and scarcely a vestige of vassalage. The descendants of those who lived under these conditions are now on a footing with the children of those men that the old social constitutions had placed so far above them in fortune, power, and honor. Do you look to modifications of the right of property, to an entirely different division of lands and capital? In this regard, compare the middle age with our time, France under Charlemagne, for instance, and France under Napoleon. Think you of a new organization of labor, of laws to regulate the relations of the capitalist and the workman, of changes to be introduced into the essential bases of these relations and into their practical consequences? Place the cultivator of the soil of modern times by the side of the vassal of the feudal times; compare our day laborer with the slave of paganism. Commerce and industry, you may say, will be organized hereafter in such a manner as to revolutionize all the internal and external relations of society in future. Examine then our commercial code, glance over existing laws and customs in actual use, then compare them with what existed in the times of our ancestors. However vast a scale these two great elements of public fortune may traverse, whatever development and influence they may acquire, will they differ more widely from their present condition than this does in regard to the nations of Europe at the time when the Church threw her protecting shield over the first attempts of commerce and industry? Does it not appear to you that the great commercial and industrial companies found now in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in England, and in the United States, differ pretty widely from the poor caravans which traversed obscure roads through wild and desert regions, and which were only and barely protected by the edicts of the Church? See you not herein, my friend, a transition sufficiently marked?

We have not to look back to remote times to see the clergy and nobility invested with privileges, prerogatives and honors, which are theirs no longer. Even the thrones of the present day are very unlike those of the past. And now, our forms of government, financial operations, manner of living, mode of making war, our principles of diplomacy, and all internal and external relations, are entirely different from those of our forefathers.

We may naturally believe, then, that there will be vast changes in the future. Let us not forget that society at present is not less different from that which has preceded it than it will be from what has been predicted for us. Instability is one of the distinctive characteristics of human affairs; and he has reflected but little on the nature of man, and profited but little by the lessons of history and experience who would predict a long duration to that which is in itself so fragile and so perishable. Whether society be impelled by a revolutionary spirit, or placed under a conservative power, whether it be driven onward or held in check in its career, it changes always, it passes incessantly from one condition to another, sometimes for weal, as often for woe.

This alternation of good and evil brings me to another question. We are told unceasingly that progress is the law of humanity, that society obeys this law and moves onward toward its object through the greatest revolutions and the most fearful catastrophes. What is this object? None can answer; it is only seen under a magic and glittering veil. I am certainly not opposed to movement, nor do I undertake to dissipate hopes so flattering; and yet I cannot consent to give full support to a proposition which, in one sense, is condemned by philosophy, history and experience.

It is but too much the custom to speak of perfection, perfectibility, the law of progress, without distinguishing anything, without defining anything, without explaining whether the application is to a particular race, or to society at large. I would venture to ask of those who affirm that progress is the constant law of all society, how much of it they have discovered in the north of Africa and upon the western coasts of Asia, in comparing their present condition with what it was when they gave to the world such men as Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, Origen, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Clement, and numerous other illustrious men?

This observation is unanswerable; but it must be admitted that it proves nothing against those who contend that the decay of this or that community does not hinder the perpetual progress of humanity, that civilization passes from one people to another, that one acquires what another has lost, and that thus there is established a true compensation. Thus, for example, in the cases we have just cited, the losses experienced by humanity on the coasts of Africa and Asia, have been amply compensated by gains in Europe, and more recently, in America. Reckoning, in fact, the millions of men who are now living in the realms of civilization, the number would be incomparably greater than in former ages; and if there be added to this the advantages of modern over ancient forms of civilization, not only intellectually and morally, but also in material well being, the difference is so marked as almost to make comparison impossible.

I avow that these reflections, my dear friend, are decisive in my opinion, viewing the question in its whole extent upon the basis of general history and the aggregate of humanity; so much so, that I deem it incontestable that the human race has never ceased to move onward in the way of

progress, that its condition during the middle age was consequently superior to that of antiquity, and its actual condition is equally in advance of all that has preceded it.

But is this not overlooking, you may say, the disorders and miseries caused by the irruptions of barbarians, and the ignorance and corruption that disgraced the subsequent epoch? Will it be said that the humanity of the time of Attila was comparable to the humanity of the time of Augustus? I answer yes; and, however false and absurd this may appear at first view, I consider the opinion well founded and susceptible of rigorous and complete demonstration. The diffusion of more just ideas of God, man and society, of the relations of the moral world, the lights of civilization spread over a greater number of people hitherto plunged into the most abject barbarism, the ever extending abolition of slavery, a more general and more practical knowledge of the rights of man, together constitute a real superiority in favor of the epoch of which we speak, over the age of Augustus.

Perhaps you do not agree with me, as yet, but then you will allow me to plead my cause a little more at length.

The splendor of science is indeed seductive, the voice of poetry enchanting, the beauty of the arts fascinating and magical; but, when all answers no purpose for the general good of humanity, when all is limited to flatter the pride, to promote the welfare and the pleasures of a few men who dwell in palaces, who feast at splendid banquets at the expense of whole nations cruelly despoiled and oppressed by these same few, what advantage results to the mass of men? What is such a civilization but a glittering imposture? There is peace, but it is the peace of the iron rule; there are pleasures, but these pleasures are for the few at the expense of the many; the sciences and arts may flourish, but abjectly devoted to the ruling powers, they are far from fulfilling their sublime mission in ameliorating the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of man. . . . .

After the multiplied irruptions and fluctuating careers of barbarous races, the feudal system sprang up, which, with all its faults, by establishing the right of property, promoting agriculture, and honoring the family relations, laid the foundations of our present civilization, and certainly was an improvement on the conditions which it supplanted. Up to the 16th century European society was in a state of progressive improvement; and since that time, notwithstanding the revolt of Luther and his disciples, which divided into two parts the great European family, entwining all the evils of religious discords and civil wars, still, besides the progress of Catholicity in the East and West Indies, compensating for losses in Europe, there has been, during the last three centuries, great progress in the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of nations.

Let us now, my friend, make a passing reference to the deep uneasiness which prevails at this moment among the people of Europe, and of all who participate in our civilization. To hear us declaim against our fate, our present situation, and our future prospects, one would say that our burdens are beyond endurance, and yet we are, comparatively, far better off than our forefathers. But they were never heard to speak as we do of the period of *transition* and the *new social organization* to be introduced to the world; they did not rail at all existing institutions; they did not announce, as we do unceasingly, that golden age always forthcoming, unless the world should fall back into chaos through blood and ruins.

Every epoch has had its own evils and has stood upon the threshold of

remarkable changes; every epoch has carried within itself a germ of death for whatever was then existing, so as to make way for the things of the future. I cannot admit that our ills are greater than those of our predecessors, although they may appear so for two reasons: first, that they are always before us; and second, that we have unbounded liberty of complaint both in speaking and writing, and the press designedly goes to extremes of exaggeration. . . . . .

I trust, my dear friend, that if I have not succeeded in making you share in my opinions, I have, at least, convinced you of their reasonableness. You may, at least, hereafter employ the word *transition* with more exactness than hitherto, and not give it undue importance. I know not, indeed, how the people of our days have made so much capital of such words, for they signify nothing more than the instability of all human affairs; the knowledge of this instability certainly should not be regarded as a discovery of our times.

I can no more comprehend how men can dare to prognosticate the death of Catholicity; and this for the pretended reason that new social conditions will not be compatible with the dogmas and forms of this divine religion. One would think, upon hearing these prophets, that the world has undergone no change during the space of eighteen hundred years, or rather that the marvelous institutions founded by Christ require the concurrence of human support.

Could any one confound the social organization of the time of Nero with that of the time of Constantine or Theodosius? Would there be no difference acknowledged between Europe subject to the Roman emperors, and Europe invaded by tribes of barbarians, between this latter epoch and the time of feudalism, between the period marked by the preponderance of the barons and that of monarchical unity? Would any one class together the age of Francis I and that of Louis XIV, or even that of Napoleon? In the space of eighteen hundred years colossal revolutions have been accomplished, European society has undergone the most radical changes, the relations of public and private life have undergone innumerable modifications; and yet religion has always remained the same through all the vicissitudes of times and circumstances. Without betraying for a single instant the interests of immutable truth, it has followed with a watchful eye the fluctuating current of human opinions and ideas; without ever sacrificing to the demands of the passions its pure morality, it has regarded the differences of manners and customs; without encroaching upon its internal organization in what is essential and sacred, it has given birth to an infinite number of institutions admirably adapted to the wants of times and nations.

You know, my friend, that none of these facts can be called in question. Why not, then, abandon a phraseology which is vague, indefinite, and uncertain, fit only to nourish skepticism and mental illusion. You know that I am, by no means, adverse to progress, which, on the contrary, I esteem a providential benefit; nor am I one always to condemn the present without distinction, and to despair of the future with all its promises.

I only demand that we should discern good from evil, truth from error, reality from vain and treacherous delusion; I desire only to put in practice the beautiful precept which the skeptics never cease to abuse, while they profess to be governed by it: *Examine all things in good faith and judge of them with impartiality.*

SKETCHES OF HEROIC WOMEN.—No. 1.

MARGARET MORE, DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.—1508-1544.

I.

Midway on the slope of a graceful hill, retired from the noise of the court and of the world, rises a whitewalled, modest mansion, whose air of happiness and repose irresistibly attracts the charmed eye of the passing stranger.

"I would like to live there," he says, with a sigh. Rich or poor he can not help expressing the wish. For rich and poor alike aspire after happiness, and both are conscious that it is to be found only in the calm and holy communion of the family circle.

"I like to live here," often likewise exclaimed that noble martyr, that heroic champion of truth and faith then so violently attacked in England by a royal and imperious will. "I like to live here," often exclaimed in pious serenity, Sir Thomas More.

And as often as his duties permitted him to quit London, as soon as ever he could divest himself of the Lord Chancellor's ermine and snatch a brief repose from the cares of the state, he might be seen, smiling at the happiness which awaited him, entering his little boat, encouraging with paternal kindness the efforts of the rowers, and gliding rapidly up the Thames until he reached his pretty dwelling at Chelsea, where he was welcomed by the caresses of his children, particularly by the devoted tenderness of his favorite daughter, the sweet and learned Margaret. Oh! how he loved this heroic girl, this sublime soul created by the Almighty to understand his own, and by surrounding him with an ardent and affectionate admiration, to afford him an ample recompense for the difficulties and vexations of his public life!

One evening he returned later than usual. His face was gloomy and dejected; but an indescribable expression of joy and sadness imparted a strange brightness to his eye. Margaret shuddered.

"You are suffering, father?" she asked, and she could not restrain her tears as she received the usual parental embrace.

The children suspended their play to hear his reply. Seeing him silent, they repeated in mournful tones:—

"Are you suffering?"

"I?" replied Sir Thomas, tenderly embracing them, "suffering? Now? No, I am quite happy here."

The children resumed their play, but Margaret sighed.

Soon the old clock struck the hour for prayer. Kneeling in the midst of her family and the servants, all assembled in the silence and retirement of a modest oratory, Margaret recited the evening devotions. Just as she was finishing, a calm and austere voice was heard to give utterance to the following prayer:—

"Oh, Almighty God, grant courage and strength to the father, assistance and protection to the children, peace and prosperity to the country! O my God, enlighten the king, save England from schism and heresy, deliver thy people!"

And the voice sunk into a more explicit prayer which God alone could hear.

When Margaret arose she was very pale; grief had kindled a feverish glow in her eye: her heart foreboded some terrible misfortune.

Calm in appearance, she saw the children to bed, and bestowed on each the usual nightly caress. Descending, she found her husband alone.

"Roper," she asked, "can you tell what misfortune threatens us?"

Roper looked at her with astonishment.

"I shall know it," she added; "he must tell me himself."

In a few moments, Margaret lifted the heavy tapestry that hung around the library, and trembling and irresolute stood in the doorway.

Bending over a pile of papers scattered on a round table, Sir Thomas More, leaning on his left hand, was glancing hastily over these papers with eyes bathed in tears. She could notice the convulsive agitation of his right hand as it threw aside each document after a short examination. A little copper lamp illumined the scene, and as the light was concentrated on the table by a thick shade placed very low, the rest of the room was buried in profound darkness.

Margaret contemplated this sad spectacle for some time in silence; then making an effort she advanced a few steps.

"Father!" said she softly. Sir Thomas started. "You, Margaret, here at this hour! What is the matter?" "I wish to speak to you, father," replied the young woman, in a timid and interrupted voice.

"What have you to say to me, child?"

"Oh, father, father," cried Margaret, no longer trying to restrain her tears; "I know you are concealing some misfortune. Father, I have courage. Besides, it is much easier to bear a real calamity than agonizing uncertainty. Father, have pity on your daughter. Tell her everything."

Sir Thomas tried to smile; but the attempt died on his lips, his forehead became clouded with wrinkles of grief, and a deathly paleness overspread his countenance.

"Misfortune?" he murmured, "what misfortune could I have to conceal?"

"How can I tell? Some royal caprice, some powerful hatred. There is something terrible, I know, for a heart like mine, father, cannot be deceived."

Sir Thomas's tender and expressive eyes were fixed on Margaret. He arose, took his daughter's hands in his own, looked reverently upwards, and, in tones of sublime resignation, said—

"The king wishes me to take the oath, Margaret."

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed; "and if you refuse?"

"It is a matter of life and death."

At these words, Margaret threw herself on her knees:

"Give me your benediction, father," she cried; "give it to these old walls, too, which shall never see you again, but which will never forget you. Oh, father, your children are orphans!"

"Be you blessed, Margaret, for your confidence in your father, and for the strength your courage gives him."

Margaret's energy now gave way to the tenderness of her affectionate soul. Cowering before the terrible blow, she embraced her father's knees, and bathed the folds of his robe with abundant tears.

"And when is this oath to be demanded?" she suddenly asked.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! This is, then, the last day, or rather the last night! Oh, father, grant this favor to your Margaret: let her watch beside you. Let us not separate. Earthly hours shall henceforward be but few—they are now so precious!"

II.

Next morning, Sir Thomas More entered the apartment where his children were sleeping, and kissed each one tenderly on the forehead; then passing on to Lady More's chamber, he embraced her also, saying he was going to return to London. Finally he went to find Margaret. The young mother was standing by the bed-side of her three children. A dark-colored cloak thrown over her shoulders half concealed her face. Seeing her father enter, she opened the door of her own room, and asked with some impatience, "Are you ready, Roper?"

Roper appeared: his dejected air showed that he knew all.

Sir Thomas pressed his hand with affection, Margaret embraced her children, and all three left the room.

A boatman awaited them under the terrace. Sir Thomas stopped and seemed disposed to return to give his children a last adieu; but Margaret led him on gently, and springing into the boat—

"To London!" she exclaimed in a loud voice. Roper and Sir Thomas followed her.

Margaret sat down in silence beside her father; Roper took the opposite seat. The skiff, impelled by a strong wind, flew like an arrow down the Thames. Roper leaned over towards Sir Thomas:

"This oath," said he, in a low voice; "why can't you take it? Is not obedience the first duty of the subject?"

"Yes, but to God first of all."

"The clergy have submitted."

Sir Thomas shook his head mournfully.

"The clergy? No. You mean a part of the clergy. And because some of the sheep get lost, must the whole flock leave the fold? Roper, death is preferable to a crime."

"A crime!" interrupted Roper.

"Yes, a crime against God, the Church, the Country. It is clear. What does Henry VIII want? England to recognize his sole supremacy in matters of religion. That is schism in the Church, and with schism, heresy, civil war, anarchy, destruction of bodies, destruction of souls."

"And by your single resistance, do you expect to clog the whole royal will and authority?"

"I expect to save my soul," answered Sir Thomas, simply.

Margaret pressed her father's hands against her heart.

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, "better save eternity than the few miserable days on earth. May God sustain our courage!"

"Amen," was the two men's answer.

III.

Sir Thomas' and his daughter's forebodings were just. Refusing to sign the oath, he was consigned to the Tower of London, and too well he knew these gloomy portals would never open to him again except to send him to the scaffold.

The little boat did not return that evening to Chelsea. Margaret,

after useless efforts to obtain admission to her father, had seated herself at the prison-gate.

"Here I will wait until God sends me the means of seeing him," said she in a firm and decided tone to her husband, and Roper had sat down beside her.

It had become night, and the black sky sparkled with the brilliancy of the stars. Roper, supported by the damp wall of the archway, had fallen asleep. Margaret watched and prayed.

Suddenly a boat landed a short distance off. Two men left it, wrapped up in heavy cloaks; they approached the tower, made a signal, exchanged a few words in a low voice, and the gates immediately opened to receive them.

After a few minutes they came out again. Margaret could not suppress a slight exclamation.

The two men stopped. The leader, who seemed to direct the movements of the other, approached Margaret and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Who are you?" he asked; "what are you doing here?"

"I am Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More. I am waiting here until it pleases Heaven to grant me access to my father."

The stranger made an angry gesture.

"Heaven does nothing for the guilty," said he gloomily.

The two men departed. Roper came out of the obscurity that had concealed him.

"Did you recognize these men?" he asked.

"No, do you know them?"

"He that kept silence was Cranmer, the new Chancellor, your father's enemy."

"And the other?"

"Must be the king."

"Henry! How unfortunate not to recognize him. I would have denounced him as my father's murderer."

"And he would have crushed the feeble reed that dared to rise against him."

"What matter? Imprisonment would have restored me to my father."

"Child that you are to forget that the Tower of London is a world where you might live a hundred years without suspecting you were near him, though separated only by a single wall."

"Child, indeed; yes, and only a child to expect happiness any longer in this world. Now, all is over!"

IV.

It was noon. Roper had at last prevailed on Margaret to abandon the stone step of the prison, and both were now seated in the parlor of a tavern in the neighborhood, when an officer, attended by some of the Royal Guards, entered.

"Is it you, madam, whose name is Margaret More?"

Margaret replied by an affirmative gesture.

"Then have the kindness to follow me in the king's name."

Roper became terribly pale; Margaret's countenance, on the contrary, shone with sublime hope. Leaning on her husband's arm, she followed the royal messenger.

Henry VIII was awaiting her with impatience. His reception was gracious and kind. He protested his love for his chancellor, his gratitude for his long and worthy services, his desire to restore him to favor and to his office, adding that all this good-will was lost on Sir Thomas's obstinacy, as it was altogether impossible to exempt him from the oath and thus give an example that could not but prove injurious to the demands of justice.

Margaret did not undertake to implore an impossible clemency. She saw clearly that, as the ambitious policy of the king had not recoiled before any difficulty, not even before the dangers and misfortunes of a rupture with the Church, it could not be obstructed by the resistance or rather the protestation of a single man; on the contrary, that it would sweep away and overwhelm this man, as the torrent overwhelms some feeble barrier it encounters in its headlong course. She listened therefore in silence to the royal protestations:

"I love Sir Thomas More, I value him," continued Henry. "I would make every possible concession to facilitate his obedience and to secure his safety. If I could only have foreseen what has occurred, I would have never insisted on the oath. But, at the present moment, when it is a case of flagrant, formal resistance, I can do nothing; he must take the oath or ——"

The King hesitated, and Margaret, lifting up her pale, meek countenance, said—

"Die, sire, it is not?"

Henry, in presence of this grief so sublime by its very calmness, yielded to an instant of rapid emotion, and covering his face with his hands:

"But that is impossible," said he; "will he not swear? Can nothing induce him? I have sent for you to say that you may visit him, speak to him. Go then; the voice of a daughter like you is omnipotent over a father's heart. Go, decide him, save him, I will be happy if you succeed."

Margaret made no reply. The thought that a woman was possessed of fortitude enough to resist the image of an infamous death on the scaffold never occurred to the king. He exacted no promise. Margaret would not have given it; silence was all that filial tenderness could gain from her heroic spirit.

"Hasten, Roper, let us hasten!" she continually repeated to her husband.

And placing her lips on the permit which she had received from the king:

"This paper," she said, "is more valuable than life! It will enable me to see and embrace my father. Come, come, minutes are centuries!"

V.

When Sir Thomas saw the door of his dungeon open, and the beloved forms of his children appear, his joy deprived him of utterance Before his sudden emotion was calmed, Margaret and Roper were in his arms.

"You here, my children! God is working miracles in my behalf."

"Judge if he is from the message which the king——"

"The king?" cried Sir Thomas, turning pale, "the king send me a message by you?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "he wishes your daughter to bring you eternal death and dishonor; he wishes to stifle the sacred voice of your conscience and to abuse your tenderness by extorting from it the oath which his authority could not obtain."

"And you accepted this message, Margaret?"

"I accepted nothing, I promised nothing; I took advantage of the opportunity of seeing you, that is all."

"But that is to fail already, since it is to deceive," replied the austere voice of the chancellor.

Margaret raised her head proudly. "I repeat, my dear father, that the king certain beforehand of my consent, did not ask me for a promise."

"And if he had?"

"At the risk of even never seeing you again on earth I would not perjure myself," replied the young woman.

"You do not then, like the others, advise me to yield for form's sake?"

"Form, in an affair of conscience, I cannot separate from fact; no restriction is to be thought of in such a case. Oh, my father, it is not your daughter who will ever advise you to weakness or dishonor! Death is better, as you yourself have often declared: here death is martyrdom!"

"Margaret, you are a noble and saintly woman: may God guard and protect you as much as your father loves you. Roper, henceforth you shall be more to her than ever; do not let her forget her father, but console her for his absence; often remind her that in a better world we shall all meet again. Tell her that if it is good to be a dutiful daughter, it is still better to be a worthy and devoted mother!"

Sir Thomas spoke long; he gave his children his last orders and instructions; he spoke to them of God, of heaven, of duty, and of suffering. As they listened, they wept and admired.

At last the clock struck the hour for separating. "Farewell!" cried Sir Thomas, "we shall meet in heaven."

"Yes," murmured Margaret, "for ever in heaven: but once more on earth too, were it even at the foot of the scaffold."

VI.

The king was irritated at the bold frankness with which Margaret on leaving the prison had declared that he little knew what blood flowed in her veins if he had imagined that the fear of death could have induced her by an act of cowardice to sully her father's noble name. In his anger he gave additional orders regarding the restraints to which the prisoner was to be subjected, and Margaret, in spite of all her efforts, could not contrive to see him.

Twice during the two long months of the prosecution she received a bit of folded paper, when she recognized her name and assurances of affection, hastily traced with a piece of charcoal. Each time she welcomed the missive as a precious relic, and still repeated:

"I shall see him again."

But now a mournful rumor spreads through the great city. Yesterday a scaffold was erected for the learned Fisher, the good bishop of Rochester; to-day it is the great chancellor, the incorruptible Sir Thomas More, who is to suffer.

"Woe!" cried the people, "woe! The blood of the just is a fatal dew, bringing death instead of life, barrenness instead of fertility. Woe! woe!"

And over these cries of the people heaven itself seemed to manifest its wrath. A storm dashed the waters of the Thames and the rain against the old walls of the prison: the fury of the elements sustained and accompanied the murmurs and the terrors of the multitude.

Still the crowd increased around the Tower, and in still greater numbers around the scaffold. People easily forget cold and tempest when the justice or the vengeance of man prepares for them the sight of human greatness coming to a premature and bloody end.

In the midst of this numerous crowd nobody remarked the pallor and anguish of a beautiful young woman leaning on a young man's arm, and with her right hand holding on firmly to an iron chain which extending from pillar to pillar surrounded the foot of the Tower to ward off the pressure. She always kept in the first rank, successfully resisting the tumultuous swaying of the crowd which heaved like a troubled sea.

By the emotions of the people Margaret could tell that the moment was at hand. The prison-door opened. The young woman slipped under the iron chain, and forced her way through horses and soldiers until she came to the first rank. In a moment the fatal cart appeared.

"My father!" she exclaimed, and tearing asunder the clasp she abandoned her cloak to the hands that tried to keep her back. "Father!" she repeated in a heart-rending voice.

Sir Thomas had recognized his beloved daughter. Standing in the cart he extended his arms towards her as far as the iron chains would permit.

In an instant he was pressing her to his breast. "Margaret," said he, "my child; courage! Farewell!" Leaning towards the executioner: "I pray you," said he, "a lock of my hair for my daughter."

The executioner with his sharp poinard performed the mournful office.

"It is my last gift, Margaret. Farewell."

And addressing Roper, who had also succeeded in reaching him, he took his hand, and restoring the half-fainting Margaret to his arms:

"Take her home," said he, with much effort.

Roper obeyed, and, lifting the young woman in his vigorous arms, he passed without obstacle through the triple hedge of soldiers and was lost in the crowd.

Soon after loud hurrahs, followed by the report of a cannon, announced that all was finished.

VII.

The evening of this same day a man and woman stopped before a house, to which the walls painted red, the doors and windows carefully closed, together with its isolation, imparted a mournful and repulsive aspect. The young woman, having glanced round anxiously to make sure that she was not observed by indiscreet eyes, knocked three times.

At this preconcerted signal a door opened, and two men made their appearance, bearing a burthen on their shoulders. They followed the young woman who, still leaning on the arm of her companion, retraced her steps until they all arrived at the river bank. The burthen was deposited in a boat that awaited them: a purse of gold was given to the two men, and, as they departed, the young woman's companion seizing the oars, the boat flew up the Thames with great rapidity.

The treasure which Margaret was conveying to Chelsea was her father's body just purchased from the hands of the executioner. But, O profanation! the head was wanting: it was to remain fifteen days exposed to the gaze of the crowd on London bridge.

"You shall bring it to me, instead of throwing it into the river, as you have been ordered," Margaret had said to the executioner, "and you can rely on my gratitude."

The executioner promised and kept his word.

Then this precious head, this head of a father and martyr, Margaret placed in a leaden box which, every day, morning and night, she piously opened, to contemplate the beloved features and to speak to her father as formerly, assured that her voice reached him in heaven.

But her secret was betrayed: Sir Thomas's enemies were irritated at this act of filial devotion paid to his memory. The king himself was so enraged that Margaret in her turn was consigned to prison.

It required all Roper's influence, as attorney-general, to put an end to this captivity. Once more at liberty, Margaret retired from the world, which soon forgot her. The rest of her life was passed in solitude, devoted to the affectionate attentions that she equally divided between her brothers and her own family. She even occasionally continued the literary and scientific labors in which she had been so long assisted and directed by her father. But the blow had struck too deeply to leave her a long life; she could not be consoled, and died in her thirty-sixth year.

One of her daughters, Mary Roper, inherited her talents, her great learning and her virtues. The mother seemed to live again in the daughter, whose life, exempt from the great and terrible events attendant on revolutions, flowed on as happily as it was pure and useful.

VIII.

The wife and especially the daughter have appeared to absorb us so completely in Mistress Roper, the profound scholar, that we have forgotten to speak of her talents and learning. We have forgotten to say that, initiated by her father into the secrets of the ancient languages, she also knew rhetoric, logic, philosophy, geometry, algebra, history and music. Some remarkable works of hers in Latin, and some of her Greek translations, are still extant.

Her father and herself had commenced, separately, a treatise on the Four Ends of Human Life. When she showed Sir Thomas her work he tore up his own, affirming that his daughter's was infinitely superior.

Endowed with a vigorous and energetic soul, she wrote with strength and depth, and always in a noble, elevated, and correct style. It is reasonably supposed that she was no stranger to the remarkable work published by her husband on the life of Sir Thomas More.

Faithful to the last wishes of one who had been always a devoted and affectionate wife, Roper had the leaden box containing her father's head placed in Margaret's arms as she lay in her coffin.

Even death could not separate her from that dear and invaluable treasure.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MONASTERY OF SANTA MARIA DE RABIDA, NEAR PALOS.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

CHAPTER II.—*Palos.*

SHOULD any of you, my dear readers, ever happen to be in the old city of Cadiz, by all means try to pay a visit to the village of Palos. It is only about eighty miles distant and is easily accessible by steam. A pilgrimage to the cradle of American Discovery is well worth much more than the little trouble you would be required to endure. Supposing then that you have taken the boat in the morning, in little more than half an hour you will pass Rota with its Moorish walls and *alcazar:* further on you will get a glimpse of San Luis de Barrameda at the mouth of the famous Guadalquivir. Soon you find yourself skirting one of the most gloomy-looking sandwastes in the world, whose monotony an occasional watch-tower, or a knot of stunted pines, altogether fails in relieving. From this dreary scene on your right hand, you will turn with pleasure to hail the gradual approach of the mountains of Portugal on your left.

Occasionally, too, you will gaze with pleased astonishment at the pair of enormous eyes with which the prow of every fishing boat is furnished. It is surprising what an effect this strange ornament produces on the imagination. You can hardly help thinking that the boats are real living, breathing monsters, sporting about in the waters. The boatmen attach great importance to this singular but old custom of providing their boat with eyes, and would be, by no means, pleased at the idea of exposing her to danger without affording her every opportunity of seeing its approach.

In a few hours you make a sudden turn to the right, and find yourself in a wide but shallow bay, the mouth of the river Tinto: up this you proceed, and it is not long before you come in front of a pine-clad eminence crowned by a large whitewashed building, which you look at with considerable interest when you hear a sailor exclaim—"Convento de Colon"—"Columbus' monastery."

The engraving at the head of this chapter you will find quite correct. On the right, covering the summit of the hill, is the convent of Moguer, called in the time of Columbus the convent of Santa Maria de Rabida. Just under it, near the palms, you can see the remains of some hydraulic works by which it was formerly supplied with water. Until lately it was fast falling to decay, but last year, in consequence of the combined exertions of the Dukes de Nemours and de Montpensier, and of the Dutchess de Montpensier, Luisa, sister of the Queen of Spain, it was taken under the protection of the government; so that at last, almost at the eleventh hour, we are assured that effectual means have been taken to preserve for admiring posterity this most interesting relic of the great era of Columbus.

That is the town of Huelva which you see near the centre of the engraving. Palos is on the same side of the Tinto as the convent. On the right, a little beyond where you see the three vessels, is the spot whence Columbus embarked on his memorable expedition. Nearly opposite Palos, on the other side, the Odiel joins the Tinto, after being separated from it for a while by the sand bar of Saltes. Three miles further on, nearly under those five crowns, is the little city of Moguer. On the extreme left you see the mountains of Portugal, and the old watch-tower in front is called Torre de Humbria.

Sailing up the Tinto, you will learn with surprise that Palos is no longer on its banks. The hand of time has fallen heavily on the little village; most of its inhabitants having been absorbed by degrees into the neighboring town of Moguer. It consists at present of only a few dozen houses, containing hardly four hundred inhabitants, and lies up among the hills, half a mile from the river. Not a trace of a wharf, not a store, not a large vessel, you can see to remind you that events destined to change the face of the earth for ever had once depended for their accomplishment on the heads and hearts of a few men assembled together in this out-of-the-way nook of Spain. Everything around is silent. Except the white monastery still standing on the distant pine-clad hill, nothing is left to tell you that in this remote corner were once grouped in earnest converse the great actors of one of the grandest and most sublime dramas of which this world has ever been the scene.

We had our last glimpse of Columbus at Genoa, a few days before his departure for active service under his granduncle Colon el Mozo, or the the younger, as he was called, to distinguish him from another Columbus, also a great sea-captain. Then we saw him starting forth in all the freshness, confidence, enthusiasm, and inexperience of youth. Since that time let us suppose thirty-six years to have passed.

It was towards the evening of a dusty, sultry autumn day, in the year of our Lord 1485, when two travellers on foot and almost worn out with fatigue approached Palos by its southern road. It was easy to see that they were father and son, but to form any satisfactory idea as to who or what the father might be, required careful and attentive observation. This, few would be unwilling to bestow. From the humble garments,

thread-bare and covered with dust, the unassuming, steady gait with which he moved along, and from the melancholy countenance so often fixedly bent on the ground, the superficial observer might at once conclude that he was only a common peasant, grieving perhaps for some misfortune. But a second glance would quickly rectify his mistake and convince him that he stood in the presence of no ordinary man. Of tall stature, his form was robust yet of manly elegance. His face was a pure oval. His cheek bones were rather high, but his gracefully rounded cheeks softened the effect of this slight irregularity. The noble expanse of his forehead revealed the amplitude of his reflections. Habitual thought had wrinkled the arch of his eyebrows. His bright grey eyes were strong and keen. The curve of his aquiline nose ended in nostrils of regular shape but rather expanded. The strongly marked corners of his mouth rendered the beauty of that feature singularly expressive. His lower lip slightly projected beyond the upper—a sign, it is said, of a kind heart. A dimpled chin, a few freckles, a ruddy complexion, and hair white as snow since his thirtieth year, complete the portrait of this great man left us by his contemporaries.* They add that his senses were all remarkably keen. His ears could distinguish a sound where others heard none, and by his sight alone he could measure distances with great exactness. His sense of taste was also remarkably delicate, but the subtlety of his smell was wonderful. His vivid love of Nature had developed it to a surprising degree. Whether in rich gardens or wild forests, on desert plains or lofty mountains, on winding rivers or the wide ocean, he was frequently seen employing this sense with curiosity and satisfaction; the different odors seemed to afford him the deepest gratification, and often led him to discoveries that would otherwise have easily escaped his notice.

A second glance at his garments too would show that though of modest pretensions and rather travel-stained, they were neither ill-made nor torn, and were as clean as could be expected. His linen was very fine and white as snow, and if you went near enough you could detect the presence of a faint agreeable perfume around him—for even when on the ocean it was his custom to scatter roses, or black currant leaves, or orange flowers, in his clothes-chest. Even the portfolio in which he carried his charts and documents breathed a sweet odor. In short, in spite of being a poor, dust-covered pedestrian, it could soon be discovered that he was a perfect gentleman. His very look had an air of nobility and authority that enforced respect. His natural dignity was such, that though a poor wool carder's son, he could appear before kings and grandees with as much ease and grace as if he had been born in a court. In the words of the historian Oviedo y Valdez, "he seemed to be a nobleman and one born to command, as his profile and countenance very plainly declared."

Though now in his fifty-first year, his regular habits, notwithstanding the many hardships through which he had passed, had preserved his freshness and vigor to such a degree that, though they had been several days travelling on foot, he occasionally took up his young companion and carried him in his arms for miles without much effort. The boy might be eight or ten years of age, and had a singularly sweet and expressive countenance.

* See page 336. This engraving of the only reliable portrait of Columbus, attributed to his friend Antonio del Rincon, the great painter, hardly does justice to the original. The likeness is tolerably well preserved, but the lines are too strong, the shadows too dark, and of course, the expression instead of being mild and spiritual, becomes discontented and glowering.

It will take a few pages to account for the presence of the travellers in Spain.

After leaving Genoa, Columbus spent fifteen or sixteen years at sea, generally, but not always, under the command of his granduncle Colon el Mozo. During this time he became an accomplished seaman, visiting most parts of the known world, noticing carefully all the phenomena that came under his observation, extending his knowledge of nature in every varied aspect, and behaving at his profession with such distinction that he was at last appointed to the command of a vessel in his granduncle's squadron. In those unsettled times sailors had to fight so often that they might be called soldiers on water. Columbus had already taken his part in many a fierce engagement, when a singular event completely changed the direction of the course of his life. In a terrible battle fought by the Genoese against their hereditary foes, the Venetians, off Cape Vincent, the ship in which he commanded having taken fire, no resource was left him but to seize a large oar and to jump into the sea. The shore was two leagues distant, but being an expert swimmer he finally reached it. Here he was now, a penniless cast-away on the bleak coast of Portugal. Nevertheless, fervently thanking God for his wonderful escape, he set out with a good heart for Lisbon, where he had the satisfaction of finding his brother Bartholomew already respectably established. This was about the year 1470.

Long before this year several circumstances had combined to render Portugal the country in which the spirit of discovery was most boldly and most successfully carried out. In the first place, it enjoyed comparatively profound tranquillity. Spain, France, England, and the other nations of Europe were still engaged in the course of civil war, through which they had to pass before they could finally settle down into distinct, well defined, individual states. In the second place, the situation of Portugal eminently qualified her for maritime enterprize: the most western portion of the European continent, she was no stranger to the Great Ocean or its waters; cooped up on the land side, her only room for expansion was on the water. But even all these incentives to discovery might have done little but for the grand conceptions of one master-mind. Prince Henry of Portugal, during the reign of his father, John the first, had conceived the idea of spreading the truths of the Gospel among the idolators that inhabited the west coast of Africa. Retiring from the court, the better to examine the possibility of executing his plan, he built himself a retreat at Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, and drew around him from every country a crowd of the most learned and able men he could find. From their knowledge and experience and a diligent examination of the works of the ancient Greek and Latin authors, he was led to conclude that Africa could be circumnavigated. If this idea proved true the results would be most important. A vast field would be opened for the spread of Christianity—the constant and always the leading idea in the mind of this good prince. The material interests of Portugal would be infinitely advanced. The wealth of Europe at that time was derived almost exclusively from the East. The gold, silver, jewels, silks, spices, perfumes and precious ointments of Arabia, India, China and the Spice Islands, were all carried over land to depots established by the Venetians, Genoese, and other Italian merchants, who distributed them through Europe, charging their own prices and making immense profits on the traffic. This land-transportation over those remote countries neither well

governed nor well provided with roads, was naturally very dangerous and difficult, and of course enormously increased the price of the commodities. If Africa could be circumnavigated, southern Asia could be reached by Portuguese vessels, the valuables could be purchased at first cost and brought at little expense to Europe, where, though sold for half the usual prices, they would still leave the enterprising navigators ample profit for all their trouble.

With these objects in view, Prince Henry labored on for nearly sixty years, from 1416, the date of the foundation of the College of Sagres, till the day of his death in 1473, but without complete success. It was long after his death that his countryman Vascoda Gama discovered the Cape of Good Hope. To us of the present day, when bold mariners sail around the world with as little hesitation and almost as much safety as if the voyage were only a trip on the Hudson from New York to Albany, this failure may seem rather strange. It will seem perfectly natural, however, if we only consider how little was known of navigation at the era of the commencement of these attempts. The art of printing had not then been invented. The use of the compass, though long ascertained, was known only to few, and to them not fully. The same may be said of a correct method of ascertaining the latitude. Mariners seldom ventured out of sight of land, and when they came to a bold, prominent cape, around which the waters raged and violent winds blew, they could not double it for want of sea room. They had no clear idea regarding the shape of the earth. Even the most learned were divided on that point. The torrid zone was considered by most to be a region of blazing fire, certain to consume whatever came within its reach. The daring navigators of Prince Henry therefore should not be considered timid or ignorant. They took the lead in effectually extirpating timidity and ignorance. They did for the East what Columbus did for the West. They were the pioneers of Discovery, however, and deserve the first honor. By improving the compass and the astrolabe they almost reduced navigation to a science. Little by little they crept along the African coast. Occasionally a storm came and drove them out to sea, but such misfortunes only gave them new encouragement. The Madeira Islands were reached, the Cape Verde Islands were discovered, and even at a distance of a thousand miles from European shores, the secret of the existence of the Azores was plucked from the dark bosom of the mysterious ocean by those hardy sons of Portugal. Let us never forget that it is to a Catholic prince, a Catholic college, and a Catholic nation, we are to ascribe the imperishable glory of opening the adventurous path in the great fields of modern discovery.

To encourage this noble spirit, his Holiness, Pope Martin the fifth, assigned to the crown of Portugal supreme authority over all the lands it might discover from Cape Bojador to the East Indies inclusive. This was the best and indeed the only means then possible to protect a weak power and secure its rights against the unjust aggression of a stranger. It was almost always successful, for the princes of Europe, at that time all Catholics, regarded the Holy See with profound veneration and scrupulously paid the highest respect to all such regulations.

In those days, thanks to the liberality of prince Henry and to the awakened spirit of discovery, Lisbon, of all the cities of Europe, might be called the focus of adventurous minds. Here the best seamen, the most learned scholars, the most enlightened geographers, or cosmo-

graphers as they were then called, and the most skilful constructors of maps, could always be found. Bartolomeo Columbus being possessed of remarkable skill for the delineation of charts and the manufacture of nautical instruments, it is not surprising that he should have sought this city as the best field for the employment of his talents. He received his shipwrecked brother with delight, and Giustiniani, a contemporary Genoese historian, says he even instructed him in the art of constructing maps. Not unlikely, but Christopher was no burthen to him. His penmanship was very beautiful, and he handled the pencil as successfully as the pen. He drew maps and plans, copied manuscripts and transcribed rare books—for the art of printing being then only in its infancy in Portugal, skilful workmen were very rare, and books were still exceedingly dear. He also became a bookseller in a small way. He purchased and sold with some profit such books as his skill in geography and his love of study led him to conclude would be most acceptable to the Lisbon readers. Thus by writing, sketching, drawing and selling books, pictures and maps, he contrived not only to gain a respectable livelihood for himself but also to alleviate in a considerable degree the condition of his parents, whom even in their old age the misfortune of poverty had not forgotten to persecute. It was a beautiful trait in the character of this great man, and acknowledged even by his enemy Oviedo, in his *Historia de las Indias*, that neither at Lisbon nor elsewhere did he ever fail to provide for the wants of his poor parents in Genoa.

He was completely exempt from the vices and coarse habits to which sailors are so liable. He never swore, gambled, or drank strong liquors. He was singularly abstemious in his food, scarcely ever eating meat, and for a drink he preferred sweetened water, slightly perfumed, to wine. Though naturally choleric he succeeded in subduing his temper, and by his agreeable and engaging demeanor he made himself warmly beloved by his friends. His habits were distinguished for punctuality, order, and industry. He never acted at random and never put off to to-morrow what could be done to-day.

His piety was deep and genuine. Never forgetting the example and advice of his good mother, from his arrival in Lisbon he went regularly every morning to the Church of All-Saints, to hear mass. Adjoining the church was a convent containing a school, or at least a retreat for ladies. The distinguished air and pious habits of Columbus were remarked through the grating, and had the effect of inspiring a noble lady named Doña Felippa de Perestrello, with the liveliest interest on his account. She was the daughter of an Italian, Bartolomeo Mognis de Perestrello, a distinguished navigator under prince Henry. He had been appointed governor of Porto Santo, the northeasternmost of the Madeira Isles, with orders to colonise it. His efforts had been frustrated by a ridiculous though serious obstacle. Some rabbits introduced into the island had multiplied so prodigiously in a short time that, in spite of all the exertions of the colonists, they ate up all the vegetables, destroyed the plantations, and finally ruined the governor. He had lately died, leaving with his widow three daughters, whose beauty and virtues constituted their principal dowry.

This want of fortune, however, did not prevent Columbus from proposing nor the lady from accepting. They lived happily for several years at her mother's house, Columbus still being employed at his maps and manuscripts. His alliance with a family of such high standing proved

eminently serviceable in more ways than one. It introduced him to the greatest men of the court, and to the most eminent scholars of the country. It is said that, one day the King, Alphonso the fifth, was so much struck with his remarks concerning the possibility of reaching the eastern shores of Asia by sailing west, that he had brought out for his inspection some reeds of enormous size, which had been cast on the coast of the Azores by western tempests.

Though Alphonso was not the prince to assist him in carrying out his idea, Columbus now found himself possessed of every opportunity of developing it. His mother-in-law, struck with his ardent spirit of discovery, told him her husband's history and his many adventures. She also gave him all his notes and the journals of his voyages, by which he was made acquainted with the whole history of the African discoveries. Information of invaluable service to such a man. After some time he embarked with his wife, Doña Felippa, for Porto Santo, to look after some of her not very lucrative possessions there, and in that island his first son, Diego, was born.

Here, surrounded by the vast ocean, on the very highway of discovery, in constant intercourse with the boldest navigators of the day, passing and repassing, his grand project rapidly ripened. One of his wife's sisters had married Pedro Correo, the successor of Perestrello as governor of the island, and through his influence Columbus now possessed the means of extending his researches in most directions. He made several voyages to the coast of Guinea, and even to the Azores. In all his journeyings and adventures he carefully noticed incidents and recorded observations, not so much for the sake of convincing himself of the truth of his theory as for the purpose of rendering it intelligible to others, and of convincing them of the feasibility of its execution. Let us not forget that these observations never originated his idea. When we come to examine them we shall see that, though reconcilable with his hypothesis and hardly to be accounted for by any other, they were by no means perfectly conclusive. The idea of *carrying out* the hypothesis originated with himself. That is the glory of Columbus. As Washington Irving says in his beautiful work, all these facts instead of starting the idea, served only to confirm Columbus in his opinion.

At last in 1476, when forty-one years of age, impelled by the mighty call, he tore himself from the dearest ties of home, family and friends, and went forth to take serious measures for its realization. His patriotism naturally led him at first to desire for Genoa the glory of the undertaking. He met there with little encouragement. Many openly ridiculed the idea. The Genoese generally, all skilful in the Mediterranean, knew little of ocean navigation. Those that deigned to consider the proposal seriously alleged the penury of the treasury. Or, what was true, that the desire of exploring was no novelty to the senate. But no good had come of it. Two captains belonging to the highest families, a Doria and a Vivaldi, two hundred years before, had started for the Great Ocean, but nothing since had ever been heard of them.

Repulsed from Genoa, and still desirous of preserving for Italy the glory and the advantages of the discovery, he applied to Venice, but with no better success. Before quitting his native land, perhaps for ever, he went to Savoria, whither his parents had retired from Genoa, with the hopes of bettering their condition They were still struggling with adversity; his sister was married to Giacomo Bavarello, a pork butcher, and his two brothers, Pellegrino and Giacomo, lived at their father's

house, helping him at his little business. Pellegrino's health was very delicate, and he died soon after. Christopher seems to have made some stay here, assisting his family by every means in his power, and as submissive to his parents as he had been in his boyhood, thirty years before.

On his return to Portugal he found the zeal of discovery somewhat abated since the death of prince Henry, his brother, Alphonso the fifth, a feeble old man, being still seated on the throne.

Alphonso died at last in 1481, and to his successor, John the second, Columbus made application for the means of realising his conception. John seemed inclined to imitate the great deeds of his uncle, prince Henry. But some assert that Columbus set too high a value on his services: others, that the High Council, upon examination, did not approve of the project. However that may be, the proposal was rejected. But the king, unable to resist the force of Columbus' reasoning and the depth of his convictions, could not bear to live in uncertainty. In an evil hour, listening to the suggestions of wicked counsellors, he yielded to an act of perfidy that will leave a blot on his name for ever. He asked Columbus for all his papers, maps, and other documents, under the pretence of being willing to subject them to a new examination, and when he had obtained them from his unsuspecting victim, he delivered them to the ablest of his captains, with orders to sail, apparently, for the Cape Verde Islands, but really to steer a westwardly course across the ocean, strictly attending to the instructions so unjustly acquired. But the captain was not Columbus. The immensity of the Mare Tenebrosum terrified him, and a storm drove him back to Portugal. Instead of covering the traitors with confusion, the failure only heaped fresh ridicule on Columbus. The king, however, discovering that the caravel had not followed the course for the prescribed number of days, saw that the problem was by no means solved, and appeared desirous of renewing negotiations. But the noble soul of the poor map-constructor shrunk from the idea of further dealings with a court capable of such black treachery. His beloved wife had lately died: there was no longer any tie to bind him to Portugal. He put off the urgencies of the king, therefore, under various pretexts, until the year 1484, when, finding a favorable opportunity for quitting the country, he secretly withdrew from Lisbon, accompanied by his son Diego.

Once more his heart led him to his beloved Genoa. But the state of things there was worse than ever. His mother was dead. His father's removal to Savona had not improved his circumstances. The Republic subjected to the Duke of Milan had neither the means nor the spirit to assist him. He reinstated his father again in Genoa and provided for the support of his few remaining years as amply as his means permitted. And then with the old man's warmest blessings on his own and his son's head, he bade farewell to his native land, and, though fifty years of his allotted existence had already flown past, he set forth once more on his divine mission with confidence unshaken, with zeal undiminished.

O valiant heart! Poverty, Ridicule, and Treachery—the world's three savagest demons—may assail thee, but they assail thee in vain! Doubt keeps far from thee, Faith encompasses thee, Hope guides thee on, Love smooths thy path! Thou teachest us all a great lesson. Would that we could take its meaning!

He left Italy with the first east wind, having decided on making his next attempt in Spain, at that time the most chivalrous, renowned, and powerful kingdom in Europe.

To be continued.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF SISTER ROSALIE.

(Translated from a recent Life of Sister Rosalie, just published in Paris by Viscount Melun.)

The Cholera and the Riots in the Faubourg Saint Merceau. 1832–1848.

In 1832 it was reported that the cholera was at the gates of France. Its march across Europe, which nothing could arrest, the long train of funerals which marked its steps, the rapidity and certainty of its attacks, its fatal preference for unhealthy neighborhoods, sickly houses, bodies wasted by excesses and misery, all exhibited it to the people as an inexorable enemy; already on its route it had awakened the absurd prejudices, the atrocious suspicions, which, at all invasions of pestilential diseases, seize public imagination, and cause the scourges of God to be attributed to the wickedness of men. To the countless victims of cholera were added those of popular fury.

Sister Rosalie was herself assailed with great terror; she foresaw the ravages which the disease was going to make in her quarter, where the bad air, the unwholesomeness of the food and dwellings, offered to it an easy prey in so many families already weakened by all kinds of privations and hardships; she trembled for the poor, for her sisters, for everybody; her soul was troubled and she prayed God to remove this chalice from her.

The day on which the cholera appeared, and the first victim was struck, all her terrors disappeared, and she became intrepid; as long as the contagion lasted, no weakness, no trouble, no fear attacked her soul; always the first in watching, in toil, at the head of all the acts of self-devotion which she inspired, she animated her assistants with her spirit of faith and charity, gave the most active and intelligent concurrence to the measures of government, to individual efforts, organized temporary hospitals,

converted to her purposes the good wills of others, and established everywhere order, promptness and continuance in her plans of relief. In presence of the dead, of the agonies and desolation of those who survived, Sister Rosalie, so sensitive, so easily moved to compassion, remained calm, serene, unshaken; she stifled for duty's sake her emotions and tears; her charity prevailed over her sensitiveness; she directed everything, provided everything, supported all, and hovered over her quarter like an angel of consolation and hope.

She had great trouble, in the beginning, to dispel the rumors of poisoning which were spread among the people: the physicians, the apothecaries, all those who approached the sick, were suspected of inoculating them with the plague; the residents of the faubourg Saint Marceau never suspected her, and always made an exception of her in their thoughts of vengeance: her name ever served as a protection and safe-guard to those who were pursued by popular hatred. In one of those moments of the highest excitement, and when the cholera was carrying off the most victims, Dr. Royer-Collard was accompanying a cholera patient whom they were carrying on a litter to the Mercy-hospital: he was recognized in the street; immediately the people shouted: "Catch the murderer!" "the poisoner!" A crowd collects and gathers around him, loading him with insults and threats. In vain he lifts the cloth which covered the face of the sick man, and attempts to prove that the physician in accompanying him seeks only to save him and not to destroy him: the sight of the man dying adds to their frenzy; their shouts and menaces are redoubled; a workman advances with a hatchet in his hand; when at the end of arguments, and seeing himself on the point of losing his life, Dr. Royer-Collard cries out: "I am a friend of Sister Rosalie." That makes a difference answered a thousand voices; and in an instant the mob disperses, and suffers him quietly to pass along.

As soon as the scourge was over, she accepted the inheritance of all the poor people who were dead; indefatigable laborer, she toiled to repair misfortunes, to adopt the orphans, to comfort the widows, and to provide a home for the old men who survived their unfortunate families.

In 1849, at the time of the second invasion, the cholera caused less noise and alarm; it did not carry with it the terrors of an unknown disease, and political disturbances diverted attention from it; but it was more murderous in the faubourg Saint Marceau than in 1832.

On a single day, in the parish of Saint Medard, one hundred and fifty deaths were counted, without including children; for more than a week, the Sisters did not sit down to table or take one moment's sleep: at every instant the bell rang, announcing a new patient and demanding new relief, and as the disease seemed more than the first time to concentrate itself in the quarters of the poor, to penetrate into cellars and garrets, to spare the rich, and even, notwithstanding their devotedness, the physicians and Sisters, the belief gained credit that the cholera was a stroke

of policy and vengeance to make the people more docile, to diminish their strength, and punish them for the revolution. It required the death of a Marshal of France, of several Representatives, of gentlemen of fortune and religious persons, to give a contradiction to these dangerous calumnies and to make it acknowledged that these afflictions did not come from men.

Sister Rosalie was in 1849 what she had been in 1832. Before the arrival of the scourge, and when its approach was announced, she felt again some anxiety and pain; as soon as it appeared, she recovered her calmness and energy; no one felt weak, lost courage, or yielded to fatigue in sight of her activity and courage; every one surpassed himself because she was raised above everybody; under her direction and her influence charity stripped disease of everything it was possible to take from it, averted remediable evils, saved the souls of those whose bodies it could not save, and when skill and care were impotent to exclude mourning from a house, it shut out despair.

The cholera assumed in the eyes of the populace its meaning and its formidable teachings; it bowed their head to the power and the justice of heaven, it led the people to an avowal of their sins, to the acknowledgment of the chastisement: its visit marked so often by passion and even by crimes, left only a sentiment of fear and repentance in the presence of God, and more admiration and gratitude for her who, in these days of visitation, had so well represented mercy.

Although always by the side of the sick, not one of the Sisters residing in the street d'Epèe de Bois fell; only one was attacked, and she recovered; it was the only one who did not come in contact with the disease, being detained in the house by a sore leg which rendered her unable to walk.

During the invasion of the cholera, assistants from without were not wanting to Sister Rosalie; a large number of young men belonging to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul placed themselves under her direction and became brothers of charity to the sick; their zeal was not confined to the city of Paris; the factories of Montetaire were decimated, the victims were without nurses; in despair and universal terror they had recourse to the Sister of the Street d'Epèe de Bois; she despatched to Montetaire and the surrounding country some of her generous soldiers. Animated with her spirit, they bestowed on the sick the attentions, the relief and kind words which imparted to the disconraged strength to rally; hope returned with them, confidence reappeared in the houses which they visited, and some time after the Bishop of Beauvais went to thank the Sister for having taken compassion on that portion of his flock.

The Asylum for little orphans was founded at this time in the Street of Pascal; in a few days seventy-nine orphans were admitted to it; Sister Rosalie went into every house to gather the children whom the plague had deprived, sometimes in a few hours, both of their father and mother.

She obtained for this establishment the generous assistance of Madame Mallet, who had shown to her an unbounded admiration and extreme affection. The Sister wished to direct herself the arrangement of the care of the whole house, and to ensure that nothing should be wanting to its poor little inmates; she passed without ceasing from her own house to the Street of Pascal, carrying at each visit some new idea, some new contrivance, to suit the requirements of this new undertaking. Soon, thanks to her care and the large contributions she obtained, the Asylum was successfully rid of the difficulties which embarrass the first beginnings of every new work. She found herself too much straitened in the small house in the Street of Pascal; being transferred to Menilmontant, it has remained faithful to the first traditions of its origin; its interior administration, the spirit of humility and poverty which prevails in it, the rule which the children follow, the simplicity in which they are reared, and the prudent idea which restores them, as soon as possible after their first communion, to everyday life and apprenticeship outside; all bear traces of the superior intelligence which watched over the cradle of that useful institution, and brought forth from the calamities of the cholera an establishment where youthful orphans find all the benefits of a secure asylum.

Sister Rosalie had to encounter a danger which seriously threatened this establishment, still in its infancy; she opposed with energy riots and revolutions; she did not like them in principle, for she looked for no good from those vague promises of liberty which have to resort to violence and oppression to accomplish their end; she mistrusted that advancement of justice and civilization which begins by the destruction of order and the violation of law; but she dreaded political disturbances, especially in her quarter. In the ranks of society against which they seem more particularly directed, riots and revolutions interrupt business, diminish incomes, check expenditures, and bring about an uneasiness and want where peace and plenty reigned; but their results are still more sad and painful for those who depend on their daily labor for their bread; the least disorder in the street puts a stop to labor, and consequently to wages, and changes the ordinary difficulties of life into real miseries.

Whatever may be the issue of the commotions they take part in, the people are sure always to be the dupes and victims of these bloody tragedies, while the greatest number of those who speak in their name, urge them to war, breathe into their ear thoughts of revolution, conceal themselves during the conflict, escape the consequences of defeat, and are the first to decree to themselves the rewards of victory; the poor populace are exposed to the dangers of the battle-field, to prison and exile, if defeated; to the loss of work and consequently of resources, if they conquer; for it always takes some time after the success of a revolution, to restore security to the capitalist, activity to commerce, order to society, and the workman has not, to supply him with patience, as the leaders of the party have, the portfolios, high offices and their share in the budget.

Then, after having suffered a great deal and waited a long time for the day of recompense, the man of the people remains what he was before, a laborer, when he does not become a pauper. Therefore, did this good Sister use all her influence to shelter her faubourg from political prejudices and popular tumults.

By her efforts to secure their welfare, she had gained an immense popularity among the residents of her district; they were proud of their mother—the coarsest of them treated her with politeness, the most mutinous never approached her but with respect. The government itself knew her power, and regarded her intervention as the safest barrier against disorder.

During the two revolutions in which the people had their hour of sovereignty, in 1830 and 1848, she employed her ascendancy for the promotion of peace and saved the conquerors from the abuse of their victory. When the rebels acknowledged no other authority than their own, they still obeyed the voice of Sister Rosalie; those days in which public authorities themselves could not pass those narrow streets, which seemed built for civil conflicts, the Sister went as she pleased, performed the duties of the police, re-established order, stopped the throwing up of barricades and caused the paving stones to be put back in the streets. She snatched more than one doomed person from the fury of the populace. At the moment in which—victims of anti-christian passions and calumnies—priests were insulted in the streets, churches threatened, the archiepiscopal palace taken by assault and demolished,* the house of Epèe de Bois served as a retreat to the religious, whose only crime was to devote themselves night and day to the salvation of those who cursed them. Sister Rosalie received them and treated them, as in other times, during persecutions, holy women welcomed to their homes and waited on the ministers of the Lord; she also offered an asylum to Monseigneur de Quelen, obliged to conceal himself in his own diocese like a robber, only to reappear at the summons of the cholera on his throne at Notre Dame, to revenge himself on his persecutors by adopting their orphan children.

When she described these scenes afterwards, those passing days of wild fury, she always took care to add, to justify the men of her district: "They did not know we had all those holy priests in our house, but if they had known it, they would have helped us to protect them." And in fact, some time after, on one of the bloody days of June, some religious women who attended to the education of little girls, heard threats of incendiarism uttered against their institution; in their trouble and alarm they had recourse to Sister Rosalie; she told them to be comforted; the same evening, at her instance, a guard of armed men was placed before the house,

* Sister Rosalie had been warned of the destruction of the palace by a poor fellow who the evening before had refused a check for bread, saying: we do not want tickets, to-morrow we shall plunder the Archbishop's palace.

and the commander ordered his soldiers not to make any noise for fear of disturbing the rest of the Sisters and the little girls. The order was faithfully executed.

But her protection was not confined to those whom the successful revolution pursued with its vengeance; she also had compassion on the men, who, engaged in these civil broils, had to stand trial for their rebellion against the victorious government; she visited them in their prisons, sought to aid them in every way, often even succeeded in saving them; faithful to her mission of personating charity on earth, she had but one aim and one thought, to avert the blow from the head on which it was about to fall, to shield the fugitive and the proscribed from prosecution. She successively protected society and those who had fallen under its strong arm; she stayed the blows of vengeance, no matter what their cause or pretext.

To be continued.

THE LAST OF THE HOURS.

In the famous fresco known as the Aurora, by Guido Reni, in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, the last of the Hours—the farthest from the chariot of the Sun—wears a darker robe than her companions and is the only one whose head is covered. Her face is by far the most beautiful in the group, though its expression is pensive.

Daughter of light! thy gaze, methinks, is sad—
  Thy hooded vesture hath no bloom of flowers—
Why, 'mid so blithe a host, art thou not glad?
  What grief hath stung thee, fairest of the Hours?

Is it that Heaven's own children, when their lot
  Is bent to human circumstance, like thine,
Share the near sorrows which themselves have not,
  And 'round the immortal brow earth's cypress twine?

When at the couch of pain the morning calls,
  Thou art the last to chase the fevered dream;
When welcome night upon the weary falls,
  Thine is the ling'ring, last, intrusive beam!

Of those that love and part, the vigils pale
  Are they not thine—and thine the watcher's sigh,
As, with wet eyes, she sees the misty sail
  Sink down, with thee, beneath the twilight sky?

Hast thou not seen—nay see'st thou not, each day—
  Youth, purity, and truth, and trust, depart—
Dreams vanish—struggles ended—hopes decay—
  And change, cold as the grave, come o'er the heart?

Thou too art Death's own hour—the dim, the dread—
  In whose wan light his shadow creepeth o'er
The opening, awful pathway we must tread,
  And the loved places we shall know no more.

Yet not all sad thy round! The passing bell
Gives thee ofttimes sweet music as it rings—
There are deep joy-notes even in its knell,
For sorrow dieth, like the brightest things!

The dew that at the haunted even-tide
Thou weepest, as last mourner o'er the day,
Last Hour of night! are not its tear drops dried,
By the wild morning's first exultant ray?

Though thine the woe of partings—know'st thou not
Long absence over—joy come home anew?
'Mid hopes and dreams that leave us, why forgot
Are anguish, doubt, despair, departed too?

And e'en when life goes wasting, with thy sands,
And tears fall fast, and, in the noiseless tread,
The quivering whisper, the cold clasped hands
And the wild prayer—half madness—may be read

Our mortal story's ending—even then
How oft, last Hour, is there a light that springs
Out of thy darkness, which the fears of men
Can dim not nor o'ershadow—but which flings

A glory, brighter than the noon day's, 'round
The bed thou watchest, until grief and dread
Blaze into triumph, and the trumpet's sound
Swells high with welcome as it calls the dead!

Let then the daughter of old Chaos wear
The robe of shadows and the mantled brow!
Unbind thy tresses to the rosy air,
And to the Sun, with sunshine, answer Thou! X.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. VI.

Moral Insanity.—The false humanitarian philosophy of the age has rapidly developed the sad consequences long foreseen by those who have been guided by the sound teachings of the Church, or who, outside of the Church, have still adhered to the traditional doctrine of moral responsibility which she inspired into civilization. The restraints which the teachings and practices of the Church, particularly the confessional, placed upon the soul in the very first step towards crime, by insisting upon the power to choose between good and evil, and demanding atonement even for the thought or wilfully entertained desire of evil—thus obstructing its outset as well as its whole progress with the stings of conscience, and the necessity of repentance, penance and restitution, while holding up the consolation of forgiveness—once thrown aside and mocked at, the ambitious, the revengeful or the avaricious spirit has no help in resisting its own temptations but the fear of the civil law and its punishments. For the sin of the

heart in thought, the law has no punishment; and the heart therefore sins with impunity. But desires lead to acts. The first step cannot be punished, and it is only the first step that appals. The fear of punishment loses its power over the corrupted heart, and the easy descent of crime to its lowest depths is made.

The mind thus robbed of its moral restraints, habituated to the contemplation of crime and entertaining the desire of its commission, yields to that depraved desire, whenever the most powerful motive of immediate fear does not arrest it. And as if the powers of evil had combined together to snatch from the poor erring soul this motive of fear, the last check to its utter perdition—this very sinful state of the mind habituated to the contemplation of crime, is to be made the excuse for its commission and a protection from punishment salutary alike to the offender and society, under the plea of moral insanity.

A poor wretch, in a passion, commits an assault; or, half starved, steals. He is convicted and punished. Well—it is right. He was insulted, or taunted, or incensed by some one, and he beats that some one. That was quite rational and exceedingly logical, as human nature goes—of course he was not morally insane. Or being hungry, he steals a loaf, perhaps, or a ham, or some petty larceny affair, to relieve his pressing wants. Rational, again—no one thinks of setting up the defence of moral insanity. He is not steeped deep enough in crime for that. He is convicted and punished; and justly, for the law could have redressed the injury if real, and the public relieved the want if deserving.

But a great dashing offender, beyond necessity, swindles to the amount of thousands, issues false railroad bonds and shares, or floods the market with forged paper—he is morally insane! That is, he has thought, lived, acted crime, until it becomes a part almost of himself; and as he ought not to have done so, and knows it, but has done so and will do so again upon the first occasion with the hope of impunity, he is not to be held responsible for it. He is not insane or unconscious of guilt or a believer in blind necessity, but so depraved in his moral views by his habit of sin, that he is to be permitted to sin on with impunity.

So great villains escape, terrible crimes go unpunished; and therefore the number of great villains multiplies, and the frequency of terrible crimes at length startles the world to reflection.

Huntington forges perhaps twenty millions of paper—his counsel set up the plea of moral insanity, already often successful in screening criminals, and attempt to sustain it by proving that he has been a swindler and a forger almost from his boyhood. His Boston cotemporary in grand villainy shields himself behind the instigation of the devil—a plea true in fact and beyond doubt, but quite insufficient in a Christian country. But the evil has become too startling. Juries, at last, shrink from giving a loose rein to such evil doers, particularly as their own pockets may suffer next. Huntington is sent to the penitentiary to recover his moral sanity; and the Boston man who sinned as the devil's proxy, as the devil's proxy receives the punishment of the sin

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

Silva pressed the hand of his friend with tears in his eyes; Emil's transports did not reassure him; he felt that he could not prolong his stay at Tudor Hall if the marchioness undertook to remove him; and the inconstancy of a light mind, until now so frivolous as that of the young lord, caused him the most lively apprehensions. Nevertheless, Silva and Mr. Moore were not idle. They commenced their secret conferences the same evening; Emil received with docility and without prejudice their first instructions: piety seemed to open the way to his heart; he was frightened at having lived so long a time without fear, in an independence of mind and conduct so dangerous, and formed other plans of life. Fifteen days effected a real change in this young man, who had never considered the price of his soul, of eternity, of future rewards and punishments, and the fearful consequences had death surprised him in this fatal and false security. Become more serious, thoughtful and often melancholy, he spoke no more of pleasures and dissipation: retirement, virtue, and search after true happiness occupied all his thoughts; his house had entirely changed its appearance.

All these new sentiments could not escape the penetrating Marchioness of Montrose; she divined the source and author of this change. The suspicions which had determined and hastened her arrival, being verified, she took the surest means of accomplishing her end; she wrote to the Count of Walsingham to beg him to recall his son: her letter was urgent, though polite. Silva, said she, engrossed the mind of Emil and takes advantage of his weak state of health to lead him according to his personal interests; she added, that she preferred addressing Lord Walsingham to offending Silva, by requiring his departure.

Lord Henry immediately conjectured that the fear that his son would convert Emil, was the only motive that governed this ambitious woman, who being the sole heir to the immense wealth of the young Tudor, might reasonably dread any change that could place a barrier between them.

He showed me the letter: we felt the pain that it would give his son; but he did not hesitate to comply with the marchioness' request, fearing, with reason, that she might lead Silva into difficulties in a country where the Catholics were daily more persecuted, and nothing was more important for them than to avoid everything that would attract public attention. He then wrote these few words to Silva:

"My son, I have weighed well the greatness of the motives which detain you at Tudor Hall—for still stronger reasons I wish your presence here; I expect you Sunday evening.

Your affectionate father and true friend,

HENRY WALSINGHAM."

Silva was in the room with Emil when he received this letter. Mr. Moore, who was absent since the day before, would not return for three or four days. Silva opened the note before his friend, but whilst reading it, he changed color; his eyes filled with tears, he gave the paper to Emil, and rising, went and threw himself on his knees before a prié-dieu, placed in his chamber.

"Will I then not obey the immutable will, made known to me by the mouth of my father? and this work so happily commenced, is it I who have done it? Is it not rather He who alone can finish it—and what need has He of a feeble instrument like me? Ah! if Mr. Billingham, my respected friend, were here, he would tell me to obey, and cast your troubles into the bosom of God; he will comfort you and destroy the cause of them."

He arose more composed and returned to Emil. "I must leave you; but if ever I was dear to you, you will not forget me, and you will persevere in the desire of being united in the same faith and belief."

"And are you going to leave me at the very time you are most necessary to me?" cried Emil; "at a moment when I must arm myself with all my courage to resist the persecutions of my family, whom my change of religion will irritate against me; in circumstances, in fine, in which I shall most need a guide, a defender, a friend, such as you alone are always for me."

"All these human reasons are very feeble, and if we rely upon them, they will fail us," replied Silva, in a different tone. "God alone will be your strength, my beloved friend; He alone will sustain you—He must do it, He has never frustrated the hopes of those who relied on Him, and all mine are in His love; He must protect and save him, whom I abandon to obey him."

Tears choked Silva's voice. Emil solicited him again a long time; he did not separate from him till about one o'clock in the morning, when he felt the need of rest and no longer able to sustain this painful conflict.

Silva conducted him quietly to his chamber, embraced him, still shedding tears, and returned to his own room, where he passed the remainder of the night in prayer. At four o'clock in the morning, he threw himself upon his horse, and without any other preparation, leaving a letter of farewell, in which his whole soul had collected all its strength to console his dear Emil, to strengthen and confirm his dispositions, he set out for Grove Castle, where he arrived on Sunday morning, almost without stopping, and only to take what was absolutely necessary for himself and his horse.

CHAPTER XII.

Nearly five months had elapsed since Silva was separated from his father and Edmund; the aspect of the ancient towers of Grove Castle touched his heart—he alighted from his horse in the village, left it at a farm house and continued on foot. He represented to himself the grief, perhaps even some outburst of passion of Emil, in hearing of his departure; but to all the reproaches which grief and nature made him, he opposed this unanswerable reasoning: "All things here below happen by the order or permission of God. The good which his presence at Tudor Hall might have effected, or the evil resulting from his departure, were in the hands of this supreme judge, who had expressed His will by the mouth of his father; ought he to think his submission would be punished

by Him who permits not the least good action to go unrecompensed." He raised his soul to God with new confidence, offered himself and his dear Emil to Him on the altar of his heart; and feeling more calm, he arrived at the castle at the moment of breakfast.

He entered without announcing himself, and going straight to Lord Walsingham, he bent his knee to the floor and asked his blessing. This good and tender father raised him up and pressed him to his heart; an amiable smile illy disguised the oppressed and suffering air of this interesting young man. Mr. Kennelly embraced him, and I also.

Edmund alone remained at his place with his eyes cast down, and in such a state as moved me to the very soul. Silva, always attentive to the sufferings of others, suspected the cause of his brother's silence; all his feelings were roused; he flew to his arms; their tears were mingled.

"O my generous friend," said Edmund, with a choking voice, "dare I still call you my brother?" Silva's transports answered.

When they were both a little composed, Henry made his son take something and asked him circumstantial details of his sojourn at Tudor Hall, and news of the young Lord Emil. Silva informed us in the first place of Sir Lois, who was still at Bath, detained there by affairs of Lord B's inheritance; but his correspondence with Mr. Kennelly gave the most consoling assurances of his perfect conversion. Henry, who suspected that his son could not resolve to speak of Emil, turned the conversation.

After breakfast, Edmund begged Silva to come and walk with him. They went out together. The former was perfectly re-established in health; his profound melancholy had nevertheless resisted all remedies. It could not be attributed to what he had suffered; but Lord Walsingham and I were convinced that it was not the effect of any physical malady—but that bitter and continual repentance was the sole cause of it. When they were alone—

"Silva," said Edmund, "I will not speak to you either of my crime or my grief; you can better than any one else appreciate the extent of it—deign only to tell me all I owe you for the preservation of the Count of Tudor, and tell me in what state you left him."

A deep sigh prevented Silva from answering; then after a short silence he related to Edmund all that had passed between him and Emil, until his return to Grove Castle.

"And the motives of Lord Walsingham for recalling you, do you know them?" said Edmund.

"I do not, nor do I desire to know them," replied Silva; "the will of my father is that of God himself, and if I have suffered in obeying, it is a proof of my imperfection, which has rendered it less free and less entire; but speak to me of yourself," continued he.

At these words, Edmund burst into tears. Silva, touched at his deep grief, which these last words had renewed, pressed him to his bosom, and making him sit down on a bench at a little distance, said:

"Why, dear Edmund, do you abandon yourself to such bitter affliction; has not God watched over you in preserving your life and that of Emil? Your sorrow is pleasing to him—but it must have just limits. The great ardor of your natural disposition might have drawn you into irreparable misfortunes, from which heaven has preserved you. Bless it, and let a tender confidence re-establish peace in your soul."

To banish this painful subject, Silva spoke quickly of Mr. Brendfort;

he was established at Grove Castle; Lord Walsingham was satisfied with his conduct. Edmund had already paid him several visits. They went to his house together. What was the surprise of Mr. Brendfort to recognize in the son of Lord Walsingham him who had spoken to him at the presbytery! His embarrassment was soon relieved by the kindness of the young lord, who invited him to dine at the castle on the following day. Then they went through the village. Silva thanked his friend affectionately for the care he had taken of his poor during his absence. They then came back to the castle; Lord Walsingham was very well pleased at their invitation to Mr. Brendfort.

The next day the latter did not make them wait for him. Lord Henry also invited Mr. Bills to enliven the company.

"God be praised," said the good old man to the count, "your little angel has returned; I took care not to die before he came back; but now God may take me when he pleases."

"You do not fear death, Mr. Bills," interrupted Edmund.

"It would illy become me, at my age, not to think of it; I was eighty years old last spring. Moreover, after seventy, one counts no more on life, or rather one should never count upon it. I have seen so many go before me, I may very well expect my turn. An old age," added he, laughing, "is not so amusing that I should not desire the moment when God will re-clothe me with eternal youth. You will not know me in paradise, you who have not seen me when I was young."

"One is very happy," interrupted I, "when he can think so calmly of a moment which the greater part of men dread, and others brave through an absurd philosophy, of which they will sooner or later become the victims."

"In the end," said Lord Walsingham, "as we live, so we die; the surest means not to fear death, is to live always in consequence of it, and unhappy he who passes a single day, a single hour, in a state in which God could condemn him to eternal death."

Edmund, placed next to his uncle, supported his hand upon that of the count with a convulsive movement, and fainted. We raised him up; I opened the door—the fresh air reanimated him; he excused himself for the trouble he had given, and came back to the table. We had no occasion to ask him the reason of the state in which we had seen him; our hearts divined it; his mute and expressive grief discovered the agony of his soul. As soon as Edmund revived, Lord Walsingham turned the conversation. They were speaking of political affairs. The Duke of Norfolk was a prisoner on account of his adhesion to Mary Stuart; they foresaw the destiny of this illustrious captive.

A few days after the return of Silva, that of Mr. Moore sensibly afflicted him, in consequence of the grief in which his departure from Tudor Hall was about to plunge his dear Emil. He was doubly grieved when he knew that it was the Marchioness of Montrose who had discharged Mr. Moore, by interdicting him the castle, where she exercised full authority.

Silva wrote several letters to Emil, without receiving any answer.

Meantime, Lord Walsingham received news from London, where the presence of Silva and his signature were indispensable to terminate the business relative to the estate of his mother Caroline, which he was to inherit entirely by her will, from the age of sixteen, and he was now nearly eighteen.

Count Henry had never intended to allow his son to go to this capital without him, which had become a scene of troubles and persecutions of every kind to the Catholics; but Edmund's state of languor, the danger it might lead to, and the fear that he would join him in spite of his prohibitions, shook his resolution of going to London and caused him great perplexity. He consulted me; I offered to accompany his son to the capital, where I was obliged to go on account of my own business. He accepted this plan and communicated it to the two young gentlemen the same day. Silva promised his father to be prudent, not to prolong his stay in London longer than absolutely necessary, and the departure was fixed for the following day.

In the evening, Silva being alone in his chamber, after having prayed a long time and written several pressing letters, was stretching himself upon the floor to take a little rest, when he saw a man concealed under his bed. Surprised, he got up, and returning to his prié-dieu, put himself on his knees, pondering in his mind whether he had given any one cause of hatred or revenge, and what could be the design of the intruder. He thought with bitterness of the state of this soul, a prey to some violent temptation, and very little disturbed about himself, he reflected on what manner he could prevent the guilty creature from consummating his crime, and save at the same time his honor. Had it not been for this last consideration, he would have gone out to call for help, but he wished to save the life as well as the soul of this miserable being.

Undecided what to do, he prayed with extraordinary fervor for the conversion of him who was devising the means to deprive him of life. In fact, whilst he was prostrate, the assassin believing the moment favorable, got up suddenly from under the bed, and throwing himself upon Silva, gave him two blows with a poignard. The young Walsingham received one of them in the arm, which was wounded slightly, and parried the other, in seizing the murderer and disarming him. He was a young domestic, whom Edmund, in a moment of quickness had dismissed several months before, and who had since then sought in vain for comfort in his extreme misery.

"My friend, what evil have I done you?" said he, with the most tender gentleness.

The latter falling on his knees: "I am deceived," said he; "I am very unfortunate—I never wished to take the life of Lord Silva."

He trembled so much, that Silva made him sit down, and gave him a glass of water, which he broke with his teeth in his fright and agitation.

"Be calm," said the young lord, "your life is safe, only do not make a noise, lest my brother or Mr. Kennelly, whose rooms are near mine, may have some suspicion. For me, I promise you inviolable secrecy on what has passed; only have pity on your soul. My God! what has led you to commit this murder, and what victim have you chosen?"

Wils was the name of the domestic. He declared that he thought he was in Edmund's chamber; and since he had been sent away, he had never ceased to desire an opportunity to be revenged. He promised, with tears, to have recourse to the sacrament of penance, and to return to the way of virtue.

Silva was for a moment pensive; he did not wish to abandon this soul, still on the brink of the abyss.

"I set out day after to-morrow for London—I will take you in my service and you will come with me. My father, who knows I have sought

you to ameliorate your condition—Edmund has himself seconded me in this design—they will not, therefore, be surprised at my choice."

Then he made him take a glass of wine, conceal carefully the poignard, enveloped his arm in his pocket-handkerchief, and going out softly, he conducted Wils to the chapel, where he remained with him for some time. He lead him afterwards out of the castle by the park gate. The next morning he went to the place where he had given him a lodging, and brought him back, informing us that he had found him and taken him in his service. He gave him his breakfast in the office, and went again to see him after breakfast and made all the necessary preparations for our departure.

Edmund was charmed that his brother had discovered this unhappy creature—gave him himself some guineas, reproaching him for not having come to the castle when he was in distress. The latter was overwhelmed with confusion, and received the money weeping.

Silva took his father aside, and told him, without entering into details, that this young man had been exposed to violent temptations, and that the care of his soul, still more than his temporal wants, had induced him to take him in his service. The count, knowing the tender charity and prudence of Silva, approved of all he had done.

The same day Wils made his confession to Mr. Moore, and we set out the following morning.

The farewells were much more affecting than I had expected. Silva had taken leave the evening before of Mr. Brendfort, whom he left to Edmund's and Mr. Kennelly's care; he had also seen Mr. Bills, whom he did not expect to meet on his return.

At the moment of parting, he threw himself on his knees before his father, asked his pardon for any displeasure he might have caused him, and implored his paternal benediction.

Henry blessed him, pressing him to his heart. "Remember," said he, "that I confide in your wisdom; preserve me my son—my consolation, the support of my life, all my hope upon earth."

Silva appeared to conceal with difficulty his violent emotion; he put the arm of the count in Edmund's; he reanimated his courage, recalling the counsels of Mr. Billingham, and added: "Never forget that this life is short—that all is useless, if we do not procure a happy eternity." Then wiping his tears and approaching Mr. Kennelly with an expressive smile: "Never," said he, "will you hear that your pupil has despised your advice or dishonored your cares; pray for me, I entreat you, pray to our Lord for me, who is all my hope, my strength and my courage."

Mr. Kennelly embraced him and we departed with Mr. Moore, who accompanied us within twenty miles of London. We left him in a village where his attendance was needed. An extraordinary joy shone in Silva's countenance in proportion as we approached the capital. We entered it in the night; I conducted him to a hotel which I knew. We could get but one chamber for us two, and a cabinet for Wills, who alone accompanied us.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Silva appeared very much fatigued; I was dreadfully so, for we had had a forced ride, in order to reach London the same day.

I went to bed without my supper. Silva took a glass of water, put it

on the table and threw himself on the bed without undressing, saying it was too late. His true motive, however, was lest I should perceive his wound, for as soon as he thought me asleep, he arose quietly, took off his coat, dipped his handkerchief in the glass of water placed near him, and applied it to his arm, from which, doubtless, he suffered much, as it had not been dressed, and we had traveled a long road in intense heat. Not suspecting that he was wounded, I did not dare offer my services, nor even to show that I was awake, thinking that he had an abcess or a blister on his arm, which he did not like me to see.

Next morning his color was so bright, that I did not doubt that he had fever. I asked him if he had rested.

"No," said he, "but it was not necessary." He looked at me for a long time with a pensive air, then taking my hand: "My lord," said he, "a great project occupies me. I could not communicate it to you, but the esteem I have professed for you demands my confidence, and I dare to hope that you will not attempt to deter me from the fulfilment of a design with which heaven has inspired me. The Duke of Norfolk is a prisoner," continued he, with enthusiasm; "alone and among the persecutors of the faith; perhaps not only deprived of the assistance of religion, but even those consolations, which though feeble, raise up the soul and sustain its courage, so often ready to fail us in these frightful circumstances. For some time this illustrious captive has been constantly present to my mind; the desire of seeing him, of recalling his last interview with Lorenzo, and assuring myself of his dispositions, alone engage my thoughts. Heaven itself has removed all the obstacles in sending me to London without Lord Walsingham. I will see the duke at whatever cost, and I read in your eyes that your beautiful soul applauds my design, notwithstanding the dangers it may bring upon me."

I really felt for the Duke of Norfolk the full value of an interview with this pious young man. I pictured to him, however, the dangers to which he was going to expose himself. They did but enflame his ardor. He enquired of the governor of the prison where the duke was. I advised him to address himself to Duke Alphonse D., whose merit I knew; he would not allow me to accompany him, entreating me to keep myself aloof in this affair, that I might afterwards, in case of need, be able to assist him; besides, being personally known to the Duke D., I would be obliged to discover his name, which he wished to conceal.

The Duke Alphonse was absent and would not return to London till evening.

Silva employed this day with men of business, regulated many things with an admirable celerity and prudence, then having affectionately recommended to me his servant Wils, he went, towards seven o'clock, to the Duke D's. He was introduced into the parlor, where he waited nearly half an hour. Stopping before a picture representing the Last Supper, he fell into such a profound meditation, that the entrance of the person for whom he was waiting did not arouse him from it.

"Is it this picture which causes your reflections?"

"No, my lord," replied Silva with a respectful timidity, "but having come to solicit a favor from your highness, I have commenced by interesting Him who alone can render you favorable to me, or the contrary."

The Duke Alphonse smiled. He was a man of about forty years of age; the imposing air and stern gravity of his countenance were tempered by much affability of manner.

"A favor!" repeated he, "I have no employment, and I do not wish to have any one—I have then nothing for any one to do."

"My lord," replied Silva, "Duke Howard of Norfolk is a prisoner, and confided to your relation and intimate friend—is it possible to see him?"

The duke frowned. "It is not I whom you must address; the Duke of Norfolk is a traitor, an ambitious man. Moreover, I do not meddle in his affairs—he is my personal enemy, that suffices; it shall never be said that I have used the justice of the government to serve my private revenge."

"This is a noble sentiment," said Silva; "but to love and aid an unfortunate enemy is still more so."

"Young man, your frankness pleases me; nevertheless, the cause of Howard is not a just one—were he my brother, I would not speak in his favor." Then after a short silence: "Your age and your candor interest me," continued the duke; "listen to me, renounce the desire of seeing Lord Howard—you will obtain it at the price of your life or your liberty."

"Ah! lord," exclaimed Silva vehemently, "I will see him; were it but one hour, I would be satisfied—and this hour I would not consider too dearly purchased had I to pay it by a thousand deaths."

"Strange young man—what is your name? your family? Are you then an orphan, alone in the world, that you make so little account of life?"

"My father cherishes me tenderly, but he knows as well as I do, that God has only given him a son, that he may be able to offer him to Him, if His glory and His love require it. My name is Silva, my family is Scotch. Are you Scotch? You know, perhaps, what has become of the son of the Marquis of Rosline?"

"I know that he desires to remain unknown."

"Without doubt, he supports his father's party."

"The party of the queen? where is it? What heart is generous enough to defend it? For more than sixteen years she has been a captive—her own kingdom against her—Elizabeth is her persecutor, and when even the king himself, her son, has forsaken her!"

"Your sincerity is great; I doubt whether you are aware of the dangers to which it will expose you in this capital."

"It is true that at present English liberty is only a name; but I know to whom I speak. It is no small satisfaction to me to converse freely before a lord whom I esteem sufficiently to dare do it without fear."

The duke smiled, and affectionately taking Silva's hand: "Sir, has your father sent you here to see the Duke of Norfolk?"

"No, my lord, he is ignorant of my intention."

"Well, listen to me, my young friend; give it up and respect the peace of your father. I cannot repeat it too often, you will be the victim of your zeal—and what if one interview could change the fate of the prisoner? You do not know what a trial it is to the heart of a father to lose his child." Tears streamed from the eyes of Duke Alphonse.

"Are you a father, my lord?"

"Yes, I have a son and a daughter; this last has been attacked by a slow fever for the last three months; she is dying!"

The deep feeling of the duke moved Silva very much, without in the least moderating his desire, maturely reflected on, to see the duke, at whatever price. He again insisted on it.

"To see the duke is not difficult," replied lord Alphonse, who felt him-

self most favorably prepossessed towards this young man, in whom everything revealed an illustrious birth, a distinguished education, and most noble sentiments; "but I tremble to allow you to return to the city, where your frank and sincere language may draw you into frightful difficulties. Remain here to-night; I will have an apartment prepared for you, and to-morrow morning at dawn of day, they will conduct you to the prison. The jailor is the father of the stewardess of my hotel—I will send for him; I must however warn you, that it depends neither on me, nor on your friends, to restore you to your family. If they discover your sentiments, your country, your attachment to the Queen of Scots, you will never repass the threshold of the door you have crossed to see the illustrious criminal."

Silva graciously thanked the duke, and accepted his offers to see Lord Howard.

"You will sup with me," said Duke Alphonse in a friendly tone, more and more charmed with the generous conduct of this young stranger, and conducting him to the dining room, he presented him to his son Frederick, a young man of about twenty years of age, of a pleasant and amiable address.

It was about nine o'clock, when one of the domestics entered in great alarm.

"My lord," said he, "the pavilion in the garden is on fire, it is enveloped in flames."

"Great God!" cried the duke, "and my poor sick daughter, who will be able to save her?"

Frederick turned pale, and taking the arm of Silva: "O heaven! it is my work," said he; "come with me, let us fly to save my sister."

"Do not expose yourself, Frederick," replied the duke, "let me go."

Silva made a sign to the young lord to detain his father, and following the servant, he arrived at the pavilion, traversing the garden by the fearful light of the conflagration. There they pointed out to him lady Malvina's chamber—it was already in flames, and without losing a moment, he seized a ladder and ascended into the chamber environed in flames. He took the unconscious sick lady, wrapped her in the bed clothes, and not daring, with such a burden, to trust himself on the ladder leaning on the half-consumed wall, he sought another egress, and passing over half-broken floors, he reached at last a stone staircase, whose steps, though burning hot, permitted him to leap and leave this dangerons dwelling. He did dot stop until he arrived at the plain in front of the castle, when the duke and Frederick ran to him, in cruel agony. He placed Malvina in their arms, and joining his hands fervently: "I am happy," said he to Duke Alphonse, "to have preserved your child—this remembrance will embellish my life."

"I owe you everything," said the lord, vehemently,—"O, young stranger, why do I not know you." He stopped after these few words, and his heart appeared occupied with a crowd of sentiments which he could not express.

It was a very restless night. The pavilion was entirely consumed, and presented only ruins. The duke repeated continually that he regretted nothing, since his daughter was saved.

The next morning as soon as they were assembled in the parlor, they came to tell the duke that the father of the stewardess was there, and that he awaited his orders; then coming to Silva:

"The jailer is here," said the Lord Alphonse; "generous young man, are you still determined?"

Silva shook his hand in a transport of joy. The jailer entered.

"Be prudent," said the duke to him; "contrive an interview between this young man and the Duke of Norfolk, and endeavor to bring him back as soon as possible."

"I cannot answer for it," replied the man, "for it is not twenty-four hours since two Scotch gentlemen were admitted to the Duke of Norfolk. I received orders, when they left him, to shut them up in a particular dungeon, where they are still."

"No matter," said Silva, "provided I can see him." Then going up to the Duke Alphonse, he enquired the state of his daughter's health, and learning that the most celebrated physicians of London had exhausted all their remedies on her without being able to cure her, he informed him that Mr. Moore had been singularly successful in curing the same disease at Grove Castle.

The duke appeared very anxious to have his attendance for Malvina. Silva promptly wrote a little note to his friend and gave it to the duke. He opened his heart to him with entire confidence, and begged him to neglect nothing to procure for the sick lady not only the health of the body, but the spiritual lights of which her family was deprived. After these arrangements, he took leave of the duke, saluted Lord Frederick with an affectionate respect, who embraced him and promised him he would never forget that he owed his cherished sister to him.

To be continued.

LINES.

Fair maiden touch thy harp again
With sweetest numbers soft and low;
Sing to the world thy rural strains,
That from thy harp so gently flow.
Why leave the gold within the earth,
The diadem in its watery home;
If not—why leave thy heav'n-born lays
Remain in dark oblivion's tomb.
No; God has placed into thy power,
A gift that's granted to but few;
Then 'tis thy duty to perform—
What God has willed for thee to do.
Then sing, fair Maid, and fame is thine,
Drink of the soul-inspiring stream;
And visions of enrapturing light
Will on thy spirit sweetly gleam.
Oh, let thy mellow strains resound
Again o'er all our valleys free,
And blend in unison the song,
To friendship, love and liberty.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

The Last Hours of Napoleon.—From the Universal History of the Catholic Church. By the Abbé Roulbacher:

We have seen a man who, in the history of the world, walked in steps of Nimrod, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne. We have seen Napoleon, the modern incarnation of military and political genius, we have seen him turn his dying eyes towards Rome, and ask of her a Catholic priest, to receive his last confessions and to sanctify his last moments on the rock of St. Helena. On the 27th April, 1821, he found himself irremediably attacked by the malady of which his father died. From this moment, says the universal biography, he only occupied himself with the duties of piety, and the priest of Vignali was almost constantly with him. "I was born in the Catholic religion," he said at different times; "I wish to fulfil all the duties which it imposes, and receive all the consolations, all the assistance which I hope for from it." One of the companions of his captivity, the Count Montholon, adds: "On the 29th April, I had passed thirty-nine nights at the bed-side of the Emperor, without his allowing me to be replaced in this pious and filial service, when in the night between the 29th and 30th April he appeared to be concerned for the fatigue I was suffering, and begged me to let the Abbé Vignali take my place. His persistance proved to me that he spoke under a pre-occupation foreign to the thought he expressed to me. He permitted me to speak to him as to a Father; I dared to say what I had comprehended; he answered without hesitation:—"*Yes, it is the priest I ask for, take care that I am left alone with him, and say nothing.*" I obeyed and brought directly the Abbé Vignali, whom I warned of the holy ministry he was about to exercise. Introduced to Napoleon, the priest fulfilled all the duties of his office. After having humbly confessed, this Emperor, formerly so proud, received the viaticum and extreme unction, and passed the whole night in prayer, in touching and sincere acts of piety. In the morning when General Montholon arrived, he said to him, in an affectionate tone of voice and full of satisfaction: "General, I am happy; I have fulfilled all my religious duties; I wish you, at your death, the same happiness. I had need of it, I am an Italian, a child of rank of Corsica. The sound of the bells affects me, the sight of a priest gives me pleasure. I wished to make a mystery of all this; but that would not be right, I ought, I will render glory to God. I think He will not be pleased to restore me to health; but give your orders, General, let an altar be prepared in the next room; let the Blessed Sacrament be exposed, and let the forty hours prayers be said." The Count Montholon was going out to execute the order, Napoleon called him back: "No, he said, you have many enemies; as a noble they will impute the arranging this to you, and they will say my senses were wandering, I will give the orders myself." And from the orders given by Napoleon himself, an altar was arranged in the adjoining room, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the forty hours prayers were said. The Emperor had still some lucid moments, and he called to mind the good he had done in his life for religion. "At least," he said, "I have re-established religion. It is a service of which no one can calculate the consequences; what would men become without religion?" Then he added: "There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow during the last three weeks, and now it is on the point of seizing on me for ever. I should have been glad to see my wife and my son again; but the will of God be done!" On the 3rd of May he received, a second time, the holy viaticum, and after having said adieu to his generals, he pronounced these words, "I am in peace with all mankind," he then joined his hands, saying: "*My God!*" and expired the 5th of May, at six at night.

Doctor Johnson on Catholic Doctrine.—Boswell, the friend and biographer of Johnson, relates the following dialogue between himself and the great English writer, on the subject of Catholic doctrine, which will, no doubt, prove interesting to many of our readers:

I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland.

Johnson.—Why, no, sir; if he has no objection, you can have none.

Boswell.—So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion.

J.—No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.

B.—You are joking.

J.—No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two I prefer the Popish.

B.—How so, sir?

J.—Why, sir, the Presbyterians have no Church—no Apostolical Ordination.

B.—And do you think that absolutely essential, sir.

J.—Why, sir, as it was an apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous to be without it. And, sir, the Presbyterians have no public worship; they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join; they go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him.

B.—But, sir, their doctrine is the same with that of the Church of England. Their Confession of Faith and the Thirty-nine Articles contain the same points—even the doctrine of predestination.

J.—Why, yes, sir, predestination was a part of the clamour of the times, so it is mentioned in our articles, but with as little positiveness as could be.

B.—Is it necessary, sir, to believe all the Thirty-nine Articles?

J.—Why, sir, that is a question which has been much agitated. Some have thought it necessary that they should all be believed, others have considered them to be only articles of peace, that is to say, you are not to preach against them.

I proceeded: What do you think, sir, of Purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics?

J.—Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and, therefore, that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.

B.—But then, sir, their Masses for the Dead?

J.—Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in Purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren who are yet in this life.

B.—The idolatry of the Mass?

J.—Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass; they believe God to be there, and they adore *Him*.

B.—Confession?

J.—Why I don't know but that is a good thing. The Scriptures say, "Confess your faults one to another;" and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also; you think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone.

The Days of the Week.—The days of the week are derived from seven Saxon words, the names of certain deities; namely: *Sun*, *Moon*, *Tiusco*, *Woden*, *Thor*, *Friga* and *Seater*.

Sunday, called by the Saxons *Sunandaeg*, was dedicated to the Sun, which was their chief deity, as well as that of *Persians*. In the temple consecrated to the Sun, was an idol representing the bust of a man set upon a pillar, his face darting bright rays. His arms were extended, and he held a wheel before his breast, typical of the circuit which

the Sun is *poetically* represented to make round our Earth, which then, and for many ages afterwards, was the common belief.

Monday, called *Mona*, was devoted to the Moon, which was represented by a female image standing on a pedestal, dressed in a very fantastic manner.

Tuesday, called *Tusco*, was consecrated to Tuisco, who, as legend reports, was father of the Germans and Scythians, from whom the Saxons sprang, and was held in so much estimation by his countrymen, that at his death they deified him. He was represented by the figure of a venerable old man, with a long white beard, standing upon a pedestal with a boar skin upon his shoulders, and a sceptre in his right hand.

Wednesday was consecrated to Woden or Odin, who was considered by the northern nations the father of all the deities, and the "*God of War*," uniting the characters of Jupiter and Mars of the ancients. Woden was represented by the figure of a warrior in a martial posture; the figure was clad in armour; in his right hand was a broad and crooked sword; in his left, a shield.

Thursday was consecrated to Thor, who was the oldest son of Woden. He was considered the supreme governor of the Air, Lightning and Thunder; in which latter particular, he answered to the Roman Jupiter, and he was supplicated for fruitful seasons. The idol by which he was represented, was seated on a splendid throne, its head decked with a golden crown, adorned with twelve glittering stars. In the right hand was a regal sceptre.

Friday was called after Friga, the wife of Woden, and the mother of all the gods; she had the attribute of the Roman Venus, and was represented by a female figure, holding a naked sword in the right hand, and in the left a bow.

Saturday was consecrated to Seater, who is, by some, supposed to answer to the *Roman* Saturnus. He was represented by an idol standing on a pedestal upon the prickly back of a perch; the figure, whose head was bare, and the countenance was thin, was clad in a long coat, confined about the waist and shoulders with a linen sash. In his right hand was a pail of water, in which were fruits and flowers.

Pure Air and Sleep.—Dr. Arnott, in his *Physics*, states that a canary bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead where persons are sleeping, will generally be found dead in the morning, from the effects of carbonic acid gas, generated in respiration. He set forth this as a fact, to show the necessity of breathing pure air in sleeping apartments, and a sweeping argument against the old-fashioned high curtained bedsteads.

A healthy man respires about twenty times in a minute, and inhales in that period about seven hundred cubic inches of air; this he exhales again in the form of carbonic acid gas and water, which vitiates the atmosphere. Three and one-half per cent. of carbonic acid gas in the air renders it unfit for the support of life; this shows how necessary it is to provide a supply of pure air for the support of respiration.

There are also certain facts which go to prove that more danger exists—that there is a greater proneness to disease—during sleep than in the waking state. In Turkey and Hindostan, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, over which the wind is blowing towards him, he is liable to "sleep the sleep which knows no waking."

The peasants of Italy, who fall asleep in the neighborhood of the Pontine marshes, are invariably smitten with fever. Even travellers who pass the night in the Campagna du Roma, inevitably become more or less affected with the noxious air, while those who pass through without stopping escape the marsh fever. Those who have traveled in tropical climes, and who have been attacked with bilious fevers, uniformly ascribe the cause of their sufferings to night exposure in the open air.

An English traveler in Abyssinia has asserted that he could live in health in that sickly climate, by a proper selection of the situation where he slept every night.

There is abundant evidence, it would appear, which goes to prove that by proper attention to the place where, and the circumstances under which persons sleep, many diseases may be avoided. *Scientific American.*

Praise your Wife.—Somebody has committed to paper the following common sense advice, touching the duty of the sterner sex. Let those who are blessed with a partner of their toils have it printed in letters of gold, read it over once a week and reduce it to daily practice, and our word for it, it will bring blessings innumerable around the domestic hearth:

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Every thing that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife;" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank every body and every thing out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, scold if the fire has got down: or if every thing is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping, your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about who you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep, sometimes); if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

The Bonnet.—The bonnet is said to have been first brought from Italy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The materials then employed were cloth of gold, crimson satin, and other rich stuffs, and the form was something between the round Italian hat and the French hood. The large Leghorn flat was the first head covering which took the true bonnet form; and all bonnets and capotes, up to the present day, have been modifications of the original model. It had first a perpendicular crown, with a large brim standing out high and wide around the face, and covered with immense bows of ribbon, intermingled with artificial flowers. From that time variations have appeared in its shape every two or three seasons, and it has gradually become less and less—at one time close and narrow in the brim, at another wide and open, more or less trimmed, according to the caprice of the mode, but always having a decided peculiarity of form opposed to the hat shape. But neither this nor any other style or shape can, it is thought, approach, in sweet becomingness, to the charming cottage bonnet, of straw, which all recollect, but which is now extinct.

Promoting Peace in a Family.—An exchange gives us the following excellent rules for promoting peace in a family:

1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.
2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.
3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.
4. To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.
5. When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to "overcome evil with good."
7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.
8. To observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything, of the weather, and encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly of the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for "the soft answer which turneth away wrath."
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves: "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"
15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be very gentle with the young ones, and treat them with respect.
17. Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive when we can.

Time.—Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measure of all things, but is itself immeasurable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition; is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise—bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra (the prophetess), it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it: he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

Strange Facts in the Vegetable Kingdom.—The various bread-forming grains—wheat, barley, oats, rye—are found to be resolvable into one. If wheat be sown in June and mown down, so as not to be allowed to come to ear till next season, the product will be found to consist partly of rye or some other of the cereals. Oats have in like manner been transformed into rye, barley, and even wheat. Till a recent period this phenomenon was doubted, but it has been tested by experiment, and reported on by so many credible persons, that it can no longer be rejected. The cowslip, primrose, oxlip and polyanthus, which were always regarded as distinct species, are now found

to be producible from one set of seeds under various conditions; they are radically one plant. So also the clove, pink and carnation are only varieties of a flower growing among the ruins of some of our old castles, the *dianthus coryophyllus.* The artichoke of the garden and the cardoon (a kind of thistle) of the South American wilds, are held as distinct species in all botanical works; yet the artichoke in neglect degenerates into the cardoon. Other examples might be given of identity of species recently discovered among plants hitherto supposed to be distinct.

Dean Swift and his Tailor.—A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into the "ninth part" of his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family were likely to famish. His monomania was well known to the Dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts.

One night the tailor, as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and next morning took up the line of march to the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible opened before him, and his eyes fixed on the 10th chapter of Revelations, he awaited his approach. The door opened, and the tailor announced, in an unearthly voice—

"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you——"

"Come in, my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the 10th chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with, and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the earth and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics, continued the Dean, has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of this angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches; and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor! He rushed from the house, ran to the shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation, thoroughly cured of prophetical revelation by the wit of the Dean.

How to Select Flour.—1. Look at its *color;* if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish caste or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its *adhesiveness;* wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat, is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that too is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy. These modes were given by old flour dealers.

The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when then the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

Fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

The Green Rose.—This rose presents quite a phenomena in the history of roses, and as its existence has been doubted by many who have not seen it, perhaps it would be acceptable to give its origin. It was originally a daily red rose, and was set out in the garden of Mr. James Smith (who is now dead), between the years of 1806 and 1808. About the year 1827, a Venetian Sumach was planted from three to five feet distant from the cluster of red roses, and during that, or the next year, one of the stalks ceased bearing the red, and commenced bearing the green roses; and has continued to the present time. Not long after this it was necessary to extirpate the sumach entirely, inasmuch as it was putting up sprouts in every direction, and becoming ruinous to the gardens; but this removal of the sumach produced no change in the bearing of the green rose. This, however, was merely an opinion which he assigned, because it appeared the most reasonable mode of accounting for its production. This rose has been twice removed from its place, and without producing injury. The original rose-bush is still alive and flourishing, and may be seen at the residence of John Smith, Esq., in the county of Bladen, North Carolina. *Home Circle.*

THE MOTHER'S CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than thy Saviour chose to be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
For His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
Was there nothing but a manger
Hapless sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger,
Their Redeemer and their Lord?

See, the humble shepherds round Him
Gaze with mingled love and fear;
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin Mother near.
Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here no ox is near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
From the ever-burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That this holy Infant came.
May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Then to dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise.

We should give as well as receive, cheerfully and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Church of the Bible; or, Scripture Testimonies to Catholic Doctrine and Principles; collected and considered, in a Series of Popular Discourses, addressed chiefly to non-Catholics. By *Frederick Oakeley*, M. A., Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A work which will be read with pleasure and profit by many, both Catholics and non-Catholics. In the origin, tone, and result of these Lectures, there is something more than usually agreeable. The preface informs us that "the Catholic Church at Islington is frequented, on Sunday evenings, by a large number of Protestants, whose regular attendance and uniform propriety of demeanor, seem to indicate that they are actuated, not by mere idle curiosity, but by a sincere desire of acquainting themselves with the nature of the Catholic religion." To answer this apparent desire, these Discourses were delivered, and with such success, that the reverend author has the enviable happiness of being able to say, "while on the one hand, the Lectures have excited no controversial hostility whatever, they have on the other, directly resulted in more than one conversion to the Catholic Church." That the same divine work will be promoted by its perusal among us, and wherever the English tongue is spoken, the Discourse IV, "*The Evangelical Counsels and the Religious State*" and Discourse XI, "*The Catholic Church the Heir to the Reproach of Christ*," will sufficiently improve. That many Catholics are hardly one remove from Protestants on these points is lamentably true. They need not chafe because a convert can see so much further on that road which has been trodden by the brightest Saints of God; and if they will, their minds may be enlightened and their hearts warmed by more familiarity with such writings.

Discourse III, "*The Blessed Virgin Mary*," contains some instructive remarks on the "Canticle of Canticles," as used in the Catholic Church; which will enable many to form some *clearer* and *worthier* ideas of that mysterious book. The learned note to Dis. XIV on the famous chap. ii of Galatians will, if we can be so fortunate as to direct their attention to this valuable work, show many a Catholic how much he has yet to learn on the ever important subject of St. Peter's supremacy. We should not too easily conclude that "our religious education is finished."

2. Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. No. 108.—May, 1857. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have so frequently called the attention of our readers to these excellent Annals, that we deem any extended notice of the present number unnecessary. Like its predecessors, it comes freighted with much valuable information, giving us statistics of the labors and noble deeds of the sainted Missionaries in far distant regions, both useful and interesting.

The Catholics of the United States have special reasons for feeling more than ordinary interest in the work of the propagation of the faith. This country has been particularly favored by the association. We have been repaid a hundred fold for all we have given. By turning to the table of receipts and disbursements in the number before us, we find that during the year 1856, the Catholics of the United States contributed to the association the sum of eleven thousand two hundred dollars; while they received therefrom, during the same period, the sum of *one hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars!* This should stimulate us to renewed exertion in a cause so worthy of our zeal, seeing that the dollars we give are returned in hundreds. Besides this information so full of interest to the Catholics of this country, the number contains a series of interesting letters from missions in China, Oceanica, the Tonga Islands, &c. These letters detail the many trials, privations, and persecutions undergone by the heroic Missionaries, and their perusal will tend to awaken our zeal in the missionary cause.

3. The Irish in England, by *William G. Todd*, D.D. Reprinted with additions from the Dublin Review. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are much pleased to see this able article, which appeared some time ago in the Dublin Review, reprinted in a form that will facilitate its circulation. The position of the Irish Catholics in England is so analogous with their residence in this country, that its perusal on this side of the Atlantic will produce much good. Having given a lengthy notice of the article in a previous number, we deem it unnecessary to say more than to commend it again to our readers in its new form.

4. The Catholic Youth's Magazine. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have received the first number of this work, but too late for notice. From a cursory glance, however, we are favorably impressed with the Magazine, and bespeak for it a hearty reception from the Catholic community. Its neat and handsome exterior, together with the exceedingly interesting contents of its pages, will we are sure render it a favorite to our youth, and give it a welcome to every Catholic household.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—In the literary world abroad, several works of interest are announced. Among these we may notice a translation of the complete works of the Blessed Leonard, of Port-Maurice, a Franciscan of the last century, whose apostolic labors made him one of the apostles of Italy. His name is still in benediction, and his labors endure in their fruitfulness. His works, regarded as ascetic treasures in Italy, have been recently published by Father Salvator d'Ormea, from primitive editions and manuscripts, still preserved in the convent of St. Bonaventure. The present translation into French, by Labis, will make this servant of God more widely and better known. A new translation of the works of Saint Alphonsus Liguor, is also announced. One was published some years since, but, from some cause, it did not meet general favor, and the present superior one is published by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, with the approbation of Father Mauron, the Superior General.

The friends of Biblical literature will rejoice at the announcement of the most important, but incomplete work of the late Cardinal Mai, viz: *The Critical Edition of the Septuagint and of the Original Text of the New Testament, according to Codex Vaticanus*, which has never been thoroughly examined. After the Cardinal's death the necessity was recognised of once more comparing word by word with the manuscript his text, which was already printed (but not published) in five quarto volumes at the Propaganda press. The Holy Father entrusted the revision of this important work to the three learned scholars, Vercellone (Barnabite), Guido (Dominican), and Passaglia (Jesuit). Their gleanings, both in substance and extent, are considerable, for they fill fifteen sheets. The printing of the slips to be inserted has already commenced. F. Vercellone, General Procurator of the Barnabites, has made a valuable discovery in the Vatican which bears directly on this subject. He has found three manuscripts which contain a collection of critical materials for the emendation of the Vulgate. The *variæ lectiones* offered in them are all from manuscripts written before the eighth century. Not only is this a treasure for the critical study of the text of the Vulgate, but it is an addition to mediæval literature which may be called unique.

Another important work, *The History of the Council of Trent*, is about to be brought out in Rome, under the auspices of Pius IX. Padre Theiner, the editor and compiler, has been for many years the Prefect of the Secret Archives of the Vatican, and in his official situation has had full and free access to all the MSS. During many years he has privately worked out his history of the Council, and has amassed an enormous number of documents on the subject. In the revolutionary period at Rome, fearing that the original codices might be destroyed or removed from his keeping, he caused *fac*

similies of the autograph signatures of the Fathers to be engraved in copper-plate. At the instigation of Mgr. Roscovani, the Bishop of Waitzen, who was in Rome seeking for materials for a scientific work, Padre Theiner sought an audience of the Pope, and begged permission to publish his work, detailing all his secret labor, and at the same time asserting that he had never intended to send the book forth into the world without the full authority and sympathy of the Church. The Pope referred the matter to a commission of learned and pious men, who, without a dissentient voice, declared themselves in favor of the work. The result is, that the Pope has consented to its publication, and added 10,000 scudi to aid in the project, and besides has reinstituted the famous printing-press of the Vatican, which will commence its new life with Padre Theiner's "*Complete History of the Council of Trent*," and with the publication of all the original documents which have been so long kept from the vulgar gaze among the countless MSS. of the Vatican. The first part will appear in three folio volumes, containing the complete diary of the Council as it was arranged by Signor Massarelli, the Secretary, and signed by the Father's themselves; also, the acts of the Council from its formation in December 13, 1445, to its close on December 4, 1563, with all the disputes, controversies, and correspondence during that time. These acts are now for the first time presented to the world in an unmutilated form. The second part, also in three folio volumes, will consist of documents relating to the Council, which are not actually official, but at the same time necessary to its history. Signor Theiner has, during the time occupied in setting up the Vatican press, made a journey to Trent to examine the 52 volumes of documents relating to the Council, which are preserved in the Mazzetti Library.

The house of Casterman, which is now of Paris as well as of Brussels, also announce the *Essai théorique de Droit Naturel*, by Father Taparelli d'Azeglio, and several little Dramas for school exhibitions. These are frequently in demand toward the close of the scholastic year in our institutions, and we mention the fact with all due deference to those who condemn theatrical displays in our educational establishments.

Bray, of Paris, has just published a French version of *The School of the Priest*, an admirable work for ecclesiastics, especially in time of retreat. It is written by Tanner, Abbot of Enseedlen (Our Lady of the Hermits) in Switzerland, and ranks as a superior work.

Julien, Lancer & Co. have in press, a series of works to serve as a complement to the *Lettres Edifiantes*, that famous collection of letters of Jesuit Missionaries in all parts of the world.

A new and useful addition to Catholic periodical literature has appeared at Brussels, entitled *Une lecture par semaine*—its object being to restore the true state of facts corrupted by ignorance or bad faith. The field is undoubtedly ample.

To the foregoing we may add, a *History of the Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America* during the ages anterior to Columbus, by the Abbé Brasseur, former Chaplain of the Legation of the French in Brazil, and ecclesiastical director of the Indians of Rabinal, in Guatemala. Under the head of Science and Philosophy, we have the *Scientific Expedition in Mesopotamia*, executed by the order of the French government, from 1851 to 1854, and published under the direction of the Minister of State. M. Joachin Meriant's Essay on the *Religious Philosophy of Persia*, lately issued from the French press, is said to be an able and erudite work. The author investigates the questions: Who was Zeroaster? What religion did he proclaim? What is known of his life and doctrines?

The English press has also been actively engaged. C. Dolman, of London, has recently issued *A History of the Church of England from the earliest period to the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in* 1850, by the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan.

The famous Dr. Puesy, who was reported some time ago as dead, has recently issued a new work entitled: "*The Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ—the doctrine of the English Church.*" The views long entertained by Dr. Puesy, touch-

ing the doctrine of the Real Presence, will make this work of interest both to Catholics and Protestants.

Life of Mother Seton—French Translation.—We announced in a preceding number, that this work, by the Rev. Dr. White, had been translated into French, by the abbé Babad of Lyons, and published by Lecoffre & Co., of Paris. The translation is very favorably noticed in a recent number of the *Ami de la Religion*, one of the oldest and most ably conducted periodicals on the continent enlisted in the cause of the Church, and the merits of the biography itself are alluded to by the critic in very flattering terms. We subjoin his observations which, we doubt not, will prove interesting and instructive to our readers, especially as they afford a gratifying evidence of the high appreciation in which an American author is held on the other side of the Atlantic:

"In inspiring the author with the idea of writing the life of Mrs. Seton, it seems to have been the design of God to provide a specific antidote against the errors and weaknesses of our times. In contrast with that materialism which causes so many to bow down before the golden calf of worldly interest, it was well to exhibit the sublime indifference of a christian who had passed with tranquil soul through the cloud and sunshine of life, her eyes always uplifted to heaven, even under the pressure of the most trying evils. Near this noble form, in which we behold a personification of constant submission to the will of Providence, there stands prominent in the picture a band of those visible angels whom Heaven sends to the relief of suffering mortals and as an illustration of the generous devotedness that springs from christian faith. In the United States, where the flag of unbounded liberty waves in union with that of a religious independence, which makes no distinction of creeds, and bears with the onward progress and daily conquests of Catholicism, God raises up a heroine who is destined by her example to confound the pride which spurns the yoke of religion; a heroine who, despite the prejudices of sectarianism and the embarrassments of family ties, advances generously to the foot of the altar, where she tramples under foot reputation, fortune, support of friends, present comforts and future prospects, in order to enrol herself among the children of the Catholic Church. But, as imperfection becomes not the chosen instruments of his will, he calls this privileged soul to something higher than the observance of precept—to the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, that is, to all the sublimity of the evangelical counsels. In this exalted virtue we find a check to our self-indulgence: we feel stronger for the spiritual fight when we contemplate the energy of that heart which, although tender and weak of itself, derived from the grace of God, on every occasion, a constancy and courage superior to all trials and contradictions. No one whose bosom still retains a spark of faith, and a little of that good-will to which Heaven always gives a blessing, can read this biography without becoming better.

"In this respect, the Life of Mrs. Seton bears an analogy with all other works of the kind that emanate now-a-days from the religious press, and commend themselves to the piety of the faithful by the attractions which the talent of eminent writers has given them. But, the work before us has two distinguishing features which render it, in our opinion, more worthy of recommendation than many other productions of the same class. In the first place, like the life of the illustrious Madam de Chantal, it exhibits a moral in action which may be well proposed to the consideration of children, of wives, of mothers, and of religious. Secondly, it has the rare merit of affording interesting and profitable reading both to pupils and their instructresses. Maternal experience and tenderness must necessarily render the lessons and example of a preceptress doubly valuable in the eyes of those who wish to discharge conscientiously the same arduous and meritorious office. We may add, that this biography addresses itself to persons of every age and condition, and offers precious resources for the discovery of divine truth to all Protestants who are sincerely desirous of finding it.

"The philosophy of history in this volume is but that of the gospel. The author, as he tells us himself, endeavored to make it, as much as possible, an autobiography; and his modest reserve in this respect is pleasing to us while it is honorable to him. In

concealing himself, he brings more clearly into view the natural wisdom of his heroine, perfected by the light of heaven and rising always to the level of her position, however painful or difficult. It is Mother Seton drawing her own portrait, by the artless pouring forth of her soul, by allowing the treasures of her heart to overflow. If Dr. White permits himself an occasional reflection, he is always correct in doctrine, and natural and just in his opinions, like the subject of his biography ; and nothing falls from his pen that would not be approved by sound theology and the most perfect mystical science.

"Solid minds, we have no doubt, will be pleased with this work, and we have no hesitation in saying that it will not be devoid of charms for those friends of literature who know how to make allowance for the habits and genius of the nation to whom an author addresses his work. If we saw any imperfections in this biography, their cause, or at least their excuse might be discovered in their over-serious character of the American people, who would see only a proper fluency and wisdom of expression in a style which some of our readers (in France) would consider rather diffuse and not sufficiently rapid and concise.* But, in reading this volume we are continually captivated by the varied charms of Mother Seton's brilliant imagination, exquisite sensibility, and happy use of the Holy Scripture, with which she was so familiar, and a manner of expressing herself, peculiar to her, simple, sublime, attractive, and abounding with all the beauties of that tender, insinuating, and persuasive poetry that wins every heart."

American.—The dull season is nearly over, and the announcement of new works foreshadows an unusual degree of activity among Catholic publishers. Messrs. Dunigan & Brother announce a new edition, in two volumes, of Moore's well known and popular *History of Ireland.* Also, *The Convert; or, Leaves from my Experience*, by O. A. Brownson, LL. D. This work, from so distinguished an author, will be looked for with much interest. The same house have in press, *The Aspirations of Nature*, a new work, by the Rev. I. T. Hecker, the distinguished author of "*The Questions of the Soul.*" The popularity which attended Father Hecker's former work will give a welcome to anything that may emanate from his gifted pen. *Rome : its Churches, its Charities, and its Schools*, by the Rev. William H. Neligan, LL. D., announced by the same publishers, is a work which will be looked for with much interest. The Rev. author is a distinguished convert from Anglicanism, who has spent a considerable time in Rome, and is, therefore, well qualified for the task he has assumed. Messrs. Dunigan have also in press, *Sancta Sophia*, by the Rev. A. Baker, of the Order of St. Benedict : and the long-since promised *Treatise on Church Music*, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson.

Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, announces new editions of the following works : *Shamrock Leaves, gleaned in the Field of Irish Literature.* This work consists of Tales and Stories of Ireland, selected from the most popular authors, and will, no doubt, meet a ready sale. Also, *The Festival of the Rosary*, by Agnes M. Stewart, revised and enlarged by the Rev. James Fitton ; and *River's Manual ; or, Pastoral Instruction on the Creed, Commandments, &c.*—an important and useful work.

The Rev. James Kelly, Pastor of St. George's church, Philadelphia, announces for publication so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to defray the expense, *The Catholic Treasury of the Sacred Scripture.* This is one of the most important works recently announced, and its publication will be anxiously looked for. The Rev. author was distinguished as a theological student at Maynooth—a guarantee that the work will be worthy of Catholic patronage.

Messrs. Sadlier & Co., of New York, promise shortly to favor the public with *The Life and Labors of St. Vincent de Paul*, by Henry Deford ; and *The Life of St. Francis de Sales*, by the same author. Also, *Alice Sherwin*—a Tale of the Times of Sir Thomas More.

*A distinguished American critic, speaking of this work, says: "The style of this biography is celebrated for its elegance. Dr. White is a classic writer, one of the best we have, and if he had not been a Catholic and a priest, might have been a distinguished man of letters. The life of Mother Seton is his best monograph, and will give him a lasting reputation with American Catholics."

Editors' Table.

Our friend S. M., who has been reveling in the pleasures of by-gone years, sends us the result of his birth-day meditations. There is something in a birth-day celebration, if we may use the expression, sadly pleasing. Amidst the pleasure which we naturally feel at having added another year to the decade of our existence, the sad thought irresistibly intrudes itself upon our minds that its return has brought us one year nearer to the goal of our departure hence—that, no matter what be our youth, our strength, and prospect of lengthened years, our days are numbered; and that the time will come when it will be recorded against us. O! man, make joyous this, thy birth-day, for most assuredly before the return of its anniversary thou shalt die!

TO MY BIRTH-DAY.

Hail, day of my birth! art thou coming once more
  Of the fleetness of life to remind me;
Or cast a dim light on the days that are o'er—
  On the joys that lie withered behind me.

Thou jolly old day thou art dear to me yet!
  Tho' at each return thou art shading
Some sunbeam of joy that would dazzlingly flit
  On the summit of hopes that are fading.

The dear little children that play'd 'neath the wood
  With me—where the stream was descending,
Where the woodbine hung shelteringly over the flood;
  With its beautiful clusters low bending—

Have grown to maturity; solemn or gay;
  As their various tempers incline them;
And tho' they are all scattered far, far away,
  To my heart does fond memory bind them.

Some O, alas! are laid down with the dead;
  But, ah! it is useless to sorrow,
Or sigh for the generous souls that are fled,
  When I may be with them to-morrow.

O, day of my birth! when thou last shalt return,
  And my life and my sorrows are ending;
May I then know the lesson you bid me to learn
  When the sun of my life was ascending.

Hope beams on the spirit of virtue and worth,
  When the twilight of death all is shading;
As the planets of heaven shine cheeringly forth,
  When the last beams of day are all fading.

Grant, heaven, this boon while this body I wear,
  Ere the chord of existence you sever:
May my last feeble accents be uttered in prayer,
  Ere my tongue shall be silenced forever.

S. M.

Prospectus of Santa Clara College.—*Catholic Teaching.*—There is, perhaps, nothing in the history of the Church in this country more truly gratifying to the Catholic heart, and, at the same time more astonishing to our Protestant fellow-citizens, than the progress of Catholic education. Despite of every opposition it has flourished, and still its progress is onward. Almost every day brings the gratifying intelligence of the founding of new colleges and the erection of new schools. Turn where you will over this vast continent, Catholic educational establishments meet your view. Even in California, whose geographical position but a few years ago was scarcely known, Catholic literary institutions form already the proudest monuments of the "golden" State. In the beautiful valley of Santa Clara, famed for the mildness and salubrity of its climate, the college of the Jesuit Fathers rises majestically, and marks the spot as a locality consecrated to science and religion. Though yet in its infancy, the college of Santa Clara, in the extent of its arrangements, in the completeness of its chemical and philosophical apparatus, the efficiency of its professors and the number of its students, will already compare with many of the older educational institutions in the Atlantic States.

We frequently hear it repeated that the Catholic Church is hostile to education; that the clergy keep the people in darkness. If this charge were applicable to other lands—a charge disproved by every page in the history of the Church—no man unless he closes his eyes to every evidence of truth, can for a moment admit that the charge will apply to the Catholic Church of the United States. True, Catholics have not given a willing assent to the State schoolism, so prevalent throughout the country, though they have been compelled to contribute to its support according to their means. They have not been willing to bow their necks to a system of education which they deem inadequate to the true wants of their children.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the merits or defects of the public school system, or to say a single word that might in the remotest degree offend its admirers. We are even willing to accord to those who originated it, the merit of having attempted a noble enterprise; and if it has failed to produce the golden fruits which its friends anticipated, it is a subject of regret rather than of reproach. Suffice it to say, that the system in its practical operation, is not in accordance with the sublime teaching of the Catholic Church. It wants the saving element of religion, which should underlay every system of education. Catholics feel that their children require other lessons than those which relate to the day-book and the ledger; other sciences than those of measuring the numbers of Virgil and the periods of Demosthenes; and while they freely admit the advantages of secular knowledge, they feel that the science which relates to the eternal welfare of their children, is of paramount importance. Hence, if they rejected the proffered boon of free education, under a system controlled by the State rather than the Church, it is not that they love education less, but because they love religion more. Their zeal for education is seen in the numerous schools which they have erected in every section of the country. But they are unwilling to subscribe to the absurd doctrine, that secular education, be it ever so profound, will impart morality, or curb the vices of the human heart; that education alone is the supreme arbiter of man's happiness, the goal of his destiny. They love education, but they desire to see it in its proper place, subordinate, not superior to religion.

Every day convinces us more and more of the importance of the Catholic system of education—the blending of religion with the study of the secular sciences. The decay of the moral principle, which is everywhere visible, admonishes us that their is a radical defect somewhere in the social structure. Already the ark of the Union, freighted with the hopes and the destinies of the nation, is wildly tossed by the billows of discord, while the vortex of fanaticism is opening to engulph it. Ambitious partisans, with specious appeals to local prejudices, have endeavored to alienate one section of the country from the other, and to engender a spirit of contention and strife. A wild insubordination reigns abroad upon the land. The laws are powerless to restrain the violent, to vindicate the rights or to protect the persons and property of our citizens.

Almost daily scenes of outrage are committed. "Vigilant committees" usurp the power of the State and dispose of the lives of our citizens with as much impunity as if the laws had vanished from the land. We have heard the cry: educate, educate; enlighten the popular mind—as if this alone were the all-saving panacea, destined to heal the moral distempers of society, to give stability to the State, efficiency to the laws and happiness to the people. State-schoolism has been tried, and after years of experiment, its most ardent friends are forced to acknowledge that it has failed to remedy the evils it was designed to cure. The Catholic system of education is the only one capable of supplying the wants of the times—it alone cultivates the heart, while it instructs the intellect.

But even apart from the religious element that presides in our schools, the Catholic system of education is the only system which really harmonises, in all its bearings, with the institutions of the country. The long cherished motto of our country, *E pluribus unum*, was practically the motto of the Catholic Church for ages before the free flag of Columbia was unfurled to the American breeze. The Church, in her teaching embraces all nations, binding them together as the children of one common family in the silken cords of faith and the bonds of fraternal charity. She reckons not her members by nations, and recognises no distinction among them by reason of their country. And here, in America, she preserves the same beautiful order of union, harmony and fraternal feeling. Here she is not governed, like so many of the various denominations of the commonwealth, by the geographical division of the country. Here she recognizes no north nor south among our citizens, but the *Union* and the *Constitution*, one and inseparable, from Maine to California. She deprecates the slightest interference with any of the domestic institutions of the country, and has no dogma of faith nor formula of practice that she cannot as freely proclaim in Boston as in New Orleans.

The same elements of unity and harmony which emanate from her sanctuary are proclaimed in her schools. Here the children of our citizens are taught in connection with those lessons which will render them useful members of society, those sublimer lessons which will render them worthy candidates for heaven. Prompt obedience to all the dictates of religion, reverence for parental authority, respect for the laws, ardent attachment and patriotic devotion to the institutions, are the lessons that emanate from the Catholic schools.

Let Catholics set a just estimate upon their own schools; let them cherish and support them.

The Catholic Vindicator.—This valuable paper, which long maintained a prominent position among the Catholic journals of the country, and did good service in the cause of Catholicity, has been transferred by the late proprietor to Daniel Finn, Esq. Mr. Finn intends to continue the publication of the paper under the title of the *Detroit Vindicator*. The new paper, though not heralded as a Catholic journal, will, nevertheless, be devoted mainly to the vindication of the rights and maintaining the interests of Catholics.

While we regret the loss of the *Catholic Vindicator*, we cannot but rejoice that its mantle has fallen on one so competent to sustain it. We wish the new paper that success which the talents of its editor is justly entitled to.

Record of Events.

From July 20th to August 20th, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—The progress of the Pope through his dominions still continues, much to the satisfaction of his delighted subjects. His visit to Bologna was attended with many circumstances of interest, and the city, during his stay, exhibited one continued holiday. He occupied the beautiful residence of St. Michele, in Bosco, about half a mile from Bologna. He visited Modena, where he remained for two days. As the Holy Father's object in his present pilgrimage seems to be chiefly to satisfy himself in person of the condition of the people, and to encourage religion, science and arts, he visits not only schools, colleges and religious institutions, but also work-shops and prisons. Before going to Medona, in order to encourage industry at Bologna, he visited the exposition of the manufacturers of the province, which was exhibited in a spacious palace called the "Borsa del Commercio." Nine halls were filled with beautiful specimens of useful Bologna arts, such as a great variety of cloths, silks, &c. The damask of Bologna is celebrated. Although it is a most tedious duty to examine what one does not understand, the Holy Father stayed two hours in this exhibition, and highly commended the artisans for their industry, and also for being instrumental in giving means of subsistence to so many of the poor inhabitants of Bologna. After his return from Modena, where he visited the convent of Silesian nuns, founded by the Duchess of Parma, the Jesuit Colleges, and several charitable institutions, he also visited the University of Bologna, and spent in it three hours and a half, examining in detail everything it contained. The library is celebrated as containing some most interesting manuscripts and rare books. Amongst them is the first edition of the famous book of Henry VIII against Luther—"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum. Lond. in Ædilis Pyrsnicuis, 1512: dedicated to Leo X," with the autograph Signature, "Henricus Rex." It appears that Henry VIII sent two copies of this work, which earned him the title of "Defender of the Faith," to Leo X, for there is another copy exactly similar in the Vatican Library. He subsequently visited the nuns at the House of the Good Shepherd, to the great joy of the zealous religious and the penitents of the institution. He addressed them in a kind and parental manner, and presented to the establishment a liberal donation before he left. The Holy Father next visited the hemp manufactory, about two miles from Bologna, and spent several hours in going through the establishment and giving encouragement to the proprietors and the employees to persevere in so useful a labor He next visited the great establishment of "Salt and Tobacco," Salite Tabacchi, as it is called here. This speculation used to be a monopoly of Prince Torlonia, of Rome, and he made a fortune out of it. Now it is in the hands of the Pontifical Government, and yields a handsome revenue. In the States there are several establishments where they make snuff and tobacco, and derive great profit from these articles of general consumption in the Papal States. At Chiaravalle, near Ancona, there is a magnificent establishment. Here, too, there is a large convent converted into a manufactory, in which everything is conducted with great order and industry. Seven hundred women are employed in this establishment, who are to be placed under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, or other religious, a regulation which the Holy Father is about to introduce, not only in this, but also in all other large manufacturing establishments in the Papal States. After performing the tedious duty of going over this vast establishment, the Pope went out to see the Mint, where they coined some medals and some pieces of money, in his presence, and after-

wards he returned to St. Michele. On the tenth of July, after paying a visit to the "Accademia della Bella Arti," the Academy of Fine Arts, the Pope left Bologna for Ferrara, which he entered beneath a series of triumphal arches, statues ornamented with garlands of flowers, festoons, and inscriptions. On his arrival, he first went to the Cathedral, and received the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as is his usual custom on entering a city for the first time. From the Cathedral he repaired to the magnificent Archiepiscopal Palace, from the balcony of which he gave his benediction to the people. At night the beautiful facade of the Cathedral was brilliantly illuminated, as well as the principal streets, and the ancient palace of the Duke of Ferrara. The Holy Father is expected to return to his capital about the 5th of September.—The city of Rome is quiet; nothing having occurred since the departure of the Pope to interrupt its tranquillity.—Late advices announce the death of General Farina, the Minister of War of the Pontifical Government.

Naples.—An unsuccessful attempt at insurrection was made during the early part of July. The plot was conceived on a large scale and skilfully organised, the most experienced conspirators, not only of Italy, but also of France and Germany, being privy to the arrangements. The supreme direction of the conspiracy was entrusted to Mazzini. During the few months previous to the attempt, he is said to have visited several places in France, Germany, Switzerland, and even the Italian provinces of Austria, but seeing so few join the movement, he is reported to have countermanded it, and escaped from Leghorn on board a ship carrying the Portuguese, or, as some accounts say, American flag. The insurgents, however, made an attack on Sapri and Torraci, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Twenty taken with arms in their hands, were shot; numerous arrests were made of suspected parties, and preparations were being made for their trial. Among these is a Miss White, an English lady, who is regarded as an agent of Mazzini. The papers found on the prisoners, and the arms and ammunition hidden in various places, show what were the intention of the conspirators: plunder of the rich, and of the middle classes who had any wealth. Lists of the houses which were to be pillaged, and persons were indicated, whose sole crime was the not partaking of the opinions of Mazzini; for this they were to be poignarded. The Marquis Ernest Pareto is arrested, on account of the suspicion which attaches to the intimacy of Miss White with his family.

Spain.—The attempted insurrection in Spain has also been suppressed, and a large number of suspected parties have been arrested. In the city of Madrid alone the number exceeded 1600. At Seville upwards of 40 of the insurgents were shot. Executions had also taken place at Lavalle, Arahal, and other places. A deputation from the Corporation of Seville, accompanied by the deputies for that province, and bearing a petition signed by nearly 3,000 persons, waited upon the Duke of Valencia to entreat him to use his influence with the Queen to stop the executions in Andalusia. Another petition, signed by the women of Seville, had been sent to the Queen. In reply to the deputation, General Narvaez read a royal order, which enjoined the authorities of Seville to put no one else to death without previous communication with the government. —It is stated that Queen Christina will shortly return to Madrid.

France.—The details of a plot to assassinate the Emperor during his stay at Plombieres, has been the chief topic of comment in the French and English journals. The *Moniteur* contains the following particulars: "For more than a month the police have had proof that a plot had been formed in London to make an attempt on the life of the Emperor. Three Italians, charged with the execution of this horrible project, were at Paris, and arrested. The arms also which were to have been used for the perpetration of the crime, have been seized; they consist of poinards, revolvers, &c. Brought to justice, the prisoners had already confessed their crime, and revealed the names of their accomplices. The government, notwithstanding, suspended the proceedings against them, in order that the *eclat* of the process might not be regarded as a means of influencing the result of the elections which were about to take place. The proceedings

are now resumed, and an ordinance of the Judge of Instruction has sent before the Chamber of Accusation all the prisoners arrested, with their accomplices. Their names are Thibaldi, Bartoletti, Grilli (otherwise Saro), Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Mazarenti and Campanella."—Ledru Rollin has addressed a letter to the Judge d'Instruction of Paris, who is charged with preparing the evidence against the Italian conspirators, with a view of clearing himself of any connection with them. The plot against his life, however, has not prevented the Emperor from making a flying visit, accompanied by the Empress, to Queen Victoria —Beranger, the celebrated poet, died recently in Paris. His funeral took place under the direction of the authorities, to guard against any disturbances, which were anticipated. The infidel sentiments of Beranger were well known. His poetry was often irreligious, and aimed at bringing the Church into contempt. It is a consolation, however, to know, that in his last moments he become reconciled to the Church, and died in the Catholic faith. The *Univers* has the following touching his last hours: "Beranger was taken ill and did not deceive himself as to the gravity of his position. The Cure visited him, spoke of God, and was well received Several visits followed, the patient himself desired them, and one of them was strictly private. After a '*confidential conversation*' (we use the term employed by others) the sick man wished to receive the '*pardon*' (it is his own word) in the presence of the friends by whom he was usually surrounded. He respectfully made the sign of the cross, and received, with the priest's blessing, the pardon he requested. The following day he sent for the Cure, and said to him, before all the persons who were there: 'The pardon once more.' The Cure understood that he solicited the sacramental absolution, and gave it to him. Beranger gave proof, in these circumstances and particularly during the last days of his life, of Christian sentiments; he invoked the saints and martyrs, and said: 'My God! you so great and I so little, take pity on me!' "—Mgr. Guellenini, Apostolic Prefect of the Province of Canton in the Chinese Empire, accompanied by a young Chinese, a student of philosophy in the College at Hong Kong, lately arrived in Paris. The illustrious Missionary had an interview with the Emperor, who promised to take into serious consideration the cause of Catholicity in the Celestial Empire. After the audience, the Emperor personally conducted the Bishop and his Chinese companion to the Empress, who feels a deep interest in the missionary cause. During the interview, her Majesty presented the Imperial Prince to the prelate.—Mgr. Bataillon, Missionary of Central Oceanica, is also at Paris, making collections to aid the cause of religion in those distant regions, where he has labored for twenty years.—Eugene Sue, the great novelist, is dead.

England.—The revolt in India seems to engross the public attention almost to the exclusion of every other subject. The insurrection which, at first, was spoken of slightly by the English press, has turned out to be a serious affair. The spirit of revolt has spread throughout the whole of the Bengal presidency, and it is anticipated that it will extend to Madras and Bombay.—In Calcutta commerce was at a stand, and the English residents were banding together for mutual protection. Parliament had taken no decisive measures in reference to the subject; Desraeli, in a speech on the revolt, charged that misrule had caused the outbreak, first by the forcible destruction of the native authority in India by the British government; secondly, by disturbing the settlement of property; and lastly, by tampering with the religion of the natives, and advises the sending a Commissioner to India to inquire into these causes.—Mr. Bowyer presented petitions from the Catholics of sixty cities and towns against the Divorce Bill, besides, a large number were presented by Protestant members.—It is said that France, Russia, Austria and Prussia, are about to address a note to the English government, requesting that the English capital be closed against the band of conspirators who resort there to plot against the peace of Europe; and further, that the Emperor Napoleon intends to demand the extradition of Ledru Rollin.—The dedication of the Church of the Oblate Fathers of Mercy Immaculate, was celebrated recently at Leeds. The Right Rev. Bishop of Marseilles officiated on the occasion, and his Eminence, Cardinal Wise-

man, preached the dedication sermon.—Notice had been issued by the government for a ship to carry 400 male convicts from England to Freemantle, Western Australia. Perhaps a more remarkable set of convicts never left the country at one time than will go out in this party. Among the 400 will be found Sir John Dean Paul, Strahan and Bates, the fraudulent bankers; Robson, the Crystal Palace forger; Redpath, who committed the forgeries on the Great Northern Railway Company; and Agar, who committed the great gold robbery on the Southeastern Railway. The notorious bank forger, Barrister Saward, *alias* Jem, the penman, the putter-up of all the great robberies in the metropolis for the last twenty years, also goes out in this ship, which will leave England on the 25th of August, embarking the convicts at Debtford, the Little Nore, Portsmouth, Portland and Plymouth.

Ireland.—Ireland has been honored with the presence of Prince Napoleon, who, at the latest dates, was visiting the principal cities and making excursions to the most celebrated places of resort.—On the 12th of July and for three or four days subsequent, outrages were committed by the Orange party, at Belfast and several other places, otherwise nothing has taken place to disturb the usual order and quiet of the country.—The O'Connell monument, at Limerick, is shortly to be inaugurated. It is a subject of much gratification to find, that in reference to the movement of doing honor to the memory of the "Great Liberator," there is a unanimity of feeling among people of all parties and creeds. The following letter from Mr. Smith O'Brien, to the Mayor of Limerick, enclosing a donation, reflects lasting honor on the head and the heart of the writer: "It is well known that I differed with Mr. O'Connell in regard to some parts of his policy with the same earnestness of purpose as I displayed in sustaining him at the most critical period of his public life, but I have never ceased to regard him as one of the greatest historical characters of our country, and as a man who was endowed with many virtues, as well as with gigantic powers of intellect. When I remember the parade with which an English Viceroy was received in Limerick about this time last year, I confess that I should feel ashamed of my countrymen if they failed to exhibit at least equal alacrity and surpassing enthusiasm in doing honor to the memory of one of the most illustrious men that Ireland has produced. I trust, therefore, that, without any compromise of conscientious opinion, past differences will, upon this occasion, at least be forgotten, and that the manifestation of public feeling will be commensurate with Mr. O'Connell's claims to the gratitude of a large majority of the Irish nation."—It is said that a movement is on foot to erect a monument in Dublin, to Moore, the poet. The site designated is College street.—The Irish journals announce the death of the Very Rev. Laurence Renehan, President of Maynooth College. The lamented deceased was in the sixtieth year of his age. He was a man of remarkable piety and great learning. He was born near Longford Pass, in the county Tipperara, entered Maynooth in the year 1819, and was ordained in 1824. In 1827 he was raised to the chair of Professor of Scripture and the Hebrew language. He next filled the chair of Vice President, and on the death of Dr. Montague, in 1845, was promoted to the Presidency of the College, a position he filled with zeal and dignity to his death.—A public Thesis, the first that has been held in Ireland since the Reformation took place at All Hollows' College, at the close of the recent commencement. A youthful and talented Missionary, an aspirant to the Doctorate Degree in Divinity, the Rev. Michael Costello, held a public thesis in defence of all theology, which he maintained during two days in the presence of a large number of the Clergy, several venerable Bishops, the Professors of Maynooth, and of the Catholic University, the Apostolical Delegate, the Primate, &c., and was then received a Doctor of the Church.—At a meeting of the prelates of the province, at the Metropolitan Church in Ross, the names of three clergymen were selected from which to select a successor to the Right Rev Dr. Keane, formerly Bishop of Ross, who has been translated to the See of Cloyne. The names stood as follows: The Very Rev. Michael O'Hara, *dignissimus;* the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, *degnior;* and the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, *dignus.*

Russia.—*The Sisters of Charity in Russia.*—It is stated in some of the foreign journals, that the Emperor of Russia has solicited the Superior of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, at Paris, to send five hundred Sisters of Charity to be employed in the Russian hospitals, and that the request will be partially complied with. The number asked for could not be spared at once without neglecting the calls of humanity and religion in other quarters of the world.

Russia and the Holy See.—Cardinal Antonelli has received the following autograph letter from the Emperor Alexander: "Your zealous efforts at consolidating the good relations between us and His Holiness, the Pope, as well as your incessant co-operation in bringing about a happy agreement of the two governments upon the questions relative to the spiritual necessities of our faithful subjects of the Roman Catholic religion, have acquired for you a right to our gratitude and esteem. To manifest this towards you, we name you Chevalier of the Order of St Andrew, the first Apostle, and we send you adjoined the insignia of the Order, in remaining affectionately yours, Alexander."

Prussia.—The Prussian Protestant Upper Ecclesiastical Board has issued a circular to the Clergy respecting the Church on the second marriage of divorced parties. It is worthy of note, that while the Prussian Clergy are relieved from the necessity of bestowing the nuptial blessing on the union of adulterers, efforts are being made by the new divorce bill to subject the Protestant Clergy of England to that necessity. The text is as follows: "After we have presented our most dutiful report on the negotiations which for some time have been pending respecting the benediction of divorced wedded people, the subject has been brought to a provisional conclusion by a supreme order issued on the 8th inst. The King's Majesty has not yet found it timely to come to an absolute decision. Meanwhile, in order to further the approach of a better state of things, his Most High Majesty has pleased to order: 'that the Clergy shall give notice to the Consistory of all cases in which married persons, civilly divorced, shall seek the ecclesiastical blessing on another marriage; but that the Consistory (reserving to the party feeling aggrieved the recourse to the Evangelical Upper Ecclesiastical Board), shall have to decide on the allowableness of the wedding according to the maxims of the Christian marriage law, according as it is founded on the Word of God.' Hereof we inform the Royal Consistory, with the injunction forthwith to furnish the Clergy with the requisite directions. Herewith we unite the disclosure, that the King's Majesty, at the same time, on the same considerations, has forbidden the further granting of dispensations from the impediment of adultery. Hereafter, the royal ministry has to refuse at once any petitions which may come in, and to announce to the Clergy that they are to abstain from any countenancing of such proposals. The sending in of periodical reports on the cases, which may have come to the knowledge of the Royal Consistory, of refusals to marry, may in future cease."

Switzerland.—We are gratified to see that religious affairs seem to be taking a better turn in Switzerland. The following facts, which we take from a correspondence of the *Civilta Cattolica*, encourage the hope that better days are in wait for the persecuted Catholics of Helvetia. Order is perfectly re-established in the Canton of Fribourg. The newly elected Grand Council undertook immediately the revision of the constitution of 1848, and annulled all the articles hostile to the Catholic religion; the people approved of the new constitution with an almost unanimous vote, and consequently this canton, after nine years of suffering, is at present reorganised on a Catholic and conservative basis. The commission appointed to prepare the new constitution proposed to concede the right of voting to the clergy. But Mgr. Marilley requested them to let them remain free from the cares and troubles of politics. This is the prelate who was accused of meddling in secular affairs! After the approbation of the new constitution by a vote of 14,242 against 1,261, the Grand Council on the proposal of the celebrated lawyer, M. Wuilleret, repealed the law of 1848, that abolished all the religious houses in the canton. All religious orders, whose restoration is possible, have now leave to re-open their houses and to receive novices. This does not extend to the Jesuits, and to some other orders, who are prohibited through all Switzerland by Art. 58 of the Federal Constitution of 1848.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—*Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Barry.*—The consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Barry, as Bishop of Savannah, took place at the Cathedral, in this city, on Sunday morning, the 2d of August. The Cathedral was crowded by a large concourse of persons, anxious to show by their presence the interest they took in the elevation of this inestimable clergyman to the Episcopal dignity. The following Bishops of the province were present, and participated in the ceremonies on the occasion: The Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond; the Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia; the Right Rev. Bishop Portier, of the Province of New Orleans, and the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, who officiated as Consecrating Prelate, assisted by Bishops Neumann and Portier. Among the numerous Clergy present was the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, Administrator of the Diocese of Charleston. The sermon by the Right Rev. Bishop McGill was eloquent and impressive.

Religious Reception.—On Thursday, August the 6th, Miss Frances Sumner was received into the Order of Mercy, in this city, taking the name, in religion, of Sister Mary Ignatius. The Rev. Father Hickey, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. McColgan and Courtenay, and the Rev. E. J. Sourin, S. J., presided on the occasion. On the 16th of July, Miss Euphemia Prevost received the white veil, at the Convent of the Visitation, in this city, and took the name of Sister Mary Justina.

Ordination.—The following scholastics of the Society of Jesus—Francis McAlee, Anthony Van den Heuvel, Edmund Young, Jas. Robert Fulton, Joseph O'Callaghan, Robert Brady—received the sacred orders of subdeaconship, deaconship and priesthood, from the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the College Chapel of Georgetown, on the 23d, 24th and 25th of July.

Confirmation.—Fifty-two persons were confirmed in the church of St. Peter, Capitol Hill, Washington, on Sunday, 26th ult., after the early mass. Fifty-four were confirmed in the church of St. Mary, Washington, before late mass. A Bell was solemnly consecrated in the afternoon.

2. Diocese of Richmond.—*Monument to the Rev. Father Devlin.*—The monument erected in the Cemetery at Portsmouth, over the remains of the Rev. Francis Devlin, is said to be a truly magnificent work. It is some twenty feet high, and cost eleven hundred dollars. It was erected under the supervision of the Rev. Joseph H. Plunkett, his successor. On the north side the following is inscribed:

Erected
By the Citizens of
Portsmouth,
To the memory of
REV. FRANCIS DEVLIN.
The humble Priest,
The faithful Pastor,
Who sacrificed his life
In the cause of Charity
During the Plague of 1855.
He was a native of Longford, Ireland.
Died on the 7th of October,
in the 31st year of his age.

3. Diocese of Philadelphia.—We learn from the *Herald and Visitor*, that it is the intention of the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann to have, at an early day, a chapel erected on Summer street, in the Cathedral Parish, in that city, to serve as a place of worship until the new cathedral is completed. The chapel is to be so built that when it becomes no longer necessary, it may be easily converted into a school-house.

Dedication of a New Church and Confirmation.—A correspondent of the *Herald and Visitor*, gives the following interesting account of the dedication of the new church of St. Siemon, and the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation, at Dunmore, Luzerne county, Pa.: On Sunday, the 27th of July, the Catholic church at Dunmore, Pa., was solemnly consecrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann. He also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a number of adults and children. The church was crowded to excess, and, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the weather, every one present, Protestant as well as Catholic, paid the strictest attention to the imposing ceremonies. High Mass was celebrated by the indefatigable pastor, Rev. Father Fitzmaurice, assisted by Rev. Mr. Whitty, of Scranton, as deacon, and Rev. Mr. McSwiggan, of Archbald, as subdeacon. After the intonation of the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Filan, of Hawley, ascended the altar, and delivered an eloquent and appropriate address on the Sanctity of the Catholic Church, and the solemnity of her religious ceremonies. At half-past three o'clock, P. M., the consecration of the graveyard attached to the church, took place. A procession was formed composed of acolytes, cross-bearers, thurifer, clergy in surplices, followed by the choir. The beautiful and plaintive tones of the *Miserere* as they rose from the place of the dead, touched many an obdurate heart, and awoke therein holy feelings that were long dormant. It was a great day for the wilds of Luzerne; and the sheep without the fold looked on in awe and astonishment at the mystic and gorgeous rites of the church of the Apostles. Catholicity is spreading far and wide through these old forests, and thanks to Him who is, was, and shall be, building to the God of St. Patrick, temples among the mountain fastnesses of Pennsylvania. The church is a neat, unpretending edifice, plain in its internal arrangements, almost the counterpart of that at Scranton. There are three altars: that to the right of the high altar dedicated to St. Joseph, and the left to the Immaculate Mother of God. A poor working congregation, composed for the most part of the laboring class, the people of Dunmore deserve great credit for their zeal in the erection of this edifice. Of good Father Fitzmaurice I shall say nothing. For his perseverance and energy, God will say to him one day: "*Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of the Lord.*"

4. Diocese of Buffalo.—The Right Rev. Bishop Timon consecrated a beautiful new church at Elmira, New York, on the 19th of July, assisted by a large number of the Rev. clergy.

5. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—The corner-stone of a new church, under the patronage of St. Joseph, at Wappagh Konetta, was laid by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, on the 2d of July. The same Most Rev. Prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to thirty-nine persons in St. Mary's church, Portsmouth, on Sunday, the 9th of August, and sixty in the church of the Holy Redeemer, same place, on the same day—of the latter, five or six were converts. At St. Peter's, Lick Run, there were a few persons confirmed on the following Tuesday, and about seventeen at St. Mary's, of the Furnaces, on Wednesday. On the 15th, the Assumption B. V. M., there were one hundred and thirty-eight confirmed in St. Joseph's church, Dayton; and eighty-six in St. Patrick's church, Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 16th of August.

6. Diocese of Albany.—*Ordination.*—On July the 18th, the Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany, ordained the following priests in the Cathedral of Albany: Rev. Felix McGinn, from Chambly College, C. E.; Rev. James A. O'Hara; Rev. William Carroll and Rev. Philip Kevenny, late of St. Suplice, Baltimore, Md., and Rev. Clement M. Mutsaers, O. S. F., from Halle, Belgium. The Right Rev. Bishop gave the tonsure, and conferred minor, subdeacon, and deacon's orders on the above named gentlemen on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday previous.

7. Diocese of Pittsburg.—*Bishop O'Connor.*—Letters dated the latter part of June, from Constantinople, have been received from the beloved Bishop of Pittsburg. His health had undergone no change since last heard from. He was still in the company of his friend, the Rev. T. S. Reynolds, of Birmingham.

8. Diocese of Chicago.—Several months ago, the Bishop of Chicago found it his duty to suspend, and finally to excommunicate a Canadian priest named Chiniquy. As usual, the secular and sectarian papers exaggerated and misrepresented the facts, giving

such a coloring to statements as would most please their readers. The following paragraph communicated to the *Catholic Mirror*, touching the subject, contains a succinct and correct statement: As the secular papers mention certain acts said to have been committed by professed Catholics of the diocese of Chicago, to show disrespect for their Bishop, we feel it necessary to offer some explanation which may enable the readers of the *Mirror* to form a correct judgment of their character. Many months since, the Bishop deemed it necessary to suspend from the sacred ministry, and subsequently to excommunicate, a Canadian priest, Mr. Chiniquy, who was, at the time, in charge of a congregation of Canadians who had settled in Illinois. The justice and necessity of these measures were felt at the time by some neighboring prelates, and soon after solemnly declared in public documents by the Bishop of Canada, from whose diocese Mr. C. had come, under the pressure of complaints lodged against him. Unfortunately, the excommunicated priest found numerous supporters among his countrymen, who regarded him as an injured man, and encouraged him to persevere in the exercise of the ministry from which he had been cut off. The Canadian Bishops sent at various times zealous priests to undeceive his deluded followers, most of whom have in fact returned to the church. At the close of the successful labors of Rev. Mr Desaulmers, a Canadian priest who recently visited them, it was deemed advisable to have a public demonstration of the attachment of the Canadians to the authority of their Bishop, and accordingly a meeting of fully 4,000 persons convened from various parts in the Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee county, on the 4th ultimo. Addresses were presented to the Bishop, who delivered an eloquent discourse, in which he explained the various points that had been most misrepresented. The assembled multitude received his blessing on bended knees, and returned to their homes consoled and edified. In order to destroy the effect of this demonstration, a single individual, who is neither a Canadian nor a Catholic, insulted one of the suite of the Bishop as he passed through. An eye witness of this fact, writing in the *Tribune*, of Chicago, on the 9th of June, states that this is the only foundation for the assertion, that the Catholic Canadians burned the Bishop in effigy.

9. Diocese of Wheeling.—*The Right Rev. Bishop Whelan.*—Letters have been received announcing the arrival of Bishop Whelan in Paris, renewed in health. He next goes to England, and thence in October to Rome.

10. Diocese of Galveston.—The *Propagateur Catholique* gives the following particulars of the narrow escape of the Right Rev. Dr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston, from a lamentable accident: On the evening of the 28th of June, the Bishop having reached San Antonio from Powder Horn, took passage in a small boat for the Sheldon Mansion. When in sight of Indianola, he was struck by the shifting of the boom, and knocked overboard. The boat, impelled by a strong breeze, passed rapidly ahead, and nearly twenty minutes elapsed ere she could return to the Bishop's aid. As he was unable to swim, his having kept himself afloat so long, argues the kind interposition of Heaven on behalf of its faithful servant. The first attempt to get him on board was unsuccessful; at the second he was drawn under the boat; and it was only after some moments of painful uncertainty that he reappeared on the surface, and contrived to secure a hold of a pole which was reached to him. When drawn on board, he was utterly exhausted, and almost suffocated by the quantity of salt water he had swallowed. Unable to continue his journey, he was forced to remain at Port Lavaca, where, with medical attendance and the kind care of Mr. Blossman and other friends, he soon recovered. He expected to resume his journey on the 2d of July.

11. Diocese of Little Rock.—*Religious Reception.*—The *Arkansas Intelligencer* gives the following description of the reception of the two young ladies, Miss Henderson and Miss McGrath, into the Order of Mercy, at the convent of St. Ann, Fort Smith, Arkansas: The occasion was one of deep and solemn interest. A large congregation, composed of the *élite* and intelligence of Fort Smith, Van Buren, and the surrounding country, assembled to witness this grand and imposing ceremony. It is grand at any time to see woman enlisted in the cause of the church and benevolence; but how much more is that grandeur and nobleness of soul enhanced to see her forever renouncing the pleasures and vanities of the world—to peril land, sea and raging epidemics, to further the mission of him whose vocation is peace and minister to the wants of the suffering and afflicted.

OBITUARY.—Died, on the 17th of July, at St. Peter's church, Washington, D. C., the Rev. Charles C. Brennan.

Died, on the 15th of August, at his residence, in Milford, Mass., the Rev. Edward Farrelly.

Died, on the 19th of July, at Lasalle, Illinois, Sister Mary Vincentia, of the Order of the Sisters of Charity. *May they rest in peace.*

The

Metropolitan.

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THE CATHOLIC ELEMENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—No. II.

In the preceding article, which Fulton's *Roman Catholic Element in American History* drew from us, we alluded to the colonial history of such parts of our republic as were settled by Catholics; to the anti-Catholic feeling in other portions; to the influence of that same feeling in producing our revolution, and to the manly part acted by Catholics in that struggle. These three portions might each be developed into extended chapters. Indeed the Catholic missions among the Indian tribes have afforded Bancroft some of his most eloquent pages, and have given a theme to one of our own most distinguished writers.* The question of slavery in Catholic colonies is untouched: their social history is also a field which would afford lessons full of practical utility. The toleration given by Catholics in Maryland and by James II, as Duke of York, in New York, have been more frequently noticed by our writers, and one work has been written bearing directly and exclusively on the former:† but both still require to be treated on broader and more general views. The effect of the anti-Catholic spirit on our colonial history has been almost entirely overlooked, probably from a sort of feeling of shame, which induced both torturer and victim to wish to consign them to oblivion. Some traces of it may be found in a recent work on the Catholic Church in this country. The history of the part of Catholics in our revolution is unwritten: there is no life of DeKalb, Pulaski, Moylan, Barry, Carroll, or any other of the men of that period who professed our faith, and no attempt was ever made to present these lives to the public till a recent one in this magazine, in which these biographical sketches were necessarily of limited length.

All these portions Mr. Fulton has, in a manner, ignored, but we trust to see them, ere long, treated amply and in a spirit of full, fair inquiry and honest appreciation.

The Republic was established with at the most three millions of people; and of these one per cent. or very little more, adherents of the faith of an Alfred, a Brian, a St. Louis, a Columbus, a Galileo, a St. Thomas. Now our entire population is nearly, if not quite, thirty millions, and our proportion as Catholics more than ten per cent.

* Shea—History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian tribes. New York: 1854.
† Davis—Day-Star of Freedom. New York: 1856.

Incredibile memoratu est quantum adeptâ libertate res publica creverit

has been well applied to the republic, and may no less truthfully be applied to the Catholic body in this country.

The state constitutions formed during the revolution and immediately after it, bear traces of the old spirit.

John Jay, in New York, struggled to give the constitution of the Empire State the most intense bigotry; and succeeded in excluding foreign Catholics from naturalization. New Hampshire excludes all Catholics from office even to the present day. Massachusetts maintained Congregationalism as the established church for nearly fifty years after the Declaration of Independence. Rhode Island more generously blotted from her statute book the act disqualifying Catholics; but New Jersey and North Carolina made Protestants alone eligible to office. If Virginia by her constitution rejected Episcopalianism as the established church, it was only by the influence and exertions of Jefferson, against the advice and strenuous efforts of other distinguished statesmen.

Thus far Catholicity had attracted little attention; yet the small body of Catholics seemed aware of the importance of the moment, and of their own position. They sought to give their body a national organization—being in this the first religious body that attempted the step. Nor was the Holy See unmindful of the importance of giving the Catholics of a new republic such a hierarchy as would be fitted to the new ideas of government evolved by the public acts of the United States. The reigning Pontiff applied to Congress through his nuncio at Paris, and proposed forming such a convention with the American government as would enable him to appoint a bishop or bishops for the Catholic States, as would be most in harmony with the ideas and spirit of the country. To this advance a reply was made that Congress had no power to take any step or adopt any measures on a question purely religious. In consequence of this reply, of which Franklin was the mouthpiece, the Holy See proceeded to organize a hierarchy in the United States, and with that deference which it has always shown for national feeling where faith is not in question, left to the American clergy the selection of the first bishop, and it has ever since left the selection of bishops to be made in such form as the bishops of the country have suggested as most advisable.

It may, perhaps, be regretted that the answer of Franklin, though properly framed, was not more explicit and that steps were not taken to have a regular diplomatic intercourse established with the Holy See: and the question of the discipline of the Catholic Church submitted formally to the states. This would have obviated many questions that have since arisen and have removed all ground for many misunderstandings and delusions on the part of our non-Catholic population, which intriguing politicians and scheming ecclesiastics have since turned to such profitable advantage. But the omission, the error, if any, is not chargeable on the Holy See. Its proposal, full of deference for the new government, met no response. The several states could not treat with it, nor it with them, and the American people by the only accredited expositor of its policy with foreign powers, gave to the Pope the most entire and uncontrolled liberty to act as his own wisdom should dictate as head of the Church towards that portion of his flock within the United States. We insist on this point strongly, for it shows that no act of the Pope, however unwise or impolitic our fellow-citizens may deem it, can be regarded by them as an usurpation on his part.

The see of Baltimore was established by Pope Pius VI, in 1789, and the diocese thus created embraced the whole United States. Other dioceses have since been formed out of it, and of the territory subsequently acquired by treaty from Spain, France and Mexico; but no diplomatic intercourse has yet been properly established between our government and one whom one in ten of the whole population reveres as a spiritual head. We have had a *chargé* for some few years back at Rome, now indeed made a *minister*, but the Holy See has no representative at the capital of the Union, and the prelate sent to pave the way for such an appointment was not met with even the courtesy shown to a Kossuth: so that years may yet elapse before the Holy See has a minister near the Federal Government. This delay, too, is not to be ascribed to the Holy See, but to ourselves.

So much for the action of the Holy See in this country and its relation to our government.

It now remains to view the Catholic element since the Revolution under two points of view. The increase of the Catholic body and its influence on the country by the personal action of its members, by its action as a religious body, by the institutions for the diffusion of learning, the relief of corporal sufferings and corporal wants, and the still more important spiritual wants of the afflicted, and by the part borne by its members in the literary, scientific, and political affairs of the country—this is one point of view; the other is the action of the non-Catholic body towards the Catholics, the feeling engendered or maintained and the result of that feeling on the masses and on legislatures, or officers invested with authority by the state or federal government. The actual position of Catholics at the present moment will be naturally a conclusion to be considered, as it is maintained by some of our writers that we are, in fact, a sort of Helots socially tabooed, excluded as much as possible from all society and all popular movements, and kept from all public offices and posts of honor or influence, by every art and scheme, often by our own very instrumentality. Others, on the contrary, assert that, all things considered, we occupy as high a social and political position as we could possibly attain under any circumstances, and that our social and political inferiority is due to our own faults—if, indeed, it has any real existence.

We have not increased from thirty thousand to three millions by the mere natural increase of the former. The immigration from Europe which influences, we may say, but slightly the mass of the population, has constituted the great increase of the Catholic body. The Catholics are then chiefly foreigners or the immediate descendants of foreigners, a fact which leads to a complication of ideas in their regard. Till lately these foreigners were chiefly natives of Ireland, and the inherent hatred and contempt for everything Irish which has, since the days of Henry II, been so singular a characteristic of the English people, led their descendants here to exhibit the same feelings to the Irish Catholic immigrant who landed on their shores. The first Irish settlers came in small numbers and were scarce noticed; a few refugees in 1798 were honorably received—but the mass of the Irish Catholics, although driven from their native land by the tyranny of England, which had, for centuries, periodically deprived them of homes and property, of means of education, of literature, of all share in the government of their own unhappy country, found no sympathy, no welcome, from the people of America. Entering rather into the spirit of their transatlantic oppressors, the Americans beheld in them only

a degraded class, to be ruled and governed, not to be treated as equals. This feeling, now grafted on the old stock of anti-Catholic prejudice handed down from colonial times, soon attained vigor and power: and it is in full bloom now. With all the progress made by the Catholic body a great mass of our countrymen never speak of us or allude to us except in terms of unmingled, unmitigated contempt; and entertain for us a feeling of aversion and hatred that seems utterly unexampled, as it is utterly insensate.

The Catholics who came over settled in New York, New England, Pennsylvania and the West, as soon as it was opened. They never came in colonies but as individuals, and scattered, as inducements were offered to each. The large cities offered most inducements, as presenting a better market for labor and greater advantages for men of education who chose to embark on a professional life. The first Catholic churches rose in the large cities, but their number was limited for many years. Emigration from Europe was inconsiderable between the peace of Paris and the outbreak of the French revolution. That terrible outbreak cut off emigration almost entirely, and it is only with the return of the Bourbons and the fall of Napoleon that it began to develop with that wonderful rapidity which has made it a great fact in the history of mankind. Yet the first emigrants bore with them few priests, not enough to meet their wants, for Ireland herself was but poorly supplied with men to minister at her altars: and the French revolution, which drove into exile so many of the talented clergy of the land of Gaul, gave the Catholics in the United States many men of solid piety, sound learning and great experience, whose labors as priests and teachers can never be forgotten. During this period the Catholic body formed in Maryland, which was still the important nucleus of Catholicity, three colleges, with two ecclesiastical seminaries, and founded three religious communities of women, two of them devoted especially to instruction and works of mercy.

When immigration began to pour in more rapidly the churches multiplied in all sections of the country, but chiefly in the north, and in every city of any importance a large body of Catholics began to appear. The public works undertaken, first canals and then railroads, gave employment to thousands of Irish Catholics, who thus scattered over the country. Comparatively few, however, became farmers; they and their descendants are domestics, laborers, mechanics, or engaged in manufactures or commerce; many, indeed, as professional men—but they form, at least in the older parts, a very slight proportion of the agricultural interest. This body is always the most tenacious of ideas, and least liable to be acted upon by the progress of more expanded views. It is still the stronghold of anti-Catholic feeling; and that feeling would soon die out in the cities but for the periodical supply of country lawyers and ministers furnished to the cities.

The cities then beheld the Catholic churches arise, and under the shadow of their humble crosses ere long a school and an orphan asylum. Academies of a higher grade for the youth of both sexes came later, and hospitals have been established in the more densely settled parts. Asylums or refuges for repentant women, show that the Catholic body is not insensible to social evils, but endeavors to restore to society members sound in morality as well as members sound in health. The insane, too, have their shelters reared by Catholic zeal, where a kindlier treatment has shown other institutions of the kind how great a room there is for improvement

in this particular: for in all these institutions the Sisters of various orders do for the love of God, what in Protestant ones is the work of hirelings; and Mrs. Jamieson has admitted the utter unfitness and inferiority of the latter as compared to our Sisters.

The Irish emigration of which we have spoken, has been followed by an emigration from Germany which has, of late years, equalled it in numbers—but which furnishes a smaller proportion of Catholics, for while comparatively few of the Irish are Protestants, at least half the German population that arrives is Protestant or rationalistic—although it must be observed incidentally, this difference of religion is not characterized by any hostile feelings of one portion towards the other, and the German Protestants have lent no aid or countenance to the silly, ignorant and unchristian bigotry so prevalent against the Catholics.

The German Catholics who came become more agricultural than the Irish, but are chiefly to be found in cities, and there have, like the Irish Catholics, erected their churches, schools and eleemosynary institutions, so that no distinction need be made between them in considering the action of the Catholics on the country.

The Irish emigration began far enough back for a second generation to rise up, and as they themselves at once adopted all the American ideas of government and entered on the exercise of the rights and duties of citizenship, their descendants, who form no inconsiderable portion of the Catholic body, are not only American born, but American in heart, feelings, instincts and ideas: things not incompatible as many of them show by their lives with the strictest fidelity to the duties of their religion.

We cannot here enter into details as to the erection of each church, college, convent or hospital; this would require us to trace a history of the church itself. Unfortunately, the history of the Catholic Church in this country is not only yet unwritten, but so little has been done towards collecting materials for it, that in a few years it will be a well nigh impossible task. We can then here give only a tabular form of the progress of Catholicity, as the simplest way of conveying an idea of the increase of the body itself, of its clergy of both orders, episcopal and sacerdotal, of its churches, convents, colleges, free schools and charitable institutions:

	Bishops.	Priests.	Churches.	Stations.	Seminaries.	Colleges.	Female Academies.
1808.....	2	68	80	.....	2	1	2
1830.....	10	232	230	.....	9	6	20
1840.....	17	482	454	358	13	9	47
1850.....	27	1081	1073	505	29	17	91
1857.....	39	1872	2053	829	35	29	134

To the above we may add, that there are in 1857: 76 orphan asylums, with 5,800 inmates; 26 hospitals, in which 2,800 patients are annually admitted; 9 houses of protection; 4 magdalen asylums; as many foundling hospitals, and three widows' asylums.

It may seem strange how a body, poor and despised for its very poverty as the mass of Catholics is, could in less than half a century erect and endow so many churches, literary and benevolent institutions, or support them where not endowed. But the Catholics as a body are liberal to an extent little understood: they give freely, and more freely as they are poorer. Mindful of the eulogium passed by the Saviour of mankind on the widow's mite they give freely, and if his vengeance overtakes the profaner of the shrine and the altar, his blessing will in a tenfold degree descend on the church builders. Yet their own efforts unaided would not

have sufficed: and much assistance has been afforded to the Catholic body by the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, and to some extent by the Leopoldine Association, channels through which the alms of the charitable abroad have been conveyed to us.

The various institutions thus erected evince that Catholics are deeply sensible of the dignity which the worship of the Almighty merits, of the importance of education for the various classes of society, and of the necessity of giving education a religious basis to render it really serviceable to society, and of the claims of sickness, insanity, orphanage, and other forms of human misery upon the Christian heart. This spirit of self-sacrifice, and especially as manifested in the various sisterhoods who devote themselves to the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, is exerting a wide-spread influence and operating a great change in the public mind, a change that alarms the more bigoted opponents of Catholicity. Where the free school is to the mind of Catholics insecure to their faith in its teaching, they nobly erect a school of their own in which Brothers of the Christian schools, Sisters of Charity, or members of some equally devoted orders, or if it must be, lay teachers train up the children as the conscience of the parent tells him he is bound to have them educated.

The colleges erected by Catholics are still in their infancy: the number of collegians is small, for few, comparatively, of the Catholic population can afford to give their sons a course of superior studies, and few intend them for literary or professional pursuits. Still these colleges struggle on, unchartered, unaided by the State, but giving their courses to such as frequent them. Time will perfect the system of instruction and enlarge the sphere of their usefulness. Openly religious, they can rarely expect aid from the State, which nominally of no religion is essentially calvinistic, professing to follow the bible as the only rule of faith and morals, and extemporaneous worship as the only one proper to be allowed in its establishments. And such only does the State aid. A new order of Catholic colleges, with lay professors of acknowledged merit, similar in this respect to the other universities of the country will, ere long, arise and afford still greater variety and perhaps means for more extended study and deeper research, if indeed the time has yet come for them in this country.

The part taken in the literature of the United States by Catholics is slight. In a literary point of view they are excluded. No country is more absolutely priest-ridden than ours. No where do the clergy exert or attempt to exert a more controlling, tyrannical influence than do the Protestant clergy in the United States. Being possessed of more leisure, they have contributed the most, though not the best part of our literature; and they so occupy the field that a Catholic writer, unless with Protestant antecedents, can rarely obtain a publisher for any of his works, and should he obtain a publisher would find few readers among non-Catholics. Our Catholic periodicals and newspapers, which it was once fondly hoped would have carried among our Protestant countrymen true views of Catholic doctrines and Catholic practices, have entirely failed to answer that end. All Catholic literature is on the index of our Protestant countrymen, an index which they respect more implicitly than we do that issued according to the injunctions of the Council of Trent.

The Catholic free schools and charities exert also an influence of another kind, and they will, ere long, convince the public mind that the state has no right, no vocation to assume the office of public teacher and alms dis-

tributer. While Catholic schools and eleemosynary institutions founded by religion and conducted by religion, relieve and instruct thousands, the state institutions, for the support of which millions are extorted from the people, are not only calvinistic, proselytizing concerns, but have utterly failed and do utterly fail to accomplish the end for which they were instituted. In the city of New York alone the public schools cost annually at least three millions, the alms-house nearly as much, and so extravagantly is all conducted that the children could all be instructed at less expense in first class pay schools and the paupers boarded at less expense in good boarding houses. Any Catholic religious community would manage the alms-house for one-fourth of what it now costs the people, and instruct the children in poor schools for one-tenth of what the Board of Education now expends. Groaning under the burthen of taxes, which in New York now amount to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum, just one-fourth of what a man's money is allowed by law to bring him in, the people must soon abandon state education and state charities, leaving them to the people—and all denominations be compelled to do what Catholics are already doing, maintain them economically on the voluntary principle.

The influence of the Catholic body directly is then limited and the progress of that influence slow. Something must arise, some crisis come which will give Catholics a *status* of equality before the two religions will stand on similar grounds; and this may result either from an actual collision in which rights shall be claimed and won, or from the fall of Protestanism before the infidelity which is now sapping its very vitals.

From this very rapid glance of the progress and influence of the Catholic element in the country, which we regret to leave so imperfect, we must now turn to the operation of the anti-Catholic spirit which it evoked. Protestanism is a queer jumble. One idea it has and has intensely in all its minutest fragments, and that is: a hatred of Catholicity and an itching to plunder and destroy Catholic churches and convents. This marks its birth, its progress, and its decline. Led on by a Luther, a Cromwell, a Lord George Gordon, or a Beecher, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth or nineteenth century, it presents this unvarying and only this unvarying feature. Unfortunately for our country, which professes greater equality than any other on paper, which remonstrated with Tuscany for preventing by imprisonment the dissemination of doctrines there deemed dangerous, while she herself did the same in Virginia; unfortunately for our country of anomalies, the unvarying fruit of Protestantism has here followed the blossom of universal religious equality, and we have to record under the republic the workings of the spirit which in colonial times raged in the statute book.

By the great immigration, of which we have spoken, the Catholics advanced in numbers. A hostile spirit already existed in the hearts of the people, the old anti-Irish antipathy was aroused by thousands of that race whom the Anglo Saxon is bound by the old rule of policy to hate—"*Humanum est odisse quem læseris*," and nought was needed but a pretext to kindle the whole into a flame. This was not long delayed. On their part the Catholics were passive. They had used their freedom prudently. They did nothing to provoke hostility. No Catholic societies were formed to denounce Protestantism, or assemble every May to vilify Protestants or hold them up to scorn, to cover them and their ministers with opprobrious names; no moneys were raised to send around hirelings to every Protestant door to thrust into unwilling hands statements of

Catholic doctrine. We had used no such means of provocation though daily exposed to them. But the French Revolution had excited a sort of revival in English Protestantism, and it was full of new life. The claims of the Irish and English Catholics for emancipation had roused all dormant bigotry, and their success filled the hearts of the fanatical opponents of Catholicity with the deadly malevolence of disappointed hate. The feeling crossed the Atlantic in the literature which it created. Pulpits began to resound with denunciations of popery. Speculation could not refrain from profiting by the popular feeling.

About 1835 the country swarmed with books like Brutus, Maria Monk, and Six Months in a Convent, which led finally to the destruction of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, and the death of the sainted nun who expired far from her native Shannon, her insidious disease hurried to its fatal term by citizens of a land of boasted freedom. In other parts churches fell a prey to the torch of midnight or open incendiaries. But at last calm ensued; the stimulators of disorder lost all credit and the people recovered from the fit of bigotry.

The great commercial prostration of the country came crushingly on all; and men no longer thought of the faith of the emigrant who brought his means and willing arms to restore the popular credit. Catholicity expanded more rapidly than ever. The noblest minds in Protestantism, converts of every rank, joined the church, and by the year 1844, churches and institutions had increased beyond all precedent. The Catholics in New York asked for a reform of the school system. The immigration from Germany had, too, become considerable. It was at least half Catholic. This German immigration was made up chiefly of mechanics and artisans, shop-keepers, and small traders. These came in direct competition, and often ruinous competition with Americans. The flame of religious bigotry, with the school question as a rallying cry, and now fanned by trade jealousy, burst forth with redoubled fury. The native American party rose to sudden power. In Philadelphia that power was used to destroy the lives of Catholics, while Catholic churches, a convent, a magnificent library, and house after house were pillaged and burned. Rebelling next against the state for checking their fury, these Natives next declared open war, and in the streets of Philadelphia a regular battle was fought. This tempest, too, subsided. Emigration and the expansion of Catholicity went on rapidly, keeping even pace with each other.

But a new cause of emigration arose, and an emigration of a new character took place. The popular revolutions in Europe in 1848 were all anti-Catholic in their origin. Offspring of the great French revolution, they sought to destroy Catholicity in all its works, to sap it in the hearts of the people, to hurl its protectors from the thrones and the high places. Coupling the sacred cause of freedom with that of hostility to the church, the revolution of 1848 failed, as it deserved to fail; for modern Europe owes all to the Church, to the Papacy, and the scheme of social or political reform that seeks to rise upon the ruin of either, is one that must result in barbarism. The triumph of the existing government in Europe drove among us a horde of enemies of Catholicity, who, noisy, turbulent, vindictive, soon found in the ancient bigotry of the masses a ready audience for their no popery declamations. To that bigotry they gave the idea of the secret societies of Europe, and Know-Nothingism arose to sweep over the land, carrying elections in state after state, and even

bringing a Presidential candidate into the field, presenting the strange spectacle of a party claiming to be exclusively American just eighty years after the Declaration of Independence, reversing that great state paper. Under their influence individual and concerted cases of violence took place; priests have been assaulted, even tarred and feathered; Sisters of Charity insulted in the streets; their convents invaded by legislative committees in defiance of every principle of our government. Mobs have assailed Catholic churches, excited bloody riots in city after city, till they have at last sullied with gore the very capital of the Union, that sacred spot which the founders of the republic sought to withdraw entirely from the excitement of elections. The halls of legislation became dens of anti-Catholic plots; acts for forfeiting Catholic church property have been passed; and, at this moment, every temple which Catholic zeal and piety, which devoted pastors and no less devoted people have reared to the honor of Almighty God on the soil of Connecticut, is claimed by that State as her own property, as much and fully hers as the State House where she makes her laws. At the same time the public treasury is opened to enrich societies established for proselytizing Catholic children, and power is even given to them to seize Catholic children by force.

Such have been since the Revolution the great anti-Catholic outbursts. Sadly have they changed the face of America. Sadly have they rolled back the tide of human liberty. They have made American liberty and toleration a bye-word—

> Like Dead Sea fruit, that tempts the eye,
> And turns to ashes on the lips.

Sweden is no longer ashamed; Tuscany mocks us, and Switzerland binds us by treaty to distinctions of creed!

What can we deduce of the present position of Catholics? We have said enough to show our sentiment. Catholics are a minority, totally disregarded by all political parties who legislate about the administration of Catholic churches, the education of Catholic children, the worship of Catholic paupers, as though they, as Protestants, had a right to settle all these matters. A Catholic remonstrance is hailed with contempt in legislative halls. We *are* helots. Once only have the Catholics stood aloof. This was in the great controversy as to the public schools in New York. There the Catholics offered to adapt the system of their schools to those of the State, and then claimed to be as fairly entitled to a share as the public school society which taught absolutely Protestant doctrines. Defeated before the Common Council of the city of New York, the Catholics announced their resolution of applying to the Legislature. So amazed was the Protestant public at the audacity of the Catholics daring, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more, that the candidates of both the then existing parties, the Whig and the Democratic party, pledged themselves to vote against any Catholic petition. The Catholics then had the audacity to vote for neither of the parties, but chose candidates of their own. Then their weight was felt; but the act has never been forgotten or forgiven. The step proved successful then—it should be tried again now. We have several wrongs to be redressed, and if neither party will give that redress, we should stand aloof.

And what are these wrongs? 1st. The State interference with our church discipline as to our church property. 2d. The exclusion of Catholic priests and teachers from the various eleemosynary institutions.

3d. The force resorted to to compel Catholic children in such institutions to attend Protestant worship and receive Protestant instruction, and the preventing of such children attending Catholic worship. 4th. The hardship of compelling Catholics to contribute to the support of free schools, which they conscientiously believe bad in system and which are Protestant in their text books. 5th. Compelling Catholics to contribute, by tax, to school libraries filled with books representing the Catholic religion as false. 6th. The exclusion of Catholics from being actually represented *pro rata* in legislative bodies.

It may be said, and it is probably true, that to attempt to obtain justice in any of these points would lead to scenes more violent than any we have passed through. Grant this. It only proves that we are an inferior class, and then O'Connell's trite quotation comes in:

> Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

And that to counsel forbearance, is only to rivet our chains more securely.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF SISTER ROSALIE.

Continued from page 485.

After the riots which disturbed the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe, some of the most violent of the parties opposed to him were accused of taking part in the revolution and judgment of death was passed on them; several, pursued by the police with its usual sagacity and perseverance, presented themselves to Sister Rosalie, of whom they had heard, begging her to save them; the Sister listened only to her pity, concealed them, procured disguises for them, with safe guides, and found means to secure their escape. She was denounced as guilty of aiding the rebels to escape the vengeance of the law; the chief of police of safety, to whom she had rendered some services and who was very grateful for them, came to inform her that a warrant for her arrest was about to be issued by the Court. The good Sister did not dread the prison, but she feared, by entering it, to dishonor her community; she did not desist in the least from her efforts in behalf of the condemned, and succeeded at length in effecting the rescue of some of the most notorious and guilty. Informed of this fact, Mr. Gisquet, then prefect of police, signed the warrant for her arrest, and commanded his first sergeant to carry it immediately into execution. This officer entreated him to spare the mother of the poor this insult; "her arrest," added he, "will rouse the faubourg Saint Marceau, and become the signal of a riot which we shall not be able to repress, all the people will take up arms for her." "This Sister Rosalie is then very powerful," exclaimed the prefect; "well, I will go see her."

He went immediately to the street of Epée de Bois, passed through the crowd which was waiting as usual at the door of her parlor, and without

causing his name to be announced, asks to speak to the Superior. Sister Rosalie, who had never seen him, receives him with her usual politeness, begs him to wait till she has finished with her poor, gives, as was her custom, her charitable advices, and, the audience terminated, returns to her unknown visitor, apologizes for detaining him so long, and asks him what service she can render him. "Madam," replies the prefect, "I have not come to ask your services, but rather to call you to account for them; I am the prefect of police." The good Sister redoubles her politeness and excuses. "Do you know, my sister," continues Mr. Gisquet, "that you have seriously compromised yourself? In contempt of the laws, you have aided in the escape of the royal ex-guard who, by his open revolt against the government has deserved the severest punishment; I had already issued the warrant for your arrest; I have withdrawn it at the request of one of my officers; but I come, and I wish to know why you have dared thus to bid defiance to the law?"

"Mr. Prefect," said Sister Rosalie to him, "I am a Sister of Charity; I set up no standard; I come to the aid of the unfortunate wherever I meet them; I seek to do them good without judging them, and I promise you, if ever you are persecuted yourself and you ask my assistance, it shall not be refused you." In a time of revolution this word was not an empty promise; Mr. Gisquet could not help smiling at it, and perhaps, in his heart, trembling.

A conversation passed between the prefect and the sister, in which the latter endeavored to give the officer to understand that charity has not the same duties as the police, and after battle she was always on the side of the wounded and the conquered; the prefect of police could make her no reply, but he was enchanted by her frankness; he did not escape the ascendancy which she exercised over every one, thanked her for her explanations; then, at the moment of leaving her: "I will shut my eyes upon the past," said he, "but I pray you, my sister, do not begin again; it will be too painful for us to proceed rigorously against you." "Mr. Prefect," said Sister Rosalie to him in conducting him to the door, "indeed I cannot promise you this; I feel that if a like occasion presented itself, I will have no courage to decline it; a daughter of St. Vincent de Paul never has the right, whatever may be the consequences, to refuse to do an act of charity."

The following week, an officer of la Vendée, having come to thank her for having given shelter and food to several of his companions in misfortune, was still in her house, when she saw the commissary of police enter. This unforeseen visit did not trouble her. By a quick sign, she indicates to the Vendean the danger he is in and the necessity of getting away as speedily as possible, while by the interest and charm of her conversation, she succeeded in detaining the commissary more than an hour, which afforded ample time to the insurgent to find safety in flight.

Some days after, the commissary of police complained to the Sister of

the bad trick she had played on him. "What would you have me do, sir?" said she. "I have done as much for you as for him: I wished to save you the regret of catching him and the trouble of guarding him; have I not done well?"

Sister Rosalie knew what she was doing: in those unsettled and troublous periods, when the wheel of fortune turns so often and so swiftly, is it not rendering a service to the men who are in power to spare them the necessity of inflicting punishment to-day, that to-morrow they may not be condemned to suffer in their turn? An instance to this effect soon occurred in the faubourg Saint Marceau.

An imprudent act had roused the populace against one of the authorities; their brains were excited; assembling in front of his house, they uttered shouts and threats against him, and he knew not how to make his escape. He thought of sending word of his position to Sister Rosalie. The good sister hastens to the spot, accosts the rioters by name, scolds them for leaving their work to do mischief, and pictures to them the harm they are going to do themselves and their families. Her voice is listened to; every one returns to his work; the riot is stopped at the instant, and the functionary is restored to liberty.

During the scarcity of 1847, which prepared the revolution of February, Sister Rosalie wrought wonders to provide nourishment for the people: she succeeded in making them practise patience, and not at all dismayed by the dangerous doctrines and threatening influences which crept into their minds with the aid of the dearness of bread, she answered for the wisdom and moderation of her faubourg; 1848 appeared at first to justify her; in the scenes which preceded and accompanied the days of February, the insurrection began in other quarters. The faubourg Saint Marceau accepted the republic without having called it into existence, and mingled with its proclamation nothing which could recall the bloody deeds of the first revolution.*

Its first days glided by amidst a series of mingled illusions and sufferings; work was no where to be had, which caused the greatest wretchedness; every where business was suspended, and public and private resources were thus cut off; what caused inconveniences elsewhere, produced frightful misery in this district; but the pride of the majority imposed silence on all murmurs, and the hopes of a brighter future caused the privations of the moment to be endured with patience.

Sister Rosalie redoubled her efforts, lavished words of encouragement, and kind advice; drew from scanty means, and slender purses, wherewith to deceive, if not appease, hunger; provided for the most pressing necessities, and renewed the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. On the

* On learning the change of government and the rising of the people, one of the sisters exclaimed, in speaking of the men of the faubourg Saint Marceau: "O mother how wicked they are going to be!" "And we," said Sister Rosalie, "how good we shall be!"

other hand, her neighbors, who were regarded as the most excited and turbulent, became the guardians and protectors of her community. During nearly a whole month, they kept guard at her door day and night. One of them, in the ardor of his zeal and vigilance, was about to shoot the chaplain of the house, who went at day-break, in the garb of a layman, to say Mass. He had taken aim at him, persuaded that, at that hour, no one could have reason to go to the Sisters except with evil designs.

Unfortunately, in the twelfth ward as in all the rest, every drinking house was converted into a club, where the working man, having nothing else to do, spent the day. In a club, a man is no longer himself: intoxicated by declamation and sophisms, his understanding staggers, and under the impression of the language which disorders his ideas, his passions boil up and set him in a frenzy, his personal feelings are effaced and disappear; he is only an atom in the blind multitude which rages and irritates itself without any consciousness of its excitement, and the reason of its anger. These confused voices, each one of which separately is peaceable, swell into a roar; those arms which in the work-shop are lifted for labor, are plied in masses for destruction and murder. The ambition of some knows how to give a feeling to this immense power, an expression to this huge voice, and each one, united in concert, becomes, in the hands of agitators, the element of an insurrection, the stone of a barricade, the machine of a revolution.

The faubourg Saint Marceau could not escape this fatal intoxication; like others, it had its days of June; the fighting was murderous there.

A great number in spite of themselves took post behind the barricades; for, from the first day, the district had been placed in a state of siege by the insurrection; the order was given to seize the arms; unknown leaders ran from place to place through these crowded houses, dragged the workman from his bed, enrolled him by force in a band which was waiting at his door, put a gun in his hand with the threat of directing it against himself if he did not use it, and condemned him thus to slaughter under pain of death. The wicked faces, the terrible proceedings of those who came to preach revolt, struck Sister Rosalie so forcibly, that later, when relating the occurrences of those days, she used to say, "I believe that if, at that moment, we had gone down to hell, we should not have found a single devil there; they were all in our streets. Never shall I forget their countenances."

But, it must be told, a considerable number of workmen well known to the Sister did not wait to be compelled to go on the street. Accustomed, since February, to an authority which had met with no resistance, unsettled on the questions of their rights and victories by insidious calumnies, they had regarded the disbanding of the national workmen as a usurpation of their sovereignty, and esteemed it a glory to be slain and to slay for the cause of the democratic and social republic.

There were many of them we may believe who did not know why they

were fighting: the report of the musketry and the smell of powder filled their brains; they had been denounced and trodden upon like the rest.

In those fearful moments when the air was in a blaze, when the wind bears the scent of war, the fate of every one is at the mercy of the slightest incident; the inoffensive passer-by, the curious looker-on, joins in revolt and takes up arms at a look or a word that offends him.

That day, Sister Rosalie and her companions were themselves under arms; they could not stop the contest, they desired at least to soften its rigors and lessen the number of its victims. The house of relief was changed to a camp hospital, where the wounded of both parties received the attentions of a charity which makes no longer any distinctions in presence of bleeding wounds and death.

From early morning, great numbers of women came in tears to commit their husbands to the protection of the sisters to save them from the tyrannical compulsion of the leaders of the insurrection and withdraw them from the field of battle. The cellars, store-rooms, all the secret chambers of the house were filled with poor people who shunned danger less than revolt, death less than murder.* Every minute, wounded men still fired with the rage of fighting, were carried into the court of the hospital, and into the dispensary usually allotted to the sick poor; the sisters recognized in these victims men whom they had visited, and who had come in better times to ask advice or return thanks for relief: they endeavored, while bestowing attentions often fruitless, to slip in a word of peace, to inspire thoughts of meekness, and to awaken a little forgiveness in those souls which were in so great want of it. Often their efforts were foiled by a burst of anger; they could not always repress the last curse on the dying lips of the unfortunate, but sometimes also, the sight of the sister, of the cross which they had at other times honored, the sound of a familiar and loved voice, appeased fury, caused sobs to follow cries of rage, and extorted one of those words or tears which, in the last hour, lead the guilty to find pardon.

In the hottest of the strife an officer of the *garde mobile*, who had fought bravely through the day, led his soldiers to attack a barricade in the street Mouffetard, at the corner of the street Epée-de-Bois, and was the first to make the attack. A murderous fire poured from the ranks of the insurgents, without stopping him, checks the troops which followed him; carried by a leap to the other side of the barricade, he finds himself there alone. Surrounded on all sides, without any hope of assistance

* During the disarming which followed the days of June, the commissary of police, on presenting himself at the door of Sister Rosalie, told her that he came merely for form-sake, and he did not look for arms under her roof; "You make a mistake, sir," said she, "we have a great number here." And she pointed him to a large number of guns and sabres piled up in one of the rooms of her house. They were the arms which the workmen, who had come to ask her protection during the fighting, and those which in expectation of the battle, she herself had snatched from the hands of such as would have been able to make a bad use of them.

from his soldiers who thought him dead, in the impossibility of resisting the crowds of his enemies, he had barely time to dart into the street Epèe-de-Bois, and finding the house of charity open, throws himself among the sisters as a refuge given him by Providence. A body of the insurgents recognized him, and giving him chase, reached the door almost as soon as he. At the sight of this man thus cut off, without hope, abandoned to a soldiery thirsting for blood, all the Sisters, the Superior at the head, threw themselves, by an instinctive act, between the victim and his slayers. The insurgents hesitated a moment before this unlooked-for barrier; they all recognized Sister Rosalie, and began at once a noisy struggle, in which, for more than an hour charity disputed the life of a man with revenge. The assailants are inexorable and mingle the most atrocious threats against their enemy with expressions of respect for her whom, even in their violence they still called their mother. "We want our prisoner," cried they, "he has caused our brothers to be slaughtered; his death alone can atone for the evil he has done." As the sister expressed her horror to see them shed blood on her premises, and kill an unarmed man in that house of mercy: "Let us take him;" they cried, "we will not kill him here; we will bring him into the street; he shall pay the penalty of his crimes there." Finally, in spite of tears, promises, and the appeal to mercy, the insurgents advanced, loudly demanding their victim and narrowing the circle which separated them from him; already, more surely to hit him, the muzzles of their muskets were levelled on the shoulders of the sisters, their fingers on the triggers, the fatal shot was on the point of being discharged, when Sister Rosalie, throwing herself on her knees, exclaimed: "Fifty years I have devoted my life to you, to your wives, and to your children, I now beg the life of this man of you." At this scene, and prayer, they lower their pieces, the soldiers fall back as if struck with repentance, a shout of admiration bursts from these lips blackened with powder, tears of tenderness roll from those eyes so lately blind to pity; the prisoner was spared.

Two days after, order triumphed, justice took its course, and the insurgents awaited in prisons the penalty of their vanquished sedition; the court-yard of the house Epèe-de-Bois was filled with women and children petitioning for their husbands and fathers, and having no hope but in Sister Rosalie; she mingled her tears with theirs and promised to intercede in their favor. By dint of prayers and entreaties, she obtained the release of those who had only been led away; she went to the prisons and the forts to console the most guilty, whose liberation she could not obtain. An angel of consolation between them and their families, she was often the bearer, from one side to the other, of hopes which she did not share.

Among the prisoners there was a hard-working man, in whom Sister Rosalie took a deep interest before the breaking out of the revolution; he was esteemed one of the most civil men of his district, but he had yielded in the moment of delirium; heavy charges were brought against him; all

efforts and petitions in his favor had been made in vain; he had nothing more to look for than his approaching and terrible condemnation.

His daughter, between five and six years of age, full of gentleness and sweetness, attended the school of the sisters; since the imprisonment of her father, nothing could console her. In the interval, General Cavaignac comes to see Sister Rosalie; she conducts him to the school, and calling the little girl: "My child," said she, "there is the gentleman, who, if he wishes, can restore your father to you." At these words, the little thing falls on her knees, joins her hands, and, in a voice choked with sobs, "Oh! dear sir," said she, "give me back my papa; he is so good! we want him so much!" "But," replied the general, "he has without doubt done something very bad?" "No, indeed, sir, mamma has told me not, and moreover, I promise you, he will not do it any more. Pardon! pardon! restore him to me, I will love you so much."

The suppliant looks of the Sister supported the words of the child, we should have said an angel inspired by a saint. The general left very much moved, and, a few days after, the prisoner was restored to his family, fortunate to have been defended by two such advocates who never lose any cause—innocence and charity.

To be continued.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet?
When her loving smiles no longer
Greet the coming of our feet;
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And oh! how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish;
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray,
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are passed,
And before we learn to know her,
She hath breath'd on earth her last.

Other hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart from day to day.
We miss her kind and willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care;
And oh! how drear is life around us,
What's home without a mother's there?

THE LOST CHILD.

THE STORY OF LIN-IN.

A CHINESE TALE.

At Wou-si, a town dependent upon the city of Tchang-tcheou, in the province of Kiang-nan, there resided a family in the middle sphere of life. Three brothers composed the family; the name of the eldest was Lin-in (the jasper); the second Lin-pao (the precious); the youngest Lin-tchin (the pearl); this last was not yet old enough to marry; the other two had taken wives to themselves. The wife of the first was named Wang; the wife of the second Yang; and both possessed every grace which can constitute the charm of woman.

Lin-pao's engrossing passions were gambling and wine; he evinced no inclination to good. His wife was of a similar disposition, and depraved in her conduct; she was very different from her sister-in-law Wang, who was a pattern of modesty and propriety. So although these two women lived together on neighborly terms, there was but little real sympathy between them.

Wang had a son named Hi-eul, that is to say, "the son of rejoicing." One day, when the child was six years old, having stopped in the street with some other children, to look at a great procession in the neighborhood, he was lost in the crowd, and in the evening did not return to the house.

This loss caused the deepest sorrow to his parents. They had handbills posted up, and there was not a street in which they did not make inquiries, but all to no purpose; they could gain no intelligence respecting their darling child. Lin-in was inconsolable; and giving way to the grief that overwhelmed him, he sought to fly from his home, where every thing brought back the remembrance of his dear Hi-eul. He borrowed a sum of money from one of his friends, to enable him to carry on a small trade in the neighborhood of the city and the adjacent villages, hoping that in one of these short excursions he might be able to recover the treasure he had lost.

As his whole thoughts were taken up with his child, he took little pleasure in the circumstance that his trade flourished. He nevertheless continued to pursue it during five years, without making long journeys from home, whither he returned every year to spend the autumn. At length, being utterly unsuccessful in discovering the least trace of his son after so many years, and concluding that he was lost to him for ever, and having no other children, as he had now amassed a good sum of money, he determined to divert his thoughts from painful recollections by trading in another province.

He joined the company of a rich merchant travelling the road he had fixed upon; and the merchant, having observed his aptitude for business, made him a very advantageous offer. The desire of becoming wealthy now took possession of him, and diverted his thoughts from their accustomed channel.

Within a very short time after their arrival in the province of Chan-si, every thing had succeeded to their utmost wishes. They found a quick sale for their merchandise, and the profits arising from it was considerable. The payments, however, were delayed for two years in consequence of a drought and famine which afflicted the country, as well as by a tedious illness by which Lin-in was attacked. They were detained altogether three years in the province; after which, having recovered his money and his health, he took his departure to return to his own country.

He halted one day during his journey, near a place named Tchin-licou, to recruit his strength, and strolling round the neighborhood accidentally came upon a girdle of blue cloth, in the form of a long, narrow bag, such as is worn round the body, under the dress, and in which money is usually kept; as he took it up, he found the weight considerable. He retired to a quiet spot, opened the girdle, and found it contained about two hundred täels.

At sight of this treasure he fell into the following train of reflection: "My good fortune has placed this sum in my hands; I might keep it and employ it for my own use without fearing any unpleasant consequences. Still, the person who has dropped it, the moment he discovers his loss will be in great distress, and will return in haste to look for it. Do they not say that our forefathers dared scarcely touch money found in this way;

and if they picked it up, only did so with a view of restoring it to its owner? This appears to me a very praiseworthy custom, and I will imitate it, the more so as I am growing old and have no heir. Of what benefit would money got by such means be to me?"

Whilst thus reasoning, he had wandered to some distance from the spot where he had found the money; he now, however, retraced his steps to the place, and waited there the whole day, to be ready in case the owner should return. No body came, however, and the next day he continued his journey.

After five days' travelling, he arrived in the evening at Nan-sou-tcheou, and took up his quarters at an inn where several other merchants were staying. The conversation having turned upon the advantages of commerce, one of the company said, "Five days ago, on leaving Tchin-lieou, I lost two hundred täels, which I had in an inside girdle. I had taken it off, and placed it near me whilst I lay down to sleep, when a mandarin and his cortége chanced to pass by. I hastened to get out of the way for fear of insult, and in my hurry forgot to take up my money. It was only at night, as I was undressing to go to bed, that I discovered my loss. I felt sure that as the place where I lost my money was by the side of a well frequented road, it would be useless to delay my journey for several days in order to look for what I should never find."

Every one condoled with him on his loss. Lin-in asked him his name and place of abode. "Your servant," replied the merchant, "is named Tchin, and lives at Yang-tcheou, where he has a shop and a large warehouse. May I be so bold in return to inquire to whom I have the honor of speaking?" Lin-in told him his name, and said that he was an inhabitant of the town of Wou-si. "My shortest road there," added he, "lies through Yang-tcheou; and, if agreeable to you, I shall have much pleasure in your company so far."

Tchin acknowledged this politeness in a becoming manner. "Most willingly," said he; "we will continue our journey together, and I esteem myself very fortunate in meeting with such an agreeable companion." The journey was not long, and they soon arrived at Yang-tcheou.

After the usual civilities, Tchin invited his fellow-traveller to his house, and on their arrival there immediately ordered refreshments to be brought. Whilst they were discussing their meal, Lin-in managed to turn the conversation on the subject of the lost money.

"What," he asked, "was the color of the girdle which contained your money, and of what material was it made?"

"It was of blue cloth," replied Tchin; "and what would enable me to identify it is, that at one end the letter Tchin, which is my name, is embroidered upon it in white silk."

This description left no doubt as to the owner. Lin-in, therefore, rejoined in a cheerful tone, "If I have asked you all these questions, it was merely because passing through Tchin-lieou, I found a belt such as you

describe." At the same time producing it, he added, "Look if this is yours." "The very same," said Tchin. Whereupon Lin-in politely restored it to its owner.

Tchin, overwhelmed with gratitude, pressed him to accept the half of the sum which it contained; but his entreaties were in vain, Lin-in would receive nothing. "What obligations am I not under to you?" resumed Tchin; "where else should I find such honesty and generosity?" He then ordered a splendid repast to be brought, over which they pledged each other with great demonstrations of friendship.

Tchin thought to himself, "Where should I find a man of such probity as Lin-in? Men of his character are very scarce in these days. What! shall I receive from him such an act of kindness, and not be able to repay him? I have a daughter twelve years old; I must form an alliance with such an honest man. But has he got a son? On this point I am entirely ignorant."

"My dear friend," said he, "how old is your son?"

This question brought tears into the eyes of Lin-in. "Alas!" replied he, "I had but one, who was most dear to me. It is now eight years ago since my child, having run out of the house to see a procession pass by, disappeared; and from that day to this I have never been able to learn any thing of him; and, to crown my misfortune, my wife has not borne me any more children."

Upon hearing this, Tchin appeared to think for a moment, then, continuing the conversation, said, "My brother and benefactor, of what age was the child when you lost him?" "About six years old," replied Lin-in. "What was his name?" "We called him Hi-eul," returned Lin-in. "He had escaped all the dangers of the small-pox, which had left no traces upon his countenance; his complexion was clear and florid."

This description gave the greatest pleasure to Tchin, and he could not prevent his satisfaction from displaying itself in his looks and manner. He immediately called one of his servants, to whom he whispered a few words. The servant, having made a gesture of obedience, retired into the interior of the house.

Lin-in, struck by the questions, and the joy which lit up the countenance of his host, was forming all sorts of conjectures, when he saw a youth of about fourteen years of age enter the room. He was dressed in a long gown, with a plain though neat jacket. His graceful form, his air and carriage, his face with its regular features, and his quick and piercing eyes, and finely arched black eye-brows, at once engaged the admiration and riveted the attention of Lin-in.

As soon as the youth saw the stranger seated at the table, he turned towards him, made a low bow, and uttered some respectful words; then approaching Tchin, and standing modestly before him, he said in a sweet and pleasing tone, "My father, you have called Hi-eul; what are you pleased to command?" "I will tell you presently," replied Tchin, "in the meantime stand beside me."

The name of Hi-eul, by which the youth called himself, excited fresh suspicions in the breast of Lin-in. A secret sympathy suddenly forced itself upon him; and by one of those wonderful instincts of nature which are so unerring, recalled to his recollection the image of his lost child, his form, his face, his air, and manners; he beheld them all in the youth before him. There was but one circumstance that made him doubt the truth of his conjectures, and that was his addressing Tchin by the name of 'father.' He felt it would be rude to ask Tchin if the youth really were his son; perhaps he might truly be so, for it was not impossible that there might be two children bearing the same name, and in many respects resembling each other.

Lin-in, absorbed in these reflections, paid little attention to the good cheer placed before him. Tchin could read on the countenance of Lin-in the perplexing thoughts that filled his mind. An indescribable charm seemed to attract him irresistibly towards the youth. He kept his eyes constantly fixed upon him, he could not turn them away. Hi-eul, on his part, despite his bashfulness and the timidity natural to his age, could not help gazing intently upon Lin-in; it seemed as though nature was revealing his father to him.

At length Lin-in, no longer master of his feelings, suddenly broke the silence, and asked Tchin if the youth really was his son.

"I am not," replied Tchin, "really his father, although I look upon him as my own child. Eight years ago, a man passing through this city, leading this child in his hand, addressed me by chance, and begged me to assist him in his great need. 'My wife,' said he, 'is dead, and has left me with this child. The impoverished state of my affairs has compelled me to leave my native place and go to Hoaingan to my relations, from whom I hope to receive a sum of money to enable me to set up in business again. I have not wherewith to continue my journey to that town, will you be so charitable as to lend me three täels? I will faithfully restore them on my return, and I will leave as a pledge all that I hold most dear in the world, my only son; I shall no sooner reach Hoaingan than I will return and redeem my dear child.'

"I felt gratified by this mark of confidence, and I gave him the sum he asked. As he left me he burst into tears, and gave every evidence of the grief he felt in leaving his child. I was, however, surprised that the child did not exhibit the least emotion at the separation; as, however, time wore on, and the pretended father did not return, suspicions began to rise, which I was anxious to set at rest. I called the child, and by various questions I put to him, learned that he was born in Wou-si, that having one day run out to see a procession pass by, he had strayed too far from home and lost his way, and that he had been trepanned and carried off by a stranger. He also told me the name of his father and mother; indeed, it is that of your own family. I thus discovered that the fellow, so far from being the father of the poor child, was the identical rascal who had

carried him off. Not only was my compassion excited, but the boy's pleasing manners had entirely won my heart; I treated him from that time as one of my own children, and I sent him to college with my own son, to study with him. I have often entertained the plan of going to Wou-si, to inquire after his family. But business of some kind always prevented me from undertaking the journey, of which, however, I had never fully relinquished the idea; when, happily, a few moments ago, you chanced in the course of conversation to mention your son, my suspicions were aroused, and upon the extraordinary coincidence of your tale and the circumstances of which I was acquainted, I sent for your child to see if you would recognize him."

At these words Hi-eul wept for joy, and his tears caused those of Lin-in to flow copiously. "A peculiar mark," said he, "will prove his identity; a little above the left knee you will find a small black spot, which has been there from his birth." Hi-eul pulled up the leg of his trouser, and showed the spot in question. Lin-in, on seeing it, threw himself upon the neck of the child, covered him with kisses, and folded him in his arms. "My child," cried he, "my dear child, what happiness for your father to find you after so many years' absence."

It is not difficult to conceive to what transports of joy the father and son delivered themselves up during these first moments of pleasure. After a thousand tender embraces, Lin-in at length tore himself from the arms of his son, and made a profound obeisance to Tchin. "What gratitude do I not owe you," said he, "for having received my son into your house, and brought up this dear portion of myself with so much care. But for you we should never have been united."

"My kind benefactor," replied Tchin, rising, "it was the act of disinterested generosity you practised towards me in restoring the two hundred täels, which moved the compassion of Heaven. It is Heaven that conducted you to my house, where you have found him whom you sought in vain for so many years. Now that I know that good youth is your son, I regret that I have not treated him with greater consideration."

"Kneel, my son," said Lin-in, "and thank your generous benefactor." Tchin was about to return these salutations, when Lin-in himself prevented him, overcome with this excess of respect. This interchange of civilities being over, they resumed their seats, and Tchin placed little Hi-eul on a seat by his father's side.

Then, Tchin resuming the conversation, said, "My brother (for henceforth that is the title by which I shall address you), I have a daughter twelve years of age, and it is my intention to give her in marriage to your son, in order that the union may cement our friendship more closely." This proposition was made in so sincere and ardent a manner, that Lin-in did not feel it right to make the usual excuses that good breeding prescribed. He therefore waived all ceremony, and gave his consent at once.

As it was growing late, they separated for the night. Hi-eul slept in the same chamber with his father. You may imagine all the tender and affectionate conversation that passed between them during the night. The next day Lin-in prepared to take leave of his host, but he could not resist the pressing invitation to remain. Tchin had prepared a second day's festivity, in which he spared no expense to regale the future father-in-law of his daughter, and his new son-in-law, and thereby to console himself for their departure. They drank and sang, and gave themselves up fully to the hilarity of the occasion.

To be continued.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. VII.

Law and Order—mob law and higher law.—These are the "words" of two thoughts now struggling for the ascendancy; the one a rational conservatism, the other an innovating radicalism. The one rests upon the solid ground of just authority, the other upon the changing quicksands of sudden passion or of blind fanaticism. The one, therefore, even if imperfectly wrought out, is at least safe, permanent, and may always be made beneficial: while the other is ever shifting and destructive, swallowing up in an instant every fabric that is reared upon it.

Conservatism, therefore, is the rock, upon which the liberty of a republic destined to endure must be founded—stringent law in the preservation of civil order, unvarying adhesion to order and to organic regulations in the modification of law. Mob Law and Higher Law are the reverse of this; are the declaration not only of the inefficiency of all law, but of its subjection to the individual, and disorganize society by withdrawing from the community, the nation and its representative, the Government, all those rights and powers which constitute efficient authority and conferring them upon the individual or any chance assemblage, to be swayed by brute force or passionate fanaticism.

Reverence for legitimate authority is the soul of conservatism, the inward life of law and order. At the root of Mob Law and new fangled Higher Law-ism lies individualism,—the doctrine that makes each man the sole interpreter and judge of what is right and true before God, teaches him to despise authority and to reject its appointed guidance. It is not difficult to trace the origin of these two principles. The one is of heaven, the law of God and the rule of man in the primeval innocence; the other of earth, of man in and ever since the fall—for he would be like to God "knowing good and evil." So, ever since, the rule of authority, conservatism, has been the law of God and truth—individualism, self judging, self responsible and self guiding, the law of error and rebellion.

In religion, Protestantism, the negation of authority as duly established

in the Church by its divine founder, introduced the rule of private judgment, and private judgment, as far as it could find expression in spite of the forms of Church association and dogmatic teaching inconsistently maintained alongside of it and over it, logically brought forth anarchy. Protestantism is not conservative, therefore, but disorganizing. It cannot of itself foster and preserve a stable government unsustained by force. Its own fundamental principles would soon rend all its bonds asunder. But Protestantism has a twofold aspect, negative and positive: negative in its name, its origin, and that portion of its principles wherein it differs from the Church, and in the denial of authority,—positive, only, in what it has practically retained of the teachings of the Church, which, however, being subject to the rule of individual judgment, ignores any other authority and affords no foundation for conservatism beyond the whim, the passion, and at the very best the interested reason of the individual. But excited men do not pause to reason, and the perverted reason of fanatics only impels them the more resolutely to beat down by violence that which runs counter to their feelings or fanaticism, without abiding the constitutional or legal mode of ascertaining and reforming an evil. Thus we have abolition riots, and know-nothing riots, Regulators and Committees of Vigilance, Judge Lynch with an extensive and undefined jurisdiction, and such other practical as well as theoretical Higher-law-isms in abundance under the active impulse of individual judgment protesting once more against authority. When passion subsides, law and order return by force of the positive religious and moral feeling or instinct, when it does not amount to faith, which in a greater or less degree is preserved in spite of all negations, by the large body of the people.

There are oppressions which may require resistance, wrongs which may justify revolution, and a higher law, the Law of God, which binds both government and people. These oppressions and these wrongs the true Catholic will resist and overthrow, and this higher law he will obey with an unperverted conscience, leaning to the side of authority in civil matters, as he is taught by his religion, until submission ceases to be a virtue. Viewing all rightly constituted authority as coming from God, he is willing to obey it legitimately, and, when necessary, to seek its modification legitimately.

The teachings and the doctrines of the Church, therefore, are the best safeguards of the perpetuity of our institutions, founded as they are upon the true views of human liberty and right, laid down long ago by her great luminaries, and transmitted through all the changes of Protestantism as a positive inheritance of well regulated and conservative freedom, depending for existence upon the conscientious adhesion of the citizen to lawful authority; and true Catholics for this reason ever will be found, as they ever have been found opposed to anarchy, mob law and higher-law-ism, and arrayed on the side of law and order and the maintenance of the Constitution and the Laws.

MODERN CORINTH.

GREECE.

How much of our early and later school days is given to the study of Greece. From the time when in our little primary we learn of the Trojan war, the defeat of Xerxes, the triumphs of Demosthenes, till in the last years of our college course we learn to expatiate wisely and sagely on the beauties of Æschylus and Eurypides, Homer and Hesiod, Pindar and Anacreon, Demosthenes and Isocrates, Plato and Aristotle, Herodotus and Xenophon, the enduring models of dramatic, heroic, and lyric poetry, oratory, philosophy and history. Yet how pagan all our study is and how wrongly so. Greece had her glories in science, in literature, she had too her glories in art, in architecture, in military renown: but why is the Christian element omitted and ignored? Why from one end of our course of study to the other is the connexion of Greece and especially of her language with Christianity, in a manner banished.

When the great day of Pentecost beheld the establishment of the Church of the long expected Messias of the Jews, Greek became the language of its propagation. Our Lord himself seems to have adopted the Septuagint version of the sacred writings of the people of God: a Greek

inscription spoke from the cross on which he died: the Hebrew word Messias gave place to the Greek Christos Χριστος as his designation throughout all nations and all time, the monogram of the earlier Christians ☧ and that of later times I.H.S. are alike Greek. This was surely not without its meaning. The great day of Grecian glory had then set for ever. When St. Paul preached the unknown God in the city of Theseus, when his voice echoed through the sacred precincts of the Areopagus, Greece was but a province in the empire of Rome's crowned ruler. Yet the power of the Greek ends not there. Christianity came with a new and vivifying power. She raised up a new Demosthenes in Chrysostom, new philosophers in Clement and Origen, new historian in Eusebius, and moralists in her apostles and their successors. She reared Greece up to become a new empire, the barrier of Europe and civilization against the Moslem, destined to fall only when it in its hour of pride rejected the supremacy of the See of St. Peter. And yet an empire which in its very ruin created anew art, science and literature in Western Europe, for the Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian are but pupils of the Byzantines, as the revival of letters in Italy and thence in the northern countries was due in an especial degree to the immigration of Greek scholars.

It must then be a matter of regret that modern education limits itself so entirely to the study of the pagan period of Greece, seeking no light from the Christian schools. A few years since a vigorous effort was made in France to overthrow what had been styled the paganism of modern education. In this effort, and in the controversies that ensued, the Abbé now Bishop Gaume took an active part, and his works are familiar to all. But though it may be difficult to replace Virgil and Horace by Prudentius and Sedulius, Livy by Sulpitius Severus, and Cicero by Cyprian, there can be no difficulty in Greek especially of giving a portion to the great geniuses of paganism, but a part also to those whose genius was certainly not disgraced or dishonored by the profession of Christianity. A school of which Gibbon is to us the readiest example labored to create the impression that all the early Christian writers were devoid of truth, honesty and ability, still more of genius. To them we owe the feeling of contempt so evident in English literature for the early Fathers, the studied preference of pagan to Christian evidence, the rejection of the latter unsupported. Of course and as a necessary consequence the early Christian Greek writers formed no part of study. Catholic institutions took the same course, and though there are some that have in their list of studies some homilies of Chrysostom, we have not a text book made up in whole or in part from the early Christian writers in the language.

The history of these Greek writers, the history of the Byzantine empire, its schools of art and learning, its progress in science, art and navigation, its wars and its triumphs, should all be better and more generally known, especially to Catholics, as the attempt to banish them has been the main endeavor of the Protestant systems. The study of the decline and fall of

the Greek empire in its close alliance with the great dogma of Peter's primacy, will be in itself a lesson in these days when civil governments still rebel against divine power. The Roman empire that would have crushed it fell: the Byzantine empire disowned it to set up a rival and it perished: the Roman empire revived in the person of Charlemagne sought to enslave it and that empire was dashed into fragments, and handed over to schism and heresy, descending in our day to heart-blighting infidelity. Napoleon's fall was as quick and terrible as England's retribution has been long delayed, but was not surer: for not without his own designs has Providence kept beside it a people of unwavering faith, a people who received the Christian Doctrine from the Pontiff of Rome and have never ceased to revere his primacy.

We have written rather for the scholar than for the general reader, yet to the latter our words will not be useless, if they induce him to glance a little at this oft omitted, always neglected portion, the Greece of Christendom.

TIME GROWS NOT OLD.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Time grows not old with length of years;
  Changes he brings but changes not;
New-born each moment he appears;
  —*We* run our race and are forgot.

Stars in perennial rounds return;
  As from eternity they came,
And to eternity might burn,
  —*We* are not for one hour the same.

Spring-flowers renew their wild perfume,
  But ere a second spring they fly;
Our life is longer than their bloom,
  Our bloom is sweeter,—yet we die.

Yet stars like flowers have but their day,
  And Time, like stars, shall cease to roll;
We have what never can decay,
  —A living and immortal soul.

Lord God, when Time shall end his flight,
  Stars set and flowers revive no more;
May we behold thy face in light,
  Thy love in Christ may we adore.

[*Selected.*]

EARLY IRISH CATHOLICS IN THE WEST INDIES.

Some of our readers may have seen an old French Atlas published by Sanson in 1650, and wondered to see the isle of Montserrat in the West Indies there described as settled by the Irish. Yet Sanson was right. The journal of Father Andrew White, the Jesuit who accompanied the first colonists of Maryland, tells us the same, and adds that these Irish Catholics had gone first to Virginia, but being refused permission to land had taken possession of Montserrat.*

The early French Jesuits in Canada published a series of annual *Relations*, a series which Bancroft, O'Callaghan and Shea have so well used, and which the Canadian government is now aiding to reprint, while Mr. Lenox and Mr. Shea are printing such unpublished ones as have escaped the ravages of time.

One such Relation, written by Father Peter Pelleprat, was printed in 1655, having reference to the West Indies and Guiana. This work now become exceedingly rare, has just been reprinted with additional matter by the Rev. Father de Montezon of the Society of Jesus, under the title of "*Mission de Cayenne et de la Guyane Française.*"

The fifth chapter of this work, which Father de Montezon has enriched with valuable notes and supplementary matter, bears especially on the Irish in the West Indies, and as a piece of the history of the Gael, we insert it.

"The number of Irish in America being considerable and increasing notably every year, we asked and obtained of our Fathers of that nation to serve them. It was time to stretch out a helping hand to them, for the English, to whom many of them were bound for seven years, would not permit any exercise of their religion, and on the contrary treated them with extreme harshness and rigor; most of these poor people to escape the ill-treatment and violence done them, went to the Protestant meeting and were insensibly losing the sentiments of faith.

Father John Destriche, who was sent to their assistance, arrived at St. Christopher's in the year 1650. He first erected a chapel at Pointe des Sables (Sandy Point) in the French division, quite near the English territory, where most of the Irish dwelt. They knew at once that a Father of their nation had come. The joy inspired by this news made them forget the dangers to which they exposed themselves, for they went in crowds and without concealment to salute the Father, whom they all regarded as a man whom God sent to their assistance. Some took his hands to kiss, others fell at his feet to receive his blessing, and all, including the Father himself, were transported with joy which it would be difficult to express. The missionary informed them of the sole object of his coming, and told

* This journal is published in Force's Historical Tracts.

them that he had come to the West Indies only to assist them. He then arranged with them the best time and means to aid them, in order to give their masters no pretext for ill-treating them; but so fervent were most of these good Irish people, that they did not hesitate to expose their body to save their souls.

The Father was daily in the chapel to administer the sacraments; and during the three months of his stay, he was constantly occupied from day-break to one o'clock in the afternoon in hearing confessions, giving communion, baptizing children or instructing them. Such blessing did God give his labors, that several already entangled in heresy, resumed the good way; and the Father having in a short time gathered together his sheep, found that his church was composed of nearly three thousand persons.

After providing for the most pressing need of the Irish in St. Christopher's, he passed to the isle of Montserrat, of which they had once been masters. But the English have dispossessed and subjected them. The Father, who knew that they would not suffer a priest in their island, disguised himself as a trader, and went there ostensibly to buy wood. As soon as he arrived, he made himself known to some of the Irish and through these to all the rest. A place was chosen in the woods, and hither the missionary repaired daily to say mass and administer the sacraments. All the morning was spent in the culture of souls, and then they went to cut wood which the Father had carried in by these good Catholics, thus confirming the English in the idea that he came only for that purpose.

One day while the Father was in the woods administering the sacraments to the Catholics, two thousand Caraibs, who had long waged unrelenting war against the English, dashed into the island, burned many houses, massacred a number of people, plundered the stores, drove off the cattle, captured the provisions and set all in confusion. . . . .

The Father having given the necessary assurance to the Irish of this island, returned to St. Christopher's. While thinking of building his chapel here, the enemy of salvation, who could not bear that the Catholic religion should make such progress there, redoubled his efforts to destroy this rising church He filled the mind of the English with distrust, and they forbid the Irish Catholics to go in future to the French quarter, under the pretext that the French wished to gain them to use against the English when occasion should require.

Not satisfied with forbidding all exercise of their religion, they treated them with all imaginable rigor, and their animosity became a perfect fury; they carried off by night one hundred and twenty-five Irish Catholics, whom they considered the most fervent and important, and put them on board a vessel which threw them on the Isle of Crabs,* two hundred leagues from St. Christopher's, and left them in this spot which is uninhabited and destitute of every thing.

* Also called Borquen. It is five or six leagues from Porto Rico.

While these exiles are reduced to the last degree of misery, those who remained among the English on St. Christopher's were treated with every rigor. The English disarmed them, and under heavy penalties ordered them to go to the Protestant meeting; a young girl having refused, she was dragged there by the hair of the head and treated with so much cruelty, that many intimidated by the frightful torments inflicted on this noble Catholic girl, obeyed at least exteriorly and went to the Protestant meetings.

Some of them came from time to time to Mass, but secretly and by stealth. There were several so firm and generous, that seeing that the English stopped them at the guard-house on the main road that led to the chapel, they stole from their cabins on the eves of Sundays and holydays and tramped all night through woods full of brush and by precipitous paths, in order to come and hear Mass. As I was then in that quarter I remarked among the Irish who came habitually, two good old men, who making the journey with incredible hardship, never failed to be the first at our chapel, where they assisted at the service and fulfilled their practices of devotion, from day-break till ten o'clock, with a fervor and attention of mind that ravished me. What confusion should this zeal give to the thousands of Christians in Europe, who neglect so many occasions of serving God! But let us return to our exiles.

If hell conspires against these poor victims, heaven thinks of their preservation. They had already passed several days in great necessity in the Isle of Crabs, living only on herbs and some shell-fish that they picked up by the sea shore, and they believed starvation inevitable, when they descried a vessel passing near the island. They hailed those on board and called to them to come; and when they came up they induced the vessel to take them to St. Domingo: the craft was however too small for all, and they would take only such as they could ship without danger. And thus a part of these unfortunate people, reduced to such great penury, remained on that island without any hope of succor. Those who embarked reached St. Domingo; but the Spaniards who are masters there, hearing that they came from St. Christopher's, would not receive them for fear of some surprize; and as if all had conspired against them, they were not long at sea when a storm arose which drove them four hundred leagues from land. They passed four days without eating or drinking, and were so weak and exhausted that they seemed rather like corpses than live men. Seeing no hope of relief, but no probability even of it, some proposed to draw lots who should first be killed to support the rest, deeming it better that one should advance his death, than that all should perish so miserably. One of the most important among them, unable to bear this expedient, which he deemed unworthy of a Christian and insulting to God's providence, zealously and plainly rebuked those who gave the advice: then he exhorted all his companions to have more confidence in God, who often permitted such accidents to try the faith of his servants and give them occasions of merit.

Scarcely had he done speaking, when they perceived a fish of extraordinary size near the bark; but as they had neither lines, nor nets, nor any thing fit for fishing, they endeavored to take it with their hands; and they took it with incredible ease, the fish remaining motionless on the surface.

He, doubtless, who once multiplied two fish for the support of the people who followed him, sent this fish to these poor people who suffered solely for his sake. They could not have made a more successful haul, for this fish was so large that all on board, sharpened as their appetites were, lived on it for several days. At the end of that time, they met a man-of-war which took them to Tortugas, where they were as well received by the French as they had been ill-treated elsewhere.

As to the others who had remained on the Isle of Crabs, and who could not get into the vessel, the common belief is that they were lost at sea in this way. For seeing no alternative but to die of starvation on the island, they tied their chests together so as to make a kind of raft, on which they set out in hopes that the winds and waves would drive them on some coast where they would find subsistence; but whether a storm swamped them, or their machine failed, all perished.

This misfortune rent the very heart of Father Destriche, the pastor of this unhappy flock; and not to leave the survivors subject to similar miseries, he passed with all the Irish Catholics he could gather to the island of Guadaloupe in 1653. Monsieur Houel, who is seigneur and governor thereof, received them with great charity, and permitted them to settle there.

Since that time the Father resides generally with them, and renders them all the assistance that can be expected from a good pastor. He passes from time to time to the other islands where there are Irishmen; but he never goes to visit those who are among the English except in disguise. He consoles them, confirms them in the faith, and in secret administers the sacraments. In laboring for the Catholics, he gains also many heretics, English and Irish. In one single excursion that he made not long since, seventy abjured their errors. And although he has been in the West Indies only five years, he has brought back to the Church more than four hundred Protestants."

So far Father Pelleprat, as old books would say. And what a picture have we here! Three thousand Irish Catholics as slaves in the English parts of the little island of St. Christopher's, visited by priests in disguise, punished by banishment to a barren rock, a pirate's punishment, for refusal to accept Protestantism, perishing there of hunger. And Abbott and Dickens and even shilly-shally Catholics like Moore will talk of the Smithfield fires and Bloody Queen Mary, when even Boston and New York and the West Indies are bedewed with the blood of Irish Catholics slaughtered as a hecatomb to the Moloch of the Reformation.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

Translated from the French.

CHAPTER XIV.

The jailer appeared very sad on the way. "You know, sir," said he at length, "that I do not promise to take you back to my lord duke. I have said it in his presence, and I declare to you, that if I see you are discovered, I will be the first to betray you, for it would cost me my fortune and my life; and the lord duke himself could not be useful to you in these circumstances."

They reached the prison, and very soon Silva found himself in the presence of the illustrious captive.

The Duke of Norfolk, seated near a small table, was turning over the leaves of a book; he did not move, not even raise his eyes to Silva. The jailer then shut the door of the chamber and withdrew.

Silva approaching him with respectful eagerness, said:

"Am I at length so happy as to be here with the Duke of Norfolk?"

These words, the sweetness of his accent, aroused the duke from his revery; he looked at him steadfastly from head to foot—

"Imprudent young man, who has brought you here, perhaps at the risk of your life?"

"I have lived long enough if I have been for one moment able to alleviate and share the captivity of him who ought to be my king, the support, the defender and husband of my sovereign."

"What is your name?"

"Silva of Walsingham, the nephew of the Marquis of Rosline. O, my lord! the god-son of Lorenzo could love you, but not die without knowing you!"

The duke folded him in his arms. "Oh! the name of Lorenzo gives me courage, resignation and faith! This angel no longer lives, but he protects me. Where are Henry, Sidney and lady Matilda?"

Silva hastened to satisfy the questions of his friend; then he added:

"Though separated, they are united in the same hope—heaven, the crown of virtue and of persecution for justice." After a silence he continued: "Have you, my lord, personal enemies?"

"Yes, many—among others, this infamous——"

"Oh, my lord!" cried Silva, quickly, throwing his arms around the prisoner—"they are pardoned in your heart; their faults forgotten and effaced. He," he added, taking from his bosom a cross, "has pardoned all for our love; He will erase our errors from the book of justice, on account of our mercy and forgetfulness of personal injuries."

The duke embraced Silva with emotion. "Is it, then, Lorenzo who has sent you to me, to make me what I ought to be? Terrestrial angel, why do you come to expose your liberty and life?"

"I would be too happy to lose both, to obtain the sweet certainty of being united to you in an eternity of happiness."

He then spoke to him more solemnly of his approaching end; he described to him the precious death of the Marquis of Rosline, expressing himself with the freedom and frankness of a pure soul, animated by a lively faith and a generous contempt for the present life.

The duke, inflamed by his example, spoke with ardor of the moment of his deliverance, of the nothingness of human glory and earthly grandeur, which had so long dazzled him; he pardoned, he prayed with Silva for his persecutors, even for those of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. It is more difficult to excuse the enemies of those we love than our own—but what cannot religion and true Christian charity do?

Two hours had passed like lightning; both were on their knees still, praying together, when the door was hastily opened; the Marquis R., governor of the prison, entered, his looks inflamed with anger.

"Who has introduced you here? Speak, young man, or tremble."

"I am not afraid," said Silva, calmly: "I am in your hands—dispose of me. It matters not how I came here."

"I must know it."

"I repeat, do with me what you please."

In saying these words, he approached the Duke of Norfolk. A last subject of anxiety disturbed his mind; this lord had been a Protestant, and if he was so no longer, as his words and the mention of his interview with Lorenzo seemed to prove, he had for some time allowed himself to pass for such, preserving thus all his wealth and titles, until the moment in which he appeared at the head of a conspiracy in favor of Mary Stuart, for whom he had risked and sacrificed everything. Silva took his hand, and kissing it with a transport of affection:

"Adieu," said he; "my lord, remember it is not enough to be faithful, but we must be so generously and publicly. England still believes that you are separated from the Catholic and infallible Church; your reconciliation with Rome is suspected, but not proved. Jesus Christ will blush at those who will have feared the ignominy of his cross, and will crown before the whole world those who will have embraced it. Never let indignation, revenge or human respect, blemish that beautiful soul, which I hope one day, perhaps very soon, to meet in the mansion of eternal recompense."

The duke pressed him to his heart with a powerful emotion.

"Yes, I am a Catholic," said he, "and I will never blush to confess it. Pray for me."

"Follow me out of here," said the marquis in a rage, and seizing Silva rudely by the arm, dragged him from the chamber and slammed the door violently.

The marquis, in taking Silva's arm, had, without knowing it, seized the wounded part, which was very much inflamed. The pain was so severe that his strength failed him; he leaned against the door—his countenance was deathly pale.

"But a moment ago, you appeared to fear nothing," said the marquis, looking at him attentively.

Silva smiled faintly.

"Your name, young man?"

"You will never know it."

"Do you think, then, that you can resist me with impunity?"

"Does your power extend beyond this life?"

"You deceive yourself," replied the marquis, "if you hope to escape my indignation by a voluntary death. I know very well——"

"Ah! my lord, do not fear; I am a Roman Catholic; God preserve me from being so rash as to dare violate His precepts, usurp His rights, and dispose of a life which He has not given me, but only confided to me, and to Him alone it belongs to preserve it or take it away."

Whilst saying these words, he had followed the marquis to a dungeon a considerable distance from that of the Duke of Norfolk. As he again turned pale, the marquis called the jailer and made him bring something for Silva They brought a little bottle of rum and a glass of water. Silva refused the liquor and took half the glass of water. He perceived that his hand was bloody and his wound re-opened—the marquis saw it also.

"Is it to gain an entrance here that you have shed blood?"

"No—I am wounded, but I have never shed the blood of any one."

The marquis, a little softened, raised his sleeve, and saw that the wound was very much inflamed, and he applied to it a handkerchief dipped in water.

"How long since you were wounded?"

"Several days since: but I have not had leisure to take care of myself nor to consult any one. Moreover, this disturbs me very little, and now may God be blessed, and may He watch over us!"

"Who are us?"

"You, certainly, my lord—yes, you are of this number!"

Silva said these words with feeling and sentiment. A moment after, exhausted by the loss of his blood, he fainted away.

"Send for the surgeon," said the marquis to the jailer, "and let him give to this young man all the cares necessary; he interests me in spite of myself," added he in a low tone; "what calmness, what courage, what firmness!"

He went out—the surgeon did not delay to come. Silva passed several days without seeing any one but himself and the jailer.

One morning the marquis came to pay him a visit; he enquired affectionately about his health. Then going away—

"They are waiting for me at the council," said he, "they are about pronouncing the sentence of the Duke of Norfolk."

Silva seized his hand: "And will you be against him?"

"Without doubt—he ought to die."

"Oh! my lord, you are going to render yourself guilty of the blood of the just; it will be required of you, if repentance and bitter tears——"

The marquis disengaged his hand hastily.

"Go," said Silva, with a calm and heavenly grief—"your mouth will pronounce the death of the duke and your own condemnation."

"Tremble young man—your fate is in my hands."

"Since when could I be ignorant of it?" Silva, in saying these words, knelt down in prayer and let the marquis go.

The same evening, when the jailer brought him his food, he appeared very much afflicted. Silva enquired kindly the cause of his grief. This man, whose name was Wilson, informed him that it was on account of his daughter, the stewardess of the marquis. For seven years that she had been married, she had had but one child, who was now two years old, and it had fallen in the fire the day before; one of its feet was so much burnt, that they feared it would die, or would remain a cripple.

Silva, being at Rosline Castle, had often seen lady Matilda taking care

herself of the poor children of the village, who had met similar accidents. She knew how to make a pomatum, which had proved very efficacious, and he had used it himself at Grove Castle. He proposed to Wilson to procure what was necessary to make it, and to bring him the child, assuring him of a speedy cure. The steward, transported with joy, did as he was directed, and very soon brought his little grandson. Silva knelt down beside the child, dressed his foot with the most tender affection, and told Wilson to bring him back in the evening. The child was already much better—he slept the whole afternoon; Silva renewed the dressing. He was still occupied with these touching cares, when suddenly his door opened, and Frederick D., son of Duke Alphonse, precipitated himself into his arms.

"Great God!" exclaimed the young lord, "are you a prisoner, without a defender, and the brother of Malvina lives?"

Silva embraced him. "Do not be alarmed for me, and express my gratitude to your father—I owe him for a favor which will never be effaced from my memory. I have seen my illustrious friend, the Duke of Norfolk."

"You must not remain here; I will save you, or——"

"Do not expose yourself for me, Lord Frederick—I have nothing to fear."

"And you are wounded and suffering—I must bring you my sister's physician."

In finishing these words, he pointed to Mr. Moore, who stood at the door, contemplating in sad silence his interesting friend, upon whose countenance the want of air and rest, and the fever, had already made a remarkable change.

Silva perceiving him, threw himself upon his knees to receive his blessing. Mr. Moore raised him up, smiling; he did not wish to betray his character in presence of the giddy Frederick. He embraced and gave him the blessing in silence, so precious and so much desired.

Frederick, as delicate as he was sensible, suspected that the two friends wished to have a private interview; he went out under pretext of speaking to Wilson, the jailer, and left them in perfect liberty.

Mr. Moore then informed him that, being sent for by the Duke D. for his daughter Malvina, and having received Silva's note, he had left everything to come to them—that his efforts had been crowned with speedy success, the fever having entirely left the young lady. He praised the duke very much and the good and sensible Frederick, who had both treated him with the most amiable benevolence.

"Yesterday," continued he, "the Marquis R. dined with the duke, and when the servants had retired, he spoke of a new prisoner he had made—of the interest he inspired. During the recital, the duke, who had spoken much to me of you, made me a sign, and we had no doubt that you were the individual of whom the marquis was speaking. Lord Frederick importuned his uncle until he obtained permission to see you, and as the marquis complained of your bad health, he proposed to take me to you. All this has been forced from the marquis by the ardent Frederick, and we came together. It remains for me now to inform you of what will be infinitely more agreeable," added Mr. Moore, lowering his voice. "I have seen the Duke of Norfolk—we passed nearly an hour alone. I discovered my character, and did not leave him until he was

perfectly tranquil and prepared for his sentence, which is pronounced, and will be executed in a few days."

Silva, holding one of Mr. Moore's hands, put it to his lips and bathed it with tears of gratitude and sorrow. This last sentiment soon gave place to a celestial joy, proceeding from the just hope that the salvation of his friend was secured.

They conversed together for some time longer. Lord Frederick returned and took Mr. Moore away, after having promised Silva to put everything in operation to obtain his deliverance.

CHAPTER XV.

The day after this, as I had no news of Silva, and had heard that the Duke of Norfolk was condemned, I repaired to the house of the Duke of D., whom I had not seen for five years. He received me affectionately, presented his children to me, and related to me that he owed the life and cure of his daughter Malvina to a young Scotchman, a partisan of the Duke of Norfolk. Frederick detailed to me the accident of the pavilion being destroyed by fire, which originated in his cabinet, where he had forgotten the light on a table covered with papers and combustibles for artificial fires, prepared for a feast. I found Mr. Moore at the duke's, and that he was staying there attending Malvina, and that the Duke Alphonse wished that he would very soon accompany him with his family to the country. He detained me to dinner; I there became acquainted with his brother-in-law, the Marquis of R. The latter asked me if I had been in parliament the day the Duke of Norfolk was condemned.

"No, my lord," said I, "I have been traveling for several years, and have renounced political interests, after having for too long a time served with zeal a bad cause. I have changed my opinion as well as my religion."

"Have you left the religion of the state?"

"I am now a Roman Catholic, in good faith and through conviction; one can scarcely be otherwise in the present circumstances, where the tolerance of the Anglican sect permits the government to seize the persons and confiscate the estates of Catholics."

Duke Alphonse smiled. "You are always the same, Lord Seymour," said he to me—"as ardent a Catholic as you were a zealous Protestant, and as free in your frank English, as if the circumstances had not changed."

"One cannot be too prudent," said the marquis, frowning slightly.

"Do you know Count Emil of Tudor?" asked the duke, to change this conversation.

"Not personally—you have seen him, my lord?"

"Yes, frequently; he is my son's friend, and his cousin Susanna of Montrose, is very intimate with my daughter"

Mr. Moore heaved a deep sigh. "I attended Count Emil in his late sickness," said he—"that of the unhappy duel. It was, they say, the son of that miserable Marquis of Rosline who wounded him."

I felt burning with indignation, and blessed God in my heart that Edmund was so far away.

"Useless searches have been made to discover him," said the duke.

At this moment, the Marchioness of Montrose, with her children and

the Count of Tudor, were announced. I was perfectly charmed to have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the latter, so dear to Silva; his appearance produced a very agreeable sensation. Still pale, melancholy and reserved, he did not seem to me to be the inconsistent and dissipated lord of Tudor Hall, but the friend and pupil of Silva's principles.

Frederick precipitated himself into his arms, shedding tears. "I did not hope to see you again," said he, "and if the inflexible will of my uncle had not kept me at Oxford, when you were wounded, I would have proved to you that, if nature had not given you a brother, friendship had repaired this forgetfulness."

Emil mingled his tears with those of Frederick; they went out together. The young Count of Tudor then opened his heart to his friend. He had regretted Silva after his departure, and the indignation that his precipitate flight had at first excited in this haughty soul, soon yielded to the most lively grief; but Silva's absolute silence (for Lady Montrose had intercepted all the letters, as well as those of Emil), persuaded him that he was forgotten. The exertions of this lady, without diverting him entirely, had plunged him into a kind of life somewhat dissipated; political affairs also took possession of his mind; he had always been an ardent persecutor of the partisans of the Queen of Scots. His projects of conversion and of a more regular life, slept; he thought he would attend to them when the times became more tranquil—and though not so careless in his conduct as he had been before he knew Silva, he felt more guilty, because his heart, more enlightened, reproached him for his inconsistency in his good resolutions, and rendered him, without any benefit, more unhappy and less tranquil.

Frederick being so dear a friend, he had felt his silence and abandonment most keenly. The conviction that the Marquis R. had been the cause, consoled him and relieved his heart of an immense weight.

Frederick spoke to him, in his turn, of a young prisoner, and with that lively interest which, in communicating our thoughts, makes our friend share them. Emil was soon inspired with the desire of seeing the liberator of Malvina. They contrived together to go to the prison whilst the marquis was spending the evening with Duke Alphonse; they set out immediately. Wilson, for Frederick's sake, allowed them to see the prisoner—and what was Emil's surprise in recognizing Silva! The latter was on his bed, suffering very much with his wound, which had given him fever the whole day. He raised himself up as he saw Frederick, but perceiving Emil of Tudor, he precipitated himself in his arms and fainted away. He was restored by their cares; Emil bathed him with his tears.

"Oh, Silva!" he exclaimed, "is it here that I find you? You shall know to-day that Emil has courage, and that he knows how to love. Your liberty or my death."

"Neither," replied Silva, quickly; "my flight would expose my jailer, and would, at the same time, compromise my generous friends and their families." Then taking Emil's hand: "Have you appeared in the suit against the Duke of Norfolk?"

"I arrived a day too late."

"God be praised! Promise me, then, if you love me, never to have anything to do with this singular judgment, nor in that they destine to the Queen of Scots."

"I can promise you nothing—we will see each other again."

"You can do nothing?" replied Silva, with painful indignation; "to whom, then, are you responsible, Emil, but to yourself?"

He colored. "Let us only think of saving you."

"I attach more importance to what I have asked, than to life and liberty."

"The moments are precious," replied Emil again, "dear, very dear Walsingham."

Silva put his finger to his mouth. "My name is an inviolable secret."

"It shall be kept," replied Lord Frederick, quickly, "and buried in our hearts."

"We must leave you," said Emil; "a longer absence might awaken the suspicions of the Marquis R.; but, dear Silva, reflect on our happiness—perhaps much more than our present felicity depends on your preservation."

Silva, much affected, put his arms around him. They left him and returned to the parlor, where there had been no enquiry made about their absence, Duke Alphonse not doubting that they had many little matters to talk over. The next morning, however, Silva saw a man whom he did not know, enter his room, instead of Wilson. This man, followed by another domestic of the prison, approached him in a rude manner.

"You wished to escape," said he; "you shall pay the penalty."

In saying these words, he put irons on his hands and feet, and commanded him to follow him. Silva had a fever—he could scarcely support himself. He got up and went out of the room, but as he had to descend a pair of stairs of about thirty steps, and by a dim light, he was not able to do it, and everything becoming obscure before him, he had only time to seize the arm of his conductor, who drew away hastily.

"If you have so little courage," said he, "at least have less obstinacy; leave your idolatrous and superstitious worship, and you will recover all the advantages of liberty."

Silva was seated on the steps, where he remained some moments unconscious. The servant of the prison was sent to bring a glass of cold water to revive him—but in place of acquitting himself of this commission, he took Silva in his arms and carried him rapidly to the foot of the stairs, in a very small dark dungeon, where he placed him on a bed composed of some bundles of straw, on the floor.

The quickness of the movement revived Silva. He expressed his gratitude by giving him a look of sweetness and unutterable peace.

"I am here for my religion," said he afterwards; "I bless God for permitting me to suffer in so beautiful a cause."

"I would counsel you, nevertheless, to conceal it," whispered the domestic, "for your keeper is a man of unparalleled ferocity towards the Catholics, and you seem so young."

He who spoke was a very strong and robust man; he was softened by Silva's gentleness and the state of suffering in which he saw him. In fact, the weight of the irons and the violence with which they had been fastened on, had inflamed his hand and wounded arm so much and gave it such violent pain, that with all his piety and resignation, he could scarcely conceal what he felt. He asked if he could have a glass of water.

"You shall surely not have it," said his guardian, "and no comfort shall be given you here, unless you embrace the religion of the state."

"You can, then, retire," said Silva, with a faint smile.

He went out with the servant. shut the door rudely, bolted it and left Silva plunged in the horrors of darkness, and a suffering that each moment aggravated, and which it seemed was to receive no relief. Nevertheless, the soul of this young man, in the midst of this lassitude of nature, was inundated with a celestial joy. He suffered for the faith, and saw already in perspective the eternal recompense ready to environ him with unutterable happiness. He cast himself upon his knees, offered himself in sacrifice, recommended his father and his friends to God, and remained thus until nature, exercising its imperious rights, fainted away. A violent paroxysm of fever succeeded to this state of exhaustion. He dragged himself to the door of his dungeon, where probably breathing a little more or fresher air, he remained extended on the stones, without knowing where he was. He passed the night in this state, exhausted with a burning thirst, occasioned by the inflammation of his wound and the fever, which was the cause of it.

To be continued.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

When round the heart there fondly clings
A hope that gives to life a pleasure,
And to each pulse a gladness brings—
A gentle, murmur'd, holy measure,
Oh! deem it not a borrow'd part,
To trust—to feel that there distilling,
The future's glow within the heart,
Is daily nurtur'd truths instilling.

When hope, within its sacred cell,
Upon the altar rears its token
From fragments scattered by the swell,
That Time's relentless storms have broken;
And whispers of the joys and fears
That sank beneath Life's changeful ocean,
Oh! gather from her passing tears
The spray that gleams with love's emotion,

And place it in some little spot,
To secret, holy converse given,
Where emblems of "Forget me not"
Are nurtur'd by the care of heaven;
And truly will the echo steal
Within the walls, there fondly ever
Its holy mission to reveal,
By ties which death alone can sever.

When hushed, the heart in sweet repose
Is dreaming of those joyous hours,
And pleasure from its fountain flows,
Amid life's purest, fairest bow'rs,
Oh! let the smile, the tear, the voice,
Still linger there, like twilight glowing,
With rays that bid the heart rejoice—
When Hope her purest gift's bestowing.

[*Selected.*]

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

Anecdotes of Sheridan.—Richard Brinsley Sheridan, distinguished as a statesman, wit and dramatist, was born in Dublin, October 30th, 1757. For the early development of his talents he was indebted to his mother. He was afterwards sent to Harrow School, which he left at the age of eighteen, on account of the embarrassed circumstances of his father. With a view to the legal profession, he entered as a student of the Middle Temple, but the close application and industry necessary for success as a lawyer, were uncongenial with his disposition, and he relinquished the bar for other pursuits.

His early marriage, also, made some more immediate means of support than the practice of a junior barrister requisite, and he turned his attention to dramatic composition. His first production, "*The Rivals,*" was acted in Covent Garden, in 1775, with moderate success; but the "*Duenna,*" a musical entertainment which followed, was received with general admiration; and his "*School for Scandal*" gained him the highest reputation as a comic writer. On the retirement of Garrick from Drury Lane Theatre, Sheridan purchased a share in that property, which qualified him for a seat in Parliament; and, in 1780, he was chosen member for the borough of Stafford.

He attained distinguished celebrity as an orator, and made the grandest display of eloquence during the progress of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The political changes consequent on the death of Pitt, in 1806, occasioned the exaltation of the party wherewith Sheridan had acted, and he obtained the lucrative post of treasurer of the navy, and the rank of a privy-counsellor. This administration being weakened by the loss of Fox, who survived his celebrated rival only a few months, new alterations took place, and Sheridan was deprived of office, to which he never returned. At the general election of 1806, he obtained a seat for Westminster, the great object of his ambition; but he was afterwards nominated for the borough of Ilchester, which he continued to represent during the remainder of his parliamentary career. The latter part of this gifted individual's life was embittered by misfortunes, principally arising from his own indolence and mismanagement, though the destruction of Drury Lane Theatre by fire contributed to increase his difficulties. He died July 7th, 1816.

Sheridan and the Boots.—At the age of eighteen, a few days after he left Harrow, he went on a visit to Bristol. Ere he quitted that place, he wished to obtain a new pair of boots on credit. He called on two different sons of Crispin, ordered each to make him a pair of boots, and to bring them home at different hours of the day he had fixed on for his departure, telling them they should be punctually paid on the delivery of their goods. On the appointed morn, the first that came found the young gentleman in expectation. He tried on the boots, found that one of them pressed upon his heel, directed the man to take it home, stretch it, and return with it next day; the man, who could not comprehend of what service a single boot could be to the possessor, obeyed. His brother Crispin soon followed; the same fault was found, *but with a different boot;* the same directions repeated; and Sheridan, having obtained a boot from each, mounted his hack for the metropolis, leaving his dupes to lament their folly in being duped by a raw stripling.

Sheridan and Gibbon.—During the trial of Warren Hastings, the following passage occurs in Sheridan's speech on that occasion: "I do say, that if you search the history of the world, you will not find an act of tyranny and fraud to surpass this. If you read all past histories, peruse the annals of traitors, read the luminous page of Gibbon, and all the ancient or modern writers who have searched into the depravity of former ages, to draw a lesson for the present, you will not find an act of treacherous, deliberate, cool cruelty, that could exceed this." Gibbon himself was listening to this flattering tribute to his labors as an historian, and felt highly honored by it. At the

conclusion of the speech, a brother Whig asked the orator how he came to compliment Gibbon with the epithet "luminous." "Oh," replied Sheridan, "I said *voluminous*."

Sheridan and the Pantheon.—On the 14th of January, 1792, the Pantheon Theatre was burned. "Mr. Sheridan," says Kelly, "was with me on that day; I went with him into Oxford street to view the conflagration. While Mr. Sheridan was observing how high the blaze was, he said, 'Is it possible to extinguish the flames?' An Irish fireman close to us, who heard him make the observation, said, 'For the love of Heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, sir; by the powers it will soon be down; sure enough, they won't have another drop of water in five minutes!' Pat said this in the natural warmth of his heart, thinking that the burning of the Pantheon Theatre must have been peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Sheridan, as the proprietor of Drury Lane!"

Sheridan's Grief for his Wife's Death.—"I never beheld," says Kelly, "more poignant grief than Sheridan felt for the loss of his beloved wife; and, although the world will scarcely credit the fact, I have seen him, night after night, sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my own composition, "They bore her to her grassy grave."

Sheridan and Wilberforce.—One night, coming home very late from a tavern, he fell, and being too much overcome with liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name and place of abode, to which he replied by referring to a *coffee-house*, and hiccuping, "Gentlemen, I'm not often in this state; my name—my name is Wilberforce!"

Sheridan and More Boots.—Making his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, which attracted the notice of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots!" Many *probable* guesses were hazarded, quite in keeping with the trick at Harrow; "No," said Sheridan, "No, you've not hit it, nor ever will; *I bought them and paid for them.*"

Just after Sheridan had taken a new house, he met Lord Guilford, to whom he said, "Well, all will go on now like clock-work." "Aye," said his Lordship, "tick, tick!"

When some one told him that the quantity of wine, brandy, &c., which he drank, would destroy the coat of his stomach, he replied, "Well, then, my stomach must digest in its waistcoat."

Sheridan and his Will.—He was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a woman of large fortune, who was evidently enamoured of him, but knew that the beautiful Miss Callander had won his son's heart. One day he requested Tom to walk with him, and introduced the subject, pointing out to him, in glowing colors, the advantage of so brilliant an alliance. Tom listened with patience, and then descanted on the perfections of his "lady-love," who proved the pride and solace of his declining years. Sheridan grew warm, and exclaimed, "If you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling." Tom looked archly at him, and replied, "*Then, sir, you must borrow it!*" The sequel proved Tom's accuracy.

Elaborate Composition.—Through life Sheridan was accounted indolent, while few persons of his genius ever employed more art and circumspection in its display. The "School for Scandal" is an instance. Nathless the labor he bestowed on this comedy, the first representation of the piece was announced before the whole of the copy was in the hands of the actors. The manuscript of the five last scenes bears evident marks of this haste in finishing, there being but one rough draught of them, scribbled upon detached pieces of paper; while of all the preceding acts there are numerous transcripts, with numerous interlineations to each. On the last leaf of all, which exists just as we may suppose it to have been despatched by him to the copyist, there is the following curious specimen of doxology, written hastily in the hand-writing of the respective parties at the end:

"Finished at last, thank God, R. B. Sheridan. *Amen!*"
W. Hopkins, Prompter.

Sheridan and Cumberland.—When the "School for Scandal" came out, Cumberland's children prevailed on their father to take them to see it. They had the stage-box; their father was seated behind them; and, as the story is told by a person who sat close by, every time the children laughed at the piece as it proceeded, he pinched them to be silent, saying: "What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? you should not laugh, my little angels; *there is nothing to laugh at:*" and then, in an under tone, "Keep still, you little dunces!" Sheridan having been told of this long afterwards, said, "It was very ungrateful in Cumberland to be displeased with his poor children for laughing at *my comedy*, for I went the other night to see *his tragedy*, and laughed at it from beginning to end." Cumberland's "Carmelite" likely.

"*All for Nothing.*"—Sheridan was dining at Peter Moore's, with his son Tom, who was then in a very nervous, weak state. The servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, struck down the plate warmer. This made a great noise, and caused Tom Sheridan to start and tremble. The host, provoked at this, rebuked the servant, and added, "I suppose you have broken all the plates!" 'No, not one," said the servant. "No!" exclaimed Sheridan, "then confound it, man, you have made all that noise for nothing!"

Sheridan and the Whig Taxes.—In 1809, having been told that his enemies took pleasure in abusing him for the tax which his party were about to force through the House, "Well, let them," said Sheridan: "it is but fair that they should have some pleasure for their money!"

King Solomon and the Blacksmith.—The following from the *London Magazine* contains a good moral, showing that the highest in rank and fortune are often dependent on the humblest in society for their position, or at least for the means of obtaining it:

And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, and in wood, and in ivory, and in stone—yea, all who had aided in rearing the Temple of the Lord, and he said unto them:

"Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat, and drink, and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skillful artificer deserving of honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon, the King, was wroth, and said:

"What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered and said: "When men wish to honor me, they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and, in truth, thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why came you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited."

"Please ye, my lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel?"

Then he who carved the cherubim said: "This fellow is no sculptor."

And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said: "Neither is he a workman in fine metals."

And he who raised the walls said: "He is not a cutter of stone"

And he who made the roof cried out: "He is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of uniting pieces of strange timber together."

Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?

And when the Son of the Forge heard this, he was in no sort dismayed, but advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said:

"O King, live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood, and gold, and stone have said that I am not of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior; before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are all my servants." And he turned him round, and said to the chief of the carvers in stone:

"Who made the tools with which you carve?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the masons: "Who made the chisels with which the stones of the Temple were squared?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the workers in wood: "Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees on Lebanon, and formed them into the pillars and roof of the Temple?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

Then said he to the artificer in gold and in ivory: "Who makes your instruments, by which you work beautiful things for my lord, the King."

And he said: "The blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon; "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father in art. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workmen are but men—thou art more."

Merit and Position.—The difference between a man of merit and a man of position is this: the latter is the man of his day, the former is the man after his day.

There was a king in England when Shakspeare lived there, and, doubtless, every child in the realm knew his name familiarly, but how few of them knew the name of the poor play-writer? But now, almost every child who speaks the English language, knows of Shakspeare and his writings—how many of them know of James and his writing? Very few. Thus the man of high position died with his position and his day; but the man of merit only began to live when he died.

The author of "Don Quixotte" is known by his works throughout the world, but who can tell about the men of position, the king—if a king—or the nobles, or fine, gay ladies, who lived when Cervantes was writing the adventures of the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

Who was governor of Virginia when Patrick Henry fired his fellow-men with his eloquence? Yet every American boy knows of Patrick Henry. And yet we think that the governor must have been better known in his day than the orator.

Thus it is—position is a thing of to-day, while merit is a thing of all time, and when joined to that rarest of things, an upright, blameless christian life, it becomes a star in eternity—a never-ending light in the eternal sky of truth.

Antidote to Mosquetoes.—A certain preventive to attacks of mosquetoes, black flies, &c., is said to be—glycerin, 4 oz.; oil of peppermint, $2\frac{1}{2}$ drachms; oil of turpentine, 4 drachms. The face, hands, in fact all parts exposed, to be rubbed with the mixture. This was given me by an eminent American physician previous to going into the state of Maine on a hunting expedition. I never knew it used without perfect success.

The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to well employ one's leisure time.

He can never act his part well whose thoughts are turned more upon the applause of his audience than the design of his part.

CHRISTIAN NAMES IN GENERAL USE, WITH THEIR MEANINGS:

Aaron—*Mountainous; Lofty.*
Abel—*Vanity.*
Abram—*High Father.*
Adam—*Earthly; Red.*
Adrian—*Helper.*
Alan—*Swift.*
Albert—*All Bright.*
Alfred—*All Peace.*
Adolphus—*Happiness.*
Alphonso—*Our Help.*
Alexander—*Helper of Men.*
Ambrose—*Immortal.*
Amos—*Burden.*
Anselm—*Defender.*
Andrew—*Courageous.*
Antony—*Flourishing.*
Archibald—*Bold.*
Arnold—*Support.*
Arthur—*A Strong Man.*
Augustus—*Majestic.*
Augusta—*Imperial.*
Amelia—*Sincere.*
Agnes—*Chaste.*
Adela—*Dark-eyed.*
Angelina—*A Mirror.*
Adelaide—*A Charm.*
Adeline—*A Princess.*
Arabella—*Fair Altar.*
Anne—*Gracious; Merciful.*
Ada—*A Pledge.*
Agatha—*Good.*
Bernard—*A Bear's Heart.*
Bertram—*Illustrious.*
Benjamin—*Son of the right hand.*
Bethel—*House of God.*
Bethesda—*House of Mercy.*
Bible—*A Book.*
Beatrice—*Happy.*
Bertha—*Bright.*
Blanche—*White.*
Bridget—*A shining light.*

To be continued.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.—It is simply, when you rise in the morning, to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment, to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of life to eternity. Look at the result: You send one person—only one—happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years only, after you commence this course you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? We do not often indulge in a moral dose—but this is so small a pill, that one needs no red currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and it requires to be taken but once in a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a producer of pleasant slumber. *London Atlas.*

WIT AND HUMOR.—In Cork, a short time ago, the crier of the court endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"

It is suggested that woman, and not her wrongs, should be re-dressed; for that beauty, like real estate, is to be valued only by the number of square feet enclosed, seems now a recognized principle of feminine faith.

Mrs. Partington says, that "where two hearts beat responsible to each other, and when they are moulded together by early love and plenty of children, depend on it no free love can do them any harm with its bad doctrines."

When the Roman poet was told by a phlegmatic friend to mind his own business, and not to meddle in other men's affairs, he made the immortal reply—"I am a man, and whatever relates to my fellow-creatures also touches me."

A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed, "There is one thing thou canst not do: thou canst not tell the truth!"

Trifles.—The world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events and the changes of empires are founded in causes, very generally, which would be pronounced trifles by the world.

Yes, "trifles light as air" have led to some of the most important discoveries we have. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clue to gravitation; the rising up of the lid of a tea-kettle gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean steamers, and a thousand other things; not to speak of the steam-press—that, combined, put the world centuries ahead in the mysteries of the universe and the purposes of God.

To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry and light which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

"To grasp
A thing impalpable, and hold it, was
Once considered wild impossibility,
Until Daguerre, with Heaven-aspiring might,
Captured a shadow with a ray of light,
And chained it down forever."

By a trifling loan of money from the great actor, Talma, to Napoleon, in a time of need, the face of Europe was changed, millions of men perished, thrones were emptied, Wellington was made a duke, Moscow was burned, and France made a despotism at the present time; for Napoleon was on the brink of suicide, a nameless adventurer, when Talma gave him this assistance.

The foundation of the Roman empire was a cunning trick in an individual combat or duel. American liberty and thirty-one glorious States arose from a strong cup of tea made by the Bostonians in 1775. A little piece of magnetized steel led to the discovery of a new world. The erection of a saw-mill in California changed the currency of the world. The crossing of a little stream of water subverted the liberties of Rome and gave the name of Brutus immortality. The flying of a common paper kite by a printer gave us the magnetic telegraph. The eating of an apple in the garden of Eden brought sin and death into the world; the giving away of a golden apple caused a ten years' war and the fall of Troy.

A delay of five minutes saved the lives of Napoleon the First and his family from an "infernal machine" in the streets of Paris. A delay of two minutes once cost about fifty lives on an American railroad. The exportation of a few potatoes from America, by Sir Walter Raleigh, has saved the Irish nation several times from starvation. From a little acorn the great American forests have sprung.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

It is impossible to enumerate, especially in one short article, the numberless "trifles" that have produced numberless great events, and made numberless radical changes in the history and destiny of the world. Suffice it to say, that "trifles" are not to be scoffed at. The world may learn great, and true, and valuable lessons from these same "trifles." The fable of the lion who was released from his prison by a mouse, was written by a great man; upon a less foundation than this there has been erected deathless poetry, wonderful tragedies, and many noble novels.

Hold nothing in contempt; nothing contemptible ever came from the hands of the Almighty. The worlds which the microscope has revealed to us in a drop of water, are as wonderful and mysterious as the bright and beautiful worlds brought to our eyes by the telescope.

As the sun appears largest when he is about to set, so does the proud man swell most magnificently just before his fall.

Advice should fall as the dew, not overwhelm as the shower.

The Violet.—The modest and fragrant violet seems to have derived its name from the Latin *via*—a way—from the frequency of the wild flower by the roadsides. It was the national flower of Athens, which city, personified by sculptors and painters, was represented as a majestic female, wearing a wreath of violets. The Athenians were originally from Ionia, so called from the abundance of violets, the flower being termed in Greek *Ion*. The classic poets of old feigned that Ia, daughter of the Phrygian King Midas, and wife of the handsome shepherd Atys, being persecuted by the addresses of Apollo, she was changed into a violet to avoid him. The Romans crowned their domestic gods, the Lares, with violets. Pliny thought a bride more interesting when surrounded with garlands of violets. Mohammed compared himself to the violet. He said, as its odor surpasses that of all other flowers, so his doctrines excelled all others. At the Floral Games instituted at Toulouse in the fifteenth century by Clemence Isaure, for the encouragement of poetry, the first prize awarded to the most skillful competitor was a golden violet; the second was a silver eglantine; the third a silver marigold. These competitors of the *gaya scientia* were held in a magnificent garden, perfumed with the floral creation, on that happiest of days, the first of May. The marble statue of Clemence in the old Town Hall was crowned with flowers, and an eulogium was recited in her honor. These pleasant, innocent recreations, continued until the Revolution. A pretty device was once invented by a Norman knight, for a beautiful and accomplished but very retiring lady—a violet almost hidden beneath its leaves—and the motto *Il faut me chercher*. The violet has derived from Napoleon le Grand a place in French history. It was a token for those of his followers who were in the secret of his return from Elba in 1814. These were bouquets of early violets; and in order to discover who were of their party, their watchword was, "Do you love the violet?" If the reply was simply "Yes," the questioner passed on, perceiving that the stranger was not one of the initiated. But if the latter replied, "Well," then followed the countersign of recognition, "It will reappear in the spring." And they bestowed on the Imperial exile the symbolical name of "Corporal Violet." The printshops in Paris exhibited engravings representing a bouquet of violets, with a bud below the full-blown flowers. In the outlines of the violets the profiles of Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and their son, were ingeniously traced—Napoleon's under a green leaf folded so as to represent a cocked hat, Maria Louisa opposite to him, and the child in a bud beneath.

Home Circle.

THE SEVEN DAYS' CALENDAR.

Sunday—church doors enter in,
Rest from toil, repent of sin;
Strive a heavenly rest to win.

Monday—to your calling go;
Serve the Lord, love friend and foe;
To the tempter, answer No!

Tuesday—do what good you can;
Live in peace with every man,
Remember, life is but a span.

Wednesday—give away and earn,
Teach some truth, some good thing learn.
Joyful, good for ill return.

Thursday—build your house upon
Christ, the mighty corner-stone;
Whom God helps, his work is done.

Friday—for the truth be strong,
Own your fault if in the wrong;
Put a bridle on your tongue.

Saturday—thank God and sing;
Tribute to Heaven's treasure bring,
Be prepared for Terror's King.

A Chapter for the Young.

Grammar in Rhyme.—We clip the following from an exchange, and heartily recommend it to every little grammarian just entering on the study of Murray, Brown, or any of the numerous grammars now in use. Let the learner commit it to memory and he need never make a single mistake of a part of speech. Who the author is, we know not, but he deserves immortality. With one exception, it forms the most useful poetic effusion we have ever met with:

1. Three little words you often see
   Are Articles—*a*, *an* and *the*.
2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
   As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *king*.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
   As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
   As *her* head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.
5. Verbs tell of something being done,
   To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump*, or *run*.
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
   As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.
7. Conjunctions join the words together,
   As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.
8. The Preposition stands before
   A Noun, as *in* or *through* a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
   As *oh!* how pretty, *ah!* how wise.
   The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
   Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

Learn all you can.—Somebody has given the following excellent advice, which is worthy of being treasured up by everybody: "Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can." Sir Walter Scott said even in a stage coach he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is generally more useful than books for the purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose or silent when you are among persons whom you think are ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit.

"Hugh Miller, the famous Scotch geologist, owed not a little to the fame of observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason, and worked in a quarry. Socrates well said that there is but one good, which is knowledge; and but one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first person you meet."

The will and the way.—I learned grammar, says Cobbett, when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack my book-case, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter, it was rarely that I could get any light but the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half-starvation; I had not a moment to call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most reckless men—and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task—is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?

Review of Current Literature.

1. Christianity in China, Tartary and Thibet. By *M. l'Abbé Huc.*—In 2 vols. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

No portion of the history of the Church is more interesting or instructive, than that which relates to the labors of her missionaries. The trials and sufferings of these holy men, the many privations and hardships which they have undergone in the cause of truth, excite our admiration, stimulate our zeal, and demand of us renewed exertions in giving aid to the cause in which they are engaged. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we behold the publication of the present work, detailing the exertions which the Church has made, even from the earliest period, to spread the light of Christianity among the Eastern nations. Few men are better qualified for this task than the Abbé Huc. His long experience in the Eastern mission, his familiarity with the language, the manners and customs of the nations of India and China, have given him facilities that few possess, and ably has he employed them.

The learned author commences the work by showing that anterior to the birth of our Divine Saviour, the oriental nations as well as those of the west, were in expectation of the coming of some extraordinary personage. Vague conceptions of the Messiah, of his birth, the redemption of man, and the return of the Golden Age, were prevalent at the time. Confucius had told his countrymen that a saviour would be born in the west. The Indian poet on the banks of the Ganges had sung of the Vishnu Yesu, who should come and "cause truth and justice to reign on earth;" who should restore the four castes, and after his reign all Brahmins should be holy men. The Roman bard at a later period caused the Tiber to resound in the following strains:

> Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
> Magna ob integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
> Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
> Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto.

The mission of St. Thomas the apostle to the east, the dim vestiges of which are still visible, next claims the attention of the author. He enters fully into the investigation of the subject, and from numerous and incontestable proofs, establishes the fact, that the light of Christianity was carried to the nations of the east, to India and China, by that apostle. According to the traditions of his labors and preaching still preserved, Gondaphorus, king of India, sent his minister to Jerusalem to find a man skilled in architecture, and that St. Thomas by the direction of our Lord, who appeared to him, accompanied the minister to India. On his arrival there, the king intrusted to him the erection of a magnificent palace, and then departed to another province. The saint, however, giving less attention to the work of architecture than to the preaching of the Gospel, traversed the country, instructed the people, healed the sick and relieved the necessities of the poor. When Gondaphorus returned and inquired about the palace, the apostle said:

"The palace is built, but thou wilt only inhabit it in eternity." Whereupon the king regarding him as a magician, ordered him to be thrown into a horrible dungeon, flayed alive and burnt.

"In the mean time, however, *Sud*, the brother of the king, died; and a magnificent funeral was ordered. Now, on the fourth day, while the obsequies were being performed, suddenly, to the astonishment of all, the dead man arose, and said to the king: 'That man, whom you intend to flay and burn alive is the friend of God. The angels who serve God took me to Paradise, and showed me a superb palace, enriched with gold and silver and precious stones; and while I stood struck with admiration before so much magnificence, they said to me: That is the palace which Thomas built for your brother the king Gondaphorus, but he has rendered himself unworthy of it; if

you wish to live in it, we will pray God to restore you to life, that you may purchase it of your brother.'

"The king on hearing these words, rushed to the prison into which he had thrown the apostle, eagerly released him from his chains, and besought him to accept a robe of honor. 'Dost thou know,' said Thomas to him, 'that those who wish to have power over things celestial care nothing for those which are carnal and terrestrial?'

"The king threw himself at the feet of the apostle, and implored his pardon; and when Gondaphorus and his brother had received baptism, St. Thomas said to them: 'There are in the kingdom of heaven innumerable palaces prepared from the beginning of the world; and they may be bought at the price of faith and alms: your riches may precede you thither, but cannot follow you.'"

The interesting narrative goes on to the effect, that the apostle afterwards traversed various kingdoms of India, preaching the Gospel, working many miracles and converting the nations to the truths of Christianity. At last he was persecuted by a king named Mesdeus, who ordered him to worship a statue of the sun. The saint consented to do so, if the statue at his command did not fall into dust. The miracle did really happen. The idol at the voice of the apostle, crumbled to the earth. At this a tumult is raised among the people. Thomas is thrown into prison, and is finally dispatched by the lances of the soldiers. From this point Abbé Huc traces the history of Christianity in the eastern nations, reviewing the struggles of the various missionaries, who have kept alive the faith in those distant regions even to the present time. But even apart from the subject of Christianity in the East, to which it is mainly devoted, the work is replete with valuable information touching the manners, customs, and the internal policy of the government of nations of which so little is known—information, which alone should commend it to universal patronage.

2. Aspirations of Nature. By *I. T. Hecker*, author of "Questions of the Soul." New York: James B. Kirker. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

At a time when rationalism is so prevalent, and infidelity so rampant in the country, we know of no better antidote to arrest these growing evils than the "Aspirations of Nature." Father Hecker, with the true spirit of a Christian philosopher, examines the cause of the evils, and seeks to apply a remedy, by addressing the intelligence of his countrymen, and by gently conducting them to the avenues of truth, and bidding them contemplate the dogmas of Christianity by the light of Catholic teaching.

The work is addressed to two classes of our citizens. First, to those, who, having been brought up without any definite religious belief, have discarded all denominable religions, and follow reason alone as their sole guide to the future world, or who, in the pride of their intellect, reject religion, because in its teaching it proposes dogmas above their comprehension. He answers the objections of this class in the following beautiful and forcible language:

"The pretensions of those, who profess to believe only what they comprehend, is the promulgation of a patent absurdity. Belief and comprehension are different operations of our faculties, and it is no mark of intelligence to confound them. Do these professors know what it means to exclude from the mind that which lies beyond our powers of comprehension? Do they know that the moment a man makes this the rule of his thoughts, he must, if he would be consistent, deny his own existence, reason, creation, and God's existence? For where is there a man who comprehends man, creation, God? Where is there a man who comprehends what it is to see, feel, hear, or think? Where is there a philosopher who can explain the simplest movement of his own body? The smallest grain of sand that he treads under his feet, the meanest blade of grass that he passes by unnoticed, the feeblest tone that is wafted on the winds, present to the mind of man mysteries as incomprehensible as the unfathomable Godhead. There is not in this wide universe any thing which is not in some one or more of its bearings beyond the utmost reach of our comprehension. To start then from the principle to exclude all from the mind which we do not comprehend, is to

believe nothing, to know nothing, to love nothing, to do nothing. For believing is before all knowing, all loving, all doing."

What a subject of meditation for the skeptic, the unbeliever! Yes, truly, he that will not believe what he cannot comprehend, "must deny his own existence."

The learned author then addresses another class of our citizens, who profess to believe in the dogmas of Christianity, but who reject Catholicity on the ground that its tenets are antagonistic to reason. He answers their objections on this point, and clearly demonstrates that Catholic teaching so far from being opposed to reason, is in perfect harmony with its dictates.

"The Catholic religion," exclaims Father Hecker, "teaches that the exercise of reason necessarily precedes the acceptance of the truths of religion, and that it is an obligation laid upon reason to inquire diligently, and to be certain that those truths which are proposed to its belief, have God for their author before it gives its assent. . . . . They err greatly, therefore, who imagine 'that Catholics have no right on their principles to address at all, on the subject of religion.' They are equally ignorant on the nature of genuine faith, and attribute to Catholicity the errors of Protestantism, which the Church in times gone by exposed, refuted and publicly condemned."

He then quotes the language of the Holy Father on this point, addressed to the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world, in the following words: "Lest human reason should be deceived in a matter of so great moment, it behooves it to inquire diligently concerning Divine Revelation in order that it may be made certain that God has spoken, and also in order that it may exercise, according to the most wise teaching of the apostle, a 'reasonable obedience.' Who is ignorant that it is our duty to place all our faith in God when he speaks, and that nothing is more consonant with reason than to give its assent and firmly adhere to those things of which it has been made certain that they have been revealed by God, who cannot be deceived or deceive."

"Catholicity, therefore," concludes the author, after many beautiful and convincing arguments, "regards reason and truth as twin sisters born of the one primal source of all light. Faith with its supernal light mingles its beams with those of reason, solves the dark enigmas which torment its existence, and opens to it the only path to its divine destination."

The work is addressed to the American people—to their intelligence, and calm, unbiased judgment. "Nations," says the author, "unaided by the powerful influences of religion, cannot realize their destinies. Our own country is becoming conscious of this truth. The question now pressing itself upon the minds of the American people is, to determine their religion as our forefathers did the character of the political institutions. These, under the guidance of an overruling Providence, were based on Catholic principles and Catholic views of human nature."

Then addressing the people of America, the author exclaims: "You, who look for a religion agreeing with your intelligence, commensurate with all the wants of your nature, and which presents a destiny worthy of your highest efforts, investigate the claims of the Catholic religion, and exercise your freedom by paying a loyal homage to its divine truth."

3. River's Manual, or Pastoral Instructions upon the Creed, Commandments, Sacraments, Lord's Prayer, &c. Collected from the Holy Scriptures, Councils, Fathers, and approved writings in God's Church. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are much pleased to see a reprint of this venerable work. It contains a fund of valuable information touching the duties of "all Christians to God, their neighbors, and themselves." Not only is it an excellent manual of instruction on the various points of Catholic doctrine, but also valuable as a work of controversy. In addition to a plain and lucid exposition of the fundamental doctrines of Catholicity, it traces the existence of these doctrines through the Councils and Fathers from the days of the Apostles to the time at which it was written. On this account it is valuable to the

Catholics of this country, who should be at all times prepared to answer the objections of their Protestant neighbors, and to show that every tenet of their faith holds a connection with the Apostolic ages.

4. My Trip to France. By the Rev. *John P. Donelan*. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are pleased to find that this long neglected department of our literature is beginning to receive that attention which its importance deserves. There has not indeed been any deficiency in the number of books of travels, but a sad defect in the materials of which they are composed. With few exceptions, they teem with abuse or misrepresentation of every thing Catholic, and no matter what may be their merits in other respects, they are unfit for the Catholic library or Catholic family. But the way has been broken. Catholic tourists are beginning to fill up the void, and it is fondly anticipated that in future we shall have many works of travels, by authors of talents and ability, whose names alone will be a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the contents.

The work before us is from the pen of an esteemed and talented clergyman, long and familiarly known by the Catholics of this city. It contains a vast amount of interesting and useful information. The author's animated description of the churches, convents, and public buildings of Paris and other scenes of his travel, are accurate and well drawn. Anecdotes and amusing incidents every where abound.

The chief faults of the work are its levity of style, and a redundancy of words, which often fatigue the reader.

5. Shamrock Leaves: Gleaned from the fertile field of Irish Literature. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This volume contains choice selections from Carleton, Gerald Griffin, Banim, and other distinguished Irish authors. Open it where you will, you are sure to find something entertaining; something, even in the mirthful story, to impress you favorably with the Irish character. To those, therefore, who desire a book abounding in the very best entertainment, we say, buy the Shamrock Leaves.

Books Received—From Messrs. Sadlier & Co., 4 vols. of the Complete Works of Gerald Griffin, which we will notice next month.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—The study of the plain chant has received the greatest attention within the last few years. Several men of eminent musical talent and no ordinary archæological research, explored all manuscripts which could throw light upon the variations it had undergone, in hopes of restoring it to its primitive simplicity. The late Father Lambellotte of the Society of Jesus, who had enriched the repertories of our choirs with some of their choicest morceaux of figured music, reprinted a very ancient, and as he deemed very pure, specimen of ecclesiastical chant. Other publications in great number followed, attacking his position or defending his views, and the discussion was like that on monastic studies in the days of Mabillon, or Roman rite in our day of Gueranger. All parties had sought the approval of the Holy See, which while encouraging the spirit of research and inquiry, has carefully abstained from making any decision in the matter. A work has recently been written, seemingly with great temper and impartiality, reviewing the whole controversy, and enabling those at a distance from the seat of war to appreciate the advantage resulting from the contest. The work to whic we allude is entitled Principes d'une veritable restauration du Chant Gregorien. Examen de quelques editions modernes de plain chant, par l'abbé Inles Bonhomme.

Among other publications we may notice Migne's first complete edition of the works of Father Condren, of the French Oratory, regarded with Mr. Olier as the inspirers of a true ecclesiastical spirit into the French clergy, and also of the complete works of the Canon de la Tour, famous as a preacher and critical writer. Among his minor works,

a life of Monseigneur Laval, first bishop of Quebec, in Canada, has always been highly prized.

We also notice among Lecoffre's new publications a life of the Very Rev. Father John Baptist Rauzan, founder and first Superior General of the Society of the Mission in France; now the Society of the Fathers of Mercy, under the title of the Immaculate Conception. According to the Univers, the author, Father P. A. Delaporte, has nobly fulfilled his task, vindicating, by a simple statement of facts, the labors and services of the venerable Mr. Rauzan, who died about ten years since, aged ninety. His order is connected with this country, and the present volume traces the labors of the Fathers of Mercy in New York and in Florida, where they are still actively engaged.

Lettres sur la vie religieuse à l'usage des Sœurs vouées à l'enseignement des jeunes filles, published by Leclerc, the work of a French bishop, is also highly spoken of.

Schmid's Catechism, now a standard work in German, has been recently translated into French and meets with universal welcome; and lastly, we may this month mention an excellent book published by Casterman, the Le Bibliographe Catholique, of Father Van de Kerchove of the Society of Jesus.

In England, Canon Dalton, whose translations of the works of St. Teresa have been such a treasure to English readers, announces as nearly ready his translation of the Life of Cardinal Ximenes, by Dr. Hefele, a distinguished German writer. This work will well deserve reprinting here, as an answer or antidote to Prescott. Ximenes' character is one of the most beautiful in history; and the order of St. Francis, rich as it is in saints and illustrious men, may well feel proud of her Ximenes. As a friar devout, humble, faithful to his rule, zealous for the salvation of souls, converting thousands; as a bishop a model of every episcopal virtue; as a scholar founding a university and erecting an undying monument in the publication of his world-renowned polyglott; as a prince of the Church and as regent of Spain, when none but a man of transcendant genius as a statesman could have curbed the power of the turbulent nobles and maintained peace, as one and as all, Ximenes is a model and a study, a hero that Catholicity may boast of and call upon the world to show his equal.

American.—Messrs. Murphy & Co. have issued the first number of their much wished for Magazine for the young. The announcement of such a work was received in many a Christian family with a thrill of pleasure, and it will we trust be a favorite. Its leading feature is religious, but it has much that is light and attractive, to catch even the petty trifler who would run away from a sermon even in a picture book.

Cannon, a veteran Catholic author, whose head has sadly whitened since his portrait was taken that adorns one of his earlier works, has issued from the press of Dunigan & Brother a volume of Dramas of more than ordinary merit. The Oath of Office, the scene of which is laid in Galway, will be a favorite, not from the locality, but from the tragic interest of the piece and the manner in which that interest is sustained. The Sculptor's Daughter has many scenes of power, the characters are well drawn, and individualized, and though, as a whole, it lacks the deep interest of the Oath of Office, it has a peculiar charm. In all the plays, the diction is pure, the verse easy and harmonious. We almost regret that these plays are not in length and details adapted to the exhibitions of our schools. They would then be presented in a way to be better appreciated, even though the performers be but inexperienced amateurs.

The same house has issued the Aspirations of Nature, by the Rev. I. T. Hecker, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, noticed elsewhere in the present number. Like his Questions of the Soul, it grapples with Protestantism on the simple ground of man's nature. Man is fallen, but his faculties, his powers, his tendencies remain, and from these, and from what these require, our author shows Catholicity a necessity for man.

Editors' Table.

We were about to make some reflections in keeping with the season, when our eyes fell upon the following:

We look before and after!
And sigh for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
Our sweetest songs are those which tell
Of saddest thoughts!

These words of Shelley convey to us, in the sweetest poetry, truths of much significance. We admire the measure of the verse, the flowing smoothness of the words, but these we almost forget under the impress of the sentiment. How exactly it corresponds with experience—the experience of every one. Rarely, if ever, satisfied with what now is, the actual and the real within our reach,

"We look before and after;
And sigh for what is not."

Much of life is spent in this way. Overlooking what we have, or placing a comparatively low estimate upon it, we sigh for past joys, or for those which are in anticipation. Our ideal of happiness always embraces something which is not at our command.

The truth contained in the remaining lines is also true. It is as much a matter of experience as the other. Laughter, if it be sincere, is attended with some pain. Lurking beneath our apparent mirth, underlying the pleasant smile, and merry laugh, is sometimes concealed a heartfelt sadness. In this respect we are not what we appear to be. The wise man drew, not from his imagination, but from experience, when he said: Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful.

And his experience in this meets a response in the sympathies of the whole human family.

And no one will dispute the truth conveyed in the last lines of the stanza:

Our sweetest songs are those which tell
Of saddest thoughts!

Strange that it should be so, and yet such is the fact. In our own language, and in all others, the sweetest songs, those which we most admire, and admire the longest, are those whose sentiments are tinged with sadness. Take that sublime production of Moore—"The last Rose of Summer," scan its delightful measure, and see how sweet, how beautiful, how sad! How sweet is the "May Queen," of Tennyson, the "poet laureate," and yet how fraught with sadness! It is so with every poet. Even the merriest heart will select as favorite songs, favorite because the sweetest, those which have a sad and perhaps a melancholy air. It has been said that, throughout nature, tones which are plaintive universally prevail. The music which charms us most is that which has some plaintive strains, and tells of sad thoughts. The fact is, in our present state, where we meet with sorrow in so many forms, we are not prepared to sympathize fully with any thing, which has not a shade of sadness. Yes! the poet was right in his picture, or, rather accurate in his description:

We look before and after!
And sigh for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
Our sweetest songs are those which tell
Of saddest thought!

We take the foregoing, slightly altered, from a late number of that excellent and ablest of our Catholic journals, the *Herald and Visitor*. We read it with pleasure, and believing that our readers would be equally pleased with it, transferred it to our Table.

Jerusalem.—How many are the associations dear to the Christian heart which are awakened by this name? The place where the prophet king tuned his harp in praise of the Most High, and sang in gladness, and again poured forth tears, bitter tears, over those transgressions which brought so much sorrow and affliction upon himself and his people. Where Solomon, the wisest of the kings of Israel reigned; where the Prophets dwelt, and where the Son of God appeared and lived, suffered and died, for the redemption of man. The place from which, as a centre, Christianity radiated to the four quarters of the earth. How many, we repeat, are the sad and pleasing reminiscences recalled by this name.

But enough of our own musing; let our readers enjoy and admire the following touching lines on the city of David:

JERUSALEM.

Tune solus peregrinus es in Jerusalem, et non cognovisti quæ facta sunt in illa?
Art thou alone a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast thou not known the things that have been done therein?

On a lonely tower of a castle high
Two noble maidens stood,
Above them glowed the evening sky,
Around lay vale and wood,
Yet not of the sky or the wood spoke they,
The one gazed long at the parting day,
The other at times one word would say,
"Jerusalem!"

The taller maiden's hair was gold,
Her eye of deepest blue;
The other's streaming tresses rolled
In waves of darkest hue:
The scene sweet converse might invoke,
They looked and sighed but neither spoke,
At length one word the silence broke,
"Jerusalem!"

'Twas spoken by the dark-eyed maid
In sorrow's saddest tone,
Again, and again, that word was said
And but that word alone.
At last spoke the other in accents bland,
"Wilt always pine for thine ancient land?
Wilt never forget that city grand,
Jerusalem?

"Thine eyes have never seen its domes,
All lowly now they lie,
Since fell its consecrated homes
O many an age 's gone by:
By Kedron's banks thou'st never strayed
On Sion's summit ne'er delayed ——"
Again that word from the dark-eyed maid—
"Jerusalem."

"Thy native sky 's a northern sky,
Thou'rt girt with fondest love,
Mid stateliest dames of lineage high
The fairest thou dost move.
Arouse thee then, bid sorrow flee
Let pleasure thy companion be ——"
Again she murmured mournfully—
"Jerusalem."

"And yet, I know not why, the name
Even me with marvel fills,
At each successive sound, my frame
Mysterious terror thrills.
O Holy City! overthrown
And desolate, still thou alone
Art truly the Eternal one,
Jerusalem." R.

The Central America.—Who can describe the grief, the heart-felt anguish which this name recalls at the present moment to the memory of our citizens; the gushing tears that rise to the widow's eye, and the wail of sorrow and anguish that comes from orphan hearts!

"A peopled home is the ocean bed!"

Truthfully has the poet spoken. Only a few days ago, and the *Central America* was homeward bound, bearing within her bosom many a joyous heart; many a countenance bright with the anticipation of the early greeting of home, and friends and kindred, which they had forsaken for the fortunes of the Golden State. But alas! where now are those joyous hearts? Where, the hundreds that inhabited the ill-fated steamer? They "people the home in the ocean bed!" They lie beneath the waters of the vast Atlantic. Its waves sing a requiem to their memory.

How truthfully has Mrs. Smith in her poem of the "Drowned Mariner," depicted the dangers of the ocean! how aptly may that poem be read in reference to the fate of the *Central America:*

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past,
A voice calls aloud for thee—
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last,
The plunging ship on her beam is cast,
O, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths that were lightly spoken,
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly broken,
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee—
For thou art alone on the raging sea:

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone—
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle, and feel there is none to save—
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past,
The trembling hands on the deep are cast,
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down, where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell,
Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell her music keep,
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side,
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean bed,
The mother and child are there—
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair.
As the water moveth they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play;
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

Record of Events.

From August 20th to September 20th. 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—The progress of the Holy Father, though protracted, loses none of its interest. Everywhere he has been hailed with demonstrations of the most profound veneration. The *Monitore Tuscano*, of the 18th of August, gives the following account of his arrival on the Tuscan territory the day previous: "On reaching Filigare, the first Tuscan frontier village, His Holiness was complimented, in the name of the Grand Duke, by the Hereditary Prince and the Archduke Charles, accompanied by Lieutenants Medici and Silvatici. The Apostolical Nuncio and the Superintendent of the Post-office, were also present. The Pope was then conducted by the Princess to the Villa delle Marchere, belonging to the Marquis Carlo Gerini, one of the Grand Duke's officers. There the Pope found the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, the Dowager Grand Duchess Maria Ferdinanda, the Archduchess Anna, the Count and Countess of Trapini, Prince Ferdinando Strozzi, and other distinguished personages belonging to the Court. His Holiness was conducted to the chapel, where the hymn of *Tantum ergo* was chanted. A number of the population of the environs having assembled before the villa, the Pope gave them his benediction from the terrace. A certain number of persons belonging to the Marquis's establishment were then admitted to kiss the Pope's slipper. His Holiness dined with the Grand Duke, there being 36 guests at table. The Grand Duke and the Princess then left for Florence at 6¼ p. m. In the evening the Pope again blessed the people from one of the highest points of the park, which was splendidly illuminated at nightfall." The same paper of August the 24th, describes the function performed by the Pope, in the Church of Sta. Maria del Fiore, the day previous, of consecrating four new Prelates—viz., the Archbishop of Florence, and the Bishops of Volterra, Montepulciano, and Fiesoli—as having been attended with great pomp. The Grand Duke and Duchess, the Dowager Grand Duchess, the Hereditary Prince and Princess, the Archduke Charles, and the Count and Countess of Trapani, as well as all the ministers of state and the corps diplomatique, were present, unofficially, and in stalls set apart for them. The Pope was seated on a magnificent throne, erected for the occasion, and was assisted in the ceremony by Monsignor Franchi, Archbishop of Thessalonica and Papal Internuncio at the Tuscan court, and by Monsignor Arrigoni, Archbishop of Lucca. After the ceremony the Pope retired to the apartments of the Chapter, and deigned to accept a sumptuous breakfast there, and to admit the Canons and Chaplains to kiss his slipper. On returning to the Pitti Palace, his Holiness again gave his benediction to the multitude from the balcony. The next morning (24th), at half-past nine, a salvo of artillery announced the departure of the Pope for Pisa. Many are the incidents which make the pilgrimage of the Holy Father memorable in coming years. While at Ravenna he visited the Mausoleum of Dante, and was requested by the Magistrates to inscribe his name in the book kept there in which distinguished visitors usually leave the record of their presence. The venerable Pontiff, instead of inscribing his name, wrote the following lines from Dante:

> "Non e il Mondan rumore altra che un fiato
> Di vento, che or va quindi, or va quinci,
> E muta norne, perche muta lato."

The council of the city immediately made an authentication of the autograph, and placed the book under special guard, as a perpetual monument, historical and moral. The following is the English of the lines written by the Holy Father:

"The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind.
That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,
Shifting the point it blows from."

At Bologna, the Sovereign Pontiff conferred the honor of a private audience upon Mgr. Fransoni, Archbishop of Turin, one of the most intrepid and zealous defenders of the rights and privileges of the Holy See, who came expressly to perform an act of homage to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The return of the Holy Father to Rome was an event looked for with much anxiety. The municipal authorities had determined to make the occasion memorable by a display which would eclipse the splendor of all the triumphs that attended his progress, but His Holiness being informed of these preparations, besought the authorities, through Cardinal Roberti, Governor of Rome, to employ for the benefit of the poor the sum granted to ornament the city; and the Council, in obedience to this desire in which the heart of the Holy Father is still more laid open, have decided to celebrate his return by an abundant distribution of bread and provisions, and to leave to private individuals the decoration of the streets and edifices.

Spain.—Tranquility has been restored not only in Madrid, but also in the provinces. The return of Donna Maria Christiana. the Queen Mother, was a subject of much discussion. The leading journals were in favor of her return; it is doubtful, however, whether she will, at least for the present, place herself among a people by whom she was so wantonly and shamefully abused.

France.—The political excitement has subsided; nothing having occurred during the last month to disturb the public tranquility.—The trial of the leaders in the late conspiracy against the life of the Emperor, has been brought to a close, and resulted in the condemnation of Tibaldi, Grilli, and Bartolotti.—The Emperor, on the occasion of his fete held on the fifteenth of August, granted pardon, commutation, and reduction of punishment, to 1,142 persons confined to the hulks and other prisons.—The Emperor was to have visited the camp at Chalous, about the first of September, to review the troops, said to be about fifty thousand in number. Prince Albert, of England, has accepted an invitation to be present on the occasion, and the Emperor of Russia has also been invited to attend. The camp-ground is well chosen and excellent. A better situation for such an encampment could hardly be imagined. It was upon this ground that in the year 451, the famous battle was fought, in which Attilla, at the head of the Huns, who had invaded Gaul, was defeated by the combined forces of the Romans and Visigoths, under Etiqs and Theodoric. It was at the entrance of the plateau which makes a part of the camp-ground, that the march of the Prussians, in 1792, was arrested by the battle of Valmy; and the other extremity of the plateau is made memorable by the battles of Montmirail, Champ-Aubert, la Fete Champenoise, &c. Chalons-sur-Marne is upon the right bank of the river Marne, about 100 miles northeast of Paris. It stands in the midst of meadows, through which the Marne winds, and is surrounded by a wall and a ditch. It is intimated that Napoleon designs to employ the troops which will now be collected at Chalons, in the construction of vast fortifications, which will make the camp a place of defence similar to those which the Austrians have constructed at Verona and at Lintz.

The improvements and embellishments that have been making in the public building is one of the remarkable features in the reign of the present emperor. Napoleon III has completed a monument which will not shortly be effaced: The letter "N," with which he has adorned the façade of the new portion of that magnificent structure which he has formed out of the Louvre and the Tuileries may be easily removed, but the long galleries, the pavilions, &c., will stand as edifices of his reign, and of his energy in causing to be completed, in the short space of five years, the most extensive and splendid palace in Europe. Louis Napoleon has accomplished what so many monarchs have attempted. His uncle always intended to build the connection, and before him many others. Louis XIV did more towards the Louvre than any other. He resolved

to complete the building and the grand gallery along the Seine, and with his own royal hand wrote a letter to Bernini, an Italian architect, whose plans had met with general admiration, inviting him to Paris to superintend the work. And come he did, and in state too! The honors paid to him fell little short of those offered to royalty itself. In every town in France through which he passed he was, by order of the king, received with great honors, and presents were made to him. Persons were sent from the court to prepare his meals on the road; and as he approached Paris, the lord Chantelon, grand-steward of the royal household, went out to receive him. His plans were of course adopted, and on the 17th of October, 1665, the king himself laid the first stone of the façade with great splendor A gold medal of the value of 2,400f. was enclosed in the stone. When the building reached above the ground, Bernini obtained leave to return home, "not wishing to pass the winter in a place so cold as Paris." The day previous to his departure the king sent him a present of 3,000 louis-d'or, a warrant for a pension of 12,000 livres, and another for 1,200 to his son. In spite of all this, the original design of the physician, Perrault, who had submitted his plans at the same time as Bernini, for the façade, was partially adopted. The front towards the Seine was erected after his designs, and that facing the Rue de Coq was also partly built by Perrault. Under the first empire the Louvre was considerably repaired and embellished, and under the Restoration much was done towards its completion. But in a disconnected state the Louvre and the Tuileries have remained for so many years, forming, with the gallery towards the Seine, three sides of an immense parallelogram. By carrying out a line of building uniform with this gallery from the opposite extremity of the Tuileries to the other side of the Louvre, along the Rue Rivoli and the Place du Carrousel, Napoleon III has finished the edifice. The architecture of the modern part has been sneered at, but the building is nowhere surpassed for grandeur and beauty.—The Society of St. Sulpice has lost two distinguished members; one in the person of the Abbé Vieusse, director of the seminary of Toulouse, who died at Bagnères-de-Bigorre, where he had gone on a visit. The other was the Abbé Albouys, superior of the seminary at Viviers.

England.—Scarcely had we closed our record of the last month, when the news of breaking of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable reached our shores. It seems that the cable was broken when between three hundred and four hundred miles of it had been laid, and the last hundred miles in water of two miles in depth. The work must, therefore, be commenced again; but whether it will be attempted this year or not had not been decided on at latest advices. Many now despair of the ultimate success of the enterprise; we do not. The accident, it seems, was caused by the sudden application of the brake on the machine for paying out the wire, without, at the same time, diminishing the speed of the vessel, which was proceeding at the rate of about five knots an hour. The brake with a strain of 3,000 pounds was incautiously put on whilst the ship was in the trough of the sea, there being a heavy swell at the time, and the consequence was that when the stern rose over the wave the cable parted. It had twice broken before—once, when four miles from the shore, the wire having been caught in the machinery, and again where the heavy cable of an inch and a half in diameter was united to the finer deep sea line. The first accident was remedied by sending back a tug steamer to the shore and underrunning the cable to a point where it parted and then splicing it. The second accident could not have been so rectified, and the part of the cable laid must have been lost but for the precaution of the captain of the Niagara, who kept the ship moving at less than a mile an hour, and backed immediately when the fracture occurred, having also a strong hawser ready, to which the cable was quickly lashed until it was spliced again. It was supposed by some that the force of the current broke the cable, but this seems not to have been the case, and that the experiment will ultimately succeed. It is supposed, however, that the project will be postponed for the present.—The revolt in India still continued to absorb public attention, and the most active measures were making to suppress it. The queen had prorogued the parliament, and in

her speech on that occasion stated that no means would be omitted to put down the "rebellion" in India. Her majesty after the prorogation of parliament, paid a visit to Scotland.

IRELAND.—The great event of the last month in Ireland has been the inauguration of the statue of Daniel O'Connell in the city of Limerick. The day chosen for this solemn tribute to the memory of Ireland's greatest benefactor, the 15th of August, was peculiarly appropriate. We subjoin the account abridged from our foreign file, of this solemn and imposing demonstration: The statue of Ireland's august Liberator was inaugurated with all the pomp and civic ceremonial befitting the occasion; and the proceedings were participated in by several thousands of people who crowded into our city from remote distances, anxious to join in paying their tribute of respect to the memory of Ireland's greatest benefactor—the ever-to-be-remembered O'Connell. To even a superficial observer it was apparent that each individual of the immense mass of people who joined in the demonstration of the day was actuated by a strong patriotic feeling, not less than by a deep-seated and ineradicable attachment to the memory of the illustrious dead, who, from his earliest youth upwards, devoted himself, like another Maccabeus, to the arduous task of righting the wrongs of his suffering fellow-bondsmen. It would be a work of supererogation, were we to state even a brief outline of the career of the great and gifted dead. His every act and his every word, almost, are matters of history, wound up intimately with the records, not only of his own country, but of the British Empire; and it could not fail to be perceived, that his vast and invaluable services to the cause of religion and freedom are appreciated as they should be by the people he spent his life in serving. If you came to speak with them, you found at once that there is no mere hero-worship in their homage; that they revere the great O'Connell from an actual sense, a conviction of his services, and not because others pay him reverence. How could it be otherwise? The various trades of the city turned out on the occasion bearing appropriate devices, and adding greatly to the interest of the scene. The demonstration was not confined to the citizens of Limerick, but the people from the adjoining counties, and even from remote parts of the country, had come to pay a well deserved tribute to the memory of O'Connell. Many stirring reminiscences were called forth. Passing the Black Battery, where the last glorious stand was made by the garrison of the beleaguered city, the triumphal arch which spanned the Roadway had on it the following brief but suggestive record of the memorable achievement:

August 27, 1690. Time: half past three, A. M.
The Women of Limerick.
Altars free.
Emancipation, 1829—O'Connell.

Each word of this brought a crowd of recollections. When the procession had reached the place where the statue is located, Lord Dunraven rising from the platform and addressing the mayor, said: "Mr. Mayor, I beg, sir, to hand over to you, as mayor of this city—to hand over to your custody, and also to the custody of your successors—the statue which I now request may be unveiled." The statue, which up to this period was veiled with a dark green covering, was uncovered, and disclosed the statue of the Great Tribune in a most commanding attitude, grasping in his left hand the roll of the Emancipation Act, and his right hand raised in front of his breast, in the gesture of demonstration. The figure is classically draped. The *posé* is easy, graceful, noble, and full of the intrinsic force and commanding expression which were part of the attributes of the singularly-gifted Liberator. His features are life-like to an extreme degree. In fact, it is a speaking likeness. The statue is above life-size, but not colossal, and will appear only little more than the dimensions of the commanding presence which O'Connell pre-eminently possessed. Its expressiveness is wonderfully striking, and it is said to be Hogan's best work. After the ceremony of presenting the statue to the mayor, Lord Dunraven delivered an appropriate and eloquent address.—The appearance of the crops is generally good, though the blight had appeared among the potato in some sections.

Scotland.—The death of the Rev. Henry Small, the late exemplary pastor of the Catholic Church in Dumfries, is announced. By his death the church of Scotland has lost a most excellent and zealous priest.

Austria.—*The Visit of the Emperor to Hungary.*—The emperor visited his Hungarian dominions toward the close of August, and his reception was in every way gratifying. "The people," says the Dublin Tablet of the 29th of August, "instead of the coldness and reserve which were anticipated by some writers, appear to have manifested a good deal of spirit and enthusiasm. For instance, in the distance from Oëdenburg to Körmend (about forty miles) the Hungarian communes found means to disperse in videttes on both sides of the road an immense line of horsemen at about ten paces separate from each other. At longer and unequal distances were placed squadrons of cavalry ranged in order of battle, awaiting the arrival of the imperial carriages to fall in with the escort. The detached videttes afterwards formed by divisions, and when united made a body of at least 20,000 in number. This was a pretty good display even for Hungary, where, it is said, 'every man comes into the world with boots and spurs, and each yard of land gives birth to a horse.' On his arrival at Körmend the emperor stayed at the chateau of the Prince Batthyani, who devoted all his loyalty and some of his immense fortune to do, in a becoming manner, the honors of his almost royal residence. 'It would be difficult,' writes the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, 'to give any idea of the luxury displayed on this occasion by the illustrious magnate. In the midst of his princely magnificence he forgot not his poorer friends outside. Whilst he did the honors of the table to Francis Joseph, the population of Körmend partook of a national banquet he had provided for them in his own park. In the glades and avenues around the chateau, and by the light of a fairy-like illumination, were renewed the scenes of a baronial age. Fountains flowed with wine, and jovial crowds gathered round the fires where oxen were being roasted whole, spitted on the branches of trees. Later, at about eleven o'clock in the evening, 10,000 Hungarians, marching eight abreast, some carrying Venetian lanterns and other transparencies, on which were visible the names of all the communes of the department of Eisemburg, went in procession to the windows of the castle, and serenaded the emperor. This *fête* which the Prince Batthyani has given to his illustrious guest must have cost him £4,000 or £5,000 sterling."

Russia.—The Princess Cecilia of Baden, was confirmed at St. Petersburg, on the 15th of August, in accordance to the rites of the Greek Church. After she had made her profession of faith in the Russian language the emperor proclaimed her a Russian Grand Duchess, with the name of Olga Feodorovna. Her marriage with the Grand Duke Michael took place on the 28th of August. On the occasion, the princess royal of Wurtemburg, sister of the grand duke, had a solemn service performed at Flushing, at which all the members of the Russian legation and the consul-general of Russia were present.—The Emperor Alexander was expected at Berlin on the 5th of September, on a visit to the King of Prussia.

Switzerland.—An instance of liberality on the part of the government towards the Catholic inhabitants of the cantons has lately occurred, which deserves to be put on record. The National Council in Switzerland has voted 50,000 francs for the erection of a Catholic church in Berne. "This," says a foreign journal, "is a note-worthy historical event. Since the Reformation Catholics, if not wholly banished from Berne, were only tolerated there. By this resolution they receive a public recognition as a religious body, with the same rights as Protestants. Truly, the struggle was severe, and the most diverging reasons were offered to prevent the resolution being adopted, at least to the whole extent of the committee's proposal. In some of the voters materialism in its grossest form displayed itself, and the most radical of radicals, Councillor Augustine Keller, of Aargau, declared that the debate would make no good impression on the population. General Dufour spoke with earnestness and dignity for the subvention. 'If the boasted ideas of confederated brotherly love and toleration were seri-

ously meant, let them be ratified to-day. The eyes of the whole Catholic world were on the present conduct of the government.' So spoke the austere Genevese Calvinist. Yet, after all, the grant is only based upon the circumstance that Berne, as the residence of the government of the federation and of the diplomatic corps, ought to possess a Catholic Church, and that it behoved the Confederation to provide for a long felt want."

Canada.—The *Toronto Mirror* furnishes the following particulars relating to the Church in Canada:—For the diocese of Toronto, Rev. M. Lebaudy, priest; Rev. Mr. Coyac, subdeacon; Mr. Juhel, in minor orders; Mr. Gibbon, tonsured; Mr. O'Shea, layman. For the diocese of London, Rev. Mr. Frachon, priest; Mr. Wasserau, in minor orders; Mr. Gerard, tonsured; Mr. Wagner, tonsured. For the diocese of Hamilton, Rev. Mr. Funken, priest; Rev. Mr. Laussier, subdeacon; Mr. Glowaski, in minor orders.

Ordinations.—There were ordained in the bishop's chapel, by his lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, the following gentlemen:—Subdeacons, MM. T. Prevost and P. Rondeault. Deacon, M. T. Thibeaudeau. Priests, MM. F. Perreault and J. Lonergan.—On Saturday, August 15th, a very interesting and gratifying spectacle presented itself at St. Michael's cathedral. Three young men, Messrs. Rooney, Northgraves, and Bardea, received the sacred order of priesthood, whilst that of deaconship was conferred on Rev. Mr. Sibrat, of St. Michael's college.—*The Bishop of Kingston.* A meeting of the bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Quebec was held in the archbishop's palace during this and last week. There were present the Right Rev. Dr. Farrell, of Hamilton; the Bishops of London, Bytown, Three Rivers, Cydonia, St. Hyacinthe, Montreal, St. Boniface, and Vancouver Island; Bishop de Charbonnel being absent in Europe, *en route* for Ireland and Scotland, in order to obtain Irish priests for Upper Canada, where they are so needed. The chief object of the meeting of those prelates is the election of a Bishop of Kingston, a successor to the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan. Upon whom the lot has fallen, we are not yet authrized to say. Our readers will not, however, be a great while in doubt. The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Kentucky, was also present in Quebec during the past week. The number of prelates present amounted to nine, including the Archbishop. It was the most imposing assemblage ever held in Quebec —A most daring attempt to blow up the House of Providence, in Toronto, was lately made. The building was not yet completed, which fact rendered the consequences less disastrous than they would otherwise have been. A quantity of powder was placed in the centre of the lower portion of the building and ignited. The explosion resembled the discharge of artillery, and did considerable damage to the walls and ceiling. The perpetrators have not been discovered.

The East.—The following items touching the condition of the Church, which we take from the foreign papers, will be read with interest:—The Melchite Syrians are none other than those Christians who, throughout Syria and Egypt, are known as being of the Catholic-Greek, or United Greek rite. They follow the Greek rite, although a great portion of their office is in Arabic. After the festival of Easter, 1856, Mgr. Brunoni, Delegate of the Holy See in Syria, convoked the Catholic-Greek Prelates of Syria, for the purpose of proceeding to the election of a new Patriarch, (the See of Antioch being vacant by the death of Mgr. Mazlum). The meeting was held at the monastery of St. Saviour, in the Lebanon. The choice fell unanimously and by acclamation on Mgr. Bahus, of the order of St. Basil, already Bishop of St. Jean d'Acre: a man of great faith, talented, and of singular piety. At a second meeting of the convocation Mgr. Brunoni proposed to the assembled prelates the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar; which proposition was agreed to by all except three, who merely suggested such a delay as would enable them to ascertain the feelings of their flocks on the subject, the matter not being a dogma of faith, but merely an assimilation to the practice of the Universal Church as to the celebration of the great festivals, the delay was granted. Some time having elapsed, a house to house visitation was made in the dioceses, and an overwhelming majority declared eagerly for adopting the practice of the

Holy See, happy in having the opportunity of showing their adherence to the Chair of St. Peter. The opposition to this very desirable measure is attributed to Greek and Russian influence; and thence the reports of disorder and apostatizing among the Syrian Catholics of the Greek rite.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—On the 30th of August, the corner-stone of a new church under the patronage of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Mechanicstown, near Mount St. Mary's College, was laid. The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, president of the college, officiated, and preached on the occasion.

Dedication of a new Church.—The new church lately erected near Govanstown, Baltimore county, in the place of the one formerly destroyed by fire, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, on Sunday, September the 6th. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore officiated, and the Rev. Father Hewit preached on the occasion.

Confirmation.—Twenty-six persons were confirmed on Sunday, the 30th of August, in the church of St. Louis, Clarksville, by the Most Rev. Archbishop, who preached on the occasion on the virtues of St. Rose of Lima.

2. Diocese of Brooklyn.—*Dedication.*—The dedication of a new church at Jamaica, Long Island, under the patronage of St. Monica, took place on Sunday, August the 23d. The Rev. Mr. Cassidy officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fagan, and several other clergymen. The Right Rev. Bishop Laughlin preached the dedication sermon. The *New York Tablet* thus describes the edifice: "The church is of brick, 100 feet long, by 50 in width, with a sacristy 20 feet by 40, very tastefully ornamented by the Italian fresco painter Paddrasci. It speaks volumes in favor of the Rev. Anthony Farley, under whose pastoral charge it has been brought to completion. It has cost about $20,000. The ground on which it stands was presented to the Pastor by a Catholic lady of New York. The Catholics of Jamaica have good reason to be proud of this noble monument of their zeal in the faith of their fathers, which their liberality has erected. This, and the new church dedicated at Glencove on last Sunday week, prove that the Catholics of Long Island are not behind the age in their zeal for erecting Catholic tabernacles and diffusing Catholic faith."

3. Archdiocese of New York.—*Laying a Corner-Stone.*—On Tuesday, September 8th, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V. G., and the Rev. Mr. Lynch, laid the corner-stone of the chapel of the Academy of Mount St. Vincent, at Font Hill. The Most Rev. Prelate preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. Some months ago, we noticed the fact that the Sisters had purchased Font Hill, the country residence of Mr. Edwin Forrest, for the sum of $100,000. The following description of the improvements which they are now making on the ground will, doubtlessly, prove interesting to our readers: The extreme length of this building will be 264 feet, by about 80 feet in width. The tower, on the west front, rises to 180 feet, with a cluster spire—the first, we believe, in this country. At the foot of the tower will be a spacious porch, 40 feet square. There will be six pediment gables—two front, two rear, and one on each flank. The two in front will be supplied with niches—one for a life-size statue of the Blessed Virgin, and the other for St. Vincent de Paul. Square towers will rise on either side of the building, to the height of 80 feet. Along the main front, and on the south face, verandahs will extend, 12 feet wide and 137 feet long. The grand entrance to the chapel will occupy the centre of the building. This chapel is to be a separate building, 100 feet by 58—thus making the entire extent of building under roof 264 feet front and rear, by 158 feet wide. The cellar walls are to be two feet thick; the basement story of brick two feet four inches; the tower walls two feet eight inches, and the rest of the external walls uniformly 16 inches. The inside walls will be all of brick, thus rendering the building

almost fire-proof. Exclusive of cellar and attic, the building will be four stories high. The building will have a supply of water from the font that gives name to the place. It will also be provided with gas. It is contracted that the whole building is to be finished in May, 1859, and the cost of the edifice is computed at $140,000.

4. Diocese of Newark.—*Ordination of the Rev. G. H. Doane.*—On Sunday, Sept'r 13, the interesting ceremony of the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Doane took place in the Cathedral of Newark. The Rev. gentleman was raised to the order of priesthood by the Right Rev. Dr. Bayley, bishop of Newark, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by the truly eloquent Father Hewit. The occasion was rendered specially interesting from the fact that the Rev. Mr. Doane is the son of the Protestant Bishop of New Jersey, and of the large number of clergymen who assisted in the sanctuary all, except three, were converts from Protestantism.

A new Church.—The corner-stone of a new Catholic church at Atlantic City, N. J., was laid on Thursday, the 10th September, by the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, assisted by several Augustinian Fathers. The new church will be under the pastoral charge of Rev. Father Gallagher, and will be open for Divine service before next summer.

5. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—*The Relics of St. Flavian, Martyr.*—The *Catholic Telegraph*, after giving an interesting account of the close of the annual retreat given to students of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, thus speaks of the relics of St. Flavian: "The Archbishop left to the seminary, as a memento of the retreat and ever-present incentive to martyr-like devotion in the service of the sanctuary, the relics of St. Flavian, Martyr. The Sacred Body once reposed in the Roman Catacombs, and was brought to Cincinnati by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, on his return home from Rome. The Superior of the Seminary hopes, by the assistance of kind friends, to have a shrine made for the holy Relics, and inserted into the front part of the altar." The same paper then inserts an excellent piece of poetry, commemorative of the event, of which the following are the concluding stanzas:

Oh Spirit, come and fill our hearts with love,
  Make them Thy temples pure and undefiled,
Meet resting-places for the Heavenly Dove,
  And fragrant garden's mid the world's bleak wild.

Dear martyred Flavian! may thy burning heart
  Throb in our bosoms, nerve them for the strife,
Teach them to choose the blessed Mary's part,
  Yet act like Martha on the stage of life.

Ordination.—On Saturday, 22d of August, Mr. Philip Huber, of the Diocese of Natchez, received Tonsure and Minor Orders, and Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, of that diocese, was promoted to the Holy Order of Priesthood. Both of these gentlemen were formerly students of the "Old Mountain," Emmittsburg. They had the happiness of being the first to receive Ordination in the beautiful new chapel of the Seminary Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald said his first Mass on last Sunday, the Feast of St. Philip Beniti, at the same altar at which he had been ordained.

Confirmation.—There were one hundred and three persons confirmed in St. Mary's church, Chillicothe, on last Sunday, and ninety-two in St. Peter's. Solemn Mass was sung by Rev. Father Lieb, O. S. F., at St. Mary's, Rev. C. H. Borgess and Rev. J. N. Thisse being deacon and subdeacon. Vespers were sung at St. Peter's by Rev. Mr. Borgess. The Archbishop preached on both occasions to crowded audiences

The German Catholics of Cleveland, Ohio, are building a new church 150 feet long and 70 wide, with a spire 225 feet high. The corner-stone was laid by the Right Rev. Bishop Rappe, on the 16th of August. On Sunday, the 23d of the same month, a young Jew and a Lutheran lady embraced the Catholic faith, and made their first Communion at St. Philomenas' church, Cincinnati. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated on the occasion.

6. Diocese of Pittsburg.—It will be a subject of much joy, not only to the Catholics of the diocese of Pittsburg, but throughout the country, to learn that the

beloved bishop of Pittsburg, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, has safely returned from his visit to the Holy Land and other places, much improved in health. The learned prelate was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds.

7. Diocese of Hartford.—In the convent chapel of Our Lady of Mercy, Providence, on the 27th of August, Miss Sarah Jane Rock received the habit and white veil of the Order of Mercy, taking, in religion, the name of Sister Mary Ignatius. The Very Rev. James Hughes, of Hartford, officiated on the occasion.

8. Diocese of Alton.—The Right Rev. Bishop Junker, among his first acts on reaching his diocese, was to establish an Ursuline Community at Springfield, for religious and educational purposes. A colony of those excellent Sisters was obtained from the Ursuline convent of St. Martin, Brown county, Ohio.

9. Diocese of Monterey.—The Right Rev. Bishop Arnat recently laid the corner-stone of a new church at Santa Cruz. This church is intended to replace the venerable building which was, in the early part of the year, destroyed by fire. The following interesting history of the old church is taken from a California paper: "This old church was commenced in 1793, and dedicated in 1796. It was built of adobe, or sun-dried brick, covered with a tile roof. It was reared by the hands of the aborigines, in their tutelage in the manners and customs of civilization, under the Roman Catholic priests, who came hither to tame and Christianize the wild children of the plains and forests. At one time in the history of this old fabric, it was surrounded by incredible numbers of these baptized Indians, whose every want was cared for by the Fathers in charge of this Mission, and who performed their services in return. Thousands of cattle, sheep and horses, added to their food and comfort. The hand of the Father was kissed by his 'red colored children,' kneeling, bestowing gratitude for this kind and paternal care and protection. The church formed the neuclus around which these sons of the Pacific clung for their support and protection; in which they met each morning at the summons of the matin bell, and offered up their praises to Him who they had lately been taught was their Creator. They drew their grain from its granary, and their blankets and clothing from the supplies furnished for them by the Padre. These were happy days for the poor Indians. But alas for them! the scene has long since changed; the ruthless hand of secularization laid its axe at the root of their happiness. The cattle, horses, and sheep which they had helped to rear, and which had been provided for their support, were taken and distributed to those who had not assisted in their rearing, and to whom they did not legally or equitably appertain. The lands of their nativity were granted to the new comers, and the fields they had enclosed and cultivated had been ruthlessly taken possession of by others. The native was left to flee from his native home for lands he knew not of, to hunt his game and make his bread of acorns. His father had no more blankets, and his barn was destitute of grain. The Indians retired to the valley of the San Joaquin and foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, from which place they made war and carried on acts of reprisal against those who had unrighteously despoiled them of their homes in the Missions."

The future prospects of Catholicity in California are thus drawn by a late Protestant paper: "Romanism has such superior advantages for establishing and endowing institutions of learning here, that they will not fail to aspire to the work of educating this State. They have the old Mission lands immediately adjacent to the buildings confirmed to them. The old California families all over the State are Catholics, and they will patronize Catholic schools both by sending pupils and contributing money. And another thing, and it is one of no mean significance either. The price paid for the labor of female servants in the State has been and is enormous. A girl at service used to receive seventy-five and sometimes one hundred dollars a month; and even now, very few, if any, receive less than thirty dollars a month. Such wages have attracted the more enterprising of the class of young females who do such service, and they are here in great numbers. They will marry here. They are, almost without exception, Catholics, and they will marry the young men of the State who are not Catholics; and the children will be sure to be under that influence too; and these schools that are already established, will be ready to receive them and train them to that superstition."

OBITUARY.—Died, at the pastoral residence of St. Andrew's church in New York city, the Rev. John Campbell, a native of Ireland, in the 33d year of his age. The deceased was a convert to our holy faith, and was on the mission about three years.

Died, on the 25th of August, Madame Nails, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Eden Hall.

Died, on 2d of August, at the Visitation Convent, Park street, Sister Mary Rosalia Gallagher, in the 29th year of her age, and the sixth of her profession as Out Sister.

The

Metropolitan.

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THE FASTS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH.

Among the many efficient and glorious incentives to devotion by which the Church keeps alive in the hearts of her children the perpetual remembrance of the great mysteries of Christianity, may be numbered the diversity of her fasts and festivals, the beauty of their adaptation to the feelings of religion, and the events of sacred history, of which their annual recurrence revives and perpetuates the memory. Every anniversary as it successively returns, is honored by a celebration peculiar to itself,—the ritual of the service, the various ceremonials employed, the very color of the sacerdotal vestments, contributing to mark in a particular manner the solemnity of the day. How different in this respect is the practice among the various sects of Protestantism. Even in the Church of England, which still retains a shadow of the Catholic ritual, the tedious formularies fall on the ear with unvarying and undeviating monotony, and seem all cast in the same mould of utter sameness, whatever be the event commemorated—the Birth of Christ, the Crucifixion, or the Resurrection. The fasts and feasts of the Catholic Church are either exercises of religious austerity, or vivid memorials of the mighty events of other days; while in Protestant formula, for either fast or festival, "Nominis Umbra" is the only distinctive appellation.

While taking a retrospective view of the ecclesiastical year, now drawing to a close, it may not be uninstructive or unentertaining to review the various festivals of the Catholic Church, and contrast the solemnity with which they are celebrated, with the cold indifference of Protestantism.

The four weeks immediately preceding the great anniversary of the Birth of Christ, called Advent, in anticipation of the coming of our Redeemer, are set apart by the Church as a time of prayer and penance; while Protestantism hardly takes cognizance of such a season. Christmas arrives; and the eve of that great festival having been devoted to fasting and devotion, the Church commences its celebration at the early hour which was hallowed by the birth of her divine founder. Perhaps of all her services there is none more beautiful than the midnight mass, to which we are called as to the stable of Bethlehem. How the dread loneliness of the hour contrasts with the joyous canticles of praise, the lighted church, the illuminated and decorated altar, the peal of the bells, the swelling tones of the organ. And when, after the interval of a by-gone year, the exquisite sound of the "Adeste Fideles" first bursts upon the ear in the course of

that nocturnal solemnity, the very soul vibrates with holy transports. For her hymns and anthems, the Church has appropriate and exclusive seasons. Thus the rapturous song of the Angels above referred to, is only heard during the fortnight that includes the festivals of Christmas day, the Circumcision and the Epiphany—riveting the ear in a peculiar manner to its sweet and soothing concords.

On New Year's Day, the Church commemorates in a solemn manner the circumcision of our Lord, that mystical rite of the old law, typical of baptism in the new; and on the Twelfth Day she dedicates her services to the celebration of what has always appeared to us one of the most striking and beautiful episodes in the history of our Divine Saviour's life. Can there, indeed, be conceived a passage in sacred history more adapted at once for the indulgence of pious meditation and the triumph of the artist, than the midnight visit of the Eastern Kings to the cradle of the infant Saviour! What a beautiful contrast between the hoary visages of the adoring Magi, and the youthful and angelic countenance of the Virgin Mother; between the gloom of the humble manger, and the heavenly radiance of the Divine Infant! between the splendid offerings of gold and oriental perfumes, and the lowliness of the shrine in which the Saviour of the world deigns to receive the first homage of mankind! The feast of the Epiphany concludes the joyous season that blends the parting with the coming year. But while the Catholic Church labors so zealously to awaken in the hearts of her children sentiments in harmony with so great an occasion, our Protestant fellow citizens pass by the day unheeded; nothing occurs in their churches to distinguish it from any of the six days given to man for labor.

On the 2d of February the Church honors the Purification of the Virgin Mother by a procession with lighted tapers, which are blessed on that day. This ancient and pious ceremony of blessing candles on this day for the use of the Church and the faithful, is mentioned in the writings of Pope Gelasius the First and St. Cyril of Alexandria, and has given to it the name of Candlemas Day; but the beautiful and interesting ceremony, notwithstanding its antiquity, has been discarded by the cold ritual of Protestantism.

The next festival, in point of chronological order, and invariably occurring during the season of lent, is the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin;—a day upon which, laying aside for a brief interval her penitential robes, the Church assumes her gayest apparel and richest ornaments, and intones her canticles of jubilation, to celebrate that mysterious visit of the angelic messenger to the meek and humble Virgin of Judea, which heralded forth to a benighted world the joyful advent of a Redeemer! To the Protestant mind, the return of this holy festival, to which the good old Catholic name of Lady Day still adheres, brings nothing of religious solemnity; nothing that recalls events so closely allied with man's redemption.

How appropriately does Ash Wednesday commence a season of penance and humiliation! During the holy sacrifice of Mass on this day, or before it commences, the priest taking the ashes of palm, which he had previously blessed, signs with it the foreheads of the faithful, delivering at the same time this touching admonition: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou must return." Can any thought be conceived more adapted to predispose the mind to seriousness and reflection, than that which the Church has selected for the opening of this season of austerity and prayer? Indeed the whole regulation of Lent has in it something that rises above human nature; something that points to it as an ordinance of divine institution. The gratification of his appetite was man's

first sin. Sensual indulgence has ever been the great bane of the world, and is to the present day the chief cause of the innumerable sins, which daily cry to heaven for vengeance. What then could exceed the wisdom of the Church in proposing a regulation, which imposed a salutary restraint upon the passions of the human heart; and which annually reminds man, that if he would gain the happy abode for which he was created, he can only attain its sacred precincts by passing the ordeal of prayer and penance; by the mortification of those sensual gratifications which have been to him the source of so many transgressions.

On Palm Sunday the blessing of the palms which the faithful hold in their hands during the chanting of the Gospel, strikingly recalls to devout minds the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem. The services of the Church during Holy Week have an almost dramatic reference to the great events of our Redeemer's passion; and it is impossible for a person attentively to follow their course without feelings of the most profound edification. The office of Tenebræ, which is performed on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, carry in their very structure and the quaintness of their ceremonial, the impress of remote antiquity. Six lights on the altar, and fifteen in the triangular candlestick, burning at the commencement of the service, which consists of Psalms, interspersed with the Lamentations of Jeremiah and lessons from the writings of ancient Fathers, betoken the light of faith preached by the prophets and Jesus Christ. As the service proceeds, the candles are successively extinguished, to remind us that the Jews were totally deprived of faith when they put our Saviour to death. The fifteenth candle, which occupies the top of the triangular candlestick, is finally removed, and hidden under the altar during the singing of the "Miserere," at the end of which it is produced, still burning, to signify, that though the humanity of Christ lay for a brief period dormant in the sepulchre, that his divinity was not for a moment eclipsed by the temporary obscuration of a mere mortal death. The total darkness and noise made at the end of the office of Tenebræ, naturally indicate the gloom and convulsion of nature which marked the hour when the Messiah breathed his last—when the earth trembled and the rocks were riven, the graves opened and the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom!

On Maundy Thursday, the Mass commences with all the festive accompaniments of white vestments, music and lights, incense and ringing of bells, in honor of the institution of the ever adorable sacrament of the Holy Eucharist; and a host, by immemorial custom, consecrated for the purpose of being used at the service of the ensuing day, is borne in procession to a subsidiary altar, prepared and decorated for the occasion, where it remains exposed to the adoration of the faithful.

On Good Friday, the prostrate clergy before the bare and unadorned altar, the chanting of the long Gospel of the Passion, the ancient and beautiful prayers, and the ceremony of the adoration of the Cross, are all accessories of the most striking and solemn import, intended to commemorate the at once mournful and glorious mystery of human redemption. Who that joins in the all-appropriate formularies of the Church on that great day, but feels the exquisite pathos of that time-honored hymn:

"Crux fideles inter omnes!
Arbor una nobilis:
Nulla silva talem profert
Funde, flore, germine:
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulce pondus sustinet."

which the poet Dryden has thus rendered into English:

"O faithful Cross! O noblest tree!
In all our woods there's none like thee:
No earthly groves, no shady bowers,
Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flow'rs.
Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood,
That bears a weight so sweet and good."

The morning services of Holy Saturday, performed by the primitive Church at the hour of midnight, abound in mystical and imposing ceremonies. A triple candle is lighted from fire previously blessed, signifying that our faith in the Holy Trinity proceeds from the light communicated by our Divine Lord risen from the dead. The paschal candle, which is lighted on this day, is a figure of the body of Jesus Christ, and the five grains of incense fixed in it, represents the aromatic spices that embalmed his body in the sepulchre. At the Mass which concludes the morning service and the religious observances of Holy Week, the ringing of the bells and the joyous burst of the organ proclaim, in a manner that appeals to every heart, the glorious tidings of the Saviour's resurrection.

On Easter Sunday the Church puts forth all her splendor in honor of the grandest festival of Christianity, and exulting alleluias welcome to the sacramental rail the fervent throng of her penitent children, who from the tribunal of penance, as from the grave of sin, have risen with Christ to a new life of grace and good works. But how is Holy Week celebrated by Protestants? Scarcely a single ceremony exists among the multiplicity of sects into which they are divided, to distinguish the week from any other in the year. The sacred events which it commemorates are passed by unhonored and unnoticed, and with as much indifference as if they appertained not to the sacred institution of Christianity.

The next great festival of the Church is Ascension Day—mentioned indeed in some of the Protestant Calendars, but unconsecrated by any particular observance. The paschal candle, which has been lighted at every high Mass since Holy Saturday, is extinguished on this day. Its disappearance is emblematical of the great event of our Redeemer's final ascent into heaven after his forty days sojourn on earth from the day of his resurrection.

On Whit Sunday the solemn services of the Church are dedicated to glorify in a particular manner the third person of the Most Holy Trinity. The vestments of the priests are crimson, and the beautiful hymns *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, vividly impresses on the minds of the faithful the memory of the wonderful miracle of the fiery tongues, which transformed the weak and timid disciples into ardent and inspired Apostles. Ten days later and exactly three weeks after the Ascension, occurs the festival of Corpus Christi, expressly instituted to honor the sacred and ineffable mystery of the real and corporal presence of Jesus in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist. In all Catholic countries this great festival is solemnized by a gorgeous procession in the open streets, affording to the entire population the opportunity of doing homage to the Saviour of mankind, and of vindicating the majesty and performing an act of open reparation to the holy Sacrament for the indignities offered to it by infidels and unbelievers, and even by bad Catholics.

The fifteenth of August is set apart to honor the Mother of God, in her Assumption into heaven. It is a pious belief handed down from the earliest ages, that the soul of the holy Virgin after her death was reunited to her body, and that that pure

and holy body which had so long been the tabernacle of the Son of God, was not permitted to fall into decay, and that with her soul it was assumed into heaven.

The great solemnities of the ecclesiastical year may be said to conclude with All Saints,—a day upon which the Church invites us to honor the glorified army of martyrs, prophets and confessors, and all the holy persons who have preceded us to the realms of immortality after gloriously withstanding the temptations that beset their pathway through life; and reminding us of the beautiful dogma of the communion of the faithful with the blessed inhabitants of heaven, the Church invites us on this day to ask them to join their powerful intercession with ours and to obtain from God, for us their still struggling brethren on earth, such graces as may enable us to reach the unfading joys of heaven.

How interesting the contrast between the joyous festival of All Saints, and the touching solemnities of *All Souls*, which immediately succeeds it—when the prayers of the Universal Church are poured forth in behalf of the suffering souls of the faithful departed! On All Saints, faith glorifies the chosen children of heaven, and hope points to their bright abode as destined one day to be ours! On All Souls, the Church vindicates the claim of charity to be the greatest of all virtues, by earnestly calling on the faithful to unite their prayers in behalf of their departed friends, who may still be lingering in the prison from which no one is released until he has paid the last farthing! On this day is rehearsed that time-honored, and universally admired hymn, which touches the soul of every hearer, the "Dies Iræ."

How consoling to the Catholic is the practice of the Church in all that relates to her annual festivals! and how strangely does it contrast with the cold and rigid spirit of Protestantism! What indeed can Protestantism have to do with the feast of "Corpus Christi," after reducing the holy sacrament of Christ's body and blood to a commemoratial participation of bread and wine? Or with the Assumption of the holy Virgin, after denouncing as idolatrous the veneration which Catholics pay to the Mother of God?—or with All Saints, after utterly rejecting the belief in their ability to hear our petitions?—or with All Souls, after a cold and heartless condemnation of the consoling doctrine which teaches us that the prayers of the living are available for the souls of the departed?

We might, if our limits permitted, extend the catalogue of Catholic festivals; we might expatiate on the Patron Saints of the various countries of Christendom, and of the trades and confraternities under the fostering care of the Church;—the feasts of Rogation and Ember Days, and the vigils of the principal festivals—the beautiful devotion of the month of May, which is consecrated in a particular manner to the honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God;—the daily Angelus, and the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which is practised in Catholic countries. We believe, however, that we have said sufficient to direct attention to the contrast that exists between Catholic and Protestant solemnities.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XIV.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

(From the Precis Historiques.)

Among the religious communities which have extended most rapidly in our day and do the greatest good in the Church, the Congregation of Sisters of Notre Dame figures in the most honorable manner.

The object of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame is to labor principally for the instruction of poor children under the direction of the Bishop of the diocese and in concert with the parish priest. These Sisters are especially intended to prepare children for confirmation as well as first communion; to form them to morality, virtue, and the duties of their state. If their foundress permits boarding schools and pay schools, it is only as a means of attaining the principal end, which is the education of poor children. The Sisters of Notre Dame are every where faithful to these engagements and to this object of their institute. Every community has its beloved class, that of the poor.

Let us go back to the origin of this work of God. We shall see the hand of Providence displayed at every step, sometimes even in a striking way, and apparently surpassing the power of nature.

The Congregation of Sisters of Our Lady arose at the end of the last century. It acknowledges as its foundress Julia Billiart.

Julia was born at Cervilly, near Compiègne, in 1751, of parents unfavored by the gift of fortune; but from her tenderest years she seemed to be a child of benediction, on whom the Almighty had especial views of grace and glory.

Her sweetest recreation was to retire to a corner to pray. Already God delighted to guide this young child by the brightest lights. At the age of seven or eight, she would gather little children around her to teach them the catechism, which she knew by heart, and in the explanation of which she displayed remarkable intelligence. Teaching the truths of religion to the ignorant was the favorite work of her whole life. The worthy priest of the parish, Mr. Dangicourt, distinguished among the rest this young plant which gave so much hope, and he delighted to give her his particular care. As soon as she was nine years old, he thought that he could no longer defer little Julia's first communion. This estimable priest directed her, then, and also as long as it was possible, in all the good works which she undertook, and was her consoler in all the terrible trials which she had to undergo.

Julia had grown up. God who preserved her soul from the contagion of vice, wished also to adorn it with heroic virtues. She fell sick. The complication of her maladies defied all remedies and left her at the age of about thirty, paralyzed in both legs. She constantly suffered great pains in all her body, and a violent contraction of the nerves of the jaw even deprived her of the possibility of speaking in an intelligible manner. Mr. Dangicourt took her the Holy Eucharist every day, and the pious invalid passed the day in a close union with her Creator. God alone knew all the secret of this communing. She spent twenty-two years on a bed of suffering without being able to take a step. Worthy ladies, brought by the worthy priest, sometimes came to seek from Julia examples of patience and resignation and offer her the testimony of their sympathy.

But the poor sufferer was soon deprived of all these consolations. The priest and the noble ladies were ere long compelled to fly before the bloody French revolution. She was bereft of the sacraments and of communion. God also seemed to withdraw, as if to let his handmaid bear alone the whole weight of her trials and miseries; but soon touched with her humility and faith, he consoled her himself anew.

The reputation of *devotee* given to Julia, laid her under the suspicion of the revolutionists. They sought her to heap vile insults on her; but she passed through the mob unperceived, hidden in the bottom of a wagon.

This was in 1794. One of those ladies who had known Julia had taken refuge in Amiens. She wrote to the pious virgin to persuade her to come and reside in a little section of the Hotel Blin, where she had taken up her residence. There heaven awaited her to accomplish its eternal designs.

Mary Louisa Frances, Viscountess Blin de Bourbon, was born on the 8th of March, 1756, in the chateau of Gézancourt, in the department of the Somme. Her father was Peter Louis de Blin, lord of Bourdon; her mother Mary Louisa Claudine, daughter of the baron of Fouquesolles, lord of Gézancourt and Viscount of Doulens. Mlle. Frances Blin, whom God destined for works of zeal, had also just passed through days of terror: she had just been released from prison, where she had been detained with her noble family. Already marked out for the guillotine, she was restored to liberty by the fall of Robespierre. Disabused as to the advantages which nature had lavished on her, and with those which fortune, in spite of great losses, had still left her, she wished to devote herself solely to prayer and good works.

As soon Julia Billiart had been conducted to the Hotel Blin, Mademoiselle de Gézancourt became her assiduous nurse. Although she could but little charm in the company of an invalid whose very language she could not understand, she nevertheless formed with her that holy friendship which goes beyond the tomb.

Some time after the Almighty sent Julia the consolations for which her soul most ardently longed. An excellent priest, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who afterwards entered the Society of Fathers of the Faith, and finally the Society of Jesus on its restoration, also came to reside with M. Blin. He said Mass in secret in the invalid's chamber, communicated her daily, presided at the religious exercises of several young ladies of rank who assembled around Julia's bed and styled her their mother. But Mr. Thomas was again pursued by the infidels, and had like to have fallen into their hands. It was accordingly determined to put him out of the reach of domiciliary visits. He took refuge at Béthancourt, in a chateau belonging to two of the ladies who composed the circle at the Hotel Blin. Mother Julia was also transferred to this place, and Mademoiselle de Bourdon followed them. Mr. Thomas devoted himself to the instruction of the people whom the miseries of the times had left in profound ignorance. Mother Julia and her noble companion undertook to prepare persons of their sex for the reception of the sacraments. Henceforth they taught little girls catechism, reading, writing and knitting; but as yet without any thought of devoting their whole life to the instruction of the young. The character of the village was soon changed and God crowned these first labors with consoling success. Towards the close of February, 1803, the occupants of the chateau de Béthancourt returned to Amiens, and Mr. Thomas entered the Society of Fathers of the Faith.

To throw some light on the origin and first development of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame, it is necessary to trace the character of a man who after the ravages of the revolution acted the part of a popular reformer, and who con-

tributed to form and consolidate the rising congregation. This man was Father Varin.

Joseph Desideratus Varin was born at Besançon in 1769, of one of the most pious and worthy families of the country. In his youth he was excessively petulant and impetuous, passionately fond of the chase and of military life. Yet he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. Varin was terminating his second year of theology when the revolution compelled him to return home. He then entered a regiment of dragoons, commanded by Marshal de Broglie, father of the two young princes, Charles and Maurice, afterwards Bishop of Ghent, and he served with distinction in the campaigns of 1792 and 1793. After these bloody scenes, Varin visited his family in Switzerland, and then joined the Society of the Sacred Heart, which in 1799 united with that of the Fathers of the Faith.*

Father Varin, who was already acquainted with Mother Julia, persisted in believing against all human appearance, that she was destined to labor for the glory of God on a large scale. But when he imparted his views to the humble sufferer, she simply replied: "Father, how can it be done?" The humble mother had indeed within a short time recovered the use of speech, but her paralysis was still entire, and her sufferings were often very acute and almost universal.

Yet she soon began to receive into the house where she had retired with Mlle. Blin, young women of upright mind and good will, who wished to devote themselves to the education of poor girls. The first were: Catharine Duchâtel of Rheims, Victoria Leleu of Cheppy, in old Picardy; and Justina Garson. The first assemblage had been dispersed by many circumstances. The two ladies now devoted their labors to form them to the knowledge proper for their vocation and especially for the solid virtues of the religious life. Heaven, which had chosen Julia for its work, visibly blessed her efforts.

In 1804 Father Varin gave them a little rule to serve as an essay, and on the second of February, the first members of this Society, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, devoted themselves to the instruction of youth. They also consecrated themselves to the Heart of Jesus under the protection of the Heart of Mary. Mother Julia's act of consecration in her own hand-writing is still preserved. It contains a vow to extend devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

In the course of this year 1804, the Fathers of the Faith gave a mission at Amiens. Julia's companions followed the holy exercises. She herself was several times carried there in a chair by porters. The missionaries sent to the rising community the women and girls whose ignorance incapacitated them for the reception of the sacraments, in order to instruct them.

One of these apostolic laborers, Father Enfantin, came one day to tell Mother Julia that he was making a novena to the Sacred Heart for a person in whom he took a deep interest; he begged her to join him, which she did with all the fervor of her soul without asking any further information. On the 8th of June, the feast of the Sacred Heart, which was the fifth of the novena, Father Enfantin returned. Julia had been carried to the garden and was at that moment alone there:—"Mother," said the missionary as he approached her, "if you have faith, take one step in honor of the Sacred Heart." Julia arose and took a step, the first in twenty-three years.—"Make another," said the Father; she obeyed.—"One

* These were societies formed after the suppression of the Society of Jesus by exemplary or pious persons who wished to follow the rule of St. Ignatius. See Guidée's Life.

more"—and the effect followed the command. "It is well," he continued, "now sit down." And Julia simple as a child sat down, saying that it seemed to her she could do more. It was only four days after that the community was informed of this cure.

Julia immediately began another career, which our Lord had traced for her. By a retreat of ten days she entered this new phase of a life already so full of merits. After this time of serious reflection, she and Mademoiselle Leleu set out with the missionaries, who were going to attempt at Abbeville and Saint Valery-sur-Somme the good that they had effected at Amiens.

At the close of these two months of labor, she returned to her religious family which was directed by Mother Blin in the absence of Mother Julia, and as they had both but one heart and one soul, all worked harmoniously.

On the 15th of October, 1805, the two mothers, with two of the first companions, Victoria Leleu, under the name of Sister Anastasia, and Justine Garson, under the name of Sister Catharine, bound themselves by vow to the work which heaven had led them to undertake. Catharine Duchâtel, who had been sick when she entered, returned to the Oratory out of which she had come to enter the Sisters of Notre Dame. She did not live long.

The sisters had soon to seek a new spot capable of containing the rising community, which increased daily, and the classes which were to be regularly opened. They took up their residence in the Noyon suburb, renting a house contiguous to the seminary. One of the first boarding scholars, Mademoiselle Bicheron, a young orphan, known in religion under the name of Sister Bernardine, went out one day with a bell in her hand to go through the district. Without any difficulty she gathered a crowd of little girls around her, to whom she said with admirable candor: "You are informed that the Sisters of Notre Dame have just opened a free school for little girls. Go, tell this to your parents." The next day from sixty to seventy poor children had answered that call, and the pious mistresses lavished on them the treasures of charity that filled their soul.

Benedictine Popes.—Out of the two hundred and fifty-nine successors of St. Peter who have held the Papal Chair, it is remarkable that no less than forty-nine have been members of the Order of St. Benedict. The first of the sons of St. Benedict elevated to the Holy See was Benedict I, in A. D. 573, and among the number we find the illustrious names of Gregory the Great, Callixtus II, St. Peter Celestine, Innocent II and IV, Leo III, and Gregory VII. No less than twenty-three Popes of the Benedictine Order have been canonized, besides fourteen who have been beatified. In the present century, also, the Benedictines have supplied the Holy See with two Popes, Pius VII, who was exiled by Napoleon, and Gregory XVI, better known to the world as Cardinal Capellari. It is not a little singular that out of the 1,800 years during which she has existed in the world, the Catholic Church has been no less than 337 years under the rule of Benedictine Pontiffs.

THE ENGLISH COLLEGES AT DOUAY AND ROME.

To perpetuate the succession of the Catholic clergy, at a time when a total extinction of the ancient faith was apprehended in English, the Rev. William Allen, afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Mechlin, formed the project of establishing colleges for the education of young men on the continent. Having drawn together many learned men, who had been educated at Oxford and Cambridge, he laid the foundation of a college or seminary at Douay, in Flanders.

Mr. Morgan Philips, who had been Provost of Oriel, and formerly Mr. Allen's master, purchased a convenient building for that purpose. Contributions were made towards the praiseworthy object by the learned and zealous founder, and several other Catholic clergymen—besides, some further aid was obtained from England. The Benedictin Abbeys in the neighborhood of Douay, together with the University and other communities of Douay, contributed liberally towards the new college, and collections were taken up in the neighboring towns.

In the year 1568, the college at Douay was opened for the reception of pupils, and in a few years the number of its inmates amounted to one hundred and fifty. The undertaking was applauded by the Holy See, and Pope Pius V wrote an encouraging letter to its founder. Gregory XIII, the successor of Pius, being informed of the state of the college, and having received a strong letter of recommendation of the college from the Catholic nobility of England, as well as the University of Douay, and several religious communities, settled upon it in the year 1575 an annual pension of 1200 Roman crowns, and soon afterwards raised the donation to 2,000 crowns. This sum was regularly paid, and was almost the only certain revenue of the college.

Douay College was not only the first of the English nation, but it is believed to have been the first in the Christian world instituted in strict conformity with the decrees of the Council of Trent. In the short space of ten years after its foundation, the new institution had sent no less than fifty-two priests to labor in the English mission. About this time, 1578, the disturbed condition of the Low Countries obliged the college at Douay, then under the dominion of Spain, to be removed to Rheims, in France.

Two or three persons, however, remained, and kept possession of the house until 1593, when the Professors, through the urgent solicitation of the magistrates of Douay, again removed the college back to that city. During their stay at Rheims, their numbers had vastly increased. Twelve more priests were sent out the year after their removal to that place, and these were followed in 1579 by twenty-one more. And shortly after their establishment at Rheims, there were two hundred persons belonging to the institution. In 1593 the college was again re-established at Douay, and continued for two centuries to supply priests for the English mission.

Douay College produced a large number of distinguished individuals. Among these were Cardinal Allen, two archbishops, thirty-one bishops, three archpriests, over one hundred distinguished theologians, one hundred and sixty-nine writers, many eminent men of religious orders, and one hundred and sixty glorious martyrs, besides innumerable others, who either died in prison, or suffered confinement or banishment for the faith. Many of the English nobility and gentry were educated at Douay College.

But the time was approaching when this venerable institution was to be swept

from existence. In the month of October, 1793, the college was seized and suppressed by the French, and its inmates conveyed as prisoners to the citadel of Dourlens, where they remained until November, 1794, when they were permitted to retire to England, where they arrived on the 2d of March of the following year. The professors and students of Douay shortly after their arrival in England, became the founders of the colleges of Old Hall, Ushaw, and Oscott, which were successively established shortly after the dissolution of Douay College.

The English college at Rome, like that at Douay, presents to the Catholic reader many features of interest. It owes its origin to the piety and zeal of those venerable men who had made the name of Douay memorable in Catholic history.

Pope Gregory XIII, whose attention had long been turned to the distressed state of religion in England, conceived the idea of establishing a college in Rome for the special benefit of the English nation. He consulted Dr. Allen, Dr. Lewis, afterwards bishop of Cambray; Dr. Goldwell, bishop of St. Asaph's, and others of the English clergy, who earnestly approved the project. The Pope accordingly converted the Hospital of St. Thomas into a college, for the education of secular priests for the English mission. Dr. Clenock, a secular priest, and bishop elect of Bangor in the reign of Queen Mary, was appointed by his Holiness the first rector of the newly established college. This was in 1578, ten years after the foundation of the Douay College, and in the following year the Pope issued the Bull for its foundation, for fifty students, giving them the hospital and two contiguous houses, the Church of the Blessed Trinity, and an annual pension of 6,000 crowns, with all the property of the hospital.

The first students of the Roman College were sent from the college at Rheims. Dr. Clenock presided over the institution about a year, when he was succeeded by Father Agarrazio, an Italian Jesuit, and, not long after, the sole government of the college fell into the hands of the English Jesuits, under whom it continued until the suppression of the order by Pope Clement XIV, in 1773. The college was then administered by M. Foggini, and other Italian clergymen. Repeated memorials and petitions were presented from England for the restoration of the college to the English secular clergy. These, however, were unsuccessful, and the college was rendered almost useless to the English mission. In 1798, the college was seized by the French, under Bertier, and remained closed for twenty years. At length, in 1817, on the death of Cardinal Braschi, who had taken possession of the college and its revenues after the expulsion of the French, the Rev. Dr. Macpherson, rector of the Scotch College, and the Rev. Dr. Lingard, the distinguished historian, who was then in Rome, waited on the Secretary of State, Cardinal Consalvi, and explained to him the original object of the establishment, its failure under Italian superiors, and the increasing wants of the English mission. The result was that the Cardinal procured the re-establishment of the college by Pius VII. The Rev. Dr. Gradwell, afterwards bishop of Lydda, and coadjutor in the London District, was appointed president on the 8th of March, 1818. Shortly after this a colony of ten students arrived from England, and the revived college soon began to flourish. In 1828, Dr. Gradwell being appointed coadjutor to Dr. Bramston, was succeeded in the government of the college by Dr. Wiseman, the present illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Like its sister institution at Douay, the English at Rome has been fruitful in distinguished names, and has given to the church upwards of forty illustrious martyrs, who suffered in the English mission, and still continues to supply the church with numerous learned and zealous priests.

THE STORY OF LIN-IN.

A CHINESE TALE.

Continued from page 543.

When the repast was ended, Tchin drew out a package of twenty täels, and looking towards Lin-in, said, "During the time my dear son-in-law has been with me, it is possible he may have suffered many things against my wish, and unknown to me; here is a little present I wish to make him, until I can give him more substantial proofs of my affection. I will not hear of a refusal."

"What!" replied Lin-in, "at a time when I am contracting an alliance so honorable to me, and when I ought, according to custom, to make marriage presents for my son, presents which I am prevented from doing at this moment, only because I am travelling, do you load me with gifts? I cannot accept them; the thought covers me with confusion."

"Well!" replied Tchin, "I am not dreaming of offering *you* such a trifle. It is for my son-in-law, not the father-in-law of my daughter, that I intend this present. Indeed, if you persist in the refusal, I shall consider it as a sign that the alliance is not agreeable to you."

Lin-in saw that he must yield, and that resistance would be useless. He humbly accepted the present, and making his son rise from table, ordered him to make a profound reverence to Tchin. "What I have given you," said Tchin, raising him up, "is but a trifle, and deserves no thanks." Hi-eul then went into the house to pay his respects to his mother-in-law. The whole day passed in feasting and diversions; it was only at night that they separated.

When Lin-in retired to his chamber, he gave himself up entirely to the reflections to which these events gave rise. "It must be confessed," cried he, "that by restoring the two hundred täels, I have done an action pleasing to Heaven, and now I am rewarded by the happiness of finding my child, and contracting so honorable an alliance. This is, indeed, joy upon joy; it is like putting gold flowers upon a beautiful piece of silk. How can I be sufficiently grateful for so many favors? Here are the twenty täels that my friend Tchin has given me; can I do better than employ them towards the maintenance of some virtuous bonzes? It will be sowing them in a soil of blessings."

The next day, after breakfast, the father and son got ready their luggage, and took leave of their host; they proceeded to the quay, hired a boat, and commenced their journey. They had scarcely gone half a league, ere they came in sight of a scene of terrible excitement; the river was full of struggling people, whose cries rent the air. A bark, full of passengers, had just sunk, and the cries of the unfortunate creatures for help were heart-rending! The people on the shore called loudly to several small boats which were near to come to the rescue. But the hard-hearted and selfish boatmen demanded that a good sum should be guaranteed them, before they would bestir themselves. At this critical moment Lin-in's boat came up. The moment he perceived what was going on, he said to himself: "It is a much more meritorous action to save the life of a man, than to adorn the temples and support bonzes. Let us consecrate the twenty täels to this good work; let us succor these poor drowning souls." He instantly proclaimed that he would give the twenty täels amongst those who would take the drowning men into their boats.

At this offer all the boatmen crowded towards the scene of the disaster, and the river was, in a moment, covered with their boats; at the same time, some of the spectators on shore, who knew how to swim, threw themselves into the water, and, in a few moments, all were saved, without exception. Lin-in then distributed amongst the boatmen the promised reward.

The poor creatures, snatched from a watery grave, came in a body to return thanks to their preserver. One amongst them, having looked attentively at Lin-in, suddenly cried out, "What! is that you, my eldest brother? By what good luck do I find you here?"

Lin-in, turning towards him, recognized his youngest brother, Lin-tchin. Then, transported with joy, he exclaimed, clasping his hands, "O wonderful circumstance! Heaven has led me hither to save my brother's life." He instantly reached out his hand to him, and made him come into his boat, helped him off with his wet clothes, and gave him others.

As soon as Lin-tchin had sufficiently recovered, he paid the respects due to an elder brother which good breeding demands from a younger, and Lin-in having acknowledged his politeness, called Hi-eul, who was in the cabin, to come and salute his uncle; he then recounted all his adventures, which threw Lin-tchin into a state of amazement, from which he was a long time in recovering. "But tell me," said Lin-in, at length, "your motive in coming to this country."

"It is not possible," replied Lin-tchin, "to tell you in a few words the reason of my travels. In the course of the three years which have elapsed since your departure from home, the melancholy news of your death from illness reached us. My second brother made every inquiry, and assured himself that the report was true. It was a thunderbolt for my sister-in-law; she was inconsolable, and put on the deepest mourning. For my part, I could not give credit to the report. After a few days had elapsed, my second brother tried all in his power to induce my sister-in-law to contract a fresh marriage. She, however, steadily rejected the proposal; at length she prevailed upon me to make a journey to Chan-si, to ascertain upon the spot what had become of you; and, when I least expected it, at the point of perishing in the water, the very person I was in search of, my well beloved brother, has saved my life. Is not this unexpected good fortune, a blessing from Heaven? But believe me, my brother, there is no time to be lost; make all possible haste to return home, and to put an end to my sister-in-law's grief. The least delay may cause an irreparable misfortune."

Lin-in, overwhelmed at this news, sent for the captain of the boat, and although it was late, ordered him to set sail, and continue the voyage during the night.

Whilst all these events were happening to Lin-in, Wang, his wife, was a prey to the most poignant grief. A thousand circumstances led her to suspect that her husband was not dead; but Lin-pao, who, by that reported death, became the head of the family, so positively assured her that it was true, that, at last, she had allowed herself to be persuaded into that belief, and had assumed the widow's weeds.

Lin-pao possessed a bad heart, and was capable of the most unworthy acts. "I have no doubt," said he, "of my elder brother's death. My sister-in-law is young and handsome; she has, besides, no one to support her; I must force her to marry again, and I shall make money by this means."

He thereupon communicated his plan to Yang, his wife, and ordered her to employ some clever match-maker. But Wang resolutely rejected the proposal;

she vowed that she would remain a widow, and honor the memory of her husband by her widowhood. Her brother-in-law, Lin-tchin, supported her in her resolution. Thus all the artifices which Lin-pao and his wife employed were useless; and, as every time they urged her on the subject it occurred to her that they had no positive proof of his death, "I am determined," said she, at length, "to know the truth; these reports are often false; it is only on the very spot that certain information can be obtained. True, the distance is nearly a hundred leagues. Still, I know that Lin-tchin is a good-hearted man; he will travel to the province of Chan-si to relieve my anxiety, and learn positively if I am so unfortunate as to have lost my husband; and, if I have, he will, at least, bring me his precious remains."

Lin-tchin was asked to undertake the journey, and, without a moment's hesitation, departed His absence, however, only rendered Lin-pao more eager in the pursuit of his project. To crown the whole, he had gambled very deeply, and, having been a heavy loser, was at his wit's end to know where to obtain money. In this state of embarrassment, he met with a merchant of Kiang-si, who had just lost his wife, and was looking for another. Lin-pao seized upon the opportunity, and proposed his sister-in-law to him. The merchant accepted the offer, taking care, however, to make secret inquiries whether the lady who was proposed to him was young and good looking. As soon as he was satisfied on these points, he lost no time, and paid down thirty taels to clinch the bargain.

Lin-pao having taken the money, said to the merchant, "I ought to warn you, that my sister-in-law is proud and haughty. She will raise many objections to leaving the house, and you will have a great deal of trouble to force her to do it. Now this will be your best plan for managing it. This evening, as soon as it gets dark, have a palanquin and good strong bearers in readiness; come with as little noise as possible, and present yourself at the door of the house. The young woman who will come to the door, attired in the head dress of mourners, is my sister-in-law; don't say a word to her, and don't listen to what she may say, but seize her at once, thrust her into your palanquin, carry her to your boat, and set sail at once." This plan met with the approbation of the merchant, and its execution appeared easy enough of accomplishment.

In the mean time, Lin-pao returned home, and, in order to prevent his sister-in-law from suspecting anything of the project he had planned, he assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, but as soon as she left the room, he communicated his plans to his wife, and, alluding to his sister-in-law, in a contemptuous manner, said, "That two-legged piece of goods must leave this house to-night. However, not to be a witness of her tears and sighs, I shall go out beforehand, and, as it gets dark, a merchant of Kiang-si will come, and take her away in a palanquin, to his boat."

He would have continued the conversation, when he heard the footsteps of some person outside the window, and went hurriedly away. In his haste he forgot to mention the circumstance of the mourning dress. It was doubtless an interposition of Providence that this circumstance was omitted. The lady Wang easily perceived that the noise she made outside the window had caused Lin-pao to break off the conversation suddenly. The tone of his voice plainly showed that he had something more to say; but she had heard enough; for having remarked by his manner that he had some secret to tell his wife when he entered the house, she had pretended to go away, but listening at the window, had heard these words distinctly, "They will take her away and put her into a palanquin."

These words strongly fortified her suspicions. Her resolution was taken at once. She entered the room, and approaching Yang, gave utterance to her anxiety. "My sister-in-law," said she, "you behold an unfortunate widow, who is bound to you by the strongest ties of a friendship which has been always sincere. By this long-standing friendship I conjure you to tell me candidly whether my brother-in-law still persists in his design of forcing me into a marriage that would cover me with disgrace."

At these words Yang at first appeared confused, and changed color; then, assuming a more confident expression, "What are you thinking of?" she asked, "and what fancies have you got into your head? If there were any intention of making you marry again, do you think there would be any difficulty? What is the good of throwing oneself into the water before the ship is really going to pieces?"

The moment the lady Wang heard this allusion to the ship, she understood more clearly the meaning of the secret conference of her brother-in-law with his wife. She now suspected the worst, and gave vent to her lamentations and sighs; and yielding to the current of her grief, she shut herself up in her room. "Unfortunate wretch that I am," cried she, "I do not know what has become of my husband. Lin-tchin, my brother in-law and friend, upon whom alone I can rely, is gone on a journey. My father, mother, and relations live far from hence. If this business is hurried on, how shall I be able to inform them of it? I can hope for no assistance from our neighbors. Lin-pao has made himself the terror of the whole district, and everybody knows him to be capable of the greatest villainy. Miserable creature that I am! how can I escape his snares? If I do not fall into them to-day, it may be to-morrow, or at any rate in a very short time."

She fell to the ground half dead; her fall, and the violence of her grief, made a great noise. The lady Yang, hearing the disturbance, hastened to her room, and finding the door firmly fastened, concluded that it was a plan of her distracted sister-in-law to evade the scheme of the night; she therefore seized a bar which stood by and broke the door open. As she entered the room, the night being very dark, she caught her feet in the clothes of the lady Wang, and fell tumbling over her. In her fall she lost her head-dress, which flew to some distance, and the fright and fall brought on a faint, in which she remained for some time. When she recovered she got up, went for a light, and returned to the room, where she found the lady Wang stretched on the floor, without motion and almost without breath.

At the moment she was going to procure other assistance, she heard a gentle knock at the door. She knew it must be the merchant of Kiang-si come to fetch the wife he had bought. She quickly ran to receive him and bring him into the room, that he might himself be witness of what had occurred; but remembering that she had no head-dress, and that she was unfit to present herself in that state, she hastily caught up the one she found at her feet, which was the lady Wang's head-dress of mourning, and ran to the door.

It was, indeed, the merchant of Kiang-si, who had come to fetch away his promised bride. He had a bridal palanquin, ornamented with silk flags, festoons, flowers, and several gay lanterns; it was surrounded by servants bearing lighted torches, and by a troop of flute and hautboy-players. The whole cortége was stationed in the street in perfect silence. The merchant, having knocked gently, and finding the door open, entered the house with some of those who bore torches to light him.

Upon the lady Yang's appearance, the merchant, who spied at a glance the mourning head-dress, which was the mark by which he was to distinguish his bride, flew upon her like a hungry kite upon a sparrow. His followers rushed in, carried off the lady, and shut her into the palanquin, which was all ready to receive her. It was in vain she endeavored to make herself heard, crying out, "You are mistaken; it is not me you want." The music struck up as she was forced into the palanquin, and drowned her voice, whilst the bearers flew rather than walked, and bore her to the boat.

THE LADY YANG CARRIED OFF IN THE PALANQUIN.

Whilst all this was taking place, the lady Wang had gradually revived and come to her senses. The great hubbub she heard at the door of the house renewed her fears, and occasioned her the most painful anxiety; but as she found that the noise of music, and the tumult of voices, which had arisen so suddenly died gradually away in the distance, she regained her courage, and after a few minutes summoned up strength to go and inquire what was the matter.

After calling her sister-in-law two or three times without effect, the truth began to dawn on her, and after considering the matter carefully, she could only come to the conclusion that the merchant had made a mistake, and had carried off the wrong lady. But now a fresh cause of uneasiness arose; she dreaded the consequences when Lin-pao should return and be informed of the mistake. She shut herself up in her room, and after picking up the head-pins, the ear-rings, and the head dress, which were lying on the floor, threw herself, quite worn out with fatigue and anxiety, on her couch, and endeavored to get a little sleep, but she was not able to close her eyes all night.

At daybreak she rose and bathed her face, and proceeded to complete her toilet. As, however, she was searching about for her mourning head-dress, some one began making a great noise at the room-door, knocking loudly and crying out, "Open the door instantly!" It was, in fact, Lin-pao himself. She recognized the voice at once. She made up her mind at once what to do; she let him go on knocking without answering him. He swore, stormed and bawled, till he was hoarse. At length the lady Wang went to the door, and standing behind it without opening it, asked, "Who is knocking there and making such a disturbance?" Lin-pao, who recognized the voice of his sister-in-law, began to shout still louder: but seeing that his storming had no effect, he had recourse to an expedient which proved successful. "Sister-in-law," said he, "I have brought you good news! Lin-tchin, my youngest brother, has come back, and our eldest brother is in excellent health; open the door at once!"

Overjoyed at this intelligence, the lady Wang ran to complete her toilet, and in her haste put on the black head-dress that her sister-in-law had left behind, and eagerly opened the door; but, alas! in vain she did look for her friend Lin-tchin; no one was there but Lin-pao. He entered her room hurriedly and looked round, but not seeing his wife, and perceiving a black head-dress on the head of his sister-in-law, his suspicions began to be excited in a strange manner.

"Well! where is your sister-in-law?" he asked roughly.

"You ought to know better than I," replied the lady Wang, "since you had the whole management of this admirable plot."

"But tell me," returned Lin-pao, "why don't you still wear a white head-dress? have you left off mourning?" The lady Wang forthwith proceeded to relate to him all that had happened during his absence.

Just at this moment he caught sight through the window of four or five persons hurrying towards his house. To his utter astonishment he perceived that they were his eldest brother Lin-in, his youngest brother Lin-tchin, his nephew Hi-eul, and two servants carrying their luggage. Lin-pao, thunderstruck at this sight, and not having impudence enough to face them, ran off by the back-door, and disappeared like a flash of lightning.

The lady Wang was transported with joy at her husband's return. But who shall describe her ecstasies of joy when her son was presented to her? She could scarcely recognize him, so tall and handsome had he grown. "Oh!" cried she, "by what good fortune did you recover our dear child, whom I thought we had lost for ever?"

Lin-in gave her in detail an account of his adventures; and the lady Wang related at length all the indignities she had endured at the hands of Lin-pao, and the extremities to which she had been reduced by his scandalous treatment.

Lin-in lavished on his wife encomiums which indeed her fidelity deserved; after which, reflecting on the whole chain of events by which the present meeting had

been brought about, he seemed deeply moved, and remarked, "If a blind passion for wealth had caused me to keep the two hundred täels I found by accident, how should I have ever met with our dear child? If avarice had prevented me from employing the twenty täels in saving those drowning people, my dear brother would have perished in the waves, and I should never have seen him; if by an unlooked-for chance I had not met my kind-hearted brother, how should I have discovered the trouble and confusion that reigned in this house in time to prevent its disastrous consequences? But for all this, my beloved wife, we should never have seen each other again. I recognize the special interposition of Providence in bringing about all these things. As to my other brother, that unnatural brother, who has unconsciously sold his own wife, he has drawn upon himself his own terrible punishment. Heaven rewards men according to their deserts; let them not think to escape its judgments.

"Let us learn from this how profitable in the end, as well as good, it is to practise virtue; it is that alone which bestows lasting prosperity upon a house."

DEATH AND SLEEP.

From the German of Krummacher.

The Angels of Death and Sleep wandered through the world in brotherly embrace. It was evening. They reclined on a hill not far from the habitations of men. A melancholy stillness prevailed, and the evening bell in the distant village grew mute. Still and silent as is their wont, sat the two beneficent Genii of mankind in sad embrace; and now the night approached.

Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his mossy couch and strewed with gentle hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent habitation of the weary mortals. Now sweet sleep embraces the inhabitants of the rural cottages, from the aged man who leans upon his staff, to the infant in the cradle. The sick man forgets his pain, the mourner his grief, and the poor man his care. All eyes are closed.

Now, after fulfilling his task, he laid himself again beside his serious brother: "When the morning breaks," cried he with gleeful innocence, "the world will praise me as its friend and benefactor. Oh! what joy to do good unseen, and silently. How fortunate are we invisible messengers of Heaven. How beautiful our silent vocation!"

Thus spoke the Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death regarded him with silent melancholy, and a tear such as immortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. "Ah!" said he, "I cannot rejoice as thou. The world calls me its enemy and the disturber of its joys."

"O my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "shall not also the good on their awaking recognize in thee their friend and thankfully bless thee? Are we not brothers, and messengers of one father?" Then brightened the eye of the Angel of Death, and the brotherly genii tenderly embraced. J.

THE CONVOY:

AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

Translated from the French.

It was in the month of January, 1809. Spain, invaded by the French and defended by an English army, had became the bleeding theatre of a struggle that grew more and more rancorous every day. After beating the Spaniards everywhere, Marshal Soult had just attacked Sir John Moore and forced him to retire to Corunna. Several bodies of the army, commanded by the English general, had even been separated in this precipitate retreat, and the convoys, broken through by the incessant attacks of the French, had been dispersed all over the country in feeble detachments, which were now struggling to rejoin the main army.

One of these detachments, consisting of five wagons loaded with baggage and wounded men, was slowly toiling along an unknown road. It was under the command of an Irish sergeant named Peters.

Night was closing in: the sky was full of heavy black clouds announcing an approaching storm. The surrounding country had an arid and desolate look. No village was to be seen, no cultivation. Only, at great intervals, an abandoned house, from which the doors and windows had been torn off for bivouac fires, some horses that had dropped from fatigue, some dead bodies, and the innumerable wrecks always to be found in the track of a large army.

Examining the nature of these vestiges, Peters saw that it must have been the French army that had passed, and he began to entertain serious apprehensions of being able to come up with his own, commanded by Sir John Moore. His companions, most of them wounded, dragged themselves along with much difficulty, and impatience now increased their despair. As is usually the case in painful circumstances, each one sought somebody to vent his dissatisfaction on. Some blamed the general for not having taken the measures indispensable for such a retreat; others the Spaniards, who, instead of rendering effective assistance, had fled at the sight of their allies' disasters; all cursed the good luck of the enemy and promised themselves a speedy revenge.

It was in this state of mind that they came to a kind of cross-roads, where fires still smoking and some abandoned baggage gave token of a recent bivouac.

The narrow spot of land on which the French had encamped, was bordered on one side by a precipitous deep ravine, at the bottom of which a stream was flowing. The noise of the running water caught the attention of the wounded, who were tormented with thirst, and they wished to go down to drink. Peters ordered a halt, and prepared to help them down himself; but on approaching the edge of the steep bank he saw, lying in the bed of the stream, the dead body of a mule still harnessed to a broken wagon, and he thought he heard a human voice under the grey canvas cover of the vehicle. He slipped down the bank immediately into the stream, tore away the hoops that covered the wagon, and there perceived a woman, who earnestly asked his assistance in Spanish.

The sergeant understood a little of the language, and asked her how

she had got there. The poor woman replied that she had fallen asleep through fatigue, abandoning herself to the instinct of the mule; and that the animal, probably, approaching too near the edge of the ravine to browse, had been dragged down by the wagon. Awakened in the act of falling, she had become aware of the catastrophe without having the power to prevent it, and had remained a long time insensible from the shock. Coming to herself at last, all her efforts to extricate herself had been useless, and it was only the timely aid of the sergeant that had rescued her from certain death.

While listening to these explanations, Peters, assisted by his companions, had succeeded in freeing the aching limbs of the poor Spanish woman from the wreck, in which she had been much bruised and almost suffocated. But as soon as she could be better distinguished in the last light of the expiring day, her peculiar costume caused her to be recognised as a *Vivandière*—or female provision dealer—of the French army.

At this discovery, the friendly dispositions of Peters' companions suddenly changed into bitter animosity, and menacing expressions burst forth on all sides.

Introduced into Spain to defend it against the French, the English soldiers had naturally become accustomed to regard as the foulest traitor every Spaniard that sympathised with the invaders. They were more especially irritated against those women who, sacrificing their patriotism to personal affection, had followed the fortunes of the French, joining the army and undergoing all the vicissitudes of war. This was precisely the case with Dolorès, who had married a grenadier of the first division.

The little troop of fugitives loudly expressed their regret at having rescued the Vivandière from her dangerous position, and some were even becoming more violent, when the sergeant interposed.

"We've had enough of this language," he exclaimed, in sharp decisive tones, placing himself before Dolorès. "Do you make war on women? Is not this poor creature punished enough already? Forward, without any more delay. Every one has enough to do to think of himself if he wishes to escape from the enemy."

This advice was followed by the order to resume the march, and those who had shown themselves most hostile towards Dolorès, left her to take their places.

Peters saw them proceed to the head of the convoy, and when he had only the women and the soldiers of his own company around him, he turned towards the Vivandière, who was sitting helpless and dejected on a part of her broken wagon.

"What will become of you, down here in this ravine?" he asked, in a voice, the roughness of which could not conceal an accent of pity.

"God only knows," replied the Spanish woman.

"Do you feel strong enough to walk?"

"Perhaps so; but where could I venture alone and at this hour? The roads are covered with your people, and I have just seen what I may expect from them."

The sergeant appeared to hesitate a moment, then he spoke decisively.

"Come, get up, follow our convoy; as long as I have a gun on my shoulder, you shall meet no harm."

Dolorès thanked him warmly, made an effort, and began to walk in the last ranks behind the wagon.

At first she did not appear to be aware of the direction of the road

taken by the English—but, after a little time, she noticed it with surprise, and approached Peters.

"Does the sergeant know very well where he is going?"

"Certainly," he replied. "To the English camp."

"The English camp!" repeated the Vivandière in astonishment. "And I hope we shall get there before the battle," added the sergeant.

Dolorès seized his arm.

"But then —— you're not aware" —— she exclaimed. "The battle was fought on the 16th —— fought and lost!"

"By Sir John Moore?"

"Who has been killed, and whose troops have fled to Corunna, to escape by the sea."

Peters became motionless from pain and surprise.

"On your life, woman!" he exclaimed, "Don't deceive me."

"On my life, and on my salvation, it is the truth!" she replied with such an air of sincerity that doubt became impossible. "Several detachments marching like yours towards the camp, have already fallen in among the French army. If you continue this route, in a few hours you will be all prisoners."

She added other details so precise regarding the battle and the localities occupied by Soult's troops, that Peters soon comprehended all the dangers of his position. Fortunately his conversation with the Vivandière had been carried on in Spanish, and his companions knew nothing of its import. Well aware that the knowledge of such a reverse would complete the discouragement of his men, he recommended Dolorès to keep silent on the subject, and sent a horseman to the foremost wagon with orders to turn immediately to the right, in order to reach the sea by the shortest route.

Althongh this new command seemed to take the convoy off the most direct road to Corunna, where they expected rest and protection, still it was obeyed without much difficulty. The Vivandière alone did not move. Besides that the new road carried her further away from the French encampment, she felt her strength completely exhausted. She told the sergeant she could go no further, and sat down by the road-side, almost fainting. Peters appeared perplexed.

"God pardon me," said he. "This would be as bad as leaving you in the ravine." And he struck the ground with the butt-end of his musket. "When we shall have gone what will you do?"

"I don't know," said the Vivandière, with drooping head and almost inaudible voice.

"But you shall die if left here!" added Peters, with much kindness, evident in his coarse tones.

"Well, after death, God's mercy," faltered Dolorès, and she fainted away.

Peters raised her and called the corporal.

"Quick, Williams, stop the wagon!"

"There is no room in it," replied the Englishman.

"Make room in it."

"For this Spanish harlot!"

"For this dying christian," interrupted the sergeant. "Have you no compassion?"

"Never when I'm in danger," replied the corporal. "Besides, a conquered enemy like her ought to be killed."

"Enough, obey your orders!" exclaimed the sergeant.

Williams complied with a bad grace, and assisted the Vivandière to a place amidst the baggage. The women and the wounded men who were there, already received her with equal hostility.

"Are English wagons made for the use and accommodation of Spanish traitors?" asked many voices.

"Throw her under the wheels," repeated many others. "Fling the Spanish drab to the dogs!"

Peters made no reply, but placed the Vivandière, still senseless, in a little recess, from which the roughest jolting could not dislodge her; then, as time pressed, he ordered the march to be resumed, leaving the rest to God.

The convoy now began to cross a country that became every moment of a wilder character, and more and more interrupted by rocky hills. There, as almost all through Spain, no regular road had been made, and the wheel-ruts or the sheep-tracks indicated the only direction to be followed. The sun had now completely disappeared. The darkness, increased by the thick clouds that covered the sky, hardly allowed a glimpse of the heavy wagons as they labored painfully on over the rocky, dusty soil. But at the end of an hour's march, flashes of lightning began to penetrate the gloom. Soon the rising storm burst forth in all its violence. The thunder, at first interrupted by fitful pauses, now roared on without intermission. Torrents of rain, flashed through by the lightning, fell like a water spout, rushed down the hill-sides and inundated the road, transforming the dusty soil into a lake of mud. The horses terrified at the lightning and the noise, reared and kicked under the whips of the drivers, the exhausted pedestrians sought in vain for shelter behind the wagons, every moment the position of the convoy was becoming more difficult; at last all came to a halt at the head of a long slope, and the sergeant looked around with an uneasy eye.

The veil of falling rain would not allow even the lightning to illumine the way; the flashes extinguished in the mist showed only confused forms and uncertain glimpses, which gave a presentiment of danger without affording an idea of its nature. After vainly trying to penetrate the darkness down into which the descent led, he was on the point of ordering a continuation of the march, when he was startled by a sudden cry from among the wagons.

Dolorès, brought to her senses by the rain, had discovered where she was, and now with extended arms she pointed with horror to the slope on the brink of which the convoy had paused.

"In God's name, not a step further!" she cried to Peters.

"Where does the road lead to then?" asked the sergeant.

"To the *Golfo del Diablo!* the Devil's Gulf!"

"You are sure!"

"Listen!"

Peters waited for one of the short pauses of the tempest, listened, and distinctly heard the terrific roar with which the collected waters of all the hills plunged into the abyss. Recoiling with horror, he forced back the horses from the frightful precipice. His companions, who had also been listening, hastily regained the higher ground.

But there they again encountered the storm in all its violence, and despair began to take possession of the whole troop. The sergeant himself, whose voice could be no longer heard, did not know what to do.

Some of the drivers began unharnessing the horses in the forlorn hope of escaping on their backs somewhere or other from the accumulated difficulties of their position. But Dolorès stood up in the wagon and pointed towards an opening in the hills on the right.

"See there," she cried. "Follow that hill to the next cross-roads. You will then have Corunna at your feet, and in two hours you will be all in safety."

This declaration, translated by Peters, arrested the disorder and somewhat restored the drooping courage. The wagon bearing the Vivandière took the lead, and she herself gave the directions for the march, thereby avoiding ravines and doubling rocks. At last the storm abated. The clouds, dispersed by the sea breeze, vanished, and the sky reappeared sprinkled with stars.

Just then the English reached the cross-roads announced by Dolorès, and a little further on they perceived Corunna, and the roadstead full of ships, from the mast-heads of which floated the proud flag of England! All forgot their sufferings and greeted it with a loud hurrah!

"It was a narrow escape, sergeant," said Williams, approaching Peters; "but we are safe at last."

"We are, but thank this woman for it," replied the Irishman, pointing to the Vivandière. "You see, corporal, that compassion is not always an evil counsellor, and that it is sometimes wiser to save an enemy than to kill him."

CHEER AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

What though the mountain's side be steep,
And rugged be the way?
What though the passing clouds obscure
The brightness of the day?
That mountain's summit has been pressed
By wearier feet than thine;
And through the clouds of thy despair,
Rays from above still shine.

"There's not a rose without a thorn,"
No joy without a grief;
No autumn-time of gathering-in
Without the falling leaf.
Let "upward—onward," be thy lay,
Give in not nor despair;
Thou sharest but the common lot,
Thy burden meekly bear.

Charles Leland.

THE CATHEDRAL OF DOWNPATRICK.

Few places in Ireland possess a greater degree of interest than the ancient and venerable town of Downpatrick. Here are said to have been interred the remains of the great apostle and patron of Ireland—St. Patrick.

The town is built upon a group of hills on the southeast shore of Strangford Lough. Its corporate rank was recognized as far back as 1403; but its date is probably much more remote. It is said to have been the residence of the native kings of Ulidia; its ancient name having been "Aras Keltair," and "Rath Keltair Mac Duarch," that is, "Keltair the son of Duarch."

The Anglo-Normans took possession of the town in 1177, shortly after the invasion by Henry II. of England. It was then the residence of Mac Dunleve, Prince of Ullagh, who retired before the forces of Sir John De Courcy, who is described by Dr. Hanmer "as a knight as worthy as ever trod upon Irish ground." De Courcy is said to have built many castles and churches, repaired highways and bridges, and otherwise to have rendered himself popular. Many are the objects of religious veneration in and about Downpatrick. The tomb of St. Patrick was long a favorite resort. A short distance from the town, in a rugged district is also the favorite station of the "Struel Well." This place was formerly much frequented by pilgrims from all parts of the country, who came on the Vigil of St. John to partake of the benefits of the miraculous flow of the water. But the leading object of attraction is the Cathedral,—the modern structure. It is situated on an eminence to the west of the town, and it is a stately, embattled edifice, chiefly of unhewn stone, supported externally by buttresses, and comprising a nave, choir and aisles, with a lofty tower at the west end embattled and pinnacled and similar square towers at each corner of the east gable, in one of which is a spiral stone stairway leading to the roof. The aisles are separated from the nave

by lofty, elegant arches resting on massive piers from the corbels of which spring ribs supporting the roof which is richly groined and ornamented at the intersections with clusters of foliage. The lofty windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion; the nave is lighted by a long range of clerestory windows, and the choir by a handsome east window divided by mullions into twelve compartments; which appears to be the only window remaining of the splendid edifice erected in 1412, and subsequently destoyed by Lord De Grey. Over the east window are three elegant niches with ogee pointed arches, which formerly contained on pedestals the remains of the mutilated statues of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkill.

In the old Cathedral, the site of which is one of the most ancient in Ireland, were the tombs of St. Patrick, its founder, St. Bridget and St. Columb. Their tombs are said to have contained the following lines in mediæval Latin verse:

"Hi tries in duno tumulo tumulantur in imo,
Bridgida, Patricius, atque Columba, pius:"

which has been thus rendered into English:

"One tomb three saints contains, one vault below,
Does Bridget, Patrick and Columba show."

The ancient church and its renowned monuments were destroyed by the Lord Deputy, Leonard De Grey, in 1538. The profanation of the Cathedral of St. Patrick was one of the articles exhibited against him, when he was impeached. Cambrensis records the event in the following words: "He rased St. Patrike, his church in Doune, an old ancient citie of Ulster, and burnt the monuments of Patrike, Brigide, and Colme, who are said to have been there entoomed. This fact lost him sundrie harts in that countrie alwaies after detesting and abhorring his profane tyrannie, as they did name it."

The article which lays the crime to his charge is as follows:

"Item: that without any warrant from the King or Councell, he prophaned the church of St. Patrike in Doune, turning it to a stable after plucked it doune and stript the notable ring of bells that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have sent them to England, had not God of his justice prevented his iniquitie by striking the vessel and passengers within the said bells should have been conveid." De Grey was found guilty and beheaded.

There were anciently, according to the old Down Survey, no fewer than five religious houses in and near the town, reckoning the Cathedral as one; namely, the Convents of the Benedictines, the Augustines, the Cistercian monks, friars, and nuns, founded by John De Courcy, Hugh De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, and others. Of these establishments, however, there are no longer any traces to be found. The ravages of time, and the still more destructive hand of the invader, have not permitted a vestige to remain. They have passed from existence like so many others of these sacred and noble edifices, which once formed the glory of Ireland and the pride of her sons.

THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

In turning our attention from the Grenadas of Spain to more European France, we enter at once a new field of civilization and architecture. The prismatic color and fanciful forms of Arabian ornature, are exchanged for Christian symbols, full of tranquility, and expressive of the most chaste and ecstatic beauty. Instead of Moorish exteriors, fortress-like, grim and forbidding, we have that ever-reaching, soaring spiral work, which characterizes the features of the early pointed style, more redolant in France than in any other nation of Europe. Everything bears about it the impression of the spiritual; you feel the moment you enter a portal, that you are in a christian church; for a certain harmoniousness of outline, neither glittering or overladen, but still superb in all its classifications, strikes you at once with a sort of reverential rapture, and seems as it were, to draw you to a closer affinity with God. Such a structure is the Cathedral Church of Amiens, one of the earliest and best of the Gothic productions of France. Before however, attempting a description of this exquisite piece of masonry, let us go back to the period, which first brought about the adoption of this style of architecture, which more than any other, has drawn towards it the attention and admiration of the world. At what precise period this transition first took place, or who was the original discoverer, is still but imperfectly understood. Nations have combated for the honor for centuries, without any conclusive result, for it is a remarkable fact, that it appeared in all the principal countries of Europe at pretty nearly the same time, and in a character so similar, that it has been a matter of considerable speculation, how such unity could have founded itself, at a time when Europe was rocked with discord and dissensions, and when but little intercourse with each other was preserved.

To whom then is the world indebted? I might answer in a few words; leaving its origin a mystery, its adoption and preservation, is without doubt due to the monks of the middle ages; to the conservative influence of the monastic institutions; to that glorious unity of the brotherhood, who, when all else had fallen and become debased, nourished within their walls the flame of learning and piety, to be used ultimately in the glorious work of regeneration.

During the stormy periods of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the monasteries it is well known, were the only asylums, where art and science could be preserved, or properly cultivated; and in the seclusion and quiet of their cloisters, while all without was anarchy and confusion, they brought to perfection all those fine works of painting, sculpture, mosaic and architecture, which has challenged the genius of modern days, even to compete with. Early writers inform us, that it was not an uncommon thing for an abbot or a prior, when a new convent or edifice was to be erected, to make out the designs and drawings himself, so well versed were they in all that appertains to building, or to any species of architecture. It formed in fact a part of their study; and when members were transferred from one place to another, or sent abroad to establish new houses, they transmitted all the learning, the usages and improvements which they had gathered at the fountain head. Therefore, to them in a particular manner, is to be attributed that general and almost instantaneous adoption of the pointed style of architecture, which for a time caused so much speculation and wonder among modern church-builders.

Another important tendency, coming as it did in conjunction with the monasteries, was the establishment of *guilds* or *trade-corporations* in Lombardy, and other Italian provinces, which among other branches, advanced the study of architecture, till it assumed in their hands a very important element. Favored and protected by the ecclesiastical authority of the Pope, they soon became a highly privileged body, and many persons of rank and distinction, both in Rome, Constantinople, France, Germany and even England, applied for admission into the fraternity, and received the diplomas of "free and accepted masons." Ecclesiastics of all ranks were numbered among their members, and many of them, even abbots and bishops, were gratified by a diploma, as architect and builder. Thus the double chain of circumstances led towards the same result. The missionaries and the masons worked for each others interest, the latter having lodges or headquarters in each country, oftentimes chartered and protected by the sovereigns. So much influence did this joint association exert, that as Mr. Hope says, in his "Essay on Architecture," "a new apostle of the gospel no sooner arrived in the remotest corner of Europe, either to convert the inhabitants to Christianity, or to introduce among them a new religious order, than speedily followed a tribe of itinerant masons to back him, and to provide the inhabitants with the necessary places of worship or reception."

Now comes the question, who invented the pointed arch? for upon that rests the whole mystery of the style. Mr. Britton in his work entitled "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," has given more than fifty published opinions, given by different authors at different periods in reference to it. Sir Christopher Wren attributes it to the Saracens, as well as many subsequent writers, who conceive it to have been an importation from the Mahommedans through France. Bishop Warburton gives the honor to the Goths, but thinks Arabian architects perfected it; while Wootten and Evelyn in the seventeenth century attributed it to the Goths alone, who struck it out when they invaded Italy, and from which it has derived the name of Gothic. Some in endeavoring to trace it out, have arrived at most ludicrous conclusions, and the present century has not been wanting in such theories. For instance, Sir James Hall in adverting to it, supposes it to have originated from the fashion of weaving and interlacing twigs with what is called wicker-work; an idea that contains more poetry than foundation. Mr. Payne Knight sifts it so well that he has given it a most wonderful antiquity. He says: "the pointed arch, which we call Gothic, is the primitive arch; of which the earliest instance known in Europe is the Emissaries of the Lake of Albano, built during the seige of Veió, long before either the Greeks or Romans knew how to turn any other kind of arch." But in 1820 this theory was distanced by one Lascelles, who in a work published on architecture, gives it an antiquity as far back as the deluge itself, giving to Noah the honor of the invention. He is ingenious in his calculations, and his deductions if not wholly plausible are peculiar and interesting. He says: "pointed architecture was not invented by mathematicians or mechanics; nor by the Goths, Anglo-Saxons, or Saracens. It is plainly not the invention of any artists; still less is it Egyptian, Grecian or Roman. As for the Orientals, the form reached them, as we see in their temples, in the shape also of the Phrygian and Median bonnet, with something perhaps of a symbolical and hieroglyphical allusion. It may be traced too in their architecture—just as their paganism is the mutilated trunk, or ruinated remain and tumulus, of transpired revelation. I think further, and have no doubt, that its origin is merely Hebraic—of the very highest antiquity." It would be tedious to enter into all

the new phases, which this subject has taken within the two last centuries, and still nothing definite can be fixed upon for its origin. It has been a mystery to the minds of all nations. and with the rest one might suppose it to have come from the hands of angels themselves, as a design most worthy for the worship of the Almighty.

In which of the countries of Europe it appeared first is as great a mystery as its origin. In England the transition first took place in the beginning of the thirteenth century, where the adoption of the style began to grow so general as to throw away altogether the Semi-Norman or round-arch style, which was at that time universal. In Italy the form never received its full development at all, it lasted but two centuries, and in 1400 it went out altogether to give place to the new style of Italian or revived Roman. The first Gothic structure ever erected in Italy, was the church at Assissó, which was built by a German architect named Joctus, who was recommended to the founders by the Emperor Frederick the second, there being no architect in Italy at the time capable of constructing it. The Church was dedicated to St. Francis, the founder of the order of Franciscan Monks, whose memory had just been canonized by the Church. The Italians were charmed with its grace and beauty, and in compliment to the architect gave the style the name of *Gotico Tedesco*, or—German Gothic—which rather confutes the theory of its priority in Italy, and gives it as coming to them from the Germans. Its appearance there is analagous with that of England, perhaps a little anterior, as the Cathedral of Cologne was commenced in 1248 in its present plan, and in 1235, according to Möller, the church of the Teutonic Order of Knights, was commenced at Marburg in this style, and accomplished soon after in the most perfect style and harmony up to the western gate or porch. Its adoption in Germany, however, has been characterized by peculiarities differing from either that of France or England. In the fourteenth century particularly the German cathedrals were distinguished by the great pitch of their roofs, the extraordinary height of their spires, and the singular and extravagant combination of their ornaments. The gables generally were of such elephantine proportions as to occupy half the structure, covered with tiles of porcelain placed in mosaic order; while the statuary, which were usually of kings and other dignitaries, loomed over the interior in grave-like order, giving you in their quaint posturing the very idea of saintly melancholy. Differing very much from these, were the gorgeous turrets of the Franks, then as now, the very perfection of artistic beauty and cultivated taste. The superiority has been conceded to France since the erection of Amiens and the Choir of Beauvois, which are examples in themselves of that singular beauty and loftiness of conception, which distinguish the work of French architects, not approached by even the high reputation of Salisbury. From whence, or in what manner the pointed style first made its appearance in France, are questions not yet solved by antiquaries. It is pretty generally understood that it dates anterior to that of England, though the twelfth century brought it to light in both consecutively. In 1137, the Abbey Church of St. Denis, was raised, which is the first known to have been constructed. Then followed the Convent of Knights Templars in Paris, and in 1170, the Abbey of St. Pére, at Chartres The same period begot the foundation of the Cathedral of Cologne, that of Lyons and the Collegiate Church of St. Nicolas, at Amiens; showing the intense hold, this style must have taken with the minds of the people, and the enthusiam with which they labored at its perfection. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries though was the golden eras which brought Gothic architecture in France to its highest

apex. The artists were an influential and numerous body, the spirit of the crusades was developing itself over the land, and the crown of France sat upon the brows of monarchs, remarkable alike for their piety and munificence. Churches went up with the greatest rapidity, vieing with each other in magnificence and spirituality of detail, as if fate had singled out this era for the particular triumph of Gothic art. The most sumptuous Cathedrals that France boasts of, were erected during this period. That of Rheims, which Wallace calls the "full blown flower," Amiens, Notre Dame—at Paris, St. Germain des Prés, and the Church of St. Nicaise, are among the number whose prodigies of skill are conspicuous in every lineament. But the sanguinary wars with England, which immediately succeeded chained down for a time all the glorious reaching of architecture, and indirectly may be said to have caused the extinguishment of the style, for it began to degenerate immediately after. The soil of fair France was but one arena of bloodshed and dissension; the nobles divided against themselves, and the monarchs, flying from defeat and captivity with an exhausted treasury, and a population wasted with famine and desolation, there could not be otherwise, than a general stagnation, which revives only with a change. That change brought about the introduction of Italian architecture, which afterwards characterized the features of the French School.

While the pointed style lasted, it underwent very nearly the same innovations as in England, growing as it advanced more ornate and florid, till it assumed in many of its component parts, a character so lanceolate and tapering, that they invented for it the name of *flamboyant*, from its resemblance to the flame form or light of a candle. An approach is made to this by the English in the character of their Decorated.

Thus we have the different features of the pointed style as it developed in the several countries of Europe, its rise and its fall; and the spur and influence which it gave to architecture generally, has been incalculably great, rousing as it did all the inventive genius of France, Italy, Spain and Germany for successive centuries, till one might suppose art to have exhausted itself in the effort of sublimity. From whatever source, however, sprung this noblest feature of architecture, it must be attributed in the main to the high sentiment of religious enthusiasm, which prevailed during the tenth and eleventh centuries, that it became so generally adopted. In a character so suitable to Christian ideas, with all its symbolic imagery and exquisite developments, it became as it were, part of the glory of the new faith upon which it was thought no architect could excel, but those fresh from the rapture and sanctity of the cloisters. The Cathedral of Amiens exemplifies to the fullest extent this reaching after spirituality. Standing within view of its splendid detail, you might suppose it to have been conceived by a seraph, and executed by the hands of angels. Its construction was first commenced in 1220, on the site of an older structure, which was burnt some time previous, and completely finished as it now stands, in about a century later, which in comparison with the generality of this class of buildings, is a very short period. It is said to have been conceived by its founder, as a suitable repository for the relics of St. John the Baptist; it being a traditionary belief among the good people of Amiens, that they were the possessors of the head of the blessed apostle. The view of the church, as you approach the city, is much disfigured on account of the close propinquity of the houses, and in fact the building itself, as viewed from a distance, savors more of deformity than gracefulness, for the roof, which is a prodigious frame work of carved oak, occupies an elevation of more than two hundred feet, with a vertical

rise of fifty from its lowermost edge to the ridge, which form one of its most extraordinary features, and throws into bad relief the general outline of the building. The ridge of this stupendous piece of work forms the shape of a cross, and at one time was crowned with a series of crockets, and ornaments in trefoil, which were removed in 1527, along with a tower over the intersection of the nave and transepts, to give place to other improvements such as now exist.

Of the four exterior fronts, the western one from its pyramidical clustering of towers and parapets, forms at once the most attractive and conspicuous. The portals for instance concentrate within themselves, sufficient magnificence to prepossess you with what is to be seen within them. The architect, one would suppose, intended to make this portion of his labor an illustration of the maxim, that, "the face is the index of the soul," for in not one foot of all the massive compartments, has he omitted the almost miraculous evidence of his skill, filling up every niche and recess, and clustering together in the best conceivable taste all manner of Gothic detail, such as pillars, canopies, pendants, trefoils and quatrefoils, statuary, open-work and arches, sufficient for any three ordinary cathedrals, and almost impossible to enumerate in detail. The lowest portion of the portals, consists of a series of parallel bas-reliefs, in what is called, panelled quatre-foil, more than a hundred in number, representing the different apostles and disciples, the Seven Virtues, and various zodiacal signs. And above these, describing the sides and recesses of all the three portals, are statues, life size, supported by a pillar and a corbel, and surmounted by a canopy. Those of the middle portal, represent the saints and prophets of the Old and New Testament, executed by Flemish artists; those of another, the scenes in the life of the Virgin, &c., all of which are quaintly, but yet beautifully executed, bearing about their composition an originality of ideas, and force of thought, peculiar to the early Christian school, and exemplified in the works of Pisano, Donatello, and Fillipo di ser Brunelleschi, who figured about the same period. The productions of these eminent sculptors, remarkable in their time for a high order of genius, bears no comparison with the works of our own period, or even of those of the sixteenth century. They want that perfection of mechanical skill, that sweetness of expression, and softness of outline, which characterize the more cultivated period of Michael Angelo and Bernino. The perfection of grace and position, was then but imperfectly understood; an austere stiffness, and a misplacement of drapery, pervades all the early statuary, and particularly those of the monastic and renaissence period, whose symbolisms were clothed in all the harshness of austerity. As an instance of how little ideal beauty was taught or understood in those days of rigidity, Mr. Westmacott, relates an anecdote as taken from Vasari, which fully characterizes the mediocrity of this school, the substance of which is as follows: Donatello, the great cotemporary of Brunellischi, having carved a crucifix, for the chapel of Santa Croce at Florence, was so well pleased with his skill, that he conceived it to be the most admirable piece of work ever executed, and sent for his friend to come and witness it. Brunelleschi having his expectations much raised by his friend's own enthusiasm, went with the expectation of beholding a miraculous *Chef d'œuvre* of art; but the moment he cast his eyes upon it, he could scarcely conceal his disappointment, and merely bestowed a few words of commendation. Donatello remarking this, pressed him for an avowal of his opinion, when he said, "that the figure he had given of our Saviour, had more of the expression and appearance of an ordinary laborer, than a representation of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whose person we must believe to be of extraordinary beauty, and

who was beyond all doubt, the most perfect man ever born." Donatello, already much chagrined, could not brook this sudden severity from his rival, and remarked —"it is easier to criticise than to execute; take you a piece of wood and carve a better crucifix." Brunelleschi said no more, but when he returned home, he proceeded to his work, and after a few months of incessant labor, produced a new crucifix. Soon afterwards meeting his friend in the street, he invited him as if incidently to come and dine with him. Donatello accepting the invitation, they proceeded together till they came to the market place, where Brunelleschi purchasing some eatables gave them to the former to carry to his house, where he would join him presently. Donatello having reached his friend's chamber, was about to disburden himself, when his attention became arrested by the figure of the crucifix, which Brunelleschi had taken care to place advantageously, and so completely did he become absorbed in the contemplation of it, that forgeting the provisions he was bearing, he raised his arms to give vent to his admiration, and immediately vegetables, butter and eggs fell to the floor. Forgetful of all but the beauty of the crucifix, he remained in the same attitude, until Brunelleschi stepping in asked him what were they to do for dinner, for he had spoiled all. "I have had sufficient dinner for this day," answered Donatello dejectedly, "you perhaps may dine with a better appetite. To you, I confess belongs the power of carving the figure of Christ; to me, that of day-laborers." Both of these crucifixes are yet to be seen, one at the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, and the other at that of Santa Croce. Of the merits of the two, judging from the standard of our own days, that of Brunelleschi has evidently the most, though it is not what would be called a masterpiece now, no more than was Donatello's after the criticism of his rival.

But to return to the Cathedral. All these magnificent porches are deeply recessed, and their roofs carved and guilloched in the most elaborate manner, representing the fumes of censers, chalices, cherubs-heads, and a series of scriptural subjects so delicate, complete and impresive, that French arrangement has obtained in it, a triumph well worthy of a text. The great central compartment, flanked by the two massive towers, forms also another museum of sculpture and architectural detail, nowhere to be excelled. It is a complex series of alterations and improvements, loaded with relievos and statuary, and surmounted with a parapet and a magnificent wheel window, whose gorgeous hues like the passage of a rainbow, diffuses a flood of spiritual light over the whole interior of the edifice. The two towers are made up of crockets, spires and pinnacles, branching up to the sky like the arms of a gigantic aloe, or a forest of bayonets. The lower portions consist of an arch of the same span as the portals, and above that a triforium or open gallery, and clustering upwards in dizzy rotation are arches open and otherwise, statues in niches, of all the French monarchs, from King Pepin down, life size and about twenty-four in number, crowned with a series of pinnacles and other gothic ornaments too manifold to follow. The great massive buttresses which form a distinguishable feature of this part of the front, are replete with spiral ornature, and in their many stages, so graceful, pliant and tapering do they appear to the eye, that really one wonders at the ingenuity of the architect, in weaving together such a combination of geometrical forms, and bringing them into such perfect harmony with each other, that not one single portion of its detail can be detected out of place. Gazing at this monument of perfection now, one can hardly realize the spirit of religious enthusiasm, which must have actuated the cloisters of that period, to build up in so short a time such a mas-

terpiece of architecture, where the labor, intricate and bewildering as it is in all its detail, is not alone a climax of art, but patient, accumulation of centuries, verifying those words of the Poet Kingsley, as put into the mouth of Conrad:

> "'Tis we alone
> Can join the patience of the laboring ox
> Unto the eagle's foresight,—not a fancy
> Of ours, but grows in time to mighty deeds
> Victories in heavenly warfare."

Passing to the southern section of the cathedral, we behold another series of those splendid flying-buttresses, which form such an extraordinary feature of the building. They serve to sustain the great nave of the church, by overleaping the aisles of the roof from the greater buttresses beneath, and are adorned many of them with niches and statues, representing the Saviour and Evangelists. The general appearance of this front is very pleasing and beautiful; it consists of three porches, one of which on the west, called the porch of St. Christopher, is highly adorned with carving, and has a fine figure of the saint sculptured in the wall. Another of the porches called the gate of St. Honoré, at the end of the south transept is elaborately finished, being literally covered with a profusion of statuettes, tracing and foiling, with a magnificent gilt statue of the Virgin crowning the central pin of the doorway. Within the arch are three rows of bas-reliefs executed by a Flemish artist, representing the foundation, and some historical events of the first bishops. On the sides of the porch are six statues supported by plinths in memory of six benefactors, who had in times gone by, given royal donations towards the completion of the great work, and in the vaulting over the portal, there is a perfect heaven of tracery, foliage and *alti relievi* encrusted with beads and pregnant with all manner of delicate *chef d'œuvres* of which it is difficult to conceive anything more extravagant or beautiful. Above the central porch are two galleries and a wheel-window, whose circumference is also radiant with carving and gilded statuary, and above all these rises the gable of the transept supporting a statue of the Saviour, and the soaring pinnacles of its many buttresses where,

> "High on every peak a statue seemed
> To hang on tip-toe, tossing up
> A cloud of incense of all odor steamed
> From out a golden cup."

Of the northern front, there is but little, differing in its general character, to excite admiration. It has one very great disadvantage, that so little can be seen of it at a time on account of the close vicinage of the houses, whose smoke may be observed rising and curling among the tracery of the stone-work above. There is an incongruity in the number of statues which haunt all its exterior, which is altogether in bad taste, and takes from it much of its nobleness of outline. They have neither the grace of Canova, nor the ideality of Bernini, and however much they might have excelled at their birth, they bear about them now only the interest of antiquity, the truthful symbols of an anterior age. The eastern portion of the cathedral takes a semicircular form, connecting the easternmost portions of the sides towards the north and south. A series of flying buttresses, lofty in form and superbly enriched, serves to support the massive stone work of the choir, which is an ornate feature, the windows having two divisions with highly wrought

circular mullions, the top of the arch joined with a knot of delicately carved marigolds. The roof of the Church, which has been alluded to before, bristles with a forest of spiral ornaments; the lower portion which takes an octagonal form, is crowded with rows of statues on solid stone pedestals, representing a whole calendar of weather-beaten saints. From the midst of this mass of crockets and spears, rises the massively decorated spire, clothed with an exterior coating of lead, and profuse with Gothic drapery as a virgin forest of Brazil. Its height is estimated as being four hundred and twenty feet from the ground to its apex, a very dizzy elevation, but not sensitively so to the eye, on account of the great height of the roof, and the proportionally small diameter as compared with the great bulk of the body of the building. This and the irregular height of the two western towers, are the only two features about the edifice which detract from the general harmony of its proportions, and in this defect only is it behind the charming Salisbury, that proud representative of the English school. The interior of the cathedral presents one of the most luxurious spectacles of architectural ingenuity and skill, that can possibly be conceived. Everything around you is embellished in the most extraordinary manner, presenting a maze of light tracery and superb carving, which seen through a multiplicity of perspectives, gives a most dazzling effect, only to be seen to be appreciated. The repose and quiet magnificence which reign over all, the beautiful clerestorys robed in their gorgeous hues, and the enormous height and delicate proportions of all its compartments, fill the mind with wonder and astonishment, and lift you in spirit from all that appertains to earth, to the highest regions of art where all is perfection.

"In such a nook, now, to nestle from this noisy world,"

might we exclaim with the poet, for here reigns all the majesty and repose of a spiritual life, every nook, alcove and stall, being filled with adjuncts for contemplation, rich and impressive in all their details. It would be impossible in this notice to enter into any description of all its varied complicated detail, as any attempt would lead us into a maze of difficulties, too numerous and intricate for words to convey. On this point however, we may quote a few words from the notes of Dr. Whewell, who speaking of its interior features, says: "To a person fresh from English edifices, this effect is combined with surprise at finding a cathedral so complete and impressive, and yet in many respects so different from the familiar type of English cathedrals. The polygonal east apse is a feature which we seldom see, and nowhere so exhibited, and on such a scale; and the peculiarly French arrangement, which puts the walls at the outside edge of the buttresses, and thus forms interior chapels all round, giving a vast amount of perspective below, which fills out the idea produced by the gigantic height of the central space. Even the colossal figures of the worshipping angels and saints, bending forward at the bases of the piers of the choir, add to the sentiment which its architectural grandeur excites, and connect a devotional feeling with the upward lines which the eye traces to their concourse apparently in another region."

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

Translated from the French.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next day, towards ten o'clock, the surgeon who was attending him, not finding him and not being able to get any news from Wilson, had recourse to the marquis, who upon a false report of one of the jailers who had heard some words of the conversation between Emil and Silva, imagined that he wished to escape, had sent for Georges, a jailer particularly entrusted with the Catholic prisoners, and had said to him:

"Go to such a room—you will there find a Catholic who intends to escape; transfer him elsewhere, and you will answer to me for his person."

Without further directions, Georges had followed the impulse of his hatred against the Catholics, and he had treated Silva as we have seen.

The marquis told the surgeon to ask Georges to conduct him to Silva. He found him still extended on the floor, and in a most deplorable condition. Moved with lively compassion, he leaned over him, and finding him burning and quite delirious, he carried him to the straw; then turning to Georges:

"If this young prisoner is not condemned to death," said he, "he has been treated with too much barbarity; perhaps I have come too late to save him. Unfasten the iron quickly from his left hand, because this arm is wounded, and go bring a glass of fresh water."

Georges refused the first demand, and went for the water. The surgeon made Silva drink some of it and put a pledget on his wound, but could do no more as long as his hand was confined by the iron, which was shut with a padlock. He left him and went to look for the marquis, whom he asked if he had determined on the death of his prisoner. The surgeon was but too much accustomed then to see the Catholic captives end their days—by hunger and want of all assistance—in their dungeons, when they were not massacred.

The marquis yielded to his instances and came back with him to see Silva. The surgeon showed him how his arm and hand were swollen, and what he must have to suffer. The latter commanded Georges to take away the chain which locked the wrist, and coming to Silva: "Why then, unhappy young man, have you sought to escape?" Silva looked at him some moments without knowing him. "I am going to have you removed and taken care of," said the marquis.

"It is not necessary," said Silva in a very weak voice. "I am very well here." Then recognizing those who stood about him, and the marquis perceiving it, reiterated his first question. "I have never had a thought or the will to escape," said Silva, with a gentle smile. "If the offer had been made me, I would have rejected it."

"Did Frederick bring any one else with him? Speak, young man."

"Do you not know me yet, my lord, do you believe me susceptible of fear? Be at peace—your prisoner would not have escaped without your authority, even if he had the most ample means; and now what can you

fear from him since he is dying?" In saying these words a faint smile played upon his lips.

The marquis had a strengthening liquor brought at the request of the surgeon, and commanded them to transfer him to an apartment of the quarter he had already occupied. The young Walsingham seized the hand of the marquis, and with a sweet and charming affection:

"I thank you for your kindness," said he, "but I beg you to let me die here. I am too happy to be really a prisoner and loaded with chains for my religion."

The marquis turned towards the surgeon, who shared his surprise. Silva was carried into a more commodious room, and placed without consciousness on a bed they had prepared for him. His wound was so inflamed, and the whole arm so painful that he could not bear the slightest movement without fainting. The surgeon was very uneasy, and appeared to fear seriously for his life, or the loss of his wounded limb.

"It does not require so much deliberation," said Georges, who was still his guardian; "the loss of an arm or a limb is nothing to save life, and the most expeditious measures are always the best with prisoners." Silva turned pale, without, however, making any objection.

"Do with me what you please," said he with heavenly sweetness.

The surgeon more and more charmed with his heroic resignation and unalterable peace, which he preserved amidst the most acute sufferings, requested to hold a consultation with Mr. Moore, and it was granted; for the marquis had then no kind of fear for the evasion of his prisoner in his present condition.

Mr. Moore on entering was sadly struck with the situation of his friend. Silva made him a sign to lean towards him and said to him very low:

"Do not trouble yourself about my cure; I feel very certain that I have but a short time to live, but if I can receive from you the last sacraments I will die happy. You will console my father, Mr. Moore; he will bless God for having chosen his son for himself alone, for having reserved him for so many favors. It is the prayers of Arthur that have obtained for me this privileged lot."

Mr. Moore much more affected than he wished to appear, embraced Silva, and asked if he could remain an hour and a half alone with him, saying that he knew a remedy for his maladies, but he would not communicate it

The marquis consented to it; and about an hour after, Mr. Moore came back, shut himself up with his friend and dared at the risk of his life to celebrate mass in his prison. Silva answered it from his bed, and after the holy sacrifice, Mr. Moore heard his confession and gave him holy communion. He exhorted him afterwards to suffer with courage what was necessary for his preservation, and prepare himself for death in case that he should fall under the severe but indispensable operations for the cure of his arm and to save his life. The angelical prisoner was transported with the purest joy, offered himself and all the sufferings reserved for him, and passed some time in the delights of divine love, and an anticipation of eternal beatitude. Mr. Moore, while his young friend gave himself up to these spiritual joys, went on his knees and prayed himself with more fervor to receive from on high, the courage and success he desired; then he arose and gave Silva his blessing.

"You have been loaded with the gifts of heaven, my dear Silva," said he; "you must now suffer generously still, and think of the new merits

and rewards which are the price of it; recall to your mind all that Jesus Christ has endured for us, and all that the martyrs have done for his love, and reflect that in whatever manner you are going to suffer, it is for the faith, since it is for it that your wound has been neglected, and you yourself have been reduced to the state in which you are."

Silva kissed Mr. Moore's hand fervently. "I am ready for all," said he, "do not spare my body, but only watch over my soul."

Mr. Moore made the sign of the cross upon his forehead. He then applied hot irons to his wound so cruelly painful. Silva prayed and opposed neither complaint nor resistance; and often he endeavored to smile upon his friend amidst the tears that escaped in spite of him—a deadly paleness was spread upon his countenance which each moment became more so. Long fainting spells followed this state. Mr. Moore gave him an anodyne and gently opened the door, which he left a little ajar: he had taken care to leave no vestige of the holy sacrifice which he had celebrated, having brought and shut up again all that he had need of in a locked case, which contained, also, all his surgical instruments. He passed the remainder of the evening and night with Silva, who had several spells of weakness; he was speechless, but perfectly sensible; his languid looks expressed again his resignation and his gratitude.

The other physician came the next morning; Mr. Moore made a sign to him to speak very low and to leave the door open, Silva not being able to bear the least noise. The physician found him nearly free from fever, but extremely weak; he withdrew, leaving him to Mr. Moore's care. Silva passed three days between life and death; however, his youth, and the strength of a sound constitution triumphed over the sickness; he was very soon in a condition to be removed. The marquis had him lodged in his own hotel, confiding him to a faithful domestic, who was to be responsible for him; for he suspected that he was the son of the Marquis of Rosline, and he was resolved not to restore him to liberty until he would be enlightened on that point.

Meanwhile Frederick was greatly terrified at the recital of Wilson, who informed him how the prisoner had been taken away. He could obtain no information from his uncle about Silva's fate; when he had been removed to the hotel the latter offered to allow Frederick to see him, on condition that he would spare nothing to discover his name and inform him of it. Frederick promised every thing, fully resolved, however, not to become the spy of his friend. The same day the marquis went to see Silva, who, though still very weak, was much better, and almost without fever. He seated himself near his bed, and taking his hand, which was burning:

"You are still suffering much," said he."

"I am well," replied Silva; "will you only tell me if the Duke of Norfolk ——" he stopped.

"Let us not think of him," replied the marquis. "What is your name?"

"That is my secret, my lord."

"Your country?"

"Scotland."

"Do you know the family of Rosline and of Fairfax Walsingham?"

"Who does not know the first, at least by name?"

"You are too young to have seen the traitor, Arthur of Rosline; . . . . but his son . . . . do you not know him?"

"Must you know that, my lord?"

"Yes, absolutely; is it not, perhaps, yourself?"

"Were I the son of the Marquis of Rosline, I do not think I should be modest enough to conceal it," said Silva, smiling, "but this beautiful name is not mine."

"What is your name, then?

"My lord, I repeat once more, it is my secret."

"Your liberty depends on it."

"I believe, on the contrary, it would be an obstacle to it."

"You are then the son of one of those proscribed persons?"

"Until now, my lord, my family have lost neither their estates nor their titles, they do not, however, owe them to a shameful participation in the rebellion of the Scots against their lawful queen."

The marquis arose, and went out without answering. About an hour afterwards a young man of interesting appearance came to Silva's room, and after a few words of condolence upon his situation announced himself as a minister of the Anglican religion, and had been sent to him to persuade him to embrace this religion which would purchase his liberty for him. Silva smiled.

"I would be very well pleased to receive your instructions," said he, "when I shall be a little better able to answer. I am just recovering from sickness, and am not yet perfectly restored."

The stranger surprised at Silva's condescension, took his hand.

"If you bring with you as much good faith and candor as I have in my religion, our conferences will, without doubt, finish by an abjuration; but it will not be mine."

The stranger discovered the motive of Silva's complaisance; he joked about it gaily. They talked together some time. Silva, however spoke to him with great strength and clearness, on the fundamental and unshaken basis of the Roman Catholic religion; his discourse being animated by that intimate conviction and ardent faith which cannot fail to persuade, made an impression on his adversary that he could not conceal; he was an upright and sensible man; he had a horror for change of doctrine, and fulfilled the commission with which he was entrusted with regret. Having been born in the Anglican sect, and brought up with a thousand prejudices against the Church, he found in the gentleness, faith, courage and modesty of Silva, a striking contrast with what he had heard of Catholics; he left him much moved and shaken, and we know afterwards that he had returned to the faith of his ancestors.

CHAPTER XVII.

After his departure, Silva had a violent attack of fever, caused by fatigue and excitement.

Meanwhile the marquis spoke to Duke Alphonso of his prisoner, of Frederick's attachment and his ardent desire to bring him over to his religion. The duke entered into his views, and did not conceal at the same time how much he was interested in Silva, and that he owed to him Malvina's life.

"He has very noble sentiments and heroic firmness of soul," replied the marquis, "but it would be much more dangerous for him in the present circumstances: his birth however is, I believe, very obscure."

"I beg your pardon," said Frederick, quickly, who had just come in.

"Do you know his name?"

Frederick colored. "I know that he is the son of a Scotch count."

The marquis smiled with an air of disdain. "There are counts upon counts," said he, "without doubt, some of the nobility married beneath their rank or branded during the late rebellions."

"Never, my uncle, has the count of Walsingham been implicated in the affairs of Arthur of Rosline."

"The prisoner is the son of the Count of Fairfax Walsingham," repeated the marquis slowly, "he certainly must know where the son of Arthur of Rosline is."

Frederick did not suspect the consequences of his indiscretion, and thought he had inspired his uncle with more esteem and regard for his friend. He hastened to his sister, informed her of all that had occurred, and with the lightness peculiar to his age, joined to a vivid imagination, had already arranged Silva's abjuration, his union with Malvina, and the happiness of having him for a brother-in-law. Frederick went immediately with Emil to Silva, to whom he spoke at first of his change of religion, and all the advantages this condescension would procure him. Emil kept a painful silence; Silva had not perceived the young Count of Tudor. He spoke forcibly to Frederick.

"I esteem you, my lord," said he, afterwards, "and I love you, but if you believe me so far worthy of your contempt as to change my religion, not from conviction, however false, but for low, vain and human considerations, I should esteem myself very unfortunate ever to have been attached to you. There is no fear that could shake me, and no hope equal to what my religion presents."

Emil drew near, took his hand and shook it with an expressive silence; the entrance of the physician interrupted them; he was with Mr. Moore, whom Silva had not seen since he came to the house of the marquis; his presence made a deep impression on him, he threw his arms around him and burst into tears; his great weakness made his sensitive disposition excessive, and the painful restraint which the visits of so many Protestants, who labored in concert to shake his faith, caused him to experience at this moment in the presence of Mr. Moore, a joy above his strength. The latter requested to be left alone with him. Silva retained Emil's hand, making a sign for him to remain, but not wishing that Frederick, so young and thoughtless, should suspect Mr. Moore's character, which Emil knew.

Frederick went out immediately with the physician, and Silva after having received the benediction of his friend, related to him the persecution he had suffered for his religion, and the efforts of the Protestant minister and Frederick, conjuring him to aid him with his counsels and support. He asked him news of Grove Castle. Mr. Moore satisfied him on all his questions, told him that I had written to his father, who had no suspicions of his danger; Silva inquired for Howard.

"He is happy!" said Mr. Moore with a deep sigh, and spoke immediately of something else.

"Ah! pray much for him," replied Silva fervently, "whatever may be our virtues, the eternal justice must be satisfied.—The Duke of Norfolk has perished, it is the last blow for Queen Mary . . . . her last defender."

He leaned his head on his hands, and remained some time plunged in meditation, accompanied by a fervent prayer; then fixing his eyes upon Emil:

"You see," said he, "whether Mr. Moore fears to expose himself when he can serve a friend, and whether he is wrong to reserve himself sometimes, in order afterwards to be more useful to those he loves; for

my part, I am not disturbed about my fate, if some beings who are dear to me would embrace the truth."

"He who is most attached to you is a Catholic," said Emil, seizing his hand; "he waits but for the moment to declare it."

"O Emil! what keeps you? Has Mr. Moore received your abjuration?"

The young Count of Tudor without answering, fell upon his knees, made his profession of the Catholic faith and his abjuration of heresy in the hands of Mr. Moore, then he precipitated himself in the arms of his friend. "Let me now save you," said he, "consent to fly with me to London. I will answer for every thing."

The entrance of the marquis interrupted them. Emil went out with Mr. Moore; the marquis placed himself beside Silva.

"To restore you perfectly, you have need of air and recreation," said he. "You may judge that I attach great price to your restoration, since to the care of your health, I added also the society of those you appear to desire, or prefer to receive; I engage as soon as you are able to get up to allow you to walk in the gardens of this hotel, which are large and well situated; I confide in your honor; you have not at my house the name of prisoner, but I rely upon you that you will make no attempt to leave the abode, which I give to you entirely for the place of your captivity."

"You know me too well, my lord," said Silva with a sigh; "and if the desire of my liberty troubled the peace of my soul, I might complain bitterly of a confidence that would take from me the hope of escaping, the last consolation of captives—I accept, nevertheless, with gratitude a favor so burdensome, I will answer for it."

The marquis admired secretly the noble dignity of this answer, shook Silva's hand and left him: the latter overjoyed at the conversion of Emil, prostrated himself upon his knees and remained in prayer. Emil came back to him.

"My well-beloved Silva," said he, "I urged you very much some hours since to consent to fly with me, I then consulted only my own happiness; but at this moment a greater motive animates me. I am going to confide a secret to you, which will triumph over all the reasons you may yet have to oppose to me. About an hour after I left you, I was walking on the terrace, when I saw the Marquis of R . . . , who had probably just left you, coming up: he accosted the Duke of D . . . , 'I have discovered,' said he to the duke, 'that the Count of Walsingham, the father of my prisoner, dwells thirty miles from the capital, I suspect that a young man who passes for his son is that of Arthur of Rosline. I am going to write to the count that his son is a prisoner at London, that there is no time to lose, in endeavoring to deliver him, and that a friend counsels him to address immediately the governor of the prison. I will assure myself of his person and the son of Arthur shall not escape me.' This," continued Emil, "is what I heard, not wishing to listen to more, I returned to you; let us set out without delay, let us go to Grove Castle, your presence will defeat the whole plot; your father will be cautioned and we will quit England. Save yourself, Silva," added the young Tudor. "All my plans, all my opinions, would dictate to me a different manner of acting; but Emil become your friend, become a Catholic, has no other views, no other sentiments than yours for the glory of religion and the preservation of its defenders."

Silva, too much moved to answer the Count of Tudor, kept a long and painful silence; his face bathed in tears, he leaned his head upon Emil's

bosom, who was standing up before him, and pressed him in his trembling arms.

"He who protects innocence will watch over me, and over my father, and will save Edmund," said he in a faint voice; "for my part, I will not quit this house, my destiny is to die here; honor, an imperious duty, will retain me, and all that I have most dear must yield to it!"

I must suspend my recital, my dear Alphonse; business of importance compels me to be absent several days. I have made you sufficiently acquainted with those among whom I have the honor to be here, to inspire you with a most ardent desire to come and join us. Come, then, as soon as you can; you will crown the wishes of

Your best friend,

ED. SEYMOUR.

THE END.

ANGELS.

The following very beautiful selection, we clip from an Irish paper, copied, probably from that true sonree of genuine poetry, the Dublin *University Magazine*. It is happily adapted to this calm and holy day, and to the autumn Sabbath morning, when, in the haze of gray dawn, from sacrificial altar steps flicker the lights of candelabras, and, through the still air, rings the blessed Sanctus: when tinkling bell heralds "Domine, non sum dignus,' or the "mea culpa," comes from thousands of devotional hearts.

Where the light streams on the abbey floor,
Through the tall windows, through the low door;
Into the abbot's room, down the broad stair,
Pure in its wanderings—Angels are there!

Where the white tapers dream in the day,
Timidly beaming each tremulous ray,
Milder than noonday staining the air,
Meek in their mellowness—Angels are there!

Where in the beauteous nook, loved and alone,
Stands the bright Vigin's shrine, purity's own!
Children decking it ope-lipped with prayer,
Pallid with earnestness—Angels are there!

Where on the altar high, sacred and bright,
Stand the tall chalices, clothed with light;
When the blest "sanctus" rings thro' the still air,
Wreathing their myriad wings—Angels are there!

Angels crowd joyously, hailing the lamb,
Into Jerusalem, burthened with palm!
"Sanctus," they fondly sing, bright'ning the air:
Round heaven's glorious King—Angels are there!

Armies of angels, led on by their Queen,
Compass the altars then, joining unseen,
With heaven's pious poor, prayer with prayer!
Watching them—blessing them—Angels are there!

Angels are everywhere, guarding us all,
Lest in the meshes of evil we fall!
Angels are guarding by night and by day,
Save they be banished by foul sin away!
Ever o'er erring man watching with care;
Faithfulest sentinels!—Angels are there!

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

Louis Bonaparte, father of Napoleon III.—He was a sub-lieutenant at fourteen, and distinguished himself both in Italy and Egypt. His philosophical turn of mind accompanied him to the field; and when he found himself among the dirty, ferocious, and strong-smelling Bedouins, he expressed a wish that Jean Jacques Rosseau could have been compelled to dwell with the "man of nature" whom he lauded so much and of whom he knew so little. It was the longing wish of Josephine, and the desire of Napoleon, to see Louis united to Hortense—Josephine's daughter. The lady was beautiful, accomplished, and—nineteen. But Louis, though only twenty-three years of age, was too reserved, too mild, and too little susceptible, to be attracted by the brilliancy of Hortense. The *first* marriages, at all events, of all the Bonapartes, were honest love-matches. Louis struggled hard to escape an engagement which, he was convinced, would fail to secure happiness for either of the contracting parties. Those parties, however, were under influences which they could not withstand; and, without affection on either side, Hortense and Louis were married in the year 1802. Never was a marriage more insisted on by one side, and resisted by the other, than this. It was urged by Josephine and Napoleon, as if the existence of the empire depended thereon. And it proved to be a marriage of the highest interest to the empire. Of the three sons born of it, the survivor is he who suppressed a second republic, honestly confessed himself to be a *parvenu*, was elected Emperor, and formed the Anglo-French alliance. Such an alliance had not been known in France since Athelstan sent a fleet in aid of Louis d'Outre Mer. When the crown of Holland was pressed upon Louis Bonaparte, he resisted the offer as warmly as he had withstood the project to unite him with Hortense. He was then smitten with paralysis, and racked with rheumatism. He may be said to have been carried to the new throne, rather than to have ascended it. Nevertheless he acted with energy and honesty. When Joseph mounted the Spanish throne, he told his new subjects that although he must remain a Frenchman by patriotism, he would always be found a Spaniard by religion. Louis was more satisfactorily explicit in Holland. "Henceforth," he said, "I am in all things a true Dutchman." The assertion was not idly made, for Louis struggled to preserve the rights of his subjects and their commercial prosperity against a policy destructive of both. The struggle was ineffectual. He was only the lieutenant of his brother. Scorning to be that, while he bore the name of king, Louis descended from the throne in 1810; and Napoleon annexed Holland to the empire of France. The ex-king left Harlem in strict privacy. For some years after there might be seen at various German "baths" an invalid of mild, yet not melancholy aspect, affable in his manners, and of extreme simplicity in his way of life. This was Louis, Count of St. Leu, whose consort resided in Paris, with the courtesy title of "queen." His residence was for some time at Gratz, in Styria. He refused all pecuniary aid offered him by Napoleon, but repaired to Paris to welcome him, after the Emperor had landed in France from Elba. Subsequent to the second downfall of the empire, the Count de St. Leu obtained the Papal permission to reside in Rome. Thirty-two years were spent by him almost entirely in Italy; and the routine of his life there may be told in as many lines. His days were devoted to pursuits which became a country gentleman of cultivated intellect and declining health. His principal enjoyment was derived from literature, in which the ex-king himself took a respectable position. He was visited by his sons, but took no part in the aspiring views of any; yet he evinced his paternal sympathy after the "affair of Boulogne" deprived one of these sons of his liberty. Louis died at Leghorn, in June of the year 1846. Three months subsequently his body was interred at St. Leu. The liberality of the government of Louis Phillippe allowed of the reunion of the exiled family around the grave of the honest ex-king. Within two years the

condition of the families strangely reversed. Louis XVIII had made the wife of Louis, ex-king of Holland, Duchess of St. Leu, for which honor the ex-queen of Hortense thanked him in person. After the "Hundred Days," the duchess retired to Switzerland, where her son, Louis Napoleon, became, for a time, an artillery officer of the Swiss Confederation.

Magnanimity.—When Augustus, king of Poland, was dethroned by Charles XII, of Sweden, the question was, who should succeed him. King Sobieski had left three sons, James, Constantine, and Alexander. The two elder being detained paisoners in Saxony, neither of them could be proposed in the diet for election. Alexander, the youngest, warmly supplicated the king of Sweden to deliver his brothers from prison. Charles not only promised him this favor, but offered to make him king of Poland. To the surprise of the world, Alexander modestly declined the offer. "I could never bear" he said, "to see my elder brothers reduced to be my subjects!" Rochefoucalt says that "magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name; yet we may say of it, that it is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way of acquiring applause." But this writer of maxims had too small a soul to enable him to define this exalted virtue. When a proposition was made to Tamerlane to exterminate a pagan tribe, he replied: "I make war only against my enemies: God is capable of knowing and punishing his." Of a similar character was the conduct of Cæsar, who, having found a collection of letters, written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading them,—"For," said he, "though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove the cause." Another instance is related of Antigonus, king of Syria, who, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent: "Do me the favor," said he, opening the tent, "to remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you." The following, though of a different character, evinces equal greatness of mind. In 1478, the sovereign of Castile sent an ambassador to demand tribute from the Moorish king, Muley Abou Hassan. When the message was delivered, the following haughty answer was given:—"Tell your sovereign," said the Moor, "that the kings of Grenada who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint, at present, coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances." Notwithstanding this extraordinary production of his mint, Muley lost both his crown and kingdom in 1492, to Ferdinand, who appropriated both in lieu of tribute. In Scott's "Notes," it is related that Malcolm III, of Scotland, having received information that one of his nobles had conceived a design against his life, he enjoined the strictest silence to the informer, and took no notice of it himself, till the person accused of this execrable treason came to his court in order to execute his intention. The next morning he went to hunt with some of his courtiers, and when they had got into the depths of the forest, he drew that nobleman away from the rest of the company, and spoke thus to him: "Behold! we are here alone, armed and mounted alike. No one sees or hears us or can give either of us aid against the other. If, then, you are a brave man, if you have courage and spirit, perform your purpose, accomplish the promise you have made to my enemies. If you think I ought to be killed, when can you do it better? When more opportunely? When more manfully? Have you prepared poison for me? That is a womanish treason. Or would you murder me in my bed? Or have you hid a dagger to stab me secretly? That is the deed of a ruffian. Rather act like a soldier; act like a man, and fight me hand to hand, that your treason may at least be free from baseness." At these words the traitor, as if struck with a thunderbolt, fell at the king's feet, and implored his pardon.

Varnish for Rustic Garden Seats.—First wash the wood-work with soap and water, and when dry do it over, on a hot sunny day, with common boiled linseed oil; leave that to dry for a day or two, and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish." If well done it will last for years, and will prevent any annoyance from insects.

Small and steady gains give competence with tranquillity of mind.

Canine Sagacity.—A pious Catholic lady, who is accustomed to attend early Mass, had her attention attracted by the singular conduct of a dog, who repeatedly met her at the corner of the street. He was not altogether a prepossessing specimen of caninity, being tawny, fox-like and scraggy, and his approaches somewhat annoying. He would follow her to the church, wagging his bushy tail, pricking up his little red ears, intelligence beaming in his eyes, and significance in every movement, sometimes catching her dress in the most soliciting manner, pulling her gently, as if he would lead her in a certain direction, and towards some unapparent object. He would remain at the church door during service, and when it was concluded, he would again put himself in company with the lady, and on her way home would repeat these singular manœuvres. When they came to the accustomed corner, and the lady was passing away towards her home, the dog would renew his solicitations with increased energy by pulling her more forcibly, moaning piteously. When he perceived that she passed on without heeding his importunities, he would walk silently away, with his head over his shoulders, and the same sad look fixed upon the lady.

This peculiar conduct having been repeated several days in succession, she finally concluded that she would follow the dog. Accordingly, yesterday morning she yielded to his solicitations; the dog led the way into an alley, where were collected in contiguous misery several wretched hovels. To one of these the dog proceeded, and putting his nose against the dilapidated door, which was kept shut by a cord and weight, pushed it open and allowed his companion to enter.

Then met her sight a spectacle which would appal the most obdurate heart. There was a scene of misery such as rarely can exist in this region of benevolence and active charity. If ever disease and poverty held a complete ascendancy, this was an instance. There was a man, some twenty-five years of age, prostrate and helpless with a malignant fever; a wife, equally weak and helpless, with a child but a few days old, and two other children, twins, aged not more than a year. They had been without fire for several days, as well as destitute of food, excepting some bones and crusts which their faithful guardian had brought home, the remnants of which were scattered about the floor. A monkey was found dead in the room.

This state of things, as might be expected, awakened the philanthropic propensities of the lady, and she immediately set about relieving the misery brought to her view by the sagacious dog. She, at the earliest possible moment, procured the unfortunate persons proper food and secured for them the services of a physician. Under her care, and that of several other benevolent ladies whom she had interested in behalf of the family, they are in a comfortable condition, and the man and woman will soon be restored to health.

These persons are unable to speak a word of English, and from the circumstance of the dead monkey on the premises, are supposed to be Italians and organ grinders.

The conduct of the dog during the whole transaction may be set down as one of the most remarkable instances of the manifestation of sagacity and instinct of that animal, to be found on record. It may well be supposed that he is a peculiar favorite with the kind-hearted ladies above referred to, and he is soon to wear on his shaggy neck a silver collar, on which is engraved a certificate of his worth. *St. Louis Leader.*

To make Water cold without Ice.—The following is a simple method of rendering water almost as cold as ice: "Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point." In India, and other tropical climes where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic and laborer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain fresh water for drinking the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

Philosophy and Consistency.—Among all the excellent things which Mrs. Barbauld has written, and she has written many, she never penned any thing better than her essay upon the inconsistency of Human Expectations. It is full of sound philosophy. Every thing, says she, is marked at a price; our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment, and act not like children; when you have purchased one thing, do not repine that you possess not another, which you would not purchase. Would you be rich? Do you think that single point worth sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich; thousands have become so from the smallest beginnings by a life of toil, diligence, and attention to the minutest points of expenditure and profit. But you must sacrifice leisure, mind—and temper; you must learn to do hard, if not *unjust* things; and as for the eclaircissement of a delicate and ingenious spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of that as speedily as possible. You must not stop to enlarge your mind, polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one sullen beaten track, without turning to the right or left. "But," you say, "I cannot submit to this, I feel above it." 'Tis well; be above such brutal drudgery then, only do not repine because you are not rich!

Is knowledge the pearl of price in your estimation? That, too, may be purchased by a steady application and long solitary hours of study and reflection. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto on his coach, shall raise a fortune, and make a figure in society, while I possess not the necessaries of life." Was it for fortune, then, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and gave the years of youth to study and reflection? You have mistaken your path—and ill-spent your time and talent. "What reward have I for my labor?" What reward!—a large comprehensive soul, which ought to be purged from such gross, vulgar fears and prejudices, able alike to interpret the works of man and God, and follow his will, and correspond with the graces given you; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heavens? what other reward seek you?

But is it not a *reproach* upon the economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean fellow, should have amassed wealth to buy half a nation? Not the least, he made himself a mean fellow for that end and object. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, perhaps his soul for it;—and do you envy his filthy bargain? Will you hang your head in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, 'tis true, but it is because I have sought nobler things; I possess something better, I have chosen my lot, and must be content and satisfied. The most characteristic mark of a great mind, is to choose some one good object, which is important, and safe, and useful, and pursue that object through life. If we expect to purchase, we must pay *the price.*

The Absent.—Of all the exercises of the unfettered mind, perhaps none is attended with a more benign influence than that of indulging in a kind of remembrance of the absent. Every loving word that fell from the lips of the absent is treasured with tenderness. Each kind act is recollected with affection. We look forward to meeting with unbounded happiness. Have we parted in anger? Time softens us into indifference—at length into a quiet acknowledgment of past friendship. Have we parted in silence or estrangement? This, too, wears away, and we meet again to forget the past in future communions. The sorrow is mutually borne, and tenderly consigned to the corner of our hearts devoted to the absent sharer. Have we parted in love? No joy so great as the remembrance of it—no event so delightful or sacred as the reunion. Have we parted by death? Ah, the affection that travels with the flown spirit to its home in the realms of light! The changed but ever increasing sacredness of the love that bound us on earth is now freed from its alloy, while the unfettered spirit hovers near, to watch over us, to bear the incense of truthful and purified affection on the wings of enduring love. Absent from sight, to the spirit ever near—no shade of earth

mingles in the holy office of a ministering angel, whose sweet influence is like the gentle dew upon the fragrant flower, which exhales a perfume unseen, but ever grateful to the perception of the inborn spirit. Absent, but not forgotten, is a sweet and touching memorial.

Hints to Females after Marriage.—*By a Lady.*—As our first duties, in every sphere of life, are those to our Creator, so the first great object after marriage is to establish a regular course of religious action, without which we cannot secure our soul's salvation, nor obtain God's blessing on our establishment. Let not the young wife blush to bend her knee to the God of her youth, nor neglect the devotion used in her maidenhood. O my dear sisters, have you no more favors to ask, no more sins to atone for, no more perils to guard against, now that your lot in life is settled? What will give your character the stability and modesty of the christian matron? Religion alone. What will ennoble you in the eyes of your husband and household, but the dignified consciousness of rectitude, which invariably follows a faithful discharge of religious duties? If your husband is a good Christian, fail not to thank God for the same; you will find the sweetest moments of your existence, those that you spend together at the throne of grace. If he is not religious, your example may be the means appointed by God to enkindle his divine love in his bosom. How heavenly the task, could you thus repay your husband's affection. Be firm, then, neglect no known religious duty from shame, convenience, or any human motive; but at the same time remember, that the active life you have now entered upon, is quite incompatible with the devotion of the recluse. You have chosen your part, and must forego all lengthened meditations, retreats, and attendance at church, which would interfere with your present calling. It is humbling to reflect that when our heavenly Father is showering down his choicest blessings on our heads, we should require any inducement to attend to his service; should not our hearts, overflowing with joy, expand to the influence of all celestial things? Should we not open the hand of charity to our suffering neighbor, and let the reflection of our happiness raise his sinking heart? Should we not look on our neighbor's failings with the kindness of a sister? Should not the sick feel the sunshine of our love? but above all, should we forget the source from whence it all springs? Our marriage has not been a mere civil contract, the choicest graces of the Church have been given to us to enlighten our path, the blessings of heaven will follow the faithful discharge of our duties. Let us not wait, then, until God withdraw his countenance from us, to thank him for his favors; let us show a noble example of Catholic piety, unassuming, yet dignified; amiable, yet firm; so shall we become worthy to rear saints for heaven. Let religion be no *secondary* consideration in our establishment. Let it be seen at once that we wish to save our souls, never blushing for our faith, but making no parade of it; true virtue is grounded on humility, under its banner we are safe.

The Teeth.—At the Dental Convention, in session lately in Boston, some of the dentists asserted that the main, if not the sole cause of defective teeth, was the use of salæratus and cream of tartar in the manufacture of bread—and Dr. Baker fully agreed with the facts which it stated, and gave the results of some experiments which he had made by soaking sound teeth in a solution of salæratus. The teeth were destroyed in fourteen days. Mr. Spaulding, of St. Louis, did not believe that alkali injured teeth, but acknowledged that salæratus did. Salæratus, in his opinion, was not an alkali. Dr. Kendrick, of New Orleans, considered the great means of keeping the teeth healthy was to keep them clean.

Smith on Debt.—"It must be confessed my creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the *day after* I have spent all my money. I always say to them, 'Now, this is very provoking. Why didn't you come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late. It's my belief the rascals do it on purpose."

Happiness does not so much consist in having much to enjoy, as in the faculty to enjoy it.

A Beautiful Illustration.—"I have now in my hand," said Edward Everett, "a gold watch, which combines embellishments and utility in hapy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell—those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning—are made of brass. Investigating further, and asking what is the spring by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then, I find the mainspring, without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures, embellishments, but toys, is not of gold, (that is not sufficiently good,) nor of brass, (that would not do,) but of iron. Iron, therefore, is the only precious metal—and this watch an emblem of society! Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirit of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes, and embellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron mainsprings shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disorderly, broke, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by the pay of wages, and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movement of society as the iron mainspring is to the watch, are never thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other."

The political and industrial rights and privileges of the laboring classes should not be lost sight of by the legislature. Educate and develop them, and they, in return, will bring iron out of the mountains in greater abundance; will, by their superior intelligence, invent machinery, by which most of the labor of life may be performed; "make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before;" and thus, as in all other things, set the world ahead. The locomotive, steam-engine, telegraph, printing-press, sewing-machines, mowers, reapers, seed-planters, harvesters, and so forth, will continue to be invented and improved *just in proportion to the education and development of our people, and especially of the working classes.*

Who built Balbec.—Lamartine has the following speculation in reply to this question: "It is alleged that not far from Balbec, in a valley of the Anti-Libanus, human bones of immense magnitude have been found. Oriental traditions, and the monument erected on what is called the Tomb of Noah, mark this spot as the dwelling place of the patriarch. The first generation of his descendants probably long retained the gigantic stature and the strength assigned to man, before the total or partial submersion of the globe. These monuments may be their work. Even supposing that the human race had never exceeded its present proportions, it is possible that the properties of human intelligence may have undergone a change. Who can say but that primitive intelligence might have invented mechanical powers capable of moving, like grains of dust, masses which an army of 100,000 men could now scarcely shake? Be this as it may, it is certain that some of the stones at Balbec, which are 62 feet long, 20 broad, and 15 thick, are the most prodigious masses which have ever been moved by human power. The largest stones in the pyramids of Egypt do not exceed 18 feet; and these are only exceptional blocks, placed for the sake of peculiar solidity in some parts of the edifice.

How to get Rid of Flies.—A French paper, the *Courier du Havre*, in alluding to a plan lately suggested for driving away flies, (the use of laurel oil), states that no flies will enter a room in which a wreath of walnut leaves has been hung up. The *Courier de Lyon*, in referring to the same subject, says: "It is a curious fact that although the butchers' shops at Geneva are all open, and an immense number of flies may be seen on the outside wall, not one comes inside" This is caused by the inner wall being rubbed with laurel oil, which is an effectual preventive against the intrusion of these troublesome insects. The same oil is also used with success in preventing the flies from spoiling the gilt frames of looking-glasses and pictures.

Rules for Training Children.—We earnestly commend the following rules, for their brevity and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and of being placed in every household. It is painful to contemplate the lamentable consequences that follow from their neglect. Let parents read them and reduce them to practice:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness and gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them any thing unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recital with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, or an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules are reduced to practice—daily practice—by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how many in danger of ruin would be saved, how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented. It is lamentable to see how extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands.

The Origin of the East India Company.—Now that all eyes are turned toward British India, a brief historical notice of the gigantic corporation that controls the destinies of so many millions of people in that far-distant country, will be interesting. We clip the following from the Canadian *Merchants' Magazine:*

Two hundred and fifty-three years ago, some traders in London united together to raise a capital of £30,000, wherewith to trade to the East Indies. They obtained a charter, under which the management of their affairs was entrusted to a committee of twenty-four of their members, chosen by themselves. In 1624 authority was granted to the company by the king to punish its servants abroad, either by civil or military law. In 1661 a new charter was granted, by which the company was allowed to make peace or war with or against people or princes, not Christians, and to seize all unlicensed persons, and send them to England. Other parties attempted to get into the trade by bribing the various governments of the day; at one time when the old company offered to loan the government £700,000 at four per cent., their rivals offered £2,000,000 at eight per cent. In 1708 the rival companies united, and by a loan of £1,200,000 to the government, without interest, purchased further privileges, which have been the basis of their subsequent charters. In 1784 a new feature was introduced into the system—that of the Board of Control, by which, in effect, the political power (though under the name of the government) was vested in the directors. In 1813 the trade to India was thrown open, and in 1833 the trade to China was not only made free, but the company was precluded from commercial operations; and thus we find that the functions for which it was originally organized ceased altogether, and by a combination of circumstances, it had gradually assumed others of a most anomalous description; when, in 1853, a committee of twenty-four private gentlemen were absolute sovereigns of one hundred millions of people.

The Well Story.—Some years since an eccentric old genius, called Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going out to his work, that the well had completely caved in, and was full nearly to the top. So, having that desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence, near the mouth of the well, having first left his coat and hat upon the windlass over the well. At length, breakfast being ready, a boy was despatched to call him to his meal, when lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided first to eat breakfast, and then to send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was to be said, and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation to sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that "it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter when he was so effectually buried," and therefore entirely coincided with the minister. His wife thought that, as "he had left his hat and coat, it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes;" and so it was settled to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, then he quietly departed to parts unknown.

After remaining incognito for about three weeks he suddenly reappeared at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the well, without hat or coat. After recovering from their amazement at his unexpected appearance, for they had considered him dead, the farmer and his neighbors began to overload him with questions concerning his adventures. Barnes at length very gravely informed them that having waited some time for them to dig him out, and having heard them come to the exceedingly charitable conclusion, to let him remain where he was, he commenced to dig himself out; and after three weeks hard labor, had succeeded in the arduous undertaking. They asked no more questions.

Ivy on Buildings.—It is a mistaken idea that ivy renders a structure damp and hastens its decay. On the contrary, nothing so effectually keeps the building, as may be seen by examining beneath the ivy after a rain, where it will be found that the walls are dry, though all around is deluged with wet. Its exuberant and web-like roots, issuing as they do from every portion of the branches on which it grows, binds every thing together that comes within their reach, with such a firm and intricate lace-work, that not a single stone can be removed from its position without first tearing away its protecting safeguard. In proof of this, we refer to the ruins of ancient castles and buildings; for while in those parts of the structure that have not the advantage of this protection, all have gone to utter decay, where the ivy has thrown its preserving mantle, every thing is comparitively fresh and perfect, and oftentimes the very angles of the sculptured stone are found to be almost as sharp and entire as when they first came from the hands of the builder.—*American Agriculturist.*

"Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I am sure." "No, my dear—for I don't perceive that you have lost any."

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Review of Current Literature.

1. Lectures on the Evidences of Catholicity. By *M. J. Spalding, D. D.*, Bishop of Louisville. Louisville: Webb & Levering. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The present is the second edition of these admirable Lectures. They were delivered a few years ago by the Right Rev. Prelate in the cathedral of Louisville, and are intended to establish the important fact, that the evidences which sustain Catholicity are identically the same as those which establish Christianity itself. Catholicity and Christianity, as the learned author well observes, were the same during the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era, and to the candid and sincere, it is manifest that this identity still exists and will continue to the end of time. A volume which elucidates these facts, giving proofs, that cannot be called in question, is to the Catholic in a community like that in which we live, a treasure worth its weight in gold. A book that not only instructs Catholics, but at the same time leads our non-Catholic fellow-citizens to read, to reflect, to doubt, is indeed the book, which of all others, is adapted to the wants of our country and our age—and such is the book before us. It is addressed to the intelligence of the American people, and elicits their inquiry into the Catholic doctrine, and invites them to investigate the claims of Catholicity to the universal homage of mankind.

"The Catholic Church," observes the distinguished author, "which for eighteen centuries has nobly battled all forms of error, and which has consistently sustained Christianity amidst all the vicissitudes of human affairs, has surely a right to have her claims diligently investigated by every lover of truth, especially by those who have been taught from childhood to protest against her doctrines and institutions. She knows no concealment; she courts inquiry, and is willing to abide its result. All that she asks is that her principles should be correctly represented, and her claims to be the true Church of Christ be fairly and impartially weighed. She demands no more than this, and surely she could not ask less."

The work is marked by that clearness of style, force of argument and depth of research, which in a special manner distinguishes all the writings of the Rt. Rev. author.

2. Margaret Danvers: or the Bayadère. By the *Author of "Mount St. Lawrence."* London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book comes to us without preface, table of contents, or any thing else to indicate its bearing, or to give us a hint as to the object of the author in writing it. To arrive at this, we would be compelled to read, and read attentively, its four hundred and twenty-eight closely printed pages,—a task which we confess we have not been able to accomplish. It is a love story, and like most of its class, begins with courtship and ends with marriage. This is about all we know of the book. True we took an occasional glance at a few of its pages, and were not displeased with the manner in which Margaret and her lover carried on the "affair." It may find readers, if its length does not deter them from undertaking the task

3. Relation de ce qui s'est passe dans la mission de l'Immaculee Conception, au pays des Ilinois, depuis le mois de Mars 1693, jusqu'en Fevrier 1694. Par le R. Père *Jacques Gravier* de la Compagnie de Jēsus. A Manate De la presse Cramoisy de Jean-Mari Shea.

Father Gravier, the author of the present little work, was one of the first Illinois missionaries, and labored on the banks of the Illinois from 1687 to about 1706, chiefly at Kaskaskia, not the present town, but a previous one of the same name near Peoria. He had many struggles with the medicine-men who provoked the people to violence, and in 1706 Father Gravier received a wound from the effects of which he died. The present volume contains an account of his mission from March 1693 to February 1694, and possesses great interest. The chieftain's daughter was a Christian and wished to lead a life of virginity: her pagan parents wished her to marry a Frenchman every way unworthy of her. On her refusal they turned upon the missionary and excited against

him a spirit of hostility; the chapel was deserted, the sachems forbid the people to enter. At last Mary yielded on the promise of her parents that they would hearken to the missionary and embrace Christianity. The picture drawn of this good Indian girl, her conquest of her husband to a life of Christian regularity, of her parents to the faith, her zeal in instructing all, give a most pleasing effect to the simple narrative.

4. The Jewels and Diamond Ring. By *Canon Schmid;* and, The Hop Blossoms, and The Gray Fish, by the same author. Philadelphia: H. McGrath. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These neat little volumes form the 5th and 6th numbers of the Parochial and Sunday School Library. The simple announcement that they are reprints from the excellent Tales of Canon Schmid, is sufficient to commend them to Catholic patronage.

5. The Columbian Spelling-Book. By *Joseph B. Tully.* New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book aims at too much. Instead of being a simple medium of initiating the young into a knowledge of English Orthography, as its name implies, it is quite a respectable treatise on the philosophy of the English language, combining the erudite dissertations of Blair, the learning of Walker, and the rules of Murray, with the simple elements of Comly. We do not say this in disparagement of the Spelling Book. On the contrary, it is a work of much merit, and we believe an excellent work to be put into the hands of those who have already mastered the difficulties of Comly, and who have a pretty familiar acquaintance with English Grammar. But where is the teacher in this age of progressiveness, who will think of turning his pupils back from the grammar and rhetoric to the spelling-book? This can hardly be expected. Hence we believe that much of the intrinsic worth of Mr. Tully's book will be lost, on account of its name. We hope this may not be the case, for we care very little about names provided the thing be good; but all are not so easily pleased.

Received.—The Dublin Review for October has been received. It will be noticed at length in our next number.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—The house of Spithöver at Rome is about to publish an edition of the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, the oldest manuscript of the New Testament. The preparation of this work occupied several of the latter years of the life of Cardinal Mai.

We also find announced as published at Milan a new work by the learned and eloquent Bishop Malou of Ghent, entitled, "La faussitē du Protestantisme." This is a class of controversial works which Dr. Brownson has remarked we need. Most of our controversial books are defences of Catholicity against Protestant assaults, while there are few comparatively designed to attack the frail fabric of Protestantism.

A volume of Lacordaire's Conferences at Toulouse has appeared, including some of his minor treatises.

Monseigneur Angebault, Bishop of Angers has added to ascetical literature by his Lettres sur la vie religieuse à l'usage des sœurs vouées à l'enseignement de jeune filles, a work which will henceforward be a manual for all sisterhoods devoted to instruction.

In archæology we are pleased to see Malégue's Album photographiques d'archēologie religieuse, and a work on all the finest churches in the world by the abbē Bourasse, Canon of Tours, already known as an archæologist.

Vives has begun a new edition of Cornelius à Lapide, printed in the most beautiful style, from clear type on good paper, and superintended by a careful editor to guarantee it from all typographical error. A French translation of Perrone's dogmatic theology is also announced, a sad proof it would seem, that Latin is ceasing to be the language of theology in France.

Father Gagarin, of the Society of Jesus, has published A letter to a Russian Lady on the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which is regarded by French critics as a masterpiece of eloquent and beautiful language, rarely attained in a purely scientific discussion.

Bioux, whose treatises on Canon law have been reprinted in Germany and adopted in Rome, has just published another volume, De jure regularium—the Canon law as bearing on the Regular orders.

Father Faber's Works.—Few authors in our day have acquired so distinguished a reputation as Father Faber. His works are every where read, and every where admired. In England, the home of the author, it would seem that the old trite saying, "a prophet is not without praise except in his own country," does not hold good in regard to the illustrious Oratorian, and his writings. The September number of the Liverpool Catholic Institute Magazine, speaks of his works in the following terms:

"It is no slight proof of the correctness of Father Faber's system to find that beyond all question he creates a sensation and a movement among the people, and among all classes of the people. The Oratorian services are thronged, and the earliest masses and the latest confessionals are alike peopled. The works of Father Faber are found where Catholic works never made their way before. You find the blue cover of 'All for Jesus' on every drawing room table, at the desk of the missionary priest, in the enclosed convent. We have seen it on the shelf of a confectioner's shop; it is known in the workman's cottage. No Young Men's Society is without it. And it is a very suggestive fact, that in one of our principal ecclesiastical seminaries, whose president is much looked up to as a skilled master in spiritual things, there were no fewer than two hundred copies of this work to be found."

American.—Since our last there have been few announcements from American Catholic publishers. The terrible financial crisis which we have reached, has caused a suspension in that as in every other department of industry. Cunningham has published another volume in his series of lives of sainted women, the Life of St. Angela Merici, foundress of the Ursulines. It is translated by Mr. John G. Shea, who adds a sketch of the order in this country that will not be new to the readers of the Metropolitan, as it has in substance appeared in previous numbers.

The Messrs. Sadlier have announced an American edition of Maguire's new book on Rome, so highly extolled by Cardinal Wiseman.

The Relations.—As is now so well known, the early Catholic missionaries of Canada who burned with an ardent desire of gaining to the Church the souls of the Indians of America, established missions far and wide, in the heart of Canada, on the coast of Maine, amid the lakes of New York, in Upper Canada, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and the whole valley of the Mississippi. At least once a year each missionary sent to his superior at Quebec an account of his labors, and from these the superior made up a small volume which he transmitted to France. There these volumes now generally called the *Relations* were published from 1632 to 1672, forming a rare and now valuable series of about forty volumes. Several manuscripts still remain scattered in various parts, some in private hands, some in public institutions, which were intended to form subsequent Relations. These are gradually disappearing. Carelessness on the part of those in whose hands they are, ignorance of their value, indifference to our history, have caused the loss of many. We recently saw in a Massachusetts periodical the account of a manuscript relative to the history of a mission in California, which had been given to the writer of the account by the missionary, who thus handed over to a stranger the very history of his heroic predecessors, rendering it in all probability impossible ever to trace the chronicle of their labors. A document of the old French missions in Indiana was given to a society in New York: the society has dissolved; the precious manuscript is in the hands of some private individual, and the historian of the diocese of Vincennes can only mourn over its loss.

Mr. John Gilmary Shea, whose researches in this department are well known, is now endeavoring to save these manuscripts from being lost. He has collected many, and is now engaged in publishing them after the exact manner of the old Relations. They were issued by the famous printer Cramoisy of Paris. Mr. Shea adopts the name, the cypher, the vignettes, initials, tailpieces, the very type used by Cramoisy, and gives the manuscript as it exists, with its old careless orthography, often irregular sentences jotted down from time to time in a moment of leisure. As there are few comparatively who take any interest in the early history of our Church, Mr. Shea prints only one hundred copies of each work, and issues them by subscription.

Editors' Table.

November! No month in the year is fraught with so many salutary reflections, as that which closes the autumnal season. The face of nature undergoes a change. The beauty of the landscape fades; the freshness and verdure of the fields disappear; the seared and yellow leaves scattered by the chilling blast, fall and decay; reminding man that he too is shortly to undergo a change; recalling to his memory, that the vigor and freshness of youth are speedily followed by the feebleness of age; and that he like the autumn leaves shall fall, and pass forgotten to the tomb.

"The cold wind sweeps the barren fields,
And whistles through the withered grass;
The humid earth no fragrance yields,
And days grow chiller as they pass.
Thus human hearts grow chill with years;
Thus human joys are dimmed with tears,
And man distrusts what long deceives,
And reads his fate in autumn leaves."

Yes, truly sad and salutary is the lesson taught to man by the change that nature undergoes at this season. He "reads his fate," in this change. He reads a sublime lesson in the "autumn leaves."

"The autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They wither, die and pass away;
And mournfully my fancy weaves
Though pen cannot transcribe the lay:
Soon, soon alike the winter cloud,
Will spread for them and us the shroud,
And blessed is he whose heart receives
The lesson taught by falling leaves."

May it be the lot of our readers to profit by this lesson, and grow wiser and better by the contemplation of the passing changes of the season.

The Graveyard.—How many thoughts of sorrow and of hope are awakened, especially in the heart of the Catholic, by the mention of the word "graveyard." Who among us that has not ties, which bind him to the lone habitation of the departed? Who that has not a fond parent, or a beloved child, a brother, sister, or devoted friend numbered among those who inhabit the silent city of the dead? Who that does love not by-times to wander among the tombs, and gather lessons of instruction from the contemplation of man's final resting-place, where all his earthly projects must end—the grave! And what place better adapted for serious and thoughtful meditation? Go there when you will, you may enjoy your thoughts alone. There are none to interrupt you. The children of the world, the votaries of pleasure and fashion seldom intrude within the graveyard. To them the sound is grating to the ear; it brings to their memories sad and mournful thoughts,—it is the goal which terminates all their joys, their follies and their crimes. The graveyard teaches many salutary lessons. Let us, gentle reader, enter it and make a passing meditation. There are many whose remains lie here, who are dear to us! Many whose names still bring forth a sigh and start the filial tear. Nothing could reconcile us to their parting, but a dutiful resignation to the will of our heavenly Father, and the hope of meeting them in that happy country where parting will be no more. The poet has truly said:

"....when our friends we lose,
Our altered feelings alter to our views;
Virtues neglected, then adorned become,
And graces slighted blossom in the tomb!"

Here we are reminded of the end of human greatness. Here we are admonished that man's days are numbered; that every moment brings him one step nearer to the goal of his existence. There upon an humbe brown stone just rearing itself above the tall withered grass, we read these truthful words:

"Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall
The ax will smite at God's command,
And soon *shall smite us all.*"

Yes, soon shall the voice of the angel of death be heard even by the youngest of the present generation that now inhabits the globe. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest; and the mightiest monarch on his throne has not a stronger hold on life, than the frailest flower that blooms and withers in a day. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear like footprints upon the sandy beach:

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat
Each trace shall vanish from the sand."

Here upon an elevated marble are inscribed the following words from the Inspired Volume—words that should live in the memory and form the daily meditation of every member of the human family:

"Remember, man, that thou art dust,
And unto dust thou shalt return."

But there are other thoughts that rise spontaneously in the mind, on entering a Catholic graveyard, than those which remind us of our origin, and the brief period of our existence in this world of care and sorrow. The Cross, the bright emblem of man's redemption, which rises over the grave or is inscribed on the marble which piety has erected, bids us hope that the souls of those our friends, whose remains lie there interred, have found mercy and pardon from Him, who bled and died on that Cross, on the hill of Calvary. Those heaven-inspired words: *May he rest in peace*, which convey to the mind sentiments and impressions that none but a Catholic can feel, remind us of the duty of charity which we owe to our brethren who are separated from us by the veil of the tomb, and invite us to offer a prayer for the repose of their souls! Gentle reader, let us discharge this duty; and thus let our visits to the graves of our departed friends be alike profitable to them and ourselves!

Sonnet on Idleness.—Our esteemed friend *Fidelia*, whose favors are always welcome, sends us the following out-pouring of his poetic mind. None but a poet would have dared to select so delicate a theme. Henceforth we must confess, that beauty may be manufactured from the most deformed object, and that poetry, exquisite, delicate poetry, may be drawn from any subject, even the most unpoetical.

IDLENESS.—(A SONNET.)

Woe to the soul whose zeal forgets to burn!
And lies ungirt and idle on the way:
That is the hour the fiend attacks his prey,
And if he takes not, leaves it stained and torn.
For passion, with its scorpion-whip of fire,
Then unimpeded leaps along the veins
Consuming all of virtue that remains,
Drowning the spirit in confused desire
Whose smoke ascends and blurs the face of heaven.
Better to toil like slave beneath the rod,
And sink outworn to sinless sleep at even
Than bear a heart that throbs—and not for God;
For sighs and bitter tears must yet be given
Before that soul can rise beneath her load.

Record of Events.

From September 20th to October 20th, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—The return of the Holy Father to Rome, after an absence of several months in visiting various parts of his dominions, took place on the 5th of September, at 5 o'clock in the evening. His reception was attended by every demonstration of respect. Three triumphal arches were erected, under which he passed. All the Corso and Santa Papale were gorgeously decorated. The Piazza del Popolo, and all the streets were lined with the population; and when he arrived at St. Peter's, all the Sacred College were there to receive him. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed at the high altar, and Cardinal Mattei intoned the "Te Deum," which was sung with great feeling by all present; after which he gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and when the ceremony was concluded, the Holy Father returned to his apartments in the Vatican, where all his Court was assembled to compliment him on the happy conclusion of his long peregrination. For three successive nights the whole city was magnificently illuminated; and St. Peter's twice. Nothing could exceed the joy of the people in having the Holy Father once more among them.

The statue recently erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception, was inaugurated by His Holiness, attended by a large number of cardinals and clergy, and in the presence of a vast concourse of persons on the 8th of September.—In consequence of the reduction of the Austrian troops in the Roman states, the reconstruction of the Papal army is being rapidly proceeded with.

Late advices from the Eternal City, are favorable to the arrangement of the pending difficulty between Mexico and the Holy See. In respect both of Spain and Mexico the Papal Government has shown a wise and prudent spirit of conciliation, which it appears likely will also be extended to Piedmont. Although nothing has been as yet finally concluded, Senor Montes, the Mexican Plenipotentiary at Rome, has obtained the assurance that the sales of Church property and suppression of convents already effected should be recognized. The condition on which the Holy See makes these concessions are not such as seem likely to impede the conclusion of the Concordat. Rome requires that the clergy should have the right of suffrage, and be eligible to office, and be allowed to acquire and hold property hereafter.—Measures are in progress for the beatification of the Venerable John Sarcander, formerly curate of Holleschan in Moravia. He was horribly tortured during several weeks by the Utraquistes, and died a martyr, the 17th of March, 1620, because he refused to rebels the confession of De Lobkowitz, governor of Moravia, whom they had expelled. The life of the martyr was published last year, at Macerata, in the Pontifical States.

The Sovereign Pontiff to testify his satisfaction at the reception he met with in his visit to Tuscany, was pleased to make numerous presents of chalices and vestments to several churches of that city; besides large sums of money for the support of relig ous institutions and for charitable purposes.

As an evidence of the exertions which are made in behalf of the highest order in the Pontifical State, we transcribe the following statement, translated from a Tuscan paper: "The Universities of the Pontifical States have been attended during the year 1856-7 by 1,696 students, of whom 42 followed courses of theology, 531 studied medicine and surgery, 23 were occupied in philology, 66 studied pharmacy, 13 followed courses of veterinary surgery, 14 attended lectures on obstetricity, 5 were applying themselves to law studies, and 4 were devoting themselves to agricultural studies. The Roman University has had, during the scholastic year, 821 students, of whom 373 frequent the

law schools, 205 the schools of medicine and surgery, and 167 the schools of philosophy and mathematics. The University of Bologna has had 511 students, of whom 113 followed the study of law, 257 medicine and surgery, and 64 philosophy and mathematics. From whence it results that at Bologna medical students are proportionally more numerous than at Rome. The number of students who in the Pontifical States frequent the theological studies appear few, but this is to be explained by the fact that in Rome there are the Gregorian University, the Roman Seminary, and the Urban College of the Propaganda, where theology is taught, and whence the students can obtain academical honors the same as at the University. The Gregorian or Roman College has numbered, during the scholastic year 1856-7, as many as 240 theological students."

Sardinia.—*The suppression of a Monastery.*—This unhappy country continues to give doleful evidences of the anti-religious spirit of those who direct the government. On the 10th of August the venerable monastery of Clarisse, at Cuneo in Piedmont, after an existence of five hundred years, was finally suppressed by the government. The particulars of this affair we take from our foreign file: "The Nuns refused to admit the satellites of arbitrary power, who valiantly entered by making a breach in the wall. The officers found them all assembled in the church, praying and chanting before the Blessed Sacrament, which was solemnly exposed. By a singular coincidence, just as the officers entered, they were singing that passage of holy David 'Ne tradit bestiis,' &c. 'Give not over to wild beasts the souls of those who confess to Thee.' They were urged to finish their prayers and leave the church, but they paid no attention to such requests. When after repeated intimations, the lady abbess rose from her knees, and with a firm voice protested—in her own name and that of her sisters, in the name of all laws ecclesiastical and civil, in the name of those laws especially of Piedmont, under protection of which they had embraced the religious life of their own accord—against the violation of their cloister, and the violent injustice by which they were driven from their own abode, and despoiled of their inalienable rights of property. She ended with a prayer that God would not visit in his anger, the city where such an excess had been committed. They then resigned their home to the spoiler, and left to seek some other shelter. With refined cruelty the authorities had selected the time of night, (three hours before midnight) for the commission of this outrage."

The Capuchins of Our Lady of Consolation have also received notice to surrender their monastery before the end of August.

An edifying recantation.—For many years there resided in Piedmont the well known Monsignor Carlo Gazola, a bishop who, after having entered into a conflict with the pontificate, quit the city of Rome and went into retirement in Piedmont. Recently, touched by the grace of God, he repented of his deeds; he has betaken himself to Mondovi, to the house of the brethren of the Mission, where, after some months of retirement and prayer, he made the solemn recantation of his errors, and sent it to the *Gazette di Bologna*, that it might be first printed in the city where the Holy Father was sojourning. Monsignor Gazola concludes his retractation, which bears date from Mondovi, 28th June, with the following words:—"I promise to submit myself to all those provisions which his Holiness shall make in reference to me."

Spain.—Rumor of a change of ministers has been prevalent for some time. Marshal Narvaez, who is at the head of the government, has been on the eve of resigning with the rest of the ministry, in consequence of the retention by the queen in her household of certain persons who are opposed to the administration, and use their influence to thwart the measures of the ministry. The Cortes is to meet in the middle of October. The queen's mother will not, as was thought, return to Spain this season. The Spanish papers give an account of a visit paid by the queen to the churches of St. Sebastian, St. Mary, and St. Isabella in Madrid, on which occasion she ordered 10,000 reals to be given to each of the two first named and 6,000 to the last, to be distributed among the poor of their respective parishes, and an additional sum of 4,000 reals to the nuns of St. Isabella. Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Asturias, having accompanied the

holy viaticum at night to the house of a poor person who was sick in the street De la Independencia, ordered 2,000 reals to be given to him. This generous and pious act drew down the blessings of the immense multitude that surrounded her as she followed, on foot, the carriage in which was borne the King of Heaven.—The difficulty with Mexico remains yet unsettled.

FRANCE.—The camp at Chalons continues to keep alive some little excitement of which the French people are so fond. The camp has been visited by many persons of distinction; among them His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The English prince was received with every mark of respect. A grand review and manœuvering took place in his honor. The Emperor went to Stuttgard about the middle of September, to meet Alexander the Emperor of Russia. Their meeting has given rise to much speculation, but nothing is known of the object of the imperial conference.—The court of assizes passed sentence on Ledru Rollin, Massarenti, and Campanella, who are accused of having, in complicity with Tibaldi, Grilli, and Bartolotti, already condemned, formed a plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French, but who have not surrendered to take their trial. The court declared that "a resolution had been agreed to and concerted between Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Campanella, Massarenti, Tibaldi, Bartolotti, and Grilli, to attempt to kill the emperor—which resolution had been followed by an act calculated to prepare its execution—whereby the crime of forming a plot (*crime de complot*), punished by Art. 89 of the Penal Code, had been committed." It, therefore, condemned Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Campanella, and Massarenti, all four absent, to deportation.—The Emperor of the French has sent $5,000 a personal subscription, in aid of the English sufferers in India; and the officers of the Imperial Guard have subscribed $2,000 for the same purpose.

ENGLAND.—The topic that absorbs all others at present in England is the insurrection in India. The latest accounts from that disturbed region leave little room for rejoicing on the part of her Britannic Majesty's government. A gloom indeed hangs over the British possessions in India. The correspondent of one of our exchanges, writing from London under date of October 3d, gives the following graphic account of the state of things in India: General Havelock, whose successes were so loudly trumpeted forth has seen the end of his triumphs, and is now surrounded and in a most critical position, while ill-fated Lucknow is left to the mercy of the insurgents; the garrison can no longer hope for relief. The revolutionary spirit was spreading through the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, and disarming was going on wherever it was practicable. The men of Madras recognized those of Bengal as "brothers," the revolt could no longer by any means be represented as merely military, and the whole country from one end to the other was disaffected. Delhi still held out, but reinforcements were received, and a rumor—for it can be nothing else—was in circulation that the King of Delhi had offered to capitulate on condition of having thirty-six lacs of rupees annually instead of fifteen, insured to him and his descendants. The proposal, says the rumor, was peremptorily refused. The insurgents were concentrating the majority of their force in Oude. The inhabitants of the province, the Cawnpore insurgents, and the forces of the ex-king were said to be united under Nena Saheb. The 33d regiment from the Mauritius, and some artillery from Bushire, were to remain in Bombay until the celebration of the Mohurrum or Mussulman New Year should have terminated. Much apprehension was felt at the approach of this festival, and the English in Calcutta, had set apart a day of humiliation and prayer in view of the present and future disasters. The entire province of Bengal seems to be in favor of excitement, and the rising at Dinapore had been followed by others in various parts of the Presidency. The European inhabitants of several stations were flying to Calcutta, and the city was thronged with trembling fugitives from all parts of Bengal. A general rising of the Mahommedans was looked upon as inevitable at Calcutta, and preparations were being made to suppress it. It was currently reported in Calcutta that the Government intended issuing orders for the compulsory enrolment of all the Christian inhabitants as

a militia force. Sir Colin Campbell had arrived at Calcutta. Statements were current that the country people were beginning to rise, and were pursuing and murdering the English. Trade was at a stand-still, and coin was growing wonderfully scarce. The Rajah of Sealkote has unfurled the banner of revolt at the head of 20,000 men in the South Mahratta country.

A day of humiliation and prayer has been appointed by royal proclamation throughout Great Britain and Ireland, to avert the danger that threatens her army and possessions in India. Cardinal Wiseman addressed a pastoral to the clergy of his diocese, directing that the first Sunday of October should be observed for this purpose. The queen and her consort, with the royal family, were at Balmoral, participating in every kind of enjoyment as freely as if there were nothing going on in India to cause the slightest alarm.

A new Catholic church has been recently completed at the town of Alston, near Preston, and dedicated to Our Lady and St. Michael. It was dedicated by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool, in the presence of a large concourse of people.

Ireland.—The riots occasioned by the open air preaching at Belfast have resulted in that city being "proclaimed," and at the latest dates it was under martial law. A commission has been specially appointed to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. It may be remembered that these riots were occasioned by the Rev. Mr. Hanna and other Protestant clergymen preaching in the open streets, and using language the most insulting to the Catholic inhabitants. The proclamation does not formally forbid street preaching, but simply tells the loyal subjects of Her Majesty in the city of Belfast, "to abstain in future from assembling in numbers in the streets and thoroughfares, otherwise the police will be ordered to disperse them." That is, the preaching may go on, but the people will not be permitted to assemble to hear it. The Rev. gentlemen whose conduct brought about this state of things, took the hint, and prudently waved their right to "the great principle of open air preaching." It is believed that this course, on the part of the government, has been adopted on account of the Catholic inhabitants arming themselves to protect their persons and their property from wanton assaults of the orangemen. Order must be restored; but it would not suit the purposes of government to visit punishment on those who were really the instigators of the outrages, but all, even the innocent, must be made to suffer with the guilty.

Belgium.—In Belgium order is again restored. The late disturbances occasioned by the infidel party have subsided, and tranquillity is every where restored.—On the 8th of September the corner stone of a magnificent church at Dadizeele was laid by the Bishop of Bruges, in the presence of the Bishop of Ghent, Madame la Princesse de Montmorency Luxenberg and her daughter, and other distinguished personages. The church which is to be dedicated under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, will accommodate over four thousand persons.

Turkey.—From Turkey we learn that a delay in resuming diplomatic relations with the Four Powers was occasioned by a dispute respecting the ceremony of rehoisting the flag. The Porte made no difficulty as to the French flag; but it was objected to that it was not legal to salute the French flag any more than the others. The Porte at length consented to pay the same honors to the Russian flag; but M. de Thouvenal would not admit that Sardinia and Prussia should be treated with less consideration, and insisted on a similar ceremonial for all. The Porte persisted in refusing. The matter detailed became more and more irritable; at length, in consequence, it is supposed, of orders from Paris, M. de Thouvenal signified that he should not require the salute, but that he would not accept any mark which was not granted also to his three colleagues.—Reschid Pasha has been deprived of his title of President of the Council of the Tazimat, which was given to him when he retired from the Viziriate, and he is now without any public office. The rumor is current at Constantinople that several other functionaries will be deposed, and even be sent into exile. It is asserted that the

Porte is about to change the whole political system, by which it has been hitherto guided.—The Turkish government still actively pursues its correspondence respecting the evacuation of the Island of Perim by the English, and its restitution to Turkey.

Germany.—*Concordat with the Kingdom of Wurtemburg.*—The most important event which has recently taken place in Germany, touching Catholic interests, is the Concordat lately concluded between His Holiness Pius IX, and his Majesty, William, King of Wurtemburg. The transaction assumes more than ordinary importance from the fact that this Concordat was made between a Protestant power and the Holy See, and that it was brought about at the instance of the King, who had sought the assistance of the Sovereign Pontiff in settling the ecclesiastical affairs of his kingdom. The instrument, which bears date the 8th of April last, was negotiated on the part of the Holy See by his Eminence Mgr. Von Reisach, Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, and on the part of the King by Baron Van Ow, his majesty's plenipotentiary at Rome. We will give the substance of the thirteen articles of this Concordat for the benefit of those of our fellow citizens, who two years ago were so indignant at what they considered the degradition of Austria by her Concordat with Rome. They will find that in the present instance, although with a Protestant power, the stipulations are substantially the same, more especially in those points regarded as most obnoxious,—the authority of the bishop over Catholic education, and the free intercourse with Rome:

Art. 1. The stipulation of the former Concordats, in respect to the provision for the maintenance of the Episcopal See of Rottemburg, are repealed, except so far as they are renewed in the present convention.

Art. 2. The Bishop before his installation is to take an oath of allegiance to the King, in a prescribed form, as follows:—"I swear and promise on the Holy Gospels, that, as becometh a Bishop, I will render true allegiance to the King's Majesty, and to his successors. Moreover I swear and promise, that I will hold no intercourse nor be of any counsel whereby the public peace may be broken. I will countenance no suspected society, and I will use my utmost endeavors to ward off any public peril that I may know to be imminent."

Art. 3. The King's Government shall be bound to fulfil the obligation, which it has always acknowledged, of providing, so soon as circumstances shall permit, a fixed endowment for the support of the bishopric.

Art. 4. The Bishop shall be at liberty to exercise all rights which belong to him in virtue of his pastoral office, especially in respect to the collation to such benefices as are not claimed by lay patrons—to the power of appointing his own vicar-general, diocesan assessors, and rural deans—of examining candidates for ordination, and for institution to benefices—of ordaining—of regulating all things relating to public worship and to the exercise of religion—of holding his Diocesan Synod, and of attending provincial councils—and lastly, of establishing, with the consent of Government, religious communities of men and of women.

Art. 5. The Bishop's Court to take cognizance of all religious matters, including matrimonial causes; these last, however, in respect of their civil effects, are to be remitted to the secular judge. The Bishop is to have full power of regulating the conduct of the clergy by the infliction of canonical punishments, with the right, however, of canonical appeal. The Bishop is permitted to inflict ecclesiastical censures on lay persons transgressing the laws of the Church. In cases involving the interests of lay patrons, the Holy See consents that the secular tribunals shall take cognizance of the rights and duties connected with lay patronage, and of disputed successions in such patronage, whether the claimants be lay or clerical persons. In consideration of the times, the Holy See permits such cases of clerics as are purely civil, to be decided before the secular tribunals. Ecclesiastical claims and liabilities may also be decided before the secular tribunals. Criminal clergymen may be punished by the secular judge, who shall, however, be bound to give immediate information to the Bishop, who shall be allowed free communication with the accused.

Art. 6. Bishops, clergy, and people shall be allowed free intercourse on ecclesiastical matters with the Holy See. All ecclesiastical instruments may be published and take effect without previous inspection or approval by the Government.

Art. 7. The Bishop shall have full control of the religious instruction of Catholics. His choice shall determine both the teachers and the books to be employed. In primary schools, instruction in religion to be given by the pastor; in other schools, by teachers approved by the Bishop, and by no others.

Art. 8. The Bishop is allowed to establish, and exclusively to direct, all ecclesiastical seminaries.

Art. 9. The Faculty of Catholic Theology in the Royal University is placed wholly under the direction of the Bishop, both as to the appointment of Professors and the choice of books.

Art. 10. The Church to have undisturbed enjoyment of such temporal goods as she possesses, but subject to the taxes and other burthens imposed by law. The canonical administration of Church property to vest in the Bishop and his deputies. The fabrics of churches and other religious foundations to be administered as heretofore accustomed. Parish Priests and Rural Deans to represent the Bishop in respect of these possessions, which shall be subject of a special understanding between the Government and the Prelate. Funds arising from the revenues in abeyance, or Government allowances to vacant cures, are to be administered by a commission composed partly of Catholic laymen appointed by the State, and presided over by the Bishop or his deputy. This fund to be applied to the augmentation of small benefices, to the support of superannuated or disabled clergymen, to providing titles for candidates for ordination, or to providing additional curates wherever needed. No part of said fund to be diverted to other than ecclesiastical uses. The said commission to render an account to government of its receipts and disbursements of the said fund. The said commission shall also have general canonical inspection, wherever required, over the administration of other benefices.

Art. 11. The Bishop shall be entitled to hold direct communication with the heads of his Majesty's government.

Art. 12. All previous acts and edicts of the State not conformable to the present Concordat are hereby abrogated.

Art. 13. Any future difficulty that may arise shall be settled by friendly conference between his Holiness the Supreme Pontiff and his Majesty the King.

The Supreme Pontiff in confirming the Concordat earnestly implores the Divine blessing on the measures now taken to settle the affairs of the Church in that part of christendom; earnestly exhorting all Catholics, both lay and clerical, to use their utmost efforts for the due observance of the regulations now agreed upon, and to omit no endeavor that the purity of Catholic doctrine, the decent splendor of Divine worship, and the brightness of ecclesiastical discipline may be maintained, that so purity of morals with Christian virtue and piety may ever more and more flourish in that realm.

Austria.—The news from Austria is meagre. The reception of the emperor by his Hungarian subjects, on the occasion of his late visit to that kingdom, is said to have been marked by every demonstration of cordial welcome. His presence was every where hailed with delight and enthusiasm. Even the English papers admit that if circumstances rendered it necessary, the Emperor Francis Joseph has but to say the word, and all Hungary would rise as one man.

A beautiful church, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, will shortly be commenced at Linz. The first stone has been received from the Mount of Olives. It is a white stone, sixteen inches long and ten inches broad. A cross is cut on the top of it, with this inscription—"Lapis de Monte Sepulcri Immacu. Virg. Fundamentum ejus Ecclesiæ."

The Vienna papers state that the emperor had ordered, from a celebrated silk manufacturer, beautiful regimental colors bearing on one side the image of the Immaculate

Virgin standing on a globe, bruising under her feet the head of the serpent, and crowned with twelve stars. The body of the flag is of white silk. The reverse side shows the Austrian double eagle. These standards are intended for one of the infantry battalions.

Prussia.—Nothing of note had transpired to the latest advices in Prussia.—A meeting of Protestant clergymen of different denominations and from various countries of Europe, was recently held in Berlin. This body styled itself the "Evangelical Alliance." The king took an active part in its proceedings.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—The Jesuit Fathers of Loyola, in this city, have recently opened a beautiful chapel for the special benefit of colored persons. It was solemnly dedicated on the 3d of October to the service of God under the patronage of the Blessed Peter Claver. It is an event most desirable and one that will be attended with the most beneficial results.—*Religious.*—On the 7th of October, at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Sister Mary Mechtilde Simon and Sister Mary Ursula Sharpe made their solemn vows of religion. The Very Rev. Mr. Coskery, assisted by the Rev. Father Kunzig, officiated on the occasion.—*The Young Catholics' Friend Society of Washington.*—At a meeting of the Young Catholics' Friend Society, held on the 5th inst., the following were elected Trustees for the ensuing year: viz. for St. Patrick's church, John F. King and Hugh O'Donohue; for St. Peter's church, P. J. McHenry, Nicholas Phelan; for St. Matthew's church, George Harvey and Martin Renehan; for St. Mary's church, Peter Conlan and R. Eichorn; for St. Dominic's church, John T. Cassell and Robert Mahoney.

Ordination.—On Thursday, 17th of September, the Most Rev. Archbishop gave the rite of Tonsure to John Gloyd, Laurence Molloy, William Mahoney and Michael Joseph Collins, students in the diocesan seminary, for the diocese of Baltimore, in the chapel of St. Mary: also to William Higgins, Eugene Alphonsus Pelletier, and John Augustin Couch, for the diocese of Boston; also to Edward McCosker, for the diocese of Newark; also to Patrick McGlynn and James Hogan, for the diocese of Albany; also to Marius Tixier, for the diocese of Toronto, Upper Canada. On the same occasion he promoted to minor orders John Thomas Sullivan for the diocese of Wheeling, John Gloyd and Edward McCosker. On Friday Edward Brennan and Edward Didier, students for the diocese of Baltimore, were promoted to subdeaconship. On Saturday of ember week Edward Brennan was promoted to deaconship by the same prelate.

Confirmation.—The sacrament of Confirmation was administerd by the Most Rev. Archbishop at St. Joseph's church, Baltimore county, to twelve persons, on Sept'r 13.

2. Archdiocese of New York.—The corner stone of a new church was laid in Sing Sing, New York, on the 27th of September. The increase of the Catholic population, combined with other causes, has rendered this work necessary. The church when completed will be 110 feet long, and 65 wide; the style is to be modern gothic, which will give it a very handsome appearance. The good work has been undertaken by the zealous exertions of the Rev. E. McGean, pastor of the Catholic congregation at Sing Sing. The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new building was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, who preached an eloquent sermon on that occasion. The same Most Rev. Prelate recently dedicated a new church under the patronage of St. Teresa, at Tarrytown, Westchester couny, N. Y., and preached on the occasion.

3. Diocese of Vincennes.—The German Catholics of New Albany have in course of erection a new church, which when completed will be an ornament to that place: length of main building 100 feet, and including chancel and steeple 120 feet; width 54 feet; height of side walls from floors 32 feet, and in the centre 40 feet; height of steeple from the ground to the ball 135 feet. There are to be two rows of columns through the building, dividing it into three compartments. The style of architecture is the By-

zantine, and when finished the church will present a most beautiful and commanding appearance. The steeple will be the highest in the city, and will be an elegant specimen of workmanship, and present a fine appearance from all portions of the city and the river. The estimated cost of the building is between $12,000 and $15,000.

4. Diocese of Pittsburg.—*Welcome of Bishop O'Connor.*—The arrival at home of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor after a prolonged absence abroad in quest of health, was the occasion of an interesting ceremony. The Sunday after the arrival of the illustrious prelate, a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Catholics of Pittsburg was held in the lecture room of the cathedral, for the purpose of giving their beloved bishop a public welcome. Christian Ihmsen, Esq., was called to the chair, and a number of gentlemen appointed vice-presidents, with Mr. James P. Barr as secretary: a committee was appointed to wait upon the bishop and invite him to the meeting, and another committee to prepare an address on the occasion. During the absence of the committee and while the address was being prepared, John J. Mitchell, Esq., being called upon, addressed the assembly, giving a brief sketch of Bishop O'Connor's career abroad, the high regard with which he had been received—a reception to which his character and talents so justly entitled him, and spoke in feeling terms of the eminent propriety of thus giving a public expression of their regard and love for one to whose kindness they were so greatly indebted, and who, wherever he had gone, had never forgot his people. When he had concluded, the committee who had been charged with requesting the attendance of the bishop returned, and as he took his seat, the warm cheers of a hearty welcome resounded on every side. The committee appointed to prepare an address for the occasion also returned, and handed to the secretary the following brief and appropriate address, which Mr. Barr read to the bishop, who rose to listen to it.

Address to Bishop O'Connor.—"The committee appointed for that purpose in behalf of St. Paul's congregation, and others of your diocese, extend to you their heartfelt welcome on your return, and their sincere congratulations upon your improved health. Words seem inadequate to convey to you, sir, all we feel on this interesting occasion. We welcome you again to our midst, in that spirit of Christian gratitude which a sense of the goodness of God to us in preserving your faculties unimpaired, for the furtherance of His most wise purposes in our regard, would inspire.

Nine months ago you left us upon an occasion, and for a cause which inspired all those whom an all-wise Providence has placed under your spiritual direction, with fearful forebodings for the future. With health impaired by a too constant devotion to their interests—spiritual and temporal—their desp solicitude for your restoration to health was burthened with the fear that, in the inscrutability of God's wisdom, they might never again be permitted to enjoy the comforts and consolations of your holy administrations.

We all regard it, Right Rev. Sir, as another evidence of the mercy and kindness of God to us, that our beloved bishop has been permitted to return from a pilgrimage to the Eternal City and Holy Sepulchre, strengthened by the religious impresssions which the associations of those revered localities of the Christian world suggest to the truly pious mind—that you are again amongst us with health restored, with a pleasant sojourn under the clear skies of Italy and in the balmy air of Palestine.

The surprise and joy which your unexpected arrival at home under these happy circumstances has filled our hearts, has moved us to this expression of our continued reverence and love, and we unite our prayers to God that He and His holy saints and angels may watch over and preserve you that your flock may long enjoy the comforts, the blessings, and the holy consolation which for so many years it has been your constant effort to impart. We welcome you as our spiritual director, we welcome you as our friend, and, above all, we welcome you as a representative of that most high power which ruleth and directeth all things well."

At the conclusion of the address the bishop thanked the meeting for this unexpected demonstration of affectionate regard, alluding in glowing terms to the generous support he had always received from the Catholics of Pittsburg and his diocese generally, and

then entered into a lengthy and interesting account of his travels, dwelling particularly on the scenes and incidents in Palestine and the East.

Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor.—On Sunday the 11th of October, the Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, who has been appointed by the Holy Father Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, preached in the cathedral of Pittsburg, having prefaced his discourse by a few appropriate remarks on the relation which he was henceforth to hold in the diocese. Towards the close of the holy sacrifice, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor addressed a few words to the congregation. "He first alluded," says the *Pittsburg Catholic*, "to the appointment of a coadjutor, of which the congregation was already aware. He stated why this measure was deemed necessary, and added, that before taking any important steps with regard to it, he had obtained the best advice in his power. He had taken advice especially from the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, and at each stage of the proceedings he had been guided by his counsel. The zeal, wisdom, and piety of this illustrious prelate made him receive with the most profound respect, and scrupulously follow every suggestion of his on this subject. His health, he said, though much improved, was far from being sufficiently well established to enable him to resume the full exercise of his functions. Eminent physicians, whom he had consulted on both sides of the Atlantic, united in promising him eventual recovery, but with equal unanimity they insisted on entire abandonment of business for a considerable time, as an essential condition of the same. For various reasons, he had thought it important to visit home for a short time, even though it should be necessary to leave again. The result of a slight attention to business, since his return, justified the opinion of physicians alluded to, so that a sense of duty to the diocese, as well as to himself, indicated the propriety of seeking elsewhere the enjoined repose.

Were he to consult his own feelings, he would not again go far from home, but having it in his power, without much exertion, to render important services to religion in this diocese, he resolved to return to Europe, accompanied by one or two priests. He recommended himself and them to the prayers of the people, and engaged their cordial support for the worthy prelate who had kindly consented to accept the office of Assistant Bishop.

We understand that it is the bishop's intention to leave home as soon as possible, to avoid being overtaken by the winter gales in re-crossing the ocean."

5. Diocese of Newark.—An instance of persecution for conscience sake lately occurred at the Almshouse in Jersey City, which can scarcely meet with a parallel even in these days of bigotry and intolerance. A petition was presented to the Common Council of the city which revealed the fact that the Catholic inmates of the above almshouse had been compelled to attend Protestant service, and that violence has been resorted to by Mr. Whitley, the keeper, in order to force their compliance. The petition was supported by the affidavits of many of the inmates, and gives a plain and simple statement of facts which remain uncontradicted. Among others of the petitioners, a Mrs. Flanagan testified that she was present when Mr. Whitley brutally kicked her daughter when she refused to attend Protestant worship. Mrs. Ainwright also testified that her daughter was severely beaten by Whitley for the same offence. Mrs. Egan testified that her children were treated by the same official, several times, in the same manner. John Roan, a pauper 76 years old, confirmed the foregoing witnesses, and swore that he was made to go half naked last winter by Whitley, for refusing to attend Protestant worship. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Lanigan, two ladies who live in the vicinity of the almshouse, testified to the truth of Roan's affirmation, and Bernard Hughes confirmed their evidence as to Roan's sober habits and inoffensive character. This man, Hughes, further made affidavit that Whitley had threatened to throw him out of the poor house, if he did not join in the Protestant services, and that the fear of the threat being carried out, forced him to comply with the demand. The subject was referred to a committee of the members of the council, a majority of whom reported that they found no fault with the conduct of Mr. Whitley, the keeper, and refused to grant any special relief to the petitioners.

6. Diocese of Boston.—From the *Pilot* we learn that the Catholic church in Watertown, Mass., was lately broken into and sacrilegiously despoiled of several heavy silver plated candlesticks which graced the altar, a number of brass candelabra, and ornamental brackets for candles, which were broken violently from the walls, which, after securing their booty, were further defaced by the robbers. It is not known for a certainty who were the perpetrators of this high-handed outrage.

Tribute to the memory of the late Father Conway by the Penobscot Indians.—The Indians of Penobscot recently celebrated a funeral service for their beloved pastor, the Rev. James Conway, who died some time ago in Salem, Mass. The following particulars of this interesting ceremony we take from the *Pilot:* "They had wished to pay immediately a tribute of love to his memory, but they were hindered by the small-pox then prevailing at Oldtown. Sunday afternoon they sang the Vespers of the Dead, and Monday the Mass of Requiem, all in Indian language. Rev. Father Vetromile celebrated the High Mass, at which all approached to communion, and Rev. Father Bapst delivered an eloquent and feeling funeral sermon. As a large number of the friends of Father Conway, from Oldtown and Bangor were present in the church, Father Bapst addressed them, first in English, and made some appropriate remarks on the Catholicity of the Church, there being present people from six different nations. He spoke of the virtues of Father Conway, and observed that he had been the first priest who had celebrated Mass in Bangor, and the first who had said Mass in the new church. He concluded in deploring that Father Conway's virtues had not been properly appreciated while living, nor even after his death. Then he addressed them in French, and spoke of the many reforms effected by him among the Canadians, and of the virtues planted in that place. Afterwards he spoke in the Indian language, and reminded them of the many labors and hardships he had endured among them; of the many mortifications and privations to which he was obliged to submit for their spiritual benefit, and of the pastoral care that he always took of them.

"The Indians on this occasion omitted nothing to show their heartfelt attachment to him, and although nothing of the grandeur of the world was displayed, yet every body perceived the sincere expression of a Christian, grateful heart. They hoisted a black flag on the liberty pole, they decorated the church in black, they scattered wild flowers on the coffin, at the foot of which they attached the following inscription:

"SAK CONWAY,
N'uli Patliasmenawa,
metchinah.
LANGMAN ZEZUS
Tchwiulittawe utchetchacgual
askameulausuhangan,
NIAETCH.

[Translation.]

JAMES CONWAY,
our good Patriarch,
is dead.
OUR LORD JESUS
Give to his Soul
Life Everlasting.
AMEN.

7. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—The *Catholic Telegraph* of October 3rd gives the following account of the recent episcopal visitation:—There were ninety-five persons confirmed in the church of Holy Cross, Columbus, on Sunday, Sept'r 13th, a few of whom were converts; and eighty were confirmed in St. Patrick's. In St. Mary's, Delaware, sixty. The church has been enlarged, a steeple erected on it, and school rooms fitted up in the basement. On Tuesday, the 15th, sixty were confirmed in Delaware. St. Luke's, Danville, Knox county, sixty-five; St. Michael's, nine miles distant, same county, twenty-two; St. Vincent of Paul, Mount Vernon, Knox county, fifty-five.

There were nine converts among the confirmed at St. Luke's, and three at St. Vincent's. A large and handsome school-house is being built by the congregation of Holy Cross, Columbus; the boys are taught by brothers from South Bend, and the girls by the Sisters of Notre Dame. A priest's house has been erected and a school-house and lot purchased by the Catholics of Mount Vernon. In St. Mary's, Marges, Carroll county, there were thirty confirmed, sixteen in Lodi and twenty-four in St. Peter's. A neat pastoral residence, of brick, has been erected in Marges. There were thirty-two confirmed in St. Joseph's, Canal Dover, Tuscarawas county, of whom five were converts.

On Sunday, Sept. 27, there were ninety confirmed in St. Peter's church, Steubenville, some of whom were converts. The church was crowded.

8. Diocese of Hartford.—The new church of Meriden, Conn., in the diocese of Hartford, was dedicated, under the invocation of St. Rose of Lima, on Sunday, 4th inst. The dedication ceremonies were performed by the Very Rev. W. O'Reilly, assisted by Messrs. O'Reilly, of Norwalk, and Lynch, of Birmingham. There was a large attendance on the occasion, and the ceremonies were grand and edifying. The church is built in the gothic style of architecture, is a beautiful edifice, and reflects great credit on the zeal of the pastor, Rev. Thos. Quinn, and the liberality of the Catholics of Meriden.

9. Diocese of Philadelphia.—*Ordination.*—Messrs. Mc'Kee and Cook, formerly students of Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, received subdeaconship on Thursday and Friday in ember week, in the episcopal chapel, from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, and on Saturday of the same week, the same gentlemen were raised to the holy order of priesthood.—The corner stone of a new Catholic church was laid at Lockhaven, Clinton county, on the 19th of August.

10. Diocese of St. Paul.—The new Catholic church at St. Paul's city, commenced some time ago, is progressing rapidly towards complotion. The stone work is said to be extremely neat, and the brick work massive and durable. Its length is 172 feet by 70; height from floor to ceiling 42 feet; a suitable tower will complete its outward appearance, which in conformity with the whole design, will give evidence of tasteful simplicity. The expense is computed at $70,000.

Secular Affairs.

We have only space in the present number to mention the deaths of two of our distinguished fellow citizens—George W. Park Custis, and the Hon. Louis McLane. Mr. McLane was the son of Allen McLane, a distinguished officer in the revolutionary war, and was a native of Delaware. He filled several places of honor and trust under the state and general governments; was Minister of the United States to Great Britain and Secretary of the Treasury under President Jackson.—He died in this city on the 7th of October, in the 72d year of his age.

Of the venerable George Washington P. Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, we will be pleased to give an extended notice, in a future number.

OBITUARY.—Died, September the 29th, the Rev. Charles O'Reilly, Pastor of the new Church at Blackstone, Mass., in the 44th year of his age.

Died, on the 31st of August, the Rev. Mr. Beurier, at St. Paul's, Minnesota. The deceased was a native of Canada, and only a few months a resident of St. Paul's.

Died, on the 12th of October, at the residence of St. Andrew's church, New York, the Rev. John Campbell, in the 33d year of his age. The deceased was a convert and was ordained about three years ago by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

Was murdered recently at his residence at Pointe-a-la-Hache, Louisiana, the Rev. Father Saville, Pastor of the Church of St. Thomas at that place.

The

Metropolitan.

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REMINISCENCES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

RIO DE JANEIRO AND BRAZIL.

"There's the Sugar Loaf," said an old salt, as that, to him, familiar pinnacle loomed up from the sea, like another pillar of Hercules; and there it stood, indeed, exposing its huge barren sides in different aspects, as we entered the far-famed, the glorious, the magnificent bay of *Rio de Janeiro*. Our staunch old ship moved rapidly up to the anchorage, under a full spread of canvass, and, although it is the privilege of great bodies to move slowly, she carried the stars and stripes among the multitudinous flags of the kingdoms of the earth, flowing, but not fluttering, before the stiff sea breeze, with a speed equally marvellous and gratifying. Years and years ago, she had proved her speed and bottom, for she had outrun a British fleet giving her chase; and she had run after, overhauled, and captured Britain's proud cruisers, sometimes one by one, and, upon one occasion, two at a time. Of course she has a name in history, as well as a pet name given her by Jack Tar, in honor of the many hard blows and thumps showered upon her by the enemy, that rebounded harmlessly; however, from her ribs of oak and her *Iron-Sides*.

We came to anchor about four o'clock, during an afternoon of August, in full time to have everything snug before sunset, as well as to feast our eyes on a panorama of unsurpassed beauty. By-and-by, night stole upon us, and, as the "shades of evening" began to darken, when all was silent and calm, there came flowing over the bay upon our enchanted ears the rich and swelling notes of Italian music from the band of a Sardinian frigate, just distant enough to make the effect of the music perfect. But, besides the Sardinian, there were various other men-of-war of large size; and first here, and then there, we could distinguish the various national airs, until the whole great expanse of water seemed alive with music; a brass band rings upon us from one quarter, and a little further away, perhaps, the stirring, if not melodious sounds of fife and drum, and then, during a lull, from a British ship we heard the rich, clear, ringing notes of a solitary bugle, which were varied and closed by the big boom of the night gun; the boatswain's piping; the "all's well" of the marine sentinels, and the sharp reports of their small arms.

Along shore, on one side, we saw the glittering lights of the great city, and opposite, of the smaller towns, Praya Granda, &c., and in the back ground, in all directions, the dim outlines of peaked and rugged mountains.

The fascinations of the sea, proper, are not very great in reality, whatever they may be in romance, but there is something in entering a great foreign port after a long sojourn upon the waste of waters which appears to be almost a realization of the fictions of enchantment. Our mother earth is not appreciated by her children until they have given up her solid surface and her firm support to make their home upon the fickle deep, which, with a capriciousness that is awful and even sublime, is to-day a tranquil mirror, to-morrow a contrast of heaving and falling mountains, and dark, deep, fearful abysses, now tossing your leviathan tenement towards the clouds, and now frightfully leaving it to fall hopelessly into the horrid depths below. Perhaps the reader knows the feeling, as if the ship were falling, falling, falling, and he, scarcely keeping pace with her rapid descent, grows dizzy, until he feels the revulsion of her rising at first heavily, and then tossing again upon the furious and raging sea-mountain. The best "sea-legs" that ever upheld sailor man, will fail somewhat under this motion; you are being uplifted while yet under the downward impulse, and your feet seem fixed like leaden weights on the deck; or you are sinking with the upward impulse on you, and the deck threathens to leave you suspended above it. Whoever wants to become acquainted with this phase of sea-life, must go to sea in a sailing vessel—and the first good, old-fashioned gale will teach him what he would never learn from description. With honest Gonzalo, he would be ready to cry out, "now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!"

The charm thrown over the bay on the night of our arrival, was not dispelled with the morning's light. The beautiful city appeared to glitter in the sun-beams, which its white walls reflected—and in all directions the shores were set with gems of villas, palaces, hamlets and chapels, adorning hill top, mountain side and plain, in the midst of luxuriant vegetation—while down upon the water's edge were the various fortifications intended for the protection of this redundance of riches. The surface of the bay teemed with life. Here a large ship was coming to anchor, there another was spreading her canvass for the broad Atlantic, while in all directions were passing boats, large and small, the native freight boats pulled by negroes, who rise to their feet and fall back upon the thwarts with every stroke of their huge oars, steamers dark and sombre looking, men-of-war's cutters, barges, lighters, tenders, bum-boats, threading their courses through a labyrinth of vessels, which exhibited collectively, all the flags of civilized and commercial nations.

Our time was limited at Rio, and we had to make the most of it. On Sunday we went on shore to attend High Mass, at the usual hour in this country, but met with disappointment; in the tropics, both morning and evening service are accommodated to the climate, and to avoid the mid-day heat, the early morning and the cool of the evening are selected for the respective forms of service. We then saw nothing but the empty churches, except some few devout worshippers who are found at all times in Catholic churches. There are no pews, as with us, and consequently there is no division in the house of God between rich and poor, but there, at least, all meet upon a common footing to worship that only sovereign before whom all men are equal.

It is too common for travelers to pass oracular sentence upon the state of

religion in foreign countries upon very trivial data; now the religion of a people cannot be judged of with any correctness from superficial observation. The traveler who is cheated, robbed or beaten in Brazil (such instances are, by no means, more common there than in other parts of the world), is very apt to attribute his maltreatment to the professed religion of the people; but if the same mischances befall him in London, New York or Baltimore (for such things are not entirely unknown here), he rails only at the personal character of the miscreants, and at the police who have failed to afford him protection. It is said that wickedness shuns the light, and that virtue cannot be hidden under a bushel, but the visitor in foreign parts, often ignorant of the language, the customs, and the manners of the people among whom he for the time sojourns, but too often sees those public scandals which are everywhere manifest, while the beautiful virtues of private life are not exposed to his gaze.

We have read in the works of certain travelers in Brazil that the clergy of that country were not exemplary, and that many of them gave much scandal. Perhaps so; we observed nothing in them unworthy of Christian clergymen, but we have since learned that there were among them many active politicians, and members of secret societies. Of course, from these last, the sound Catholic expects no good. But when abuses become rife, it pleases Almighty God to set a hand to correct them. The Archbishop of Bahia is now the instrument under providence, of a reform in Brazil that restores purity of worship, and integrity of ministers, without upsetting the principles of faith or destroying the divine commission, without which there is no lawful ministry.

The Brazilians, or at least the people of Rio, are remarkably reserved and retiring, and their family circles are, by no means, of easy access to strangers. The people of the interior are not, however, wanting in hospitality. A personal friend of ours, an American and a Protestant, who traveled extensively through the country as a naturalist, has repeatedly spoken of the kindness with which he was habitually entertained at the houses of the citizens, and often under the hospitable roofs of the clergy.

We do not propose to describe the public buildings of Rio, such as the emperor's palace, which is a large, though, externally at least, not an elegant building, nearly abreast of the principal landing—nor the churches, the convents, the theatres, at one of which there is always a fine Italian Opera troupe—nor the great aqueduct, a splendid work of art, which brings a supply of water from a neighboring mountain, the *Corcovado*, winding down the mountain sides in a covered canal, and passing over the city upon a lofty series of double arches. This aqueduct is one of the numerous monuments yet abounding throughout all South America, of the genius and the zeal of the banished Jesuits.

Among the first objects that arrest attention upon landing at Rio, are troops of half naked negroes carrying immense burdens. That most of them are native Africans is clear, from their rude and savage aspect, and the tattooed or other marks by which they have defaced themselves. They move along quite cheerily, the leader chanting *solo*, the burden of a wild song, and the followers taking up the chorus. Some persons charge the Brazilians with great cruelty to their slaves, but as a rule the charge is probably incorrect. Many of them are educated and fill respectable positions in life. One sees them habitually in the churches, and they exhibit evidences of religious instruction. That their condition is alleviated both by humanity and religion is attested by various travelers, out of whose

writings we beg leave to present a couple of paragraphs from "*Sketches, &c., in Brazil,*" by Mr. Kidder, an American Methodist missionary to that country.

"On the other side of us (near Rio) lived a Portuguese widow, advanced in life, also surrounded with a house full of slaves. She was a model of amiability, if not of piety. She treated her slaves as tenderly as though they had been her own children, and was specially punctilious in calling them together at vespers, and causing them to say their paternosters, and chant a litany of moderate length. So well trained were they to this exercise, that their voices would not have done discredit to the music of some of the churches."

And again, speaking of the slaves attached to a large manufacturing establishment near San Paulo:

"In the course of the evening, half an hour was devoted to vespers. I had observed a great number of the slaves entering, who, in succession, addressed us with crossed hands, and the pious salutation—'*Seja louvado Nosso Senhor Jesus Christo,*—blessed be our Lord Jesus Christ.' Presently there commenced a chant in the adjoining room, when the padre, who sat by my side, rising, said he supposed I did not pray, but that he was going to do so. I corrected this mistake, and he went out laughing, without, however, inviting any of us to accompany him. I was told that he attended these exercises merely as any other member of the family—the singing and prayers being conducted by an aged black man. The devotions of the evening consisted chiefly of a novena (!) It was really pleasant to hear the sound of a hundred voices, mingling in this, their chief religious exercise and privilege. This assembling the slaves generally at evening, and sometimes both morning and evening, is said to be common on plantations in the country, and is not unfrequent among domestics in the cities. *Mistress and servant at these times meet on a level.* The pleasures afforded the latter by such opportunities, in connection with the numerous holidays enjoined by the Roman Catholic religion, form certainly a great mitigation of the hard lot of servitude!" (These quotations are found in Bishop Spalding's *Miscellanea.*)

As these poor creatures enjoyed hardly even "the freedom of the wild ass" in their own country, but were there slaves, soul and body, to the devil whom they worshipped, and to ferocious savages who sold or slew them at will, it is clear that their bondage in Brazil was to them not a curse, but a great blessing.

So much for the slaves. Our naturalist friend gave us just such accounts as we have produced from Mr. Kidder's work.

The stranger in Rio must first traverse the *Rua do Ouvidor*, where cunning artificers in gold and silver most do congregate; and where the fashionable shops display their silks, and purple and fine linen; and where also are found the factories and exhibitions of the famous and beautiful feather flowers. This is a branch of trade perhaps peculiar to Rio, or, at all events, unrivalled elsewhere. You may get bouquets to which all the feathered tribe has contributed, from the eagle to the humming bird; and at the same shops you may get all the varied gaudy insects of the tropics, arranged in ornamental figures, under glass cases.

Perhaps the reader, whom we suppose to accompany us, has no taste for artificial flowers and butterflies. Then he loves books, perhaps, and he may have ready access to three great libraries, the National, the Emperor's, and the Benedictine. The first we made our habitual place of rest—a delightful retreat from the noise and bustle of the world out of doors. When introduced there, a reverend librarian was kind enough to show us many objects of special interest, for instance, an illuminated manuscript bible, on vellum, of fine execution, written in 1460; and also illustrated works showing the costumes and habits of the aborigines of the soil; the natural products, &c., and many other works equally valuable and interesting. Throughout the apartments, numerous students were seated at desks writing, transcribing, &c., a privilege extended to every one, without price or fee.

This library contains upwards of 70,000 volumes, in various ancient and modern languages, and is open daily to the gratuitous use of all orderly persons, citizens or strangers.

The Museum of Natural Sciences and the Academy of Fine Arts are equally open for the public good; the former contains specimens, in good condition and well arranged, of all the natural products of that very fruitful country.

The public gardens of the city afford a delightful promenade among well shaded alleys, which wind their way through it. A noble terrace extends several hundred yards along the beach, where one may seat himself quietly and enjoy at once the grateful sea-breeze, and the most magnificent water and mountain scenery. The military bands also frequently lend additional aid to give fascination to the place, and to make the hours pass pleasantly. The musicians, like the troops, are of different races, whites, blacks, and the intermediate shades, standing upon apparent equality. Their notes harmonise better than their complexions, and their music is unexceptionably good.

Some six or seven miles from the city are the Botanical Gardens, the Brazilian *Jardin des Plantes*. This famous resort may be reached by omnibuses, but a party of us made our first trip there on horseback, passing by *Bota-foga*, and enjoying, as we went, the suburban scenery. The gardens lie between the *Corcovado* mountain and the sea; and there is, perhaps, not a place on the American continent more inviting to a person who is interested in botanical pursuits. We found there flourishing and productive, the bread-fruit tree, cinnamon, clove, tamarind, nutmeg, and other trees, bearing fruits and spices; oranges, lemons, shaddocks, cocoa-nuts, the sago-palm, coffee, ornamental shrubs and flowers—and in short, nearly all the known plants of the tropics. Here also the tea-plant flourishes, bringing tea equal to that of China. The fountains, summer houses, shaded walks, and streams of living water, but for the absence of the nymphs, almost led us to imagine ourselves upon the Island of Calypso. Upon returning from our pleasant excursion, we called upon his excellency, the American Minister, and family, who received us with habitual hospitality (we were frequently there, in fact) and kindness. We found the Minister in full court costume, about to pay an official visit to the Emperor; he necessarily left us upon that occasion to the attentions of his family. We were not a little proud of our distinguished countryman, whose official position never disguised any of the fine traits of the Virginia gentleman. He is now the worthy Governor of his native State.

At various times we made up parties and visited all the surroundings of the city, as *Bota-foga* and *Gloria*, on the same shore as the city, where there is a great display of the mansions and gardens of opulent citizens and foreigners; San Christoval, the Emperor's country seat, more of an elegant *Cottage orné* than a palace; and, across the bay, the picturesque towns of Praya Grande and San Domingo. Steam ferry boats ply constantly between the two shores.

There are great charities at Rio which are more important and useful to the masses than great libraries and museums. The hospital of the *Misericordia* alone receives annually upwards of 5,000 patients in its wards, and requires no other ticket of admission than the appeal of necessity. The city is not free from beggars, and people suffering from horrible diseases, as leprosy and elephantiasis; but there is comparatively little to call upon public sympathy. The *Irmandades*, or pious brotherhoods, are numerous and active in relieving want and suffering.

We had not the pleasure of making any close acquaintance with the condition

of inner life in Brazil, but we saw enough of the people to be satisfied that they were not deficient in good breeding nor general cultivation. We attended a grand aristocratic ball at *Catete*, where there were several hundred ladies, including members of the royal family, and many officials about the Court with their ladies, foreign ambassadors, and their families, &c., with most gorgeous display of silks, diamonds, court-dresses and uniforms, gold lace and embroidery, fairly dazzling the eyes with their glittering radiance. The ball was given in honor of a royal bride, a sister of the Emperor, then recently married to a prince of Naples. The lady was, of course, the observed of all observers; and she was, indeed, handsome, graceful and elegant. At one end of the principal apartment there were two somewhat elevated chairs, which were unoccupied during the evening. They were intended for the Emperor and Empress, who were not present. Notwithstanding the rich costumes, there was not, generally, a great display of female beauty; certainly less than at any large ball in this country. We pointed out to a friend one lady who had the beauty of an English peeress, whereupon he led us up immediately, and presented us to the fair *Philadelphian*, for such she proved to be.

The ball, of course, was upon a princely scale—there was the splendid music of a full orchestra, brilliant lights, and whole suites of rooms open to the use of the company. Every one was free to amuse himself. There were card rooms, and dancing rooms, and refreshment rooms, all freely communicating, but not interfering with each other. There were liveried servants to attend to every want; there was abundant attention but no obtrusiveness. The grave and the gay, young and old, were provided for without any need of trespassing upon each other. There was well-ordered decorum, but no restraint. There may have been in those brilliant rooms, heart-burnings, rivalries and jealousies, but certainly there was no manifestation of anything other than general pleasure and mutual satisfaction.

The Emperor, we were told, is an elegant gentleman, courteous and intellectual, and a liberal patron of letters, arts and sciences. Withal he is a man of strong religious feeling, as we infer from the cordial support he has recently given to the Archbishop of Bahia, in effecting reforms in the local affairs of the church, and among those clergymen who have forgotten their primary duties.

In the affairs of government, the Emperor's authority is divided with the National Assembly, which consists of two houses, the senate and the chamber of deputies. The senators are for life, but do not transmit their honors. There is no hereditary nobility.

Common schools are distributed liberally throughout Brazil; and there are colleges of medicine, law, engineering, &c., in different cities.

There is a free press, which generally holds, however, by preference, to the established institutions. Foreign immigration is encouraged; manufactures and commerce are making steady progress, although the former are yet very backward. There are, however, some large iron and copper works, tanneries, glass factories, steam sugar refineries, &c., &c.

The Catholic religion is, of course, the religion of the State—but there is no interference with any form of private or household worship whatever.

After spending a few pleasant weeks there, we bade adieu to Rio, its noble bay and its lofty mountains, and as night fell upon us on the broad ocean, a feeling of desolation and sadness crept over us, which was only relieved by a long and untiring gaze at that beloved constellation, which, in the symbolic form of the cross, irradiates the southern firmament and restores to the weary wanderer confidence and heavenly hope.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XV.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

Continued from page 593.

Father Varin had given a worthy clergyman of Ghent, then at Amiens, a full account of the Sisters of Notre Dame. When about to return to Belgium, this good priest invited Mother Julia to accompany him, that he might present her to Mgr. Fallot de Beaumont, Bishop of Ghent, who was projecting the establishment of a community. Mother Julia was cordially welcomed by the prelate, and conceived the hope of laboring successfully for the good of the youth of that country.

On returning to Amiens she prepared for the departure of the first colony, with which she set out herself, on the day after the feast of the Immaculate Conception, in 1806. These sisters were intended for the city of St. Nicholas, where they in fact settled; but difficulties as to a site, and others, also caused this first community to remove to Ghent.

During this journey the foundress was invited to Namur by the worthy bishop of that city, Mgr. Pisani de la Gaude. It was agreed that Mother Julia should, the next summer, bring sisters to found a house at Namur. At the same time application was made at the house in Amiens for the establishment of a house at Montdidier. These two foundations took place in 1807. On the 30th of June, Mother Julia set out with Mother Blin, who remained at Namur as superior, under the name of Sister Saint Joseph.

The foundation of the house at Namur is the most important of all. From it have issued those colonies of pious virgins who have gone to the wilderness of America, to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in the steps of the missionaries, giving the little Indian girls, with bread to nourish the body, the word of God, which nourishes the soul. From it too have issued those other colonies that amid every difficulty, labor so zealously in New England and Ohio.

Naturally, then, we find this foundation beset with difficulties and contradictions. This is the sign of God's works. But the difficulties came from a quarter whence they were least expected.

The community at Amiens had, unfortunately, a spiritual director who carried the spirit of innovation beyond the limits of duty and even of right. It had been with great difficulty that this confessor had consented to Mother Julia's journey to Belgium. This ecclesiastic, otherwise zealous, had views of his own; he sought to turn the new institute to a path different from that which its first founders had marked out, and which Mother Julia followed faithfully. He wished no Mother General, no relations between the houses, and aspired himself to an absolute authority over the community. The ascendancy of Mother Julia over her daughters annoyed him: the presence of Mother Blin, the united companion of the foundress, suited him as little.

This clergyman had pursued his plan immediately after the departure of the sisters from Amiens. Another ecclesiastic who had visited the community just previous to a visit to Namur, told Mother Julia: "My dear mother, you have no more influence now than I have over your community at Amiens." The

foundress felt the force of this the more, as the director, on escorting the sisters to the carriage when starting, said to Mother Julia: "You have done your work here, you go to do it elsewhere." Yet, the rent of the house and all the expenses of the community devolved almost exclusively on the income of Mother Blin, who had sacrificed all for the glory of God.

What took place at Amiens? As soon as the carriage left, the director rang the bell; when the sisters had assembled, he gave them as superior, a young sister without information, without education, without experience, who had not yet had time to imbibe the religious spirit so necessary in a superior. He also changed the names of all the sisters, and made various other arrangements as though the mothers were never to return. This superior, whom he styled Mother Victoria, by his orders instructed the religious in catechism, &c.

Mother Julia had gone from Namur to Bordeaux. Mgr. d'Aviau du Bois de Sanzia desired to unite the old community of Sisters of Notre Dame, of Bordeaux, to Mother Julia's new congregation. The union was effected to the satisfaction of both parties, and lasted till the separation of France from Belgium in 1815. Mother Julia also founded a second house in another populous section of the city of Bordeaux, and had the consolation of soon numbering in it seven hundred children.

She was in the most intense anxiety from receiving no news from Amiens. The director had thought proper to intercept all letters addressed by the sisters to their foundress, and had done so for several months. Father Varin had become aware of the changes effected in the community of Amiens, and of the new spirit introduced there. He wrote to Mother Julia that it would be advisable to return to her mother house as soon as she had sufficiently established the new one. "For," said he, "whatever may be my confidence in the director, it is not on him that I rely to give your good sisters the spirit which they ought to have to enter into the designs of our Lord; and if he is not the one to give it, no more is he the one to entertain and perfect it. It is the good mother whom our Lord has appointed. I am going to write to this dear gentleman to tell him in a friendly way what I think, and to warn him against the spirit of change, even under the pretext of amelioration."

But the director, who, without scruple, kept the letters addressed to Mother Julia, did not hesitate to overstep all bounds, in writing of the foundress. He portrayed her with the colors under which he saw her through the prism of his prejudice. On returning to Paris she was received with coldness and indifference by the person who usually gave her a cordial welcome. The Superior of the Sisters of Charity handed her, on her arrival, a withering letter of the Bishop of Amiens, by which the prelate forbade her to set foot in the community, or even in the diocese. We shall see that the bishop subsequently, with most evangelical humility, acknowledged his involuntary error.

Personal affairs of a very difficult nature at that time, detained Father Varin in the capital. Mother Julia hastened to him, hoping to obtain from him some explanation, or some consolation; but he had just received the new accusations of the director, who had then arrived in Paris. After some days, Mother Julia obtained an audience with the Bishop of Amiens, who, touched by the humility of the religious, and noticing her suffering state, permitted her to go to the community at Amiens till she recovered, after which he enjoined on her to start for Namur.

But before Mother Julia departed, Mgr. de Mendolx had already got some insight into the course of the community. He was unwilling that Mother Victoria

should continue superior, and soon after himself appointed Mother Julia, forbidding her to undertake her journey to Namur.

Yet the storm had not passed over. It burst forth with renewed violence in the matter of the foundation of the house at Jumet, established about this time. The foundress was not permitted to go there and install her daughters, and remove the first difficulties, although she considered it indispensable. The new house was, consequently, long precarious.

Mother Blin, or Sister Saint Joseph, superioress at Namur, had spoken to her respective superiors of the position of the institute at Amiens. Mgr. de Pisani had understood her reasons, and although the intriguing director had made it a duty to enlighten him after his fashion, the good Bishop of Namur saw the root of the evil. He deemed Mother Blin's presence at Amiens useful for the arrangement of the temporal affairs, and assured her of his sympathy in case a removal of the mother house became necessary.

When the mothers returned to Amiens, the bishop required Mother Blin to fix her income exclusively on the community in his episcopal city, giving her to understand that he was resolved, in case of refusal, to deprive them of a priest, and let the house to other parties. They took advice of prudent persons, who advised the sisters not to submit to these conditions. They deemed it their duty to act on the advice, so as not to jeopardize the future of their institute. The bishop himself subsequently approved their course.

There were, as yet, no vows, nor positively established rule, beyond the sketch drawn up by Father Varin. They sought to impose new constitutions on the sisters; they refused, as they had a right to do, and keep their liberty. The bishop then required them to set out for such diocese as they chose. Mother Julia left the sisters entirely free, either to remain in the new community that was to be formed or to go with her. Only two were gained by the director, and one of these ultimately returned to Mother Julia, who consented to receive her; the other, Mother Victoria, lost her vocation.

The sisters at Namur, finding themselves too confined in the house near the seminary, had obtained the bishop's leave to hire a larger one in the *rue des Fossés*. Here the community from Amiens took refuge, and this establishment became the mother house.

The Bishop of Amiens soon repented the step to which he had been led. He openly avowed that he had been deceived as to Mother Julia, and recalled her in the most honorable manner, acknowledging her as mother general. But the foundress knew the spirit that had been introduced into that community, which had moreover become in debt. She deemed it expedient not to assume it, yet, did not refuse the Bishop of Amiens what he asked.

The Sisters of Notre Dame, established in various parts of France, successively retired to Namur. This gave rise to several foundations in Belgium. We have named those of Ghent and Jumet. The houses of Zile, Gembloux, and Fleurus, were also founded by Mother Julia.

The fear caused by the passage of the troops, and the anxiety resulting from the want of tidings from the sisters in the most exposed houses, those at Gembloux, Jumet and Fleurus, hastened the end of good Mother Julia. She died on the 8th of April, 1816. Mother Blin succeeded her, by an unanimous election.

SKETCHES OF HEROIC WOMEN.—No. II.

ST. CLARE.—1194–1253.

I.

"What do you think she will become?" was the question asked of each other by the members of a noble and rich family of the town of Assisi, as they stood grouped around the cradle of a newly-born babe. "What is she to become?"

And to this question each heart piously and earnestly sought an answer, for strange and mysterious circumstances had attended the birth of the child of the illustrious Favorino and the pious Hortulana. It is said that a few days previously, when the mother was praying before the crucifix, she had heard a voice from heaven saying: "Fear not, Hortulana; thou art about to bring into the world a light which will serve to dispel its darkness!" It is added, that when the infant was born, instead of the tears which usually accompany every human being on its entry into this valley of tribulation and death, a sweet smile illumined its little countenance, "to denote as it were the consolations she was one day to impart to religion."

Already on this little countenance so new to the light appeared signs of a charming beauty—the first traces on earth of a soul predestined by heaven. No wonder that the enraptured family were not the only ones in Assisium that asked the question—"What is she to become one day?"

The child was presented for baptism in the same cathedral where St. Francis had been baptized twelve years before. Animated by a celestial presentiment, the mother chose a prophetic name: it was called *Clara,* that is to say, luminous. The future did not belie the maternal penetration: it is well known what light was shed on the Church and on the whole age by the virtues and the life of this wonderful child.

The warm piety of Hortulana, who had become a mother after losing every hope of maternity, guided the first thoughts, the first impressions of little Clare, and the child thus devoted to God, grew so rapidly in the ways of sanctity and grace that she soon surpassed even her mother.

An infant in years, she was already a saint in the aptitude of her intelligence and by the ardor of her zeal for things divine.

In vain did the opulence, the noble birth, the social position of her father surround her with the pleasures of the world and the seductions of luxury. Insensible to every thing that was not of God, Clare instinctively despised every thing that was of earth, and thus time flowed on bringing every day a new development to this saintly nature. Where was this development to stop? At the highest degree of perfection that can be attained by human nature purified and exalted by charity and penance.

We can not, dear readers, follow step by step the growth in holiness of this sweet child. We can not record every thrill of divine love that shot through her burning heart. Contemplating the sweet joys she shed around her, the patient kindness with which she follows and directs the first steps of her young sisters Agnes and Beatrice, we can only pause to remark a new proof of the benign influence of true piety on domestic happiness.

II.

Thus fifteen years had flown away, years as calm as they were pious and pure, when at last came for Clare the hour of trial and tribulation. Her beauty and wit, and her father's great wealth, led her family to expect a brilliant alliance. Indeed the young maiden had only to take her choice among the most illustrious families in Umbria.

Each day her father Favorino pressed her for a decision. But each day, while gently evading a decisive answer, she felt her alarm increase; for she desired no spouse save the Redeemer, and she foresaw the opposition her family would make to her vocation.

Three years of this secret and unacknowledged contest neither wore out her own constancy nor her father's wishes.

It was then that rumor noised abroad the wonderful virtues of St. Francis. The story of so heroic a renunciation of the world inflamed young Clare's generous heart. She eagerly desired to hear the eloquent apostle of poverty, and all at once, her aims, heretofore restless and uncertain, now found an object.

Accompanied by a pious aunt she went to visit the holy monk. She revealed to him the state of her soul. He read it as he would the leaves of an open book. In that gentle fluttering soul the inspired eye of St. Francis discovered something that neither persecution nor opposition could overcome.

However nothing can be good without moderation and prudence. Perfection itself is recognized only by the test of experience. The lover of holy poverty pretended to doubt Clare's vocation:

"If you wish me to believe you," said he, "take off these rich garments, put on the garb of penitence, and go through the town begging alms from door to door."

Clare does not hesitate. She exchanges the dress becoming her rank for a shapeless haircloth gown, and goes to the doors of rich and poor alike, humbly asking for the bread of charity. Nobody ever thinks of recognizing the noble lady under the rags of misery: Francis alone knows the secret of the heroic mendicant, and from the bottom of his heart he thanks God for having blessed the earth with such perfect virtue.

III.

Clare becomes impatient. The ties of the world oppress and chafe her; she wishes to live henceforward for God alone. St. Francis defers from time to time the solemn hour of her pious expectations, but at last on the Saturday before Palm Sunday, he crowns all her wishes:

"To-morrow," said he, "deck thyself like a bride on the morning of her nuptials: assist at the Church services in the midst of thy family, and when night will have come, quietly leave thy father's house and proceed to the church of Our Lady of the Angels. There I will await thee."

Great was the astonishment of the pious Hortulana when she saw her beloved daughter for the first time in her life pay particular attention to her toilet, and evidently experience much pleasure in the employment. It was in vain that the mother's heart sought the motive: she could not discover the real one.

The church is radiant with light and splendor. The prelate at the foot of the altar distributes the blessed palms to the women that throng around him in their pious zeal. Clare alone, absorbed in her thoughts, remains motionless in her place. But the eye of the prelate rests on her. He makes his way through the

crowd, arrives before her, and, with a brow illumined by a mysterious inspiration, he presents her with the holy branch, accompanying it with his paternal benediction. Was this palm branch, this benediction, a public and solemn emblem of the victories she was one day to win over the spirit of the age, and of the superhuman courage which she was destined to display?

At night, Clare tenderly embraces her sisters, receives the usual parental benediction, and retiring to her chamber, makes preparations for her flight. She escapes from the house by a sort of miracle, for the measures of precaution taken every night by her parents, were almost impossible to be overcome.

Free at last, accompanied by her faithful aunt, she reaches Our Lady of the Angels. Francis is waiting for her on the steps of the altar, surrounded by his disciples, each holding a lighted taper.

Intoxicated with a holy joy, Clare throws herself at his feet, and then retires once more to change her rich garments for a coarse tunic. Her beautiful hair, cut off by St. Francis' hand, falls at the foot of the altar, a symbol and pledge of her entire consecration to the Lord. Hymns of love and gratitude peal through the aisle of the cathedral, and ascend to heaven, borne as it were on angelic wings.

It was a day of joy and benediction, this blessed Monday, the 19th of May, 1212; it was the birth-day of the famous order of the "Poor Clares."

IV.

Clare being the first female member of the order of St. Francis, and no house for her reception being as yet established, her spiritual father entrusted her to the care of the Benedictine Nuns of St. Paul.

We will not mention here either the rage of Favorino, or his violent attempt to tear from the house of God, the young spouse of Christ, or the tribulations, or the heroic struggles which Clare had to go through both against the love she bore her parents and the violence of their anger. We will not relate the wonderful virtues which suddenly bursting forth made her the glory and admiration of the Convent of St. Paul, and that of the Holy Angels of Panso, to which she was soon afterwards sent by St. Francis: to do so would encroach too much on our prescribed space. It must be enough to say that the inhabitants of Assisium, including her own family, who at first had severely reproached her for what they called her folly, finally subdued by her admirable virtues, rendered full homage to her devotion, and regarded her with the deepest veneration.

But the anger of her relations was again excited when her sister Agnes, four years younger than Clare, desirous of imitating her example, abandoned in her turn her father's house, and sought an asylum at the Convent of the Holy Angels. She was forcibly taken back and subjected to severe treatment at home, but she escaped once more and rejoined Clare.

In spite, however, of all obstacles and persecutions, the young establishment struck out its roots so deeply and so vigorously, that the fruit of its branches still imparts vital nourishment to the Church, and, no doubt, will continue to do so till the end of time.

V.

Not far from the city of Assisium rose the walls of an ancient church, the ruins of which St. Francis had just repaired. It was called St. Damian's: and the memory of the miracle by which the divine will had ordered the Saint to rebuild the sacred edifice, had already rendered it a place of veneration and of pious resort for the faithful of Umbria. It was there that Clare and her sister

established themselves. St. Damian's was the cradle of the order of the "Poor Clares."

It was not long before the two pious virgins were surrounded with crowds of the most devoted followers eager to imitate their heroic renunciation of the world; and Italy saw with astonishment many ladies of the richest and most powerful families, abandoning their lives of ease and luxury, to take their posts among the Poor Sisters of St. Francis.

Divine love, though it raises mortals to the highest degree of self negation and perfection, does not diminish the domestic affections. On the contrary, it strengthens by purifying and freeing them from the weakness of humanity. Clare and Agnes continually prayed for their parents. Their prayers were heard. Hortulana's pious devotion became more and more fervent every day, and the blind rage which had formerly driven Favorino against the Monastery of St. Paul, at last gave way to a perfect submission to the divine will.

Hortulana often went to visit her daughters. Occasionally she gently complained of her misfortune in being obliged to live apart from those she loved so well.

"Have patience, mother," Clare would say, with a sweet smile, "if I have left you to embrace a religious life, it is only in order to be united with you more intimately, more perfectly. Believe me, you shall enjoy the consolation of dying near your children."

When Favorino slept the sleep of the just, this filial prophecy was realised. Hortulana confided the care of Beatrice, her youngest child, to her uncle Monaldo, and throwing herself at the feet of the blessed St. Francis, obtained permission to enrol her under the holy banner of Clare's order, whither Beatrice herself soon after came to join her.

Fervently blessing HIM who thus graciously listened to all the ardent wishes of her heart, Clare thenceforward thought no more on the world. Completely absorbed in the great task enjoined on her by celestial mercy, and implicitly submissive to the law of obedience which she had promised her spiritual father to observe, she now employed every means to develop and promote her order, by encouraging and strengthening the holy spirit of renunciation and poverty.

VI.

The order of "Poor Clares" or "Poor Ladies," could already enumerate many flourishing establishments in most of the cities of Italy, and yet it was without any written rule; the wise direction of St. Francis, and Clare's prudent solicitude had so far continued to guide it on the road of perfection.

However, the holy patriarch, on the point of starting on his mission to Egypt, saw the necessity of establishing fundamental rules for the Order of the Sisters Minoresses, and he confided this task to his friend and disciple, Cardinal Hugolino.

The cardinal, having conferred with the holy father, took as a basis of the new rule, that of St. Benedict, to which he added some modifications, and several almost incredible practises of austerity.

In one point, however, he deviated from the fundamental idea of St. Francis, who, in his establishment of the Order of Friar Minors, insisted on complete and absolute poverty. Considering how difficult it might become to poor and pious women to depend every day on the bread of charity for sustenance, he was willing, while still enjoining perfect poverty individully, that each house might possess property enough to ensure it at least the possibility of existence. But this infraction of St. Francis' rule received no support from the zealous Abbess of St.

Damian's, and her solicitations obtained an exception in favor of her own convent and of those around Assisium: to these was granted, as a signal grace, the privilege of possessing nothing.

On his return to Italy, not only did the venerable lover of poverty approve of Clare's opposition, but, being like her, much troubled by the danger incurred by the spirit of his order, which inculcated, above all and beyond all, the love and practise of absolute poverty, Francis consented to write out with his own hands a rule for his daughters. He based it on that of the Friar Minors, and it received the tacit approbation of the cardinal and of the pope.

Three words, but three words of divine import, comprise and form the groundwork of the twelve chapters of this rule: Poverty—Humility—Charity.

But Clare, or to use the words of an illustrious pontiff, "this gentle princess of poverty," became alarmed at the idea that the rule had received only the tacit, not the open ratification of the Church and its spiritual head. She contemplated with uneasiness the possibility of future interference with the spirit of holy poverty, and with more ardor than the world displays in amassing riches, she sought after the right of relinquishing them. This uneasiness was the greatest and most enduring mortification in her penitential life. It was only on her death-bed that she received the document confirming the earnestly coveted privilege.

Before it came, Clare had to undergo many painful struggles and anxieties. Cardinal Hugolino himself, when called to occupy the chair of St. Peter, under the name of Gregory IX, exerted all his powers of persuasion to combat her disinterestedness. After his death, Innocent IV tried to convince her.

On this occasion, it is said, that, overwhelmed with long and painful ailments, lying on a hard straw pallet, and looking forward every day for the commencement of her eternity, Clare received the visit of the holy pontiff. Having demanded as the first favor a plenary indulgence, which the holy father granted her with tears of admiration and joy, she was offered the choice of a gift for her order. When the saintly woman, her countenance radiant with inexpressible enthusiasm, raises herself with difficulty and exclaims: "Holy Father, the most ineffable favor, the most precious gift that your servants can demand of you, is the privilege of poverty." And the pope, illumined as it were with a ray of divine light, bowed to the will of the expiring saint: "Let it be as you desire it," said he, in a tone of conviction.

A few days after, the regular ordinance arrived at St. Damian's. Now was the task of Clare accomplished: nothing more remained to delay her departure. Agnes, hastening from Florence, where she had just founded a religious house, was at her side. "Do not weep, sister," said Clare, "the days of earth will pass away for you as they have for me: we shall soon meet again in the bosom of the eternal one."

VII.

From this bed of death, which rather resembles a throne of glory, it is surrounded with such a brilliant aureola of eternal light, arises a perfume of peace, of consolation and of sublime virtue, which rejoices and consoles the weeping Sisters of St. Damian's.

Clare is dead. The earth has lost one of its greatest treasures. Every thing around her speaks of her virtues, her miracles, and the treasures of piety and goodness which she has entailed on futurity.

The peasants have left their mountains and valleys: the cities and towns have

poured out their inhabitants: every Brother of St. Francis has left his monastery; and all calm, collected, saddened, repair to St. Damian's, desirous to participate in the funeral of the great saint, and to obtain the happiness of beholding her blessed remains.

Her great task was well done: St. Clare has been dead six hundred years, yet her spirit still rules us from its urn.

A pious author, writing centuries after her death says:—"Let us look around us. This very day, when the burning breath of infidelity has dried up so many hearts, when selfishness has stretched its icy hand almost over all the members of the great social body, when life and thought pursue nothing but material objects, when the revolutionary whirlwind has laid prostrate so many noble institutions, the Order of St. Clare, firmly established on the rock of the austerest poverty, still remains immovable. . . . . The richest communities have fallen to dust; houses founded by the great ones of the earth have disappeared with them; abbeys endowed by the munificence of kings have crumbled away with their thrones: still, in the midst of all this universal disorder, we see on all sides of us those generous souls that live on self-negation and sacrifice. Every where, even in France herself, the eye saddened by so many ruins, can repose with pleasure on the humble cell of the Poor Clares, or of the Poor Capuchinesses. From every town that enjoys the happiness of containing one, there arises, as it were, a sweet perfume which rejoices the heavens and embalms the earth."

THE NUN.

"All the glory of the King's daughter is within."—*Ps.* xliv, 14.

You lovely, dewy, half-blown rose!
  Who meet'st the face of day,
With modest smile; more prized than those
  Who waste their sweets away;
Bloom on! your safeguard ever green,
  Your purity still new;
In glory's sunshine will be seen
  The beauty hid in you.

They say that Eden is no more,
  Or hid from mortal eyes;
That earth is all a desert o'er,
  Compared with Paradise:
But where thou art, there Eden is,
  With heaven reflected there,
The desert's cheering oasis,
  Lest pilgrims should despair.

Thy parent stem, with "mystic rose,"
  God promised to the world,
Through Eve and Adam steep'd in woes,
  When from the garden hurl'd.
A new more beauteous Paradise,
  By faith appears in view;
And blooming o'er the earth arise
  Such lovely flowers as you.

DROGHEDA.

Few places in Ireland possess to the mind of the stranger, a higher degree of interest than Drogheda—a town or city rich in historical associations, and memorable as the scene of a massacre scarcely equalled for atrocity in the whole history of human depravity.

Drogheda is situated on the river Boyne, which passes through it, and possesses many advantages for commerce. At a very early period it was a fortified town, and even in the fourteenth century it had attained to considerable commercial importance. But until the year 1641—the year after the "famous rebellion"—its annals contain few records of striking interest. At this period, however, while in the occupation of the royal army, under the command of Sir Henry Tichborne, it became distinguished for a successful defence against the Irish forces under the command of Sir Phelim O'Neil. But a far more fearful and disastrous visitation, however, awaited Drogheda. In 1649, Oliver Cromwell commenced, by his assault upon the town, a ruthless and bloody career in Ireland, the remembrance of which is still freshly preserved among the people, and the expressive execration—"The curse of Cromwell upon you"—long prevailed among the peasantry.

Cromwell landed in Dublin early in August of that year, with an army of 8,000 foot, 4,000 horse, and a formidable train of artillery. At the head of all his forces, he at once proceeded to Tredagh, the ancient name of Drogheda, then garrisoned by 2,500 foot and 300 horse under the command of the brave and gallant Sir Arthur Aston at that time governor of the place. "A resolution being taken to besiege the town," writes Ludlow, "our army sat down before it, and the Lieutenant General caused a battery to be erected by which he made a breach in the wall." The spot from which the first assault was made, is still known by the name of "Cromwell Fort." It stands on the summit of a hill, which completely commands the town; the present fortifications however, are of comparatively recent date. The garrison had expected succor from Ormond, and nobly de-

fended the town; and seemed, according to Noble, "unanimous in their resolution rather than deliver up the town to expire with it." Twice they repulsed the enemy; but a third assault under Cromwell in person, was successful. The garrison, overpowered by numbers, yielded, but not without a desperate resistance. "They fought bravely, disputed every corner of the streets, making the conquerors win what they had, by inches." Even Cromwell, in his dispatches to the Parliament, admits that "the enemy disputed it stiffly with him."

Quarter had been promised to all who should lay down their arms, but the moment the town was taken, Cromwell issued his infamous and bloody order for a general and indiscriminate massacre. He, himself, best tells the horrid story of his butchery, in a letter to Senthall, Speaker of the Parliament, dated September 17th: "The Governor, Sir Arthur Aston, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting at them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword, and, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men; divers of the officers and men being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed Saint Peter's Church steeple, some the west gate, and others the round tower, called Saint Sunday; these being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple of Saint Peter's to be fired. The next day the other towers were summoned, in one of which there were six or seven score of men, but they refused—and when they did submit themselves, their officers were knocked in the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes."

The cruel-hearted butcher thus blasphemously sums up the history of his atrocity: "And now give me leave to say how it came to pass that this great work has been wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God; and is it not so that which caused your men to storm the breach so courageously, it was the spirit of God, ... " A few days after, in another letter to the Speaker, alluding to the wholesale massacre, he thus writes:—"I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, he will give you a heart to improve upon them to his glory alone, because he alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience, and long-suffering extended to you."

The butchery of the ill-fated inhabitants of Drogheda was as cold-blooded as it was extensive; it continued long after the excitement of the contest had subsided. The hideous execution of the savage order for indiscriminate slaughter was continued "during five days, with every circumstance of horror." It was stayed, at length, according to tradition, by an incident so touching, that it aroused a lingering spark of humanity in the iron heart of Cromwell. Walking through the streets he noticed, stretched upon the sideway, the lifeless body of a mother, at whose breast an unfortunate infant was vainly endeavoring to draw sustenance. From this moment the butchery, it is said, began gradually to subside.

But to complete the horrid drama, the Parliament, on the receipt of Cromwell's letters describing the massacre, ordered a day of solemn thanksgiving to be observed throughout the whole kingdom, "for the mercy vouchsafed."

THE ANGELUS.

There are few things that strike a Protestant upon his first sojourn in a Catholic country, more than the spirit of perpetual prayer by which the Catholic Church is distinguished. In this country and in other countries where Protestantism prevails, a single day of the week is set apart for the holy duty of prayer, and the Sunday over, the churches are deserted, the gates locked, and for the remaining six days of the week, Almighty God seems almost forgotten amidst the exciting duties of business or pleasure. In Catholic countries, on the contrary, religion mingles in every pursuit; it is the first recollection of the morning, the last memory of the night, man is taught sensibly to feel the perpetual presence of the omnipresent God.

Scarcely has the sun arisen upon the world, ere the churches are crowded by the fervent and the pious, who gladly give to God the first moments of the returning day. And while the feeble dawn yet scarcely suffices to chase away the shadows of the night, the holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered up for the faithful, who have flocked to the sacred edifice to assist at it before they begin the labors of the day. And after the solemn services of the day are ended, instead of closing its gates, the temple of God is left open to all who wish to come thither to pray, and indeed seldom is it wholly deserted. The rich man enters to thank Heaven for favors, the poor man to beg a blessing on his daily toil. The mother to pray for her child, the wife for her husband, the virgin for a safe retreat in some cloistered solitude, the unhappy and injured, often for the foe that has caused their misfortunes. Some for themselves, others for their friends, each and all have some petition to make, and thus they learn to look upon Almighty God as the immediate dispenser of all good gifts. There at least pride is forgotten, and the gifts of fortune are of no avail. The noble kneels by the side of the beggar, the prince often prays amid the lowest of his people. The high-born dame, whom scandal dares not openly assail, prays near the reclaimed and weeping Magdalen of the streets, the spotless innocence of Aloysius, by the repentant agony of an Austin. Well does the Catholic Church teach both by precept and by practice that spiritual equality which brought the blind and the lame to the feast of the Lord, which admits no distinction of rank or pride, and which makes the right dispositions of the heart the sole prerogative of the children of God. Even far from the churches, the piety of the people has frequently provided some memorial, by which in the midst of their worldly affairs their hearts may be reminded of the "one thing which is necessary"—salvation. The streets, the crowded thoroughfares, the marts of business, ever contain some monument of religion, rude indeed, and such as the eye that looks to the execution of the work, and not to the pious intention of the artist, will turn away from in disgust; but which the pious children of the soil, thinking of Him whom it represents rather than of the representation itself, gaze upon with feelings alike of respect and love. In the lonely ways of the mountain, by the river side, in the gloomy forest, everywhere you meet with some religious emblem to remind you that these are the works of the living God. It is lovely while wandering among scenes, where each step you take tells of the might and power of Him who framed them, and while your mind is exalted to the contemplation of His omnipotence, and you pause in your silent admiration,—when a rude cross strikes the eye, a Madonna perhaps, with the infant Saviour, and you suddenly remember that He who piled mountain upon mountain, who

scattered his magnificence over the desert, was an infant weeping for your sake in the stable of Bethlehem, a man expiring for your salvation on the altar of the cross. Often also, in the silence of the night, in certain Catholic countries, you are awakened by strains of music that move the very soul and touch the heart by its sweet and plaintive melody. You listen for a moment, and you learn that while you are pillowed on the couch of luxury, and health and happiness are the handmaids of your repose, the minister of religion is bearing the adorable sacrament to some member of the human family, who is perhaps summoned to quit the scene of his toils and labors, and finds no longer consolation except in religion, no longer hope except in Him who thus comes to meet him in the hour when the world closes to his view. You whisper, perhaps, a prayer, and again sink into slumber; but the piety of the Catholic inhabitant is not so easily satisfied; a passing prayer will not suffice for him. He rises from his pillow and places a candle or a lighted taper in the window, while those who meet the procession in the streets, accompany it for some distance, joining their voices in a hymn of gratitude to God, who thus comes to visit them, lowly and disguised from all save those who see him with the eyes of faith! Three times a day, the bells of the various churches and convents toll the "Angelus," and no sooner is the sound heard than every head is uncovered, and every voice joined in prayer.

But we are wandering too far from the object we had in view when we first commenced this article. Our purpose was merely to write a few lines, introductory to an interesting account of a remarkable conversion from sin, wretchedness and despair, brought about by the sound of the Angelus bell.

"While residing in Lisbon," says the writer, "I became acquainted with a friar, whom to know was to love as a man, and to venerate as the faithful servant of his Heavenly Master. Being frequently in his company, I could not avoid remarking that the tolling of the "Angelus" always produced a singular effect upon him. If he were in the streets, it mattered not who were his companions, or what might be the weather, he paused until the bell had ceased to toll, and bared his head while he repeated the prayer of the Church. I have seen him standing thus, alike when a burning sun darted fire on his head, and when his grey hairs were tossed by the pitiless storm, tears streaming from his eyes, and his face bearing such a look of mingled agony and love as St. Peter's might have had, when he first wept over his three-fold treachery to Jesus. I have always observed that for a long time after his prayer was ended and his tears had ceased to flow, he would remain silent and abstracted, and when he spoke again, conversation would invariably assume a sadder and more serious tone than it possessed before. I had one day wandered farther than I was usually in the habit of doing, and I came to a spot lovely as any that ever smiled beneath the sweet skies of the south. There orange trees had formed their fragrant groves, and acacias mingled their graceful foliage with myrtles rich in the contrast of their dark green leaves and countless multitude of showy flowers. Amidst them rose an ancient building, a church dedicated, as I afterwards learned, to our blessed Lady of Mercy. A fountain, bright as the "diamond of the desert" sprang up close at my feet, and like the guardian genius of its clear cold waters, an old grey cross had been raised beside them. It was very old, part of it had already crumbled into dust, and among these fallen stones a rose had grown, and was blooming brightly above its ruins. Fitting type, I thought, of the hope which Christians hold, and which blooms the brightest amid the ruins of the tomb.

"The sun was bright in the heavens, the air was full of sweetness and of balm

not a leaflet stirred, not a blossom fell from the heavy boughs, the very voice of the fountain came in a lazy murmur to the ear, as if it also shared in the calm of that noontide hour. While I paused near the old cross, and loved the piety which had placed it among the beautiful works of the Almighty, I saw an old man approach it, whom I instantly recognised as my friend, father Francis. He looked around,—there was no one in sight, for the dark boughs of an ilex hid me from view, and he knelt before the cross. At that moment, the bells of the neighboring church tolled out the Angelus. Involuntarily I held my breath, for the sweet sounds lingered for a moment on the air, as if held there by some invisible sympathy, and gave the last link to the spell that bound me. By an unconscious movement of the soul, I turned to the old grey cross to pray; and there was the old man prostrate on his face, while in the stillness of that still hour his stifled sobs reached my ear as I stood, the unbidden witness of his secret sorrow. I know not how long I stood gazing on the form of that woe-worn man. It might have been a minute, it might have been an hour; I had no note of time; my thoughts were half in heaven, where time is not, half with that poor wretch, whose woe was so deep it might have been deemed despair, save for the hopeful glance which he gave to heaven, save for the blooming of that solitary rose, which shed its beauty and fragrance above his old grey hairs; suggesting sweet thoughts of that crown of immortal bliss which angels love to weave for the brows of repenting sinners, and which might one day encircle that head, now humbled to the dust in sorrow and shame.

"At last, he rose: and heart-stricken as he seemed to be, there was yet a look of peace in his eyes of which the purest of earth's creatures might have envied him the possession. He sat down upon a stone and bent to the fragrance of the rose, and then I ventured from my concealment and advanced to greet him. He seemed surprised to see me there, and then he spoke of the beauties of that lovely spot, and I told him how sweet had been my feelings during the tolling of the Angelus.

"'Yes,' he said, 'in this happy country, religion is everywhere. It is not a business set apart for any particular day,—it mingles in the toil of every hour,—it is, as it ought to be, a part of the daily occupations of life. The peasant sanctifies the day in church, before he applies to his daily task; the bells remind him to pause in his noontide labor for one short moment of fervent prayer; and when he goes to his humble home, and sits to partake of his evening meal, the Angelus is rung once more, and he thanks God for the favors of the day, and implores His protection during the hours of the night. How often throughout the day, do the convent bells remind him that others have devoted their lives to prayer, and incite him to lift up his heart in secret to God.'

"In this manner he entertained me for some time, speaking in rapturous terms of the happy influences made upon the mind by the beautiful and touching institutions of the Catholic Church, as seen and practised in Catholic countries. In the course of his conversation, he alluded to the fact of his profession as a religious, being owing to the existence of these practices, and seeing my curiosity aroused, he proceeded to give the following account of his life:

"'I have but little to tell,' said he, with a smile; 'but if you have any curiosity, you shall hear my story. By a series of unforeseen events, my family was reduced to poverty, and a rich relation refusing to assist us, my sister and myself retired to a little cottage among the mountains, and there we lived for some time humbly, but contentedly. I was by nature passionate and proud; she was, in

some things, of the same disposition, but all the young fervor of her feelings had been long engaged in the service of religion. Mine had been suffered to run riot among the hopes and wishes of this world. She had resolved to end her life in the cloister. I was engaged to marry one too good and pure for such a wretch as I was. The convent to which my sister retired, was not far distant, and after she had been there some time, she became so delicate that she was obliged to return to her old home for change of air. She laid aside her convent dress, but still retained the cross and veil. The people knew her by her charities, and she was revered as an angel dedicated to the service of the Most High. Time passed away: in a few days I was to be married, and then Bianca was to return to her convent, and her old place to be filled up by the presence of my bride. A few days,—but a few days more, and then how different had been our fate. Blessed be God for all his mercies, and chiefly for this one by which my crime was pardoned, and by which the gift of a religious life was conferred upon me, the most unworthy that ever was called to its sacred duties! It was a festal day; my sister, as was usual with her, remained at home, but I went forth to meet my fair Benita.

"'I will not trouble you with a history of my wretched deeds that day:—It is enough to say I grew jealous, quarreled, red blood was on my hand,—I fled to the mountains, and three days afterwards stood before my innocent sister, one of a band of desperate men, outlawed from society for crimes like my own. We had not a thought concealed from each other; and in a few minutes I had told her all;—of my fatal jealousy, of my desperate deed, of my fearful companionship with men yet more wicked than myself. And in the midst of my wild confession, came words of madness wrung from the repentant agony of my soul, words which were full of sweetness to her, for they revealed the workings of a mind that yet shrunk from the contemplation of the gulf into which it had plunged headlong. I was a desperate man that night, else how could I have resisted the tears and solicitations of one whom I loved with a holier love than I bore my bride. In vain, Bianca wept and prayed, appealed by turns to my love for her, and my hopes of forgiveness through the mercies of my Saviour; I was obdurate,—too weak to cast off my fetters, and too strong not to detest them. The sun went down over the hills, and still Bianca wept and prayed. The first star of the night appeared; it was the signal for my departure. I flung my arms round the weeping girl, pressed her once more madly to my heart, and rushed forth on my destiny.

"'That night, my career of iniquity was to begin. The robbers had seen me desperate; they judged me hardened as themselves; and while they unfolded their schemes to me, they guessed not the remorse that was gnawing my heart. The wickedness shocked, the cruelty revolted me. This was no scheme of romantic enterprise, such as had often fired my young blood in the bare recital,—no attack on armed men, where the iniquity is lost sight of in the boldness of the deed. The victims of the night were an old man and his child, with a few attendants, unarmed and rich. My soul shuddered within me as I heard them thus remorselessly doom to murder the helplessness of one sex, the feeble years of another. My task was an easy one. I was to take post on a spot which commanded the path, and to give a preconcerted signal of the approach of the victims. They left me alone. It was a wild and solitary spot. Not a tree was to be seen for miles around; but low brushwood and jutting rocks gave ample shelter to the demons with whom I was leagued. I sat myself down; and covering my face

with my hands (those guilty hands which were stained with the blood of a fellow-creature), I gave myself up to the torrent of thought that rushed through my brain. One hour passed away—I thought not that it had been so much. Darkness covered all things over; not a breath disturbed the stillness that reigned on the hills, and never did spot seem so deserted as that one. Yet I knew that not very far off were ambushed men about to imbrue their hands in the guilt of blood. The silence grew oppressive. I became fearfully excited,—I fancied demons were whispering in my ear, inciting me on to murder. My brain began to burn,—the very air seemed full of flame,—I even thought I could distinctly hear the suppressed breathing of the distant gang, and their cautious tread among the rustling bushes. Do what I would, my thoughts would rush back to the home I had left, to the sister I had forsaken. I lived over and over again the agony of the last few days. What had I been?—my soul seemed to ask in its agony; and what am I now? Then it was that a figure seemed to rise between me and the dark blue skies, and the faint moon fell upon his cold impassive face, and I knew the man I had murdered, and his look said plainly as words could say, "THOU ART A MURDERER." And they pierced through and through to my inmost soul, and I believe I cried out in my anguish, for I knew that his words were true, and that henceforth I must wander among my fellow-men with the mark of Cain stamped upon my brow. I flung myself on the ground; I rolled in an agony of despair in the dust; I tried to shut out the horrid vision with my hands, but there it was, still mocking my terror with its still cold look of woe, and "MURDERER, MURDERER," seemed written in characters of fire on my brain.

"'I would have left the fatal spot, but fear paralyzed my limbs; I would have blasphemed in my agony, but an invisible power, seemed to freeze the words on my lips; self-destruction seemed my only chance of escape from the horrors of remorse;—I fumbled for a knife which I ever carried about me. Friend, at that very instant, when I stood upon the verge of eternal damnation, the sweet sounds of an Angelus bell stealing along the wasted hills fell on my ear, and, like oil upon the troubled waters, soothed my soul to a sudden calm. It recalled the recollection of other days; days of innocence and virtue—moments when that sound was the signal of prayer. I paused. I began to breathe more freely, the form of my victim seemed to fade from before me, I ventured to look up, and what a sight did my eyes behold! A tall cross, lifting its arms towards heaven, as if demanding mercy for the wretch who had unconsciously crouched at its feet. A cross! and upon it the form of the crucified God. In one moment I was clasping its foot. What was it to me that the cross was rude, the figure barely recognisable as an imitation of the human form. Such as they were, they sufficed to transport me to the cross of Mount Calvary. I was present in spirit at the great sacrifice of redemption; I heard the sound of the hammer; I saw the blood flowing from his wounds; I beheld him hanging once more between heaven and earth, a victim of propitiation for the sins of the world. "For thee, for thee, he died." The words seemed to come from the cross, and to pierce my soul like lightning; but with them came a terrible thought of despair, "He died, but not for thee; thy sins are beyond the pale of salvation." Scarce had the enemy of mankind suggested the thought, when the bell for the Angelus tolled once more. It was as if the Mother of God had spoken to my soul in the silence of that hour set apart by all Christians to commemorate her consent to the incarnation of Christ and the salvation of man. Methought she spoke to me thus: "Crucify not my son again, oh man! by thoughts of despair. Never has his blood been poured forth in vain. Arise,

go thy ways, and repent. I am the Mother of Mercy, and from Mercy itself will I ask thy pardon." Friend, I may not tell of the grateful tears which were shed at the foot of that cross. I may not tell you of the love and sorrow which burned in the breast of the pardoned bandit. Magdalen has shed such tears at the feet of her Saviour. The penitent thief has known such love when he heard those blessed words, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

"'Many a soul was hushed that hour into thoughts of fervent adoration: but who could feel as I did, who had been so much forgiven? who had been so saved from a career of crime! Oh! speak not to me,' father Francis continued, with an accent of fervor that made me start,—'speak not to me of idolatry and superstition in the love which we Catholics give to the Mother of God! Tell me not that she who shared, as a mother, in every thought of Jesus, does not share in his compassion for man; that she who stood beneath the cross does not pity us, even for the pity which he showed to the penitent thief; or, that he will refuse her prayer, whose slightest wish he obeyed on earth. Tell me not that the sinner is unpitied by her, who understands the nature of vice and virtue more clearly than it ever was given to any other mortal to understand it; since she measures her love for the one, and her hatred of the other, by the love that she bears to God;—love that may be almost deemed without measure in her, whose soul reflects the perfections of the Divinity, as the mirror returns the effulgence of the sun. Mary is the mother of mankind by the spirit, as Eve was their mother by the flesh. Tell me not that she sits in the heaven of heavens, mindful of the glories which Jesus gives her, unmindful of the sinners for whom Jesus died; that she turns not her eyes towards her children weeping and mourning in this vale of tears; that she seeks not continually their pardon from her Son, or that Jesus, that Son, will be deaf to her prayer. She did not refuse him anything on earth, neither will he deny her aught in heaven; least of all will he refuse her the conversion of man, for whose salvation he thirsted while walking on earth. Then tell me not that there is no efficacy in the prayers of Mary; rather cry out with St. Bernard—"Oh, Mother! let those cease to honor you, who never have experienced the efficacy of your prayers!"'

"The old man paused, tears streaming from his eyes which were lifted towards heaven, and his whole face radiant with love! Would that at the hour of my death, such thoughts as caused the brightness of that look may be dwellers in my soul! After a moment's prayer, he spoke again.

"'Yes, my good friend, trust me this belief in the communion of Saints,—which with the monstrous inconsistency attached to error, the Church of England reads aloud in her churches, while she dares to scoff it as a Catholic superstition,—this very belief is one of the most consoling doctrines of the Church of Christ, one of the silver links that bind heaven and earth together, and that makes the church militant upon earth in some degree a sharer in the joys of the Church triumphant in heaven. Who ever stood above the grave of a Saint, and felt not a joyful thrill through his soul, which seemed a participation of his heavenly bliss, and which was truly an incentive to more perfect virtue? Who ever thought upon Mary, and thanked not God in his heart for the graces bestowed upon her, and through her upon all mankind in the person of her Son? In very truth, this reliance on the prayers of Mary and the Saints is the ægis which has preserved thousands from the despair and suicide that disgrace the annals of unbelieving England. It is the wand of Aaron which brings forth flowers and fruit from the

sapless wood, and by its emulative influence on the mind, it may be even declared to have often made perfection more perfect in the souls of the just.'

"He paused once more. I murmured a few words, I know not what, for I was overborne by the energy with which he had asserted his belief in the communion of Saints; but he fancied I demanded an explanation, which he instantly gave.—'That the prayers of one person are more acceptable than the prayers of another, we learn from the book of Job, where God tells the two friends of Job, "My servant Job shall pray for you; and his face I will accept, that folly be not imputed to you; for you have not spoken right things before me, as my servant Job hath.' Now humility and this text alike teach us to believe, that the Saints who have passed through the trials of this life, and are no longer even capable of offending God, will pray in a manner more pleasing to Him, than we, who are continually sinning against Him even in our very prayers; and consequently that their petitions will often be heard, when ours would not be granted, "because we have not spoken right things before the Lord,' as the Saints, His servants, have done. For this reason we are taught by the Church to have great confidence in the prayers of the Saints, and we believe that they can hear our requests, because it is written in Scripture, that "there is joy among the Angels of God over one sinner doing penance." And of the Saints we are told, "that they are as the Angels of God." Therefore the power of understanding our feelings, which Christ declared was given to the Angels, we must of course believe to have been likewise conceded to the Saints, who are in all things as the Angels of God. We rely more particularly on the prayers of Mary, because we believe Almighty God will most readily grant her petitions whom He chose to be the Mother of His Son, and who is therefore dearer to Him than the most favored of His heavenly host; and because she loves mankind with the love of a Mother, for such she became to us from the moment when Jesus bequeathed her to John, and through John to the whole race of man as a Mother. Now, dear friend,' the old man continued earnestly, 'if you were living beneath the rule of a king who had absolute power over your property and life, would you not feel more secure and happy were you persuaded that all his most intimate friends were your friends likewise, and if his mother had conceived such an affection for you that she even condescended to address you as her child—in short, if you were assured that the whole court would remonstrate in your favor, should the king be inclined to act harshly in your regard. This king is Jesus, the Judge of the living and the dead, this mother and these courtiers are Mary and the Saints. Can you wonder that we have confidence in their prayers, or that a great Saint declared, he would not be afraid of appearing before Jesus, if he were sure of the intercession of Mary, being certain that the Son would not refuse to grant the prayer of the Mother—that Mother whom he loves as the most perfect of his creatures, and as the most tender of mothers.'

"There seems some justice in your remarks, my good father," I replied. "And now may I not hear the remainder of your story?"

"'I rose from my knees an humbled and an altered man; and as the first duty of repentance is to undo the evil it has done, I warned the travelers of their danger, concealed them in a little chapel dedicated to our Blessed Lady which the robbers would not have ventured to assault, and taking one of their horses, I rode like a madman to a neighboring village, where I knew I could obtain such an escort as would enable them to leave their retreat in safety. I succeeded, and by dawn next morning they were on their way, and I rode with them for a league.

I soon told them my story, and they promised and ultimately obtained my pardon for the crime which was the origin of all my woes. As we approached my home, I strained my eyes to behold it once more, and my soul rejoiced in the joy which Bianca would feel at my swift repentance. I strained my eyes to see it, but it was no longer there, or a thick smoke veiled it from my eyes. A presentiment of evil crept over my heart—voices came up from the valley—they were singing the hymn for the dead—I spurred on my mule. A troop of peasants were slowly approaching. When they saw me they opened their ranks, and amid a low murmur of pity, laid their load on the ground. I sprang from my saddle, and gazed one moment wildly around—the next I was kneeling by the corpse of Bianca.' He paused again in uncontrolable emotion. 'I learnt all afterwards,' he resumed. 'The bandits soon discovered that I had betrayed them; they sought me at my home; had they found me they would have murdered me. Bianca came forth to meet them. Her veil was on her head, and her cross was on her neck. As a nun she feared them not, and even among men like these, the fame of her sanctity would have been sufficient protection; but when she knew their errand, unable to repress her pious gratitude, she fell on her knees, and thanked God for having saved me from crime. Enraged at this, one of the robbers fired; the ball touched a vital part; terrified at the sacrilege they had committed, they set fire to the house, and departed. A servant who had been concealed, now came to the aid of Bianca. It was too late; she was rapidly dying. Once more she thanked God for His mercies to me, then lifting her eyes to that heaven, the glories of which seemed already reflected in the radiance of her face, and crying out, 'Father, lay not this crime to their charge,' with these words of pardon and peace yet on her lip she gave up her innocent soul to God. We buried her in the churchyard of the convent, and often the kind sisters fling white roses on the grave of one whose spirit was like the flower, for it had never known a stain.'

"And your bride?" I asked.

"'I sought her, and told her all. Her love was more that of an angel than of a human being; she gave me most willingly to the service of God.'

"And what became of her?"

"'Friend, there is a nun in the convent where my sister should have been, and every day she kneels at the lowly grave of Bianca, and our spirits mingle in prayer when the bells of the churches toll the Angelus.'"

BEAUTIFUL IS LIFE, BUT FLEETING.

How swiftly fades the summer's sheen
Of golden light and living green!
How swiftly Day is lost in Night,
How soon the Dark succeeds the Bright!

Mournfully! ah! mournfully
This Earth should contemplated be
Did Faith no other world recall,
Were Death indeed the Lord of all! R.

THE REV. D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

This distinguished divine and scholar, so well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his eloquence, writings and scientific lectures, is the son of a gentleman well known in the midland and southern portions of Ireland, as an eminent engineer and surveyor, and was thus almost necessarily, from his earliest years, practised in those exact sciences upon which, in a large degree, eminence, in those professions, are dependent. Thus—and in those early years, it is, when instruction is imparted to command success, and when skill is acquired with a readiness almost intuitive—was laid the foundation of that scientific eminence for which, in after life, Dr. Cahill has been remarkable.

By the female side, the subject of our sketch is of Spanish descent; his patronymick is thoroughly Celtic, and the whole temperament and habitudes of the man, so far as the discipline of the priest permits them to be manifested, develope in an extraordinary degree, the characteristics of both those ancient races. The Rev. gentleman's *physique*, too, is indicative of this decent. His complexion is brown, his hair dark, his eyes black, and deeply thoughtful, his person tall, and of massive yet graceful proportions; he presents, in these respects, a personification of the attributes of both peoples, most striking and demonstrative. In stature Dr. Cahill far transcends the ordinary, he stands not less than six feet five inches.

The Rev. gentleman is native of the Queen's county, in the diocese of Kildare. The tendency of the studies which he entered upon, the combined Spanish and Celtic temperament, the physical development with which nature had endowed him tended naturally, one would almost say, to direct his views towards the army, which in those days, presented a noble field to the aspirant after military fame, and a theatre upon which engineering skill and scientific knowledge were sure to rise to fame and station. Accordingly young D. W. Cahill was originally intended for the army. A more glorious field of operation, however, awaited him, a warfare more noble and more suited to the powers he has since displayed, a contention in which he has won a fame, which no facilities in another career could have ever equalled, and from which Christianity, it may be hoped, has reaped some harvest, and mankind been the gainer. The young intended soldier rejected, like St. Ignatius, the colors, the war steeed, and the cannon, to enlist under the banner of the cross, and while yet a youth, entered upon those studies which qualify the man to become the minister of God, and the servant of the altar.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill was, at an early age, a student of the lay side of Carlow College, after which he studied, for some time, under those masters of education, who have outstripped all other professors of the sciences, the Jesuits. Here having entered somewhat upon those studies more appropriate to the profession he had chosen, he was distinguished as a scholar. In due time he entered Maynooth, and commenced that course of severe study, and rigid discipline, which have rendered that ground so eminent, and made its *alumni* so eminent as scholars, so self-denying as priests. At Maynooth Dr. Cahill read a full course of theology and natural philosophy, under the distinguished professors of that time, Dr. Delahogue, and Dr. MacHale, the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam. In Hebrew, and the cognate studies, he became a great proficient, under Dr. Browne, afterwards the exemplary Bishop of Kilmore. Under Dr. Boylan, who was himself an

ornament of the Irish prelacy, he studied German, French and Italian, in all which languages Dr. Cahill obtained such proficiency, as placed him amongst the most proficient, not only of his years but of his college.

Having completed the usual but severe routine of the minor ordinary studies, the Rev. gentleman then received orders, and was elected to the Dunboyne establishment of Maynooth, where he spent an additional period of years in reading a more advanced course of theology and ecclesiastical history. In due time he was taken into full orders in the Church, of which he is now so happily an ornament.

We have not spoken of the *eclat* with which the subject of our notice went through his college studies; we may say once for all, that the capacities then manifested were such, and so prominent, as to prefigure the maturity of their present development. The estimation in which he was held *at home*, where his qualities were best known, was shewn by his being selected for the professorship of natural philosophy, in Carlow, then under the rectorship of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, himself a *litterateur* of the most distinguished character; and as a proof that his talents were recognised beyond the sphere in which they were exercised with so much efficacy, we may mention that the degree of doctor in divinity was conferred upon him by the Pope.

In Carlow College he continued for some years to teach, not only natural philosophy, but mathematics and astronomy; in which latter science we believe he possesses an eminence surpassed but by few men of our day.

As a scholar in practical sciences, we should mention that the Rev. Dr. studied chemistry, as a laboratory student, under the late Dr. Barker, of Trinity College, Dublin, a gentleman who produced such celebrated pupils, as Sir Robert Kane, and others.

So far of Dr. Cahill as a student and a professor; the rest is known to all his countrymen. After a residence of some years in the College of Carlow, the Rev. gentleman, at the earnest solicitation of many distinguished personages, who being Catholics, were desirous of having their children educated in the faith, as well as in the higher science, transferred the sphere of his operations to Dublin. For many years subsequently, the Doctor had conducted a seminary at Seapoint, near Blackrock, which for eminence and respectability, was not exceeded by any in the country.

During all this time, Dr. Cahill was known as a preacher of singular force and clearness, and of great yet simple eloquence—characteristics which his scientific acquirements, and knowledge of ancient and modern classics, qualified him largely to put forth. He was consequently invited to preach in many and distant portions of the kingdom of Ireland and in England, upon important occasions. At whatever inconvenience to himself, he never refused those invitations. In the meantime his pen has been engaged in an able series of letters on political subjects, showing the injustice of England to the people of Ireland, and the treachery of her policy with foreign governments.

HASSAN ABDALLAH; OR, THE ENCHANTED KEYS.

I AM the only son of one of the richest inhabitants of Egypt. My father, who was a man of extensive knowledge, employed my youth in the study of science; and at twenty years of age I was already honorably mentioned among the ulemas, when my father bestowed a young maiden on me as my wife, with eyes brilliant as the stars, and with a form elegant and light as that of the gazelle. My nuptials were magnificent, and my days flowed on in peace and happiness. I lived thus for ten years, when at last this beautiful dream vanished. It pleased Heaven to afflict me with every kind of misfortune: the plague deprived me of my father; war destroyed my dear brothers; my house fell a prey to the flames; my richly-laden ships were buried beneath the waves. Reduced to misery and want, my only resource was in the mercy of God and the compassion of the faithful whom I met while I frequented the mosques. My sufferings, from my own wretched state of poverty, and that of my wife and children, were cruel indeed. One day when I had not received any charitable donations, my wife, weeping, took some of my clothes, and gave them to me in order to sell them at the bazaar. On the way thither I met an Arab of the desert, mounted on a red camel. He greeted me, and said—

"Peace be with you, my brother! Can you tell me where the sheik Hassan Abdallah, the son of El-Achaar, resides in the city?"

Being ashamed of my property, and thinking I was not known, I replied—

"There is no man at Cairo of that name."

"God is great!" exclaimed the Arab; "are you not Hassan Abdallah, and can you send away your guest by concealing your name?"

Greatly confused, I then begged him to forgive me, and laid hold of his hands to kiss them, which he would not permit me to do, and I then accompanied him to my house. On the way there I was tormented by the reflection that I had nothing to set before him; and when I reached home I informed my wife of the meeting I had just had.

"The stranger is sent by God," said she; "and even the children's bread shall be his. Go, sell the clothes which I gave you; buy some food for our guest with the money, and if anything should remain over, we will partake of it ourselves."

In going out it was necessary that I should pass through the apartment where the Arab was. As I concealed the clothes, he said to me, "My brother, what have you got there hid under your cloak?"

I replied that it was my wife's dress, which I was carrying to the tailor.

"Show it to me," he said. I showed it to him, blushing.

"O merciful God," he exclaimed, "you are going to sell it in order to get money to enable you to be hospitable towards me! Stop, Hassan! here are ten pieces of gold; spend them in buying what is needful for our own wants and for those of your family."

I obeyed, and plenty and happiness seemed to revisit my abode. Every day the Arab gave me the same sum, which, according to his orders, I spent in the same way; and this continued for fifteen days. On the sixteenth day my guest, after chatting on indifferent matters, said to me, "Hassan, would you like to sell yourself to me?"

"My lord," I replied, "I am already yours by gratitude."

"No," he replied, "that is not what I mean; I wish to make you my property, and you shall fix the price yourself."

Thinking he was joking, I replied, "The price of a freeman is one thousand dinars if he is killed at a single blow; but if many wounds are inflicted upon him, or if he should be cut in many pieces, the price is then one thousand five hundred dinars."

"Very well," answered my guest, "I will pay you this last mentioned sum if you will consent to the bargain."

When I saw that he was speaking seriously, I asked for time in order to consult my family.

"Do so," he replied, and then went out to look after some affairs in the city.

When I related the strange proposal of my guest, my mother said, "What can this man want to do with you?" The children all clung to me, and wept. My wife, who was a wise and prudent woman, remarked—

"This detestable stranger wants, perhaps, to get back what he has spent here. You have nothing but this wretched house, sell it, and give him the money, but don't sell yourself."

I passed the rest of the day and the following night in reflection, and was in a state of great uncertainty. With the sum offered by the stranger I could, at least, secure bread for my family. But why wish to purchase me? What could he intend to do? Before next morning, however, I had come to a decision. I went

to the Arab and said, "I am yours." Untying his sash, he took out one thousand five hundred gold pieces, and giving them to me, said, "Fear not, my brother, I have no designs against either your life or your liberty; I only wish to secure a faithful companion during a long journey which I am about to undertake."

Overwhelmed with joy, I ran with the money to my wife and mother; but they, without listening to my explanations, began weeping and crying as if they were lamenting for the dead.

"It is the price of flesh and blood," they exclaimed; "neither we nor our children will eat bread procured at such a cost!"

By dint of argument, however, I succeeded at length in subduing their grief; and having embraced them, together with my children, I set out to meet my new master.

By order of the Arab I purchased a camel renowned for its speed, at the price of a hundred drachms; I filled our sacks with food sufficient for a long period; and then, mounting our camels, we proceeded on our journey.

On the sixth day, in the morning, we entered on an immense plain, whose glittering soil seemed composed of silver dust. In the middle of the plain arose a lofty pillar of granite, surmounted by a statue of copper, representing a young man, whose right hand was stretched out open, and to each of whose fingers was suspended a key; the first was of iron, the second of lead, the third of bronze, the fourth of copper, and the fifth of gold.

This statue was the workmanship of an enchanter, and each key was a talisman; whoever was led by accident or his own free will into this desert, and became possessed of these keys, inherited the destiny attached to them. The first was the key of calamities, the second of physical sufferings, the third of death, the fourth of glory, and the last of knowledge and wealth.

I was ignorant of all these matters; but my master had become acquainted with them from a learned Indian, who had also informed him that the keys could only be obtained by shooting them down with arrows. The Arab planted his foot near to the column, and then fixing an arrow in his bow, which was of a foreign make, he shot it towards the statue, but, whether from want of skill or intentionally, the arrow did not reach half way. He then said to me, "Hassan, you have now an opportunity of discharging your debt to me, and of purchasing your liberty. You are both strong and skillful; take this bow and arrows, and bring me down those keys." I took the bow, and perceived that it was of Persian workmanship, and made by a skillful hand. In my youth, I had accustomed myself to this exercise, and had acquired great reputation in it. Desirous of displaying my attainments, I bent the bow with all my strength, and with the first arrow I brought down the first key. Overjoyed, I took it up, and presented it to my master. "Keep it," he said; "it is the reward of your skill." With a second arrow, I brought down the leaden one. The Arab would not touch it, and I took it, and put it in my belt, along with the other. With two other arrows, I brought down two more keys—the copper key and the golden key. My companion took them up, uttering exclamations of delight.

"O! Hassan," he said; "God be praised! blessed be he who trained your arm and practised your eye to such accuracy. I am proceeding happily towards the accomplishment of my object."

I was about to aim at the last key—that of death, and had raised my bow for that purpose, but he forbade me, and struck my arm to prevent my shooting. In doing this, he caused the arrow to fall and pierce my foot, producing a painful

SHOOTING AT THE ENCHANTED KEYS.

wound. Having dressed it as well as he could, he assisted me to mount my camel, and we thereupon continued our journey. After three days and nights of laborious travelling, we arrived in the neighborhood of a small wood, where we stopped to spend the night. I set about looking for water, and some refreshing fruits, and particularly some with whose good qualities I was acquainted, but I could find nothing eatable. At last I discovered in the crevice of a rock a small spring, which invited me, by its clear and limpid waters, to refresh myself; but stooping down to drink, I heard the voice of my companion shouting to me not to taste the water, for that it was poisoned. "What matters it," I said, "whether I die of thirst or of poison?"

"This water," he said, "comes from the infernal regions, and passes through the mass of sulphur, bitumen, and metals that feed the fires in the centre of the earth; and if you drink, you will, in all probability, fall a victim to your imprudence."

Although bitter, the water was so clear and fresh, that without heeding what he said, I drank some of it, and feeling refreshed for the time, I agreed to proceed on our journey, but I had scarcely gone on a hundred paces, when I was attacked by the most racking pains, and with many exclamations and cries to Heaven for help, I endeavored to moderate the speed of my camel, which was following his companion at a brisk pace. My tortures became so great, that I called aloud to the Arab, and begged him to stop; he consented, when I dismounted and walked for some time, which partly relieved me. The Arab chid me for my disobedience

to his commands, and taking out a small phial from his pocket, gave me a few drops of a cordial, which in a short time completely cured me.

Towards evening we came near a high mountain, where we stopped to take a little rest. The Arab said, "God be praised, to-day will not be a fast day with us! by experience I have learned to collect a healthy and refreshing nourishment from a quarter where you would only find poison." He then went to a bush with leaves of a very thick and prickly nature, and having cut off some of them with his sabre, and stripped them of their skins, he extracted from them a yellow and sugary substance, similar in taste to figs, and I partook of the food until I was quite satisfied and refreshed. I was beginning to forget my sufferings, and hoped to pass the night in peaceful slumber, but when the moon arose, my master said to me, "I expect you to perform a signal service for me; you have to ascend this mountain, and when at the summit, you must wait for sunrise; then, standing up and turning towards the East, you must offer up your devotions and descend; but take care and do not allow yourself to be overtaken by sleep, for the emanations which arise from the ground in this place are extremely noxious, and you may suffer severely from them."

Although overwhelmed with fatigue and pain, I obeyed the Arab's orders, remembering that he had given bread to my children; and that, perhaps, should I refuse, he would abandon me in this savage wilderness. I ascended the mountain and reached the summit about midnight. The soil was bare and stony; not a shrub, not a blade of grass was to be found upon it. The extreme cold, together with fatigue, threw me into such a state of torpor that I could not resist lying down on the earth and falling asleep. I awoke at the rising of the sun to fulfil my instructions. I stood up with difficulty; my aching limbs refused to support my body; my head hung down as if made of lead, and I was unable to lift up my paralyzed arms. Making a painful effort, and holding myself up towards the East, I invoked the name of God. I then endeavored to descend the mountain, but it was so steep, and my weakness was so great, that at the first step my limbs tottered under me, and I fell and rolled down the mountain with frightful rapidity; stones and thorns were the only obstacles to my descent, and they tore my dress and my skin, causing me to bleed at every pore. At length I reached the bottom of the hill, near to where my master was stretched on the ground, tracing lines on it with such attention, that he did not observe in what a state I was. "God be thanked and praised," he said, without noticing me; "we were born under a happy planet; everything succeeds with us! Thanks to you, Hassan, I have just discovered what I wanted, by measuring the shadow projected by your head from the summit of the mountain. Assist me to dig where I have stuck my lance." He raised his head, and seeing me extended on the earth, motionless, came up to me, and exclaimed, "What! in disobedience to my orders you have slept on the mountain, and imbibed its unwholesome vapors into your blood! Do not despair, however, I will cure you;" and he took from his pocket a lancet, with which, before I could offer any resistance, he made small incisions in different parts of my body, from which I bled profusely. He then dressed my wounds and bruises carefully, and I felt a little better. Seeing that I was too weak to assist him, he began to dig in the earth himself at the place which he had marked. He soon exposed to view a tomb of white marble, which he opened; it contained some human bones, and a book written in letters of gold on the skin of the gazelle.

My master began reading it with attention: at length his pale brow became lit up with pleasure, and his eyes sparkled with delight.

"Hassan Abdallah," he said to me, "this book teaches me the way to the mysterious city; we shall soon enter into Aram, built on columns, where no mortal has ever as yet penetrated; it is there that we shall find the principle of earthly riches, the germ of the metallic mines which God has placed in the centre of the earth."

"My lord," I replied, "I share with you in your joy; but this treasure is of little or no advantage to me; I would rather, I assure you, be poor and in good health at Cairo, than rich and in wretchedness here."

"Ungrateful man!" he exclaimed; I am laboring for your advantage as well as for my own, intending to share with you the fruit of our journey, as I have done until now."

"True," I said, "but, alas! all the ill fortunes and calamities fall to me." However, after some further assurances on the part of the Arab, I became pacified, and the same day, after having laid in a stock of fruits, we reascended our camels and continued our journey towards the East.

We journeyed thus for three days and nights. The fourth day in the morning we perceived in the horizon the appearance of a large mirror, which reflected the sunbeams. On drawing near we saw that it was a river of quicksilver; it was crossed by a bridge of crystal, without balustrades, but so narrow and slippery that no man in his senses would think of attempting to pass it. My master told me to unsaddle the camels, to let them feed at liberty, and to prepare woollen slippers, with thick and soft soles, for both of us; and having ordered me to walk behind him without looking to the right hand or to the left, he crossed the bridge with a firm step, and I followed him trembling.

After we had crossed the river and proceeded for some hours, we found ourselves at the entrance of a gloomy valley. It was surrounded on all sides with black rocks, hard as iron, and here and there on the ground were spread human bones, bleached by time. Through the dark foliage of the shrubs which grew there might be seen the undulating and scaly forms of serpents gliding along. I retreated hastily from this den of horror, but could not discover the spot at which I had entered, the rocks seeming every where to rise up like the walls of a great cavern.

I began to weep, and said to my companion, "You have led me on to death by the path of suffering and misery; I shall never see my wife and children again. Why have you torn me away from my poor but peaceful home?"

"Hassan," he said to me, "be a man! Have patience; we shall soon get out of this horrible place. Wait a few moments, and I will show you how we may escape." So saying, he sat down on the ground, and, opening the mysterious book, began turning over the pages and reading in it as calmly as if he had been sitting in his own house. After a short time he called to me, and said, "My friend, call up your courage, your task is easy; you are a skillful marksman; take this bow and arrows; examine the valley until you meet with a huge serpent with a black head, kill him and bring his head and heart to me."

"Alas!" I said, weeping, "is this indeed a thing so easy for me? Why will you not do it yourself? We are too fortunate not to be molested by these monsters; why should we go in search of them?" Upon this he started up with a

fierce aspect, and, drawing his sword, swore that he would kill me that instant if I did not obey him.

"Do you see all these bones?" he said. "They are the bones of men who disobeyed me, and who died in consequence by my hand." Trembling, I took the bow and arrows, and went among the rocks where the serpents were to be found. Selecting one which appeared to me to answer the description given me, I took aim at its head, and, invoking the assistance of Heaven, discharged my arrow. The serpent, mortally wounded, sprung up, and twisting and contorting itself in a frightful manner, fell dead on the ground. When I was certain that he was dead, I took my knife, cut off his head, and took out his heart. With these bloody trophies I returned to my master, who received me with a smiling countenance. "Forgive me," he said, "for employing threats towards you; in reality I was anxious to save you from a miserable fate. The men to whom these bones belonged died here of hunger by their own fault; they proved deficient in courage, and I was compelled, in spite of myself, to abandon them to their fate."

"Now," he continued, "come and assist me to make a fire."

To be continued.

THE PRODIGAL'S ADDRESS TO HIS HOME.

Home of my fathers! silent tomb,
Where sleep the hopes of former years,
How many flowers have lost their bloom,
Since last I left thee, bathed in tears?

How many joys that youth had given,
Amid thy fragrant bowers are hushed?
How many silver links been riven
From life's long chain, time worn and crushed?

How many glorious dreams lie buried,
And fancies caught from wizzard rhyme?
Alas! each promise bright has hurried
Too swiftly down the stream of time.

Home, blessed home! and art thou bright,
And beautiful and young as ever?
Yet spread thy flowers to catch the light,
Yet swiftly flows thy stainless river?

Thou art! thou art! returning spring
Restores thy charms by winter rifled;
Ah! would some fairy hand might bring
Me back the gifts with which I've trifled.

It may not be: these mortal years
Have but one spring; and that, alas!
So brief, it scarce begun appears,
Ere time relentless turns his glass.

And thus it was with me: the morn
Of life I thought would linger yet,
Has fled, and left me here forlorn,
Amid the paths of vain regret.

And when thy venerable shades
Look down to give the lost one greeting,
The childish wanderer through thy glades,
The youth towards joyous manhood fleeting.

How wilt thou guess, in him returning,
Robbed of youth's gladness, childhood's glow,
All manhood's darkest passions burning
On his pale lip and writhen brow?

Thou canst not guess, yet would that there
Ceased the dread change my tears deplore,
Thou too art changed, sweet home, the fair,
To me thou canst be fair no more.

For hope like autumn leaves is lying,
Mid forest that I thought serene,
And faded joys, like flowerets dying,
Are scattered o'er the mournful scene.

And only memory lives to wave
Its boughs of deep and deathless green;
All woe is theirs, they guard the grave
Of joys which are not, but have been.

Home of my guiltless infancy!
Vanished is thy most lovely dream.
Some spirit has gone forth from thee,
Thou art not what thou once couldst seem.

Alas! not thou, but I am changed!
From me it is the spirit's flown,
That once could witch me while I ranged
Thy pathless woods,—that spirit's gone!

Home of my fathers! from thy bowers,
The sinless soul of youth's departed;
And henceforth mid thy fields and flowers
Can only dwell the broken-hearted!

[*Selected.*]

The Secret of Happiness.—Whenever you are in trouble of mind or body, look up towards Heaven, and consider that your principal business here is to get there; then look down upon this earth, and call to mind how small a space you shall occupy in it, when you come to be interred: then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are in many respects more unhappy than yourself. Thus you will find cause to be grateful to divine providence,—you will diminish your cares, and discover how very little reason you have to complain: in fine, you will see that all attainable contentment, during the trials of this short life, is placed in resignation to the holy will of God.

ALLOCUTION, PRONOUNCED BY OUR MOST HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS IX. IN SECRET CONSISTORY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1857.

Venerable Brethren:—As soon as, with the assistance of God, We were happily returned to this, Our sacred city, after a journey of four months, devoted to visiting Our well-beloved people of the Pontifical States, nothing assuredly could be more agreeable to Us than to address you, Venerable Brethren, by word of mouth, so as to acquit Ourselves of that which Our very particular affection for you requires, and at the same time to make an appeal to your deep and well-known sentiments of piety, to offer up with Us eternal thanksgivings to the God of all mercies, who has blessed Our journey, and who has been pleased, of His goodness, to allow Us to draw from it the most consoling effects. Departing from this city, as you are aware, for the purpose principally of satisfying Our special devotion towards the Immaculate and Most Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, by going to offer Our homage in Her august and Most Sacred Church of Loreto, We have, at the same time, visited the other towns which were on Our road, and afterwards We have visited, in the course of Our journey, the principal places of the Pontifical States in Umbria, Picenum, Emilia, the Patrimony of St. Peter, and other provinces. In truth, We could not but be filled with joy, and return the most humble thanks to the infinite clemency of God, the dispenser of all good, in seeing all the populations We have met on Our way testifying towards us so much love, and showing themselves happy in strikingly evincing their attachment and devotion to the Holy See; so much so, that Our journey became a perpetual and solemn triumph of our Holy Religion. Everywhere indeed, not only your illustrious colleagues, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, the Archbishops, the Bishops, and other Ordinaries of each Diocese, the Clergy, the Magistrates, and the Nobility, hastened to give openly and publicly, the most marked testimony of their affection for Us and for the Apostolic See, but still farther, wherever We have passed, all individuals of all places, of all conditions, and of all ages, have emulously pressed around Us on the roads, and have vied in pouring forth such shouts of joy and filial piety in order to honor, in the person of Our humility, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, and to express, as far as they could, the love they bear for their own Sovereign, and the confidence which they have in him, that on many occasions We have not been able to restrain Our tears. We could much wish to be able here to repeat the names of the cities, towns, populations and persons, and to express towards them the thanks they so well deserve, if We were not precluded by the limits assigned to this discourse; and as nothing assuredly could be to Us more agreeable than to witness the religious feelings of these people and their love for the Holy See, attested by so many proofs, We have been happy in speaking, according to the affection of Our paternal heart, to all the Magistrates of each district, and of all ranks who have presented to Us any particular requests and petitions relative to the benefit of their own place and the interests of commerce, for laying before Us their wishes, with that respect and deference which become the most faithful and most devoted subjects of the Holy See. So have We, in many places, with eagerness and joy, immediately taken and fixed upon measures which have appeared to Us the best adapted to awaken more and more and to keep up the religion and piety of the populations, as also to procure for them new temporal advantages and to add to their well-being. Moreover, never shall we cease addressing to God, in the humility of Our heart, Our prayers and Our supplications, that He will be pleased, of His goodness, to

pour down at all times the most abundant gifts of His grace on the population We have been visiting, as well as all those who are in submission to the authority of the Apostolic See. We will beg of Him to fill them every day more and more with His very holy Faith, with hope, charity, and a solid piety, and with all true virtues, that He may direct and aid, and render fruitful by His heavenly favor, their works, their industry, and their commerce; that He may give them abundantly of the dew of Heaven and the fat of the land; and, by His Almighty Power, protect these people, who are so dear to Us, against the mortal contagion of the numerous errors which are seeking to creep in amongst them, and that He will defend them and deliver them from the snares and wiles and the criminal machinations of impious men.

But if We have found the greatest of consolation in the midst of Our well-beloved people, we have met with equal causes of joy out of the limits of Our States. For, as you all well know, Venerable Brethren, several illustrious Princes came to Us to testify their devotion and respect for the Vicar of Jesus Christ. And first, when We were at Perugia, We saw arrive Our very dear son in Jesus Christ, the Archduke Charles, sent by his august father, Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany; and when We were at Pisa, Our very dear son in Jesus Christ, Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, came thither to visit Us. During Our stay in Bologna, We received the visits of our very dear son in Jesus Christ, Louis, the illustrious King of Bavaria; of Our very dear son in Jesus Christ, Robert, Duke of Parma, and of his noble mother, now Regent of the Duchy; of Our very dear daughter in Jesus Christ, the Duchess of Berry; and of Our very dear sons in Jesus Christ, Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Francis, Duke of Modena, with all their august families. The presence of these Princes caused Us the most lively satisfaction, and We have been profuse in Our marks of Our Pontifical affection towards them, the more so as We have always singularly appreciated their virtue and their merit. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Duke of Modena, having urgently requested Us to visit their States on this occasion, We very willingly acceded to their pious wishes, which was indeed so much the more easy and agreeable for Us, as Modena is at a distance of about five miles only from Our States, and Tuscany was naturally Our road to come back to Our dear city of Rome.

As soon as We had arrived at the confines of the territory of Modena, We were met by our very dear son in Jesus Christ, Francis, Duke of Modena, who from that time accompanied Us, and in his capital gave Us a splendid and magnificent reception, accompanied by the most profuse demonstrations and evidences of his filial piety. We there met Our Venerable Brethren, the Bishops of the Duchy, the Clergy, the Magistrates and Nobility, who showed themselves happy in expressing to Us, as far as they could, the respect with which they were penetrated for Us; while the people, faithful imitators of the piety which distinguishes the Prince and his family, pressed around Us on Our way, continually requesting, amidst joyful acclamations, the Benediction of the Supreme Pastor of the Universal Church.

When We arrived in Tuscany, We were met by the Archdukes Ferdinand and Charles, sent by their father, the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and on approaching Florence, We perceived coming towards Us the Grand Duke himself, Our very dear son in Jesus Christ, Leopold, with all his august family. He himself introduced Us to Florence, and remaining always at Our side, accompanied Us through all the towns in his States which We had to traverse. He received Us

with magnificence, and overwhelmed Us with the greatest marks of singular piety, devotion and generosity. All our Venerable Brethren, the Archbishops and Bishops of Tuscany, all the Clergy, the Corporations, Magistrates, and all the Nobility, were happy in showing in a thousand ways their devotion towards us; and not only in Florence, but everywhere we went, the Tuscan people, following the illustrious examples of their Prince and the whole of the Royal Family, hastening in crowds from all the towns, burghs, and country places, showed such a spirit of faith and religion, welcomed with such joyous acclamations the Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, and expressed such lively eagerness to see him and pay him homage, asking at the same time with such ardor to be favored with his Benediction, that Our paternal heart could not resist the feelings of strong emotion. In hastily recounting these things, We render very humble thanksgivings to the merciful clemency and goodness of God, for that by a singular favor on His part, We have everywhere met with such religious sentiment; and attributing nothing to Ourselves, We refer all to the praise and glory of God, and We Ourselves only rejoice in this pious affection and devotion of the people, inasmuch as in the person of Our humility "He is recognized, He is honored, in Whom abides the solicitude of all the Pastors with the care of the sheep who are confided to them, and of whom the dignity never diminishes even in an unworthy inheritor."*

We cannot now pass over in silence the respectful eagerness and joy with which the Clergy and the Roman people, who are so dear to Us, have received Us on our return. You know, indeed, what crowds of others and of all conditions have come to meet Us outside the city on Our arrival, and what throngs of people were present in the city itself—how unanimous were the greetings of those who congratulated Us and who asked Our Pontifical Benediction, and how brilliant were the marks of the public joy. And if it has been pleasing to Us again to see the Representatives of the foreign countries and the Ministers at our Court and this Holy See, it has been especially pleasing to see you once more all present, to speak to you and to embrace you with affection—you, Venerable Brethren, who are the companions and associates of our councils and of our labors.

And the full measures of Our consolations was reached on that glorious day, the eighth of the present month, consecrated to the Nativity of the Virgin Mother of God, when, surrounded by the members of this Sacred College, in presence of the Ambassadors of the foreign nations, of Our Prelates, and the Roman Magistrates, at the Palace of the Legation of Spain, magnificently and royally decorated by the orders of Our dear daughter in Jesus Christ, the Catholic Queen Mary Isabella, and by the care of Our dear son, the Ambassador from Her Majesty to Us and this Holy See, We have solemnly inaugurated the Monument of the Catholic Universe raised upon the Piazzi di Spagna, in this city, for the perpetual remembrance of the Dogmatic Definition which We pronounced, about three years since, on the subject of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, in the Basilica of the Vatican, in your presence, in presence of numerous Bishops of the Holy Church, with an incredible joy of Our heart, and amidst the acclamations of the whole Catholic Universe. You recollect, Venerable Brethren, the immense concourse of all orders and of all ages which was gathered together for this sacred ceremony; the innumerable multitudes that filled that square and the neighboring streets; by what pious and joyful

* S. Leon, Serm. 3, c. 4. In die anniv. sue assumpt. ad summum Pontificat.

acclamations the Roman people showed that devotion and that affection which have always distinguished them, and with which they are deeply imbued towards the Most Holy Mother of God, and Our most loving Mother; and how, finally, they manifested and testified by their cries, their looks and their applause, the excellent sentiments of their faith, their religion, and their piety.

Therefore, Venerable Brethren, doth our mouth sing the praises of the Lord, and Our soul, Our heart, and Our tongue bless His Holy Name, for that, by a singular favor on His part, faith and religion are full of life in the hearts of the people—far from being weakened, as the enemies of God and man wished, who, walking in their impieties like ministers of Satan, endeavor to throw down everywhere our Divine faith and our religion, and blush not to affirm, with as much impiety as folly, that the time of the Catholic Religion is passed. But their desire will perish, and their criminal and multiplied efforts will be always vain. For the Catholic Religion, descending from heaven upon the earth for the salvation of mankind, surrounded on all sides by Divine helps, enriched with the treasures of celestial riches, can never be shaken, neither by the length of time nor by the vicissitudes of things; but continually victorious in her combats and triumphant over her enemies, she will remain always stable, immoveable and invincible, until the consummation of ages, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her.

However, Venerable Brethren, in order never to cease praying and supplicating with thanksgivings, and to ask humbly and with all our strength of God, who is rich in mercy, that by His Divine Grace he may preserve, excite and increase more and more among all the peoples of the universe the spirit of faith, religion and charity; and that he would succor, fortify, and strengthen, by His heavenly dew, all those who, called on to participate in Our Pastoral solicitude, should watch with especial vigilance, zeal, and care to procure the eternal salvation of men; in order also never to cease asking, by constant and fervent prayers to the God of clemency, that He would be pleased, by His Almighty Power, to bring back the wretched worldly into the paths of truth, of justice, and of salvation; and in order that God may hear more favorably Our prayers and yours; We have judged it right to have recourse to the prayers of the Universal Church. Wherefore We here address Ourselves to you, Our Venerable Brethren, of the whole Catholic Universe, the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and the other Ordinaries; and We earnestly exhort their religion and their piety to appoint, if they deem it opportune in the Lord, and according to their prudence and their judgment, public prayers in their respective dioceses, in order to ask of God that His Holy Church, and its salutary doctrine, freed from all difficulties, may have from day to day further increase and growth throughout the earth; that it may prosper and extend its empire, and that all people may meet in the unity of the Faith and in the knowledge of Our Lord Jesus Christ. And that the Faithful may give themselves to these prayers with more ardent zeal and with more abundant fruits, We have resolved to open and pour out the treasures of the Heavenly gifts of which the Almighty has confided to Us the administration. Therefore We grant a Plenary Indulgence, in form of Jubilee, which may be gained in the times which shall be fixed by Our Venerable Brethren and the Ordinaries of places until the end of the next year, One thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and not beyond that; in the same manner and with the same privileges as for the Jubilee which We granted to the Catholic Universe by Our Encyclical Letters of the second of November, One thousand eight hundred and fifty one, beginning with these words: "Ex aliis Nostris Litteris."

THE HAPPY HOME.

I LOVE the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,
Where Virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And Vice, fell serpent! never basks;
Where sweetly rings upon the ear
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music whispered near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong.

For there the father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy,
With sportive tricks, the eve beguiles;
And love, beyond what worldlings know,
Like sunlight on the purest foam,
Descends, and with its cheering glow,
Light's up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm
Around a resting-place so bright,
And gloomy Sorrow finds a balm
In gazing at so fair a sight;
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And Discord rears its front no more,
There Pity's pearly tear drop starts,
And Charity attends the door.

No biting scandal, fresh from hell,
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue;
There kind remembrance loves to dwell,
And virtue's meed is sweetly sung;
And human nature soars on high,
Where heavenly spirits love to roam,
And Vice, as stalks it rudely by,
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oft have I joined the lovely ones
Around the bright and cheerful hearth,
With father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And Fashion called her senseless throng,
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And that fair girl's a seraph's song.

And swift as circles fade away,
Upon the bosom of the deep,
When pebbles, tossed by boys at play,
Disturb its still and glassy sleep,
The hours have sped in pure delight,
And wandering feet forgot to roam,
While waved the banners of the night,
Above the Christian's happy home.

[*Selected.*]

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

General Councils.—In studying Ecclesiastical History, the knowledge of the periods at which the general or œcumenical assemblies of the church were held, for the repression of heresy and the clear exposition of the faith of the church, must be considered of great utility. We now present them to our readers, as they are generally numbered.

First General Council. 325. It was held at Nice, a town in Bithynia, a portion of the modern province of Anatolia, in Asia Minor. It lasted for two months and twelve days. There were present at it 381 Bishops. The celebrated Osius, Bishop of Cordova in Spain, presided at the council, as legate for Pope Sylvester. The Emperor Constantine was also present, but only as a spectator. Here the Nicene creed was drawn up, and subscribed by the assembled prelates.

Second General Council. 381. This is called the first general council of Constantinople. It was composed of 150 Bishops. The doctrines taught by Macedonius against the divinity of the Holy Ghost, and the errors of Apollinaris, who declared that our Saviour had only taken human flesh, and not a human soul, were declared heretical. To the Nicene creed was added the profession of belief in the Holy Ghost in more enlarged and distinct terms, with a view to put down the prevalent errors. To distinguish the Church from heretics and schismatics, to the epithets in the Apostles' creed of *Holy* and *Catholic*, the council added those of *one* and Apostolical; and against Eunomius, who denied the divinity both of the Son and the Holy Ghost, and in conformity with his errors, introduced a new and invalid form of baptism, those words were adopted: we confess one baptism for the remission of sins.

Third General Council. 431. This council was held at Ephesus in Asia Minor, and St. Cyril of Alexandria presided for Pope Celestine the First. In this council, Nestorius, the patriarch of Constantinople, was condemned for maintaining two distinct persons in Christ, and that the person of man alone having been born of the Blessed Virgin, it was improper to style her mother of God. This doctrine was declared erroneous and blasphemous, and Nestorius was deposed from the episcopal dignity.

Fourth General Council. 451. Held at Chalcedon in Asia Minor, and attended by 360 Bishops. It condemned Eutyches, Abbot of a monastery near Constantinople, who in opposing the errors of Nestorius, fell into an opposite error, teaching that there is but one nature in Christ. Both doctrines were equally subversive of the mystery of the incarnation. The legates of St. Leo, the Bishop of Rome, presided.

Fifth General Council. 553. Called the second general council of Constantinople, and consisted of 151 Bishops. It was assembled to condemn the errors of Origen, and certain writings of Theodoret, of Mapsuestia, and Ibas, Bishop of Edessa, which were creating great divisions and confusions in the Church. It decreed the reception of the four councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon, against such as denied their authority.

Sixth General Council. 680. Assembled to suppress the errors of the Monothelites, who taught that there was but one will in Christ. It recognised in our Saviour two wills, a divine will, and a human will, and forbade the contrary to be taught.

Seventh General Council. 787. This council was held at Nice, being the second general council assembled there. Pope Adrian's legates presided, and the Patriarch of Constantinople assisted at it. The errors of the Iconoclasts, or Image Breakers, who asserted that it was unlawful to have images or pictures in churches, and that it was idolatry to pay respect to them, were condemned. The lawfulness of pictures and images was asserted, and the distinction drawn between the relative honors shown to them, and the supreme adoration paid to God alone.

Eighth General Council. 869. This council, called the fourth general council of Constantinople, condemned the errors of Photius upon the procession of the Holy Ghost. He taught that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father only, and not from the Father and the Son. The acts of an assembly held by Photius (who had intruded himself into the see of Constantinople), against Pope Nicolas, and Ignatius the legitimate Patriarch, were burned, and Ignatius restored to his bishopric with honor.

Ninth General Council. 1123. This is called the first council of Lateran, having been held in the Basilic of that name at Rome. More than 300 Bishops, and upwards of 600 Abbots, in all nearly 1000 prelates, assisted at it. It was held for the purpose of restoring peace to the church, which for 45 years had been much troubled by the right claimed by the Emperor to appoint to benefices. Exertions were made for the restoration of Ecclesiastical discipline, which had grown lax in consequence of the many schisms which had long afflicted the church.

Tenth General Council. 1139. Assembled by Pope Innocent the Second, in the Lateran Basilic, and consisting of more than a thousand Bishops, and as many Abbots. The errors of Arnold of Brescia, were condemned in this council, and the canons of discipline enacted in previous councils confirmed.

Eleventh General Council. 1179. The third council of Lateran, composed of 302 Bishops, held under Pope Alexander the Third. It was assembled to remedy the abuses occasioned by the schismatical appointment of various anti-popes, to condemn the errors of the Vaudois, and to labor for the reformation of discipline.

Twelfth General Council. 1215. The fourth council of Lateran, presided over by Innocent the Third. There were present the Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Constantinople; 71 Archbishops, 412 Bishops, 800 Abbots. The primate of the Maronites from Mount Libanus; and St. Dominic, founder of the Black or Preaching Friars. In this council the errors of the Albigenses and other heretics were condemned. The reception of the Paschal Communion, was ordered by this council, under pain of excommunication.

Thirteenth General Council. 1245. Called the first general council of Lyons. Pope Innocent the Fourth presided. There were present the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Aquileia, and Venice; 140 Bishops; Baldwin the second Emperor of the East, and Saint Louis, king of France. This august assembly excommunicated and deposed the Emperor Frederick the Second. A new crusade was determined on for the rescue of the Holy Land, under the conduct of Saint Louis.

Fourteenth General Council. 1274. The second general council of Lyons, over which Pope Gregory the Tenth presided, and at which were present 500 Bishops, 60 Abbots, and about 1000 prelates of inferior rank. At this council the Greeks acknowledged the supremacy of the holy see, and at the solemn mass of thanksgiving, the creed of Constantinople, with the words, "filioque," *and the Son*—was sung in Latin and Greek. The *filioque* was twice repeated in public testimony, that the Greeks renounced their error on the procession of the Holy Ghost.

Fifteenth General Council. 1311. Held at Vienna in the south of France, in the department of Isere. Philip the Fourth of France, Edward the Second of England, and James the Second of Arragon were present. By this council the templars were suppressed; the errors of the Beguards and Beguines condemned; and that the infidels might be converted to the faith, professorships of the oriental tongues were ordered to be established in the universities, and more especially at Bologna, Paris, Salamanca, and Oxford.

Sixteenth General Council. 1414. The council of Constance. In this council the errors of Wickleff, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague were condemned, and exertions made to put an end to the calamitous schisms, by which the church had been torn for 37 years. There were present 4 Patriarchs, 47 Archbishops, 160 Bishops, and 564 Abbots and Doctors of Theology. The celebrated John Gerson, chancellor of the university of Paris, assisted at it.

Seventeenth General Council. 1439. This council is termed the council of Florence,

though begun in Ferrara. The plague breaking out in this latter city occasioned its transference. Eugenius the Fourth presided. John Paleologus, the Greek Emperor, and the Patriarch of Constantinople assisted at it. The great object of the council was the union of the Latin and Greek churches.

Eighteenth General Council. 1512. The fifth general council of Lateran, presided over by Julius the Second, and after his death by Leo the Tenth. This council lasted for five years. The object of its assembly was principally the peace of Christendom, by putting a stop to a rising schism; healing the disagreement between the Pope and Louis the Twelfth of France; and urging on to a strict observance of discipline, the clergy and religious orders.

Nineteenth General Council. 1545. This, the last of the general councils, was held at Trent, in the Tyrol. It met in 1545, and continued its sessions, with some interruptions, till 1563, a period of eighteen years. Its object was to condemn the errors of Luther and his followers; to define with precision the faith of the church on all those points which were assailed by the different sects of Protestants, to reform ecclesiastical discipline, and to improve the morality of the Christian world. This was the true Reformation.

Allegri's Miserere.—The shadows of evening had now closed in, and we should have been left in almost total darkness but for the dull red glare which proceeded from the hidden lights of the unseen choristers; and which, mingling with the deepening twilight, produced a most melancholy gloom.

After a deep and most impressive pause of silence, the solemn Miserere commenced; and never by mortal ear was heard another strain of such powerful, such heart-moving pathos. The accordant tones of a hundred human voices—and one which seemed more than human—ascended together to Heaven for mercy to mankind—for pardon to a guilty and sinning world. It had nothing in it of this earth—nothing that breathed the ordinary feelings of our nature. It seemed as if every sense and power had been concentred into that plaintive expression of lamentation, of deep suffering and supplication which possessed the soul. It was the strain that disembodied spirits might have used who had just passed the boundaries of death, and sought release from the mysterious weight of woe and the tremblings of mortal agony that they had suffered in the passage of the grave. It was the music of another state of being.

It lasted till the shadows of evening fell deeper, and the red dusky glare, as it issued from the concealed recess whence the singing proceeded, shed a partial but strong light upon the figures near it.

It ceased—a priest with a light moved across the chapel, and carried a book to the officiating Cardinal, who read a few words in an awful and impressive tone.

Then, again, the light disappeared, and the last, the most entrancing harmony arose, in a strain that might have moved Heaven itself—a deeper, more pathetic sound of lamentation than mortal voices ever breathed.

The effect upon the minds of those who heard it, was almost too powerful to be borne, and never—never can be forgotten. One gentleman fainted, and was carried out; and many of the ladies near me were in agitation even more distressing, which they vainly struggled to suppress.

It was the music of Allegri; but the composition, however fine, is nothing without the voices which perform it here. It is only the singers of the Papal Chapel that can execute the Miserere. It has been tried by the best singers in Germany, and totally failed of effect.

There is never any accompaniment, though at times the solemn swell of the softened organ seemed to blend with the voices.

This music is more wonderful, and its effects more powerful, than anything I could have conceived.

At its termination some loud strokes, that reverberated through the chapel, and are intended to represent the veil of the Temple being rent in twain, closed the service.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

Dr. Johnson's Pudding.—Last summer I made another excursion to Scotland, intending to complete my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whisky punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen.

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell; travelling like the lion and the jackal, Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the appearance of the house followed his nose into the larder, where he discovered a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding.—'Now,' said he, 'make the best of all possible puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of literature slowly advancing on a pony."

"My dear sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy, "good news! I have just bespoke at a comfortable, clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal." Johnson looked pleased.

"And I hope," said he, "you have bespoke a pudding?"

"Sir, you will have your favorite pudding," replied the other.

Johnson got off his pony, and the poor animal relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, "My dear doctor, here comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!" The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said—

"I suppose, sir, I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to?" The doctor replied—

"My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day."

"Oh dear! this is a great disappointment," said Bozzy.

"Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding." Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine-flavored fat—so nice and so brown, too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton."

The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding*. The table was cleared, and Boswell said—

"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?"

The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried, the doctor laughed.

"You little, filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?"

"I couldn't, sir," said the boy.

"No! why couldn't you?" said Boswell.

"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"

The doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth open (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out with the lungs of a stentor—

"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe," and so, sir, said mine host, you have the positive fact from the mouth of your very humble servant. *Angelo's Reminiscences.*

Curious Clock at Strasburgh.—At Strasburgh there is a clock of all others the most famous, invented by Conradius Dasipodius, in the year 1571. Before the clock stands a globe on the ground, showing the motions of the heavens, stars and planets The heavens are carried about by the first mover, in twenty-four hours. Saturn, by his proper motion, is carried about in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars, in two; the Sun, Mercury and Venus, in one year, and the Moon in one month. In the clock itself, there are two tables on the right and left hand, showing the eclipses of the sun and moon from the year 1573 to the year 1624. The third table in the middle, is divided into three parts. In the first part, the statues of Apollo and Diana show the course of the year, and the day thereof, being carried about in one year; the second part shews the year of our Lord, and the equinoctial days, the hours of each day, the minutes of each hour, Easter day, and all other feasts, and the dominical letter. The third part hath the geographical description of all Germany, and particularly of Strasburgh, and the names of the inventor and all the workmen. In the middle frame of the clock is an astrolabe, shewing the sign in which each planet is every day; and there are the statues of the seven planets upon a round piece of iron, lying flat; so that every day, the planet that rules the day comes forth, the rest being hid within the frames, till they come out by course at their day; as the sun upon Sunday, and so for all the week. And there is also a terrestrial globe, which shews the quarter, the half-hour, and the minutes. There is also the skull of a dead man, and statues of two boys, whereof one turns the hour-glass, when the clock hath struck, the other puts forth the rod in his hand at each stroke of the clock. Moreover, there are the statues of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, and many observations of the moon. In the upper part of the clock are four old men's statues, which strike the quarters of the hour; the statue of Death comes out at each quarter to strike, but is driven back by the statue of Christ, with a spear in his hand, for three quarters, but in the fourth quarter, that of Christ goes back, and that of Death strikes the hour with a bone in his hand, and then the chimes sound. On the top of the clock, is an image of a cock, which in the day crows aloud and claps his wings. Besides, this clock is decked with many rare pictures; and, being on the inside of the church, carries another frame to the outside of the wall, wherein the hours of the sun, the courses of the moon, the length of the day, and such other things, are set out with great art.

Guns were invented by Swartz, a German, about 1378, and were brought into use by the Venetians, in 1382. Cannon were invented at an anterior date. They were first used at the battle of Cressy in 1346. In England they were first used at the seige of Berwick, in 1405. It was not until 1544, however, that they were cast in England. They were used on board the ships by the Venetians in 1539, and were in use among the Turks about the same time. An artillery company was instituted in England for weekly military exercises in 1610.

The Man that the Dog Barked at.—The following, from an old number of the *New Orleans Picayune*, is as good both in the story and the moral as though it had come from Æsop himself: "A few days ago, we noticed a man walking along one of our principal streets, whose appearance indicated that he was "in a peck of troubles." He looked cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two; something very serious disturbed his equanimity. While we were wondering what it could have been—whether or not he had failed in business, or lost money by somebody else who had failed—whether or not his wife had eloped with his best friend—all formed a strange problem. The face of matters wonderfully changed by quite a simple incident. We had not absolutely determined in our own mind the nature of his grievance, when an impudent little terrier, squatted upon the sidewalk, discovered something offensive in the appearance of the man to whom we have alluded, and jumped towards him with a sharp and angry bark. This was altogether too great an indignity, and filled the cup of our traveller's annoyance to overflowing. He turned fiercely towards the dog, and while he insulted him with a blunt oath, attempted to kick him. The cur was altogether too nimble, and as he leaped aside to avoid the punishment he had earned, barked more furiously than before. The man's anger knew no bounds; the more the dog barked at him, the more anxious he seemed to be to succeed in kicking him. The figure they cut as the terrier capered into the middle of the street, the man after him, the dog yelping, and his antagonist swearing louder and louder, was ludicrous in the extreme. People gathered upon the sidewalk in crowds. The ladies looked on and giggled; the men braced themselves against the walls and shook their sides bravely; and the boys yelled out, with great delight, "go it old fellow, go it while you're young." The man who was making so laughable an exhibition of himself soon discovered that the dog was altogether too agile for him, and gave up the chase in despair. It was not until then he observed that in his anger he had made a fool of himself. He hastily drew down his hat over his brow and walked rapidly away.

When our merriment had subsided, we could not help thinking how much this little incident resembled human life: that is, the life of many specimens of humanity. If the man whose story we have told had only walked quietly on his way and taken no notice of the outcry of the cur, no matter whether the cur was governed by wanton or malicious motives, he would have excited by his conduct neither laughter in others, nor diminished his own self-respect. So in a thousand things of life. He who pursues his own path fearlessly and calmly, without heeding the puerile assaults of those who cannot by any possibility affect his destinies, will act a part dictated by good sense and wisdom. 'Tis passing strange, that in a life so brief as this, when it is in the power of each one to add to the other's enjoyment, there should be so many curs. The business of one half the people of the world seems to be to render the remainder uncomfortable and unhappy. There might be some slight extenuation, if by making others miserable they could add to their own happiness; but no such results follow their labors. Indulgence in their own malicious propensities not only annoys others, but keeps themselves in a "perfect stew," by no means conducive to comfort. The true way to manage these curs is to pass them quietly by—their yelping is altogether innocuous. The moment you meddle with them, you find yourself in the position of the man who attempted to kick the dog—laughed at and derided, without the healing balm of self-approval in compensation.

Astronomy was first studied by the Moors, and was by them introduced into Europe in 1201. The rapid progress of Modern Astronomy dates from the time of Copernicus. Books of Astronomy and Geometry were destroyed, as infected with magic, in England, under the reign of Edward VI, in 1552.

Banks were first established by the Lombard Jews in Italy. The name is derived from banco, bench, benches being erected in the market places for the exchange of money, &c. The first public bank was at Venice, in 1550. The Bank of England was first established in 1693. In 1696 its notes were at 20 per cent. discount.

WINTER FLOWERS.

They come, they come, those humble flowers,
Not in the sunshine of the year,
But in its cold and gloomy hours,
To make earth's dreariness less drear;
They do not court the smiles of Spring,
They ask no part in Summer's reign;
Nor warm, nor gorgeous robes they bring,
To shield them from the cold and rain.

Nor dwell they only on the soil
Of sylvan scenes and gardens fair;
But far on ways and wastes they smile,
And need no culture and no care.
They come all garmentless to prove
There is no dearth of fost'ring care
In Him whose all-enduring love
Sustains them, and the meanest here.

They are not like the worldly train
Who closely cling in pomp and power;
But stand aloof in care and pain,
And leave us in the wintry hour:
But like unto that noble soul
Which shares the darkness of our lot,
Whom adverse fate can ne'er control,
But loves through ill, and alters not.

Sam Slick and his Father.—"My poor father used to say, 'Sam, mind what I tell you: if a man don't agree in all particulars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he aint justified on that account, no how, to separate from them; for, Sam, *schism is a sin in the eye of God.* 'The whole christian world,' he would say, 'is divided into two great families,—the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and, Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that ere family will grub out 'tother one, stalk, branch and root; it wont so much as leave the seed of it in the ground to grow by chance, as a natural curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withied up together (which it never was, and never will be, to all eternity), no great of a bundle arter all; you might take it up under one arm and walk off with it without winkin'. But when all lyin' loose, as it always is, just look at it, and see what a sight it is, all blown about by every wind of doctrine, some away up e'en a-most out of sight, others rollin' over and over in the dirt, some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather and cracked by the sun, no two of 'em will lie so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects,—railin, quarrellin, separatin, and agreein in nothin, but hatin each other. It is awful to think on. T'other family will some day or other gather them all up, put them into a bundle, and bind them tight up, and condemn 'em as fit for nothing under the sun but the fire. Now he who splits one of these here sects by schism, or he who preaches schism, commits a grievous sin; and, Sam, if you valy your own peace of mind, have nothing to do with such folks.'"

The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VII, of France, in 1445. Previous to that time the king had depended upon his nobles for contingents in time of war. A standing army was first established in England in 1638 by Charles I, but it was declared illegal, as well as the organization of the Royal Guards in 1679. The first permanent military band instituted in England was the Yeomen of the Guards, established in 1486.

The Rich Men.—*Translated from the Welch.*—In times past, there lived in a certain parish a great and wealthy lord; and he was the richest man in possession of houses and lands, of gold and silver, and of every worldly property, as well as with regard to office and honor, of any in his district.

And one morning, at the break of dawn, after the third crowing of the cock, there was a voice heard distinctly proclaiming three times in this manner:—"To-night, this very night, shall the greatest and richest man in this parish die." And it was told the nobleman how such a spiritual voice was heard, as it were from heaven; and when he heard of it he was exceedingly troubled, and sent for the best of physicians, far and near, who watched by his bed unceasingly, ministering to him every medicine they could bring to their mind and knowledge, and every support of life that they could discover by learning and deep study. And the night wore away, although it appeared to the nobleman as long as a man's life, and the dawn broke, and the nobleman and his friends rejoiced exceedingly that he was alive.

At sunrise, lo! the church bell was tolling the knell of some one dead, and they sent in great haste to inquire who it was. And the answer came that it was a poor old blind beggar-man, who had been often seen more than half naked at the road-side, asking alms; and who, although he received something from others, yet never received anything from the rich nobleman, his neighbor. And when the nobleman heard of it, he said, "I knew well that the wicked old fellow was a cheat and imposter, and, as he has left neither children nor relations, as I am the lord of the territory, to me belongs, by the law of the land, all the wealth of the old unconscionable dog." So they sent and minutely searched the house, and in it they found nothing but a truss of straw, and a bolster of rushes, and the old man dead upon them; and in the house there was neither food, nor drink, nor fire, nor clothes as a protection from cold; and it was seen that it was from hunger and cold that the old hermit had died. And, from seeing this, the wealthy old lord became exceedingly sorrowful, and took it greatly to heart; and, after sorrowing for a great many days, and praying to God, it came to his recollection that *blessed are the religious poor, and theirs is the treasure of wealth in the happy region of Heaven.* And from thenceforward he became a religious man, giving alms, and practising charity, and performing every godly and moral act to the end of his life; endowing religious houses, and churches, and alms-houses, and hospitals, and schools; and relieving from every poverty and want he saw or heard of; and he died a devout saint. And in his last hour his words were these: "I shall go to my betters; I shall go to the old hermit; and blessed shall I be in that, though I be litter under his feet." At the hour in which he died there was heard the voices of angels singing the welcome of happiness to him. And he was buried, according to his desire, in the old hermit's grave.

Peace of Mind.—Though peace of mind does not constitute happiness, happiness cannot exist without it, our serenity being the result of our own exertions, while our happiness is dependent on others: hence the reason why it is so rare; for, on how few can we count! Our wisdom, therefore, is best shown in cultivating all that leads to the preservation of this negative blessing, which, while we possess it, will prevent us from ever becoming wholly wretched.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years—stamped them with wisdom—effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

Review of Current Literature.

1. Kyriale; or, Ordinary of Mass. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a small hand-book, containing the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, for the different Feasts and Sundays of the year, with the Gregorian Chants, in modern notation. We confess we are unable to determine the peculiar merits of the Kyriale, from our limited knowledge of the Gregorian Chant, which is adopted in this work. The preface sets forth many reasons why this Chant should be generally used in our Churches, and informs us that the work has been published at the request of several Bishops, who are desirous of having it introduced into their respective dioceses. It bears the seal of approbation of our own most beloved Archbishop, who "declares his satisfaction at the undertaking, and his desire to see the Ecclesiastical Chant introduced wherever the circumstances of the various congregations will permit."

2. The Works of Gerald Griffin. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have delayed a notice of these works with the hope that we should find time to present to our readers, not merely a passing notice, but a review worthy of the distinguished author and in keeping with the merits of his works. But this time has not been afforded us, hence a brief notice must suffice for the present.

Gerald Griffin is an author that can be freely recommended to the Catholic young men of our country, as a model in every way worthy of their imitation. He dedicated his life to literature, but not for the profit arising therefrom, for perhaps no man cared less for this world's treasures. The main object in all his writings was to purify the character of the stage and to elevate the standard of works of fiction. Hence his writings possess a purity of thought and sentiment, a refinement of taste, a delicacy of conception, a bold and vigorous style, which is rarely met with in similar works. Everywhere they inculcate a pure morality, and reprove everything that dares to invade the domain of virtue. With the purity of his own life and generous heart, they combine a humor and pathos which must commend them to all, even those who are the most sensitive regarding works of fiction. Open them where you please, you are sure to find something that will give entertainment and instruction. From the elegant and classic pages of the "Collegians," to the mirthful "Tales of the Munster Festivals," there is an agreeableness in the style which carries the reader onward, with an interest that waxes stronger as he advances. The oftener one reads the works of this gifted author, the oftener he will desire to read them, and each time with renewed interest. But comment is unnecessary. Let those who desire works of fiction possessing true, genuine merit, purchase and read the works of Gerald Griffin. No select library ought to be without them. This, we believe, is the first complete American edition of Griffin's works, and the very superior manner in which they are presented to the public, reflects much credit on the enterprising publishers.

3. Report on the Medico-Legal Duties of Coroners. By *Alexander J. Semmes*, A. M., M. D., one of the Secretaries of the American Medical Association. Philadelphia: Collins.

This is an interesting and learned essay on a subject of much deeper interest, even outside of the medical and legal professions, than the general reader might at first suppose. It traces out with considerable research, and in a clear and lucid style, the great antiquity, high dignity, and usefulness of the coroner's office and functions, and makes many valuable suggestions for the improvement, both as respects its legal and medical connection of an office, which we apprehend has been much undervalued in our country, and one which we fear is becoming of greater importance and delicacy in proportion to the vast and fearful increase of homicides in our midst. The thanks, not only

of the two professions, but of the public, are due to Dr. Semmes, who, we are glad to know, is a gifted young Catholic physician of Washington, holding an important and responsible medical office under the federal government. The "Report" forms a part of the published transactions of the American Medical Association, but has received from that body the merited compliment of a separate publication.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—The most important item of literary intelligence from Europe is doubtless the certain news that Dr. Newman is about to undertake a new translation of the Bible from the Clementine standard edition of the Vulgate. Most of the Bibles, which bear the name of Douay, are far from being literal reprints from the Douay translation. Many versions have been made, until at length there is no uniform, or generally received edition in English, as far as the identity of language is concerned. Under these circumstances, a new and uniform translation will be hailed with pleasure. Dr. Newman is admirably fitted for the task. Cardinal Wiseman will doubtless aid in a work for which his talents and studies so eminently qualify him. A translation made under the auspices thus offered, will surely be a public benefit: beautiful in language, accurate as a version, careful in choice of words, free from obscurity, a translation, in a word, which may be *a quasi* standard, as reproducing perfectly the Vulgate, the only standard authorized by the Church.

We notice in England, also, an announcement of a new edition of Faber's *Sir Lancelot*, and what is of still more interest, of a new work from his pen, entitled "*The Foot of the Cross, or the Sorrows of Mary*," to be ready early next year.

A work is also announced, in reply to the Rev. Mr. Oldknow, that clergyman of the Established Church who endeavored to prop up the poor old establishment by forging the authority of Archbishops Carroll, Purcell and Blanc. He doubtless supposed all dead, but finds that two are alive to repudiate the doctrines he would ascribe to them. As to Archbishop Carroll's funeral, it would be well to know that, among Bishop Brute's papers are preserved long details as to the projected arrangements for the ceremony, drawn up by him at the time. These will prove conclusively, that the idea of Anglican ordinations never entered into the minds of the Catholic clergy, and that Episcopalian ministers, like their Presbyterian brethren, were regarded merely as laymen. Newman's occasional sermons we mentioned in our last. An authorized version of the *Raccolta* has appeared in England.

On the continent we may mention a new work by De Ségur, author of "Short Answers to objections against religion," entitled "*La religion enseignée aux enfants*," and we doubt not will be found as practical, as popular and as useful as his former work.

A new volume of the *Etudes de Théologie, de Philosophie et d'Histoire*, by Fathers Gagaron and Daniel, has also appeared, and it will be of additional interest to American readers, from its containing a sketch of the Life of Madame Elizabeth Galitzin, the Provincial of the Sacred Heart, who died here some years since, and of whom there has been no sketch, we believe, except that in De Courcy's Catholic Church.

The volume: "*Cadres de prones pour tous les demanches*," by the Abbé Vincent, is spoken of as a series of substantial instructions, rapid but not dry development of the gospel texts, rising often, in spite of its form of outline merely, to real eloquence. The Catholic papers mention favorably, "*Méthode pratique de faire le Catéchisme*," by Mgr. Devie, formerly Bishop of Belley; *Du Paganisme, de son principe et de son histoire*, by the Abbé François Chesnel; *Mozart, Vie d'un artiste Chrétien au XVIII siècle*, by Goschler, and *De la vocation ou moyens d'atteindre sa fin dans le marriage et lavie parfaite*, by Mgr. Luquet.

Casterman announces in Belgium, *Saints et Grands hommes du Catholicisme en Belgique*, by Father de Smet of the Society of Jesus, while a new volume of the deeply interesting letters of *our* Father de Smet, is announced by Vandereydt.

American abroad.—American Catholic literature is not unknown abroad. We learn that the new revised edition of Archbishop Kenrick's *Theologia Dogmatica*, is daily expected, from the celebrated press of Mr. Dessain (late Hanicq's), in Malines. We also learn that this work will appear with the especial sanction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who has been pleased to signify a very high estimate of its merits. England reprints *Brownson's Review*, and with Scotland and Ireland it has republished *Fredet's Ancient and Modern Histories*, which, we learn, are used as Text Books in the Irish University, and the whole of *Dunigan's Home Library*, Dr. Pise's *Zenosius*, Mrs. Dorsey's *Tears on the Diadem*, McLeod's *Elder's House*, Cannon's *Father Felix;* and still more recently, the *Shipwreck*, the *Hamiltons*, and the *Young Crusaders*. France translated Father de Smet's *Oregon Missions*, and within the last year, Galitzin's *Defence of Catholic Principles*, and Dr. White's *Life of Mrs. Seton*. Germany, too, pays its honor to our young literature: McSherry's *Willitofl*, Cannon's *Father Felix*, and McLeod's *Elder's House*, circulate in German; then Archbishop's Kenrick's *Primacy* appeared in the same language. Dr. Brownson's *Conversations between Uncle Jack and his Nephew*, translated by the Rev. Mr. Schündler, have just been published by Bachem of Cologne, and Etlinger of Wurzburg, is issuing in four volumes, a translation of Shea's *History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States*.

American.—In the present prostration of commercial affairs at home there is little new to announce since our last. *The Convert*, by Dr. Brownson, has been issued by Dunigan & Brother; Mr. O'Shea has issued the *Young Communicants*, by the authoress of Geraldine, and Mr. Donahoe of Boston, has issued *Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness*, by our prolific and popular author, John Gilmary Shea, Esq., through whose persevering industry and zeal so much of the early Catholic history of this country has been brought before the public. The same publisher has issued, in a neat style, a translation of the Abbé Hulot's work on *Balls* and *Dancing*, and a new edition of *Preparation for Death*, and a few reprints of minor works that have been published before in this country, constitute the principal issues of the month, except those of our own publishers, Messrs. Murphy & Co., who have, notwithstanding the commercial panic, been actively engaged in catering for the public. Their first and most important issue, is their new Prayer Book, *The Visitation Manual*. This new compilation of Prayers and Instructions, according to the spirit of St. Frances de Sales, is a valuable addition to our devotional literature, and is destined to become a favorite companion of the faithful. They have also issued a new and beautiful edition of Dr. Faber's popular Works, in 4 volumes This edition is printed on fine paper, from large type—a very desirable improvement, that will no doubt be appreciated by the numerous admirers of this deservedly popular author. Also, a new and uniform edition of the *Popular Tales and Romances* of Hendrik Conscience, in 6 handsome volumes. *The Thousand and One Days, a Companion to the Arabian Nights*, with an Introduction by Miss Pardoe, is the title of another new and attractive volume of Moral Tales, embellished with fine Engravings, issued uniform with Conscience's Tales, for which we predict an extensive sale for many years to come. *The Kyriale, or Ordinary of Mass:* containing the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, according to the different Feasts and Sundays of the year, with Gregorian Chants in Modern Notation, for the use of Catholic Choirs and Congregations, is another valuable addition to our Liturgical literature. They also announce, as nearly ready, a new revised edition of the *Roman Vesperal, Pictorial Bible Stories*, No. 3; *Mysteries of the Rosary; Silva or, the Triumph of Virtue; Martha or, the Hospital Sister*, &c.

Mr. Walsh, of Cincinnati, announces as nearly ready for publication, *The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church, or Flowers from the Garden of the Liturgy*. By Rev. W. J. Barry, with the approbation of the Mt. Rev. Archbishop Purcell. This is an important work, and one for which we predict an extensive circulation. The approbation of the venerable Archbishop, and the reputation of the gifted young author, will at once commend it favorably to the attention of the Catholic community.

Editors' Table.

Christmas Day.—The Feast of Christmas, with all its joyous associations, again returns. Its approach is hailed with innate feelings of pleasure by the young and the old. We hear in anticipation the joyous anthem sung by the angelic hosts on the happy morn that witnessed the birth of the infant Saviour, giving glory to God on high, and proclaiming peace to fallen man. We are invited to approach the crib of the Son of God, and to join in that anthem of joy and praise: to mingle our prayers with those of Mary, his Virginal Mother, and St. Joseph; to draw near to the manger, to admire, to love, to adore! Having first discharged those duties which our holy mother the Church, calls on us to perform on Christmas morning, go then and enter on the festivities of the day. But, kind reader, before doing so, peruse with attention the following extract from a Christmas sermon, delivered by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, late Archbishop of Dublin:

"Oh ye, on whom God has lavished the favors of this world; ye, who are going to enjoy in the bosom of your happy families the festivities of this joyful season, think how many there are whose Christmas feast is but the bitter bread of misery and the sad cup of human affliction. Alleviate their sorrows, and may God watch over you through life, and crown you in eternity with a diadem of glory."

THE SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS CHIME.

The following extract from a poem, written some years ago for the *Lamp*, contains some happy and well-expressed sentiments:

With merry peal the Christmas chime
  Doth cleave the midnight sky;
And ring along the frosty breeze,
  From yonder turret high.
And on its swell doth gladly fly
  The spirit of the chime,
To herald with its joyous song,
  The merry Christmas time.

It sings a song of other days,
  And it tells of bygone time;
For years have fled since first it shed
  The notes of its merry chime.
Though ages have passed, and countless dead
  Have bowed to the stroke of time,
Those joyous bells peal merrily on
  As they ring the Christmas chime.

Away it bounds through the midnight air,
  And floats along the gale;
It scattereth love, and spreadeth joy,
  As it dances through the vale.
It greeteth the young, and greeteth the old,
  And it gladdens each list'ning ear;
For it singeth a song that is only heard
  But once in the passing year.

It hasteth away to the schoolboy's bed,
  And it whispereth in his ear;
And his cheek is flushed, and his smile is bright,
  As he murmureth, mother dear!

For he dreameth of home and its wond'rous love,
As he thinks of the Christmas time,
And his heart grows warm as he eagerly lists
To the song of the good old chime.

On land or sea, in hope or fear,
It is a welcome guest;
It cometh like some angel bright,
Or like some spirit blessed.
Though sorrow's cup be brimming o'er,
It wakes a mournful smile;
It makes us think of happier days,
And childhood's merry time.

Then peal away thou brave old chime,
Go scatter peace and joy;
I love thee now, e'en as of yore,
When but a careless boy.
Thou tellest of a mother's love,
And of a father's smile;
God speed thee as thou hasteth by,
Thou merry Christmas chime!

THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND AND HIS CATHOLIC CRITICS.—We felt it our duty, some months since, with much regret, to rebuke the precipitancy and demonstrate the injustice of an assault made by a distinguished Catholic reviewer upon the decision of the Supreme Court of the U. S., in the Dred Scott case, before the opinion of that elevated tribunal and the official reasons for its action had been given to the world. We are sorry to be compelled to enter a similar protest now, against the unjust and unbecoming arraignment of the Governor of Maryland, by a leading Catholic press of New York, on account of his recent official interposition to enforce the laws of the State, in this city, and to secure to all classes of our people the free exercise of the elective franchise. It is so seldom, now-a-days, that those entrusted with public authority are found willing to assume personal and official responsibility—for the sake of defending the rights and protecting the interests of a denounced and disfranchised minority—that the manly and honest effort of any public officer to discharge his duty, in that behalf, is entitled, even it be mistaken or misdirected, to the kindest and most favorable construction of all good men. Certainly no one—and especially no stranger—far removed from the scene of difficulty and the opportunities of accurate knowledge—is justified in ascribing either mistake or misdirection to any such official action, without the fullest and most deliberate investigation and reflection. Least of all does it become one belonging to and speaking in the name of any class whose rights, in common with others of their fellow-citizens, are sought to be maintained by official intervention, hastily and unadvisedly to put the legality of that intervention in doubt, and thus destroy the efficacy by destroying the moral force of the only power upon which depend, in the last resort, the maintenance of the laws and constitution, and the security and rights of the citizen.

We do not propose entering into any of the political questions surrounding our recent municipal and State elections. To call either of them an election—in the sense of a fair and untrammeled expression of the public will, by those lawful voters who had a right to express it—would be an insult to our readers. No honest man in the community, of any party, believes any such thing, and only a few of the most reckless and interested venture to assert it. They were disgraceful triumphs of violence, ruffianism, conspiracy and murder, over the laws, the constituted authorities, and the franchises of the citizen. No reasonable man, of any party, doubts this. What the results of those elections would have been if the laws had been enforced, we have no means of knowing, nor do we care. We are looking only at the facts. We write in

the interest of no party, but only in that of the constitution and the laws, which are as high as the Heavens above all party.

The Governor of Maryland, then, unless he wilfully closed his eyes, ears and understanding, could not help knowing before the last election, that at the municipal election the majesty of the laws had been assailed in a most vital point and the freedom of the elective franchise converted into a mockery. The result of the last election now demonstrates that he had equal reason for knowing, in advance, that the same laws would then again be set at naught, though the municipal authorities should lend to their enforcement the utmost vigor and good faith. That these laws were, in fact, trodden under foot at the last election, in spite of the extraordinary arrangements made by the Mayor in concert with the Governor, is a triumphant though unhappy vindication of the reasonableness of the Governor's proclaimed conviction, that there was an existing conspiracy so to subvert them. The Governor therefore had reason—justified then and vindicated now—for believing that the laws could not or would not be enforced. He was bound by his constitutional oath to see that they should be enforced. "He shall take care," says the 10th section of the Constitution, "that the laws be faithfully executed." Here was his duty—how was he to perform it?

About his duty there is no room for cavil. About the mode of performing it, and the expediency of the particular mode selected—the calling out of the militia—there was and is serious difference of opinion. We feel bound however to say, that of those who doubted and doubt its expediency, by far the larger number, in our judgment, did and do so, not because of any doubt as to the existence of a great public evil and exigency, but because of a melancholy uncertainty as to the existence, at the time, in our community, of a moral tone sufficiently high to secure the co-operation of the masses in vindicating the supremacy of the law. But, whatever may have been the ground of doubt upon the question of expediency—upon the question of right—of constitutional power in the Executive to call out the militia in the emergency of an apprehended and imminent subversion of the law—we do not think that there is or has been here, much diversity of opinion. The professional gentlemen consulted by the Governor—some of them lawyers of recognized national reputation—were unanimous in sustaining the strict regularity and constitutionality of his action. The impression produced by the announcement of a different opinion on the part of other respectable counsel, seems to have been chiefly one of surprise. To unprofessional minds such a difference approaches the borders of the incomprehensible, for the question seems to lie in a nut shell not larger than the chariot of Queen Mab.

Section 9 of the Constitution provides that the Governor "may call out the militia to repel invasions, suppress insurrections, and enforce the execution of the laws." Section 10, which we have already quoted, commands him to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." The grant of power and the imposition of duty both involve and compel the exercise of his official judgment and discretion in asserting the one and discharging the other. The Constitution does not, nor does any law authorize him to shift the responsibility upon any one else. He is bound to assume it himself. This, we believe, no one, in Maryland, denies. The difference of opinion exists then not as to his discretion, but as to when and how he must exercise it. The counsel advising the Governor are of opinion that if he has reason to anticipate a resistance to the laws, he is bound to take measures beforehand, to crush it. The counsel advising the Mayor are of opinion that the Governor has no right to prepare measures of suppression beforehand—he must wait till there is "actual" resistance to the laws before he can constitutionally organize the means of enforcing them. Our New York contemporary sees a "military dictatorship" in any use of the militia whatever. He ignores the Constitution altogether.

It is quite clear that the right to call out the militia "to enforce the execution of the laws" is just as extensive as the right to do the same thing to "repel invasions" and "suppress insurrections." It is all part of the same grant—conveyed in the identical words. If the Governor has no power to prepare means beforehand in

the one case, he has not in the others. If he has the power in any one of the cases he has it in all. Now, to say that the Governor, when a hostile army is on our borders, has no right to muster his troops to meet or disperse the invaders, but must wait till they cross the boundary line of the State before he can sound a trumpet or beat a drum-call; to say that if he has reason to anticipate a servile insurrection, he has no constitutional power to call out the militia in advance, but must wait till men's throats are cut before he can lawfully embody them to suppress it—is, in our poor judgment, to say what sets at defiance the common reason of men. In like manner and by necessary consequence, to say that if the Governor has reason to believe or know that the laws are about to be resisted, he must still wait till they are actually overthrown and their enforcement has become perhaps impossible, before he can constitutionally cause a musket to be loaded with a view to securing their faithful execution—is, it seems to us, to reduce to a practical absurdity all the ostensible guaranties of the Constitution. If the power and right to use certain means in the performance of an official duty, do not involve, in law, the authority to prepare those means in advance of the occasion when the performance of the duty is anticipated, there is more foundation than we had supposed for the vulgar distinction between law and common sense.

A word more upon another point. In the New York journal to which we have referred, the official action of the Governor, it was said, had declared our city under "martial law." We need scarcely reply that such a statement was utterly without foundation. By our laws the militia are required to be annually enrolled and embodied. From neglect, this duty had not been performed for several years, and the Governor merely directed that to be done—in view of the exigency and in entire accordance with the statutory provisions on the subject—which ought to have been done by the enrolling officers before. This direction he accompanied with the proper order to the commanding officers to report the forces when so enrolled and embodied, for service. There was no interruption or pretence of interruption to the ordinary course of the laws, the tribunals of justice, or the functions of the civil magistrates. The military force was merely placed in readiness to be called, if need should be, in aid of the civil power. "Martial law," which involves the suspension of all other law, was never dreamed of, much less suggested.

We may add that we find it difficult to treat with seriousness the arguments of those persons who affect to discuss a question like this, upon the theory that a resort to the militia, by the Executive, under his constitutional power, involves the risk of a military despotism and the subversion of the "liberties" of the people. We cannot bring ourselves to regard the Governor of Maryland—in his room at Barnum's Hotel, surrounded by aids and advisers taken for the occasion, from civil life, and ordering out a force composed of private citizens altogether, summoned for the day from their ordinary peaceful avocations to maintain the dignity and supremacy of their own laws—as in any point of view the type of a warrior-tyrant. We cannot say that we ever expect to see such a functionary entering the chamber of the First Branch of the City Council, booted and spurred, in imitation of Cromwell or Napoleon. We should as soon look for Horatius Cocles defending Baltimore street bridge, or Curtius leaping into an abyss in Monument Square. All these apprehensions and historical analogies belong, we presume to think, to the same class of reasoning, illustration and probability. We will not admit that a Constitution made in the year of our Lord 1851, is to be read or interpreted by any such lights. We do not think that the men who made it or the people who ratified it were at all afraid of being, at any time, dragooned by the Governor, under any of its clauses, or supposed that he was any the less a civil officer because he was authorized, in prescribed cases, to call out the militia, i. e. the people themselves. In all solemnity and seriousness we confess that our apprehensions of danger to republican institutions turn rather to the rebellious spirit which defies the law, than to the responsible authorities who endeavor to assert its sovereignty. We dread the despotism of the revolver, the bowie-knife and the slung-shot, far more than the tyranny of the Adjutant General's office. We fear official connivance and imbecility,

far more than official usurpation. But most of all do we dread and sorrow over the moral apathy of a community, which does not feel that the subversion of its laws by ruffians is a stain as well as a wound, and which does not blush to sit quiet, while the holiest rights of the weakest and most helpless of its citizens are trampled publicly into the dust.

If our New York contemporary had but paused to enquire about the facts and to learn even a little of the constitutional provisions which we have endeavored to explain, he would have spared us the unpleasant necessity of thus repudiating his doctrines as any fair representation of Catholic feeling or opinion. That they have been quoted, as such, by the partizan press, has given to them a sort of importance, which we should not otherwise have been disposed to recognize.

Thirty-first Annual Report of the President and Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Baltimore: Printed by John Murphy & Co. Our position as conductors of a religious and literary periodical, denies us the privilege of discussing the financial concerns of this Company; but, as travellers and publishers, we are particularly interested in one branch of its operations which we have always been glad to find conducted with the greatest propriety as regards the comfort and interests of our citizens. We allude to the Transportation Department. A large portion of the Report before us relates to its management, and we are sure the Stockholders and all who peruse the document, will not fail to be struck by the clear and satisfactory details presented by Dr. Woodside and Mr. William Prescott Smith, the Master and Assistant Master of Transportation.

Under the supervision of these experienced gentlemen, the trade and travel of the road have been conducted, during the last year, with unexampled success. The merchant requires certainty,—the traveller comfort; and when we combine these two elements in the management of a road which is not only so important to our own city, but is also *the shortest and most central route throughout the breadth of the Union*, we cannot but believe that the hopes and predictions of the early projectors of this splendid thoroughfare will be completely realized. The gross income of the Main Stem during the last year, has been $4,616,998; being an increase of $231 047 over the preceding year, and no less than $905,544 over the fiscal year of 1855!

By this road and its connections through the Northwestern Virginia and the Ohio railways, an uninterrupted communication, *almost on the same degree of latitude*, is opened with Cincinnati and St. Louis. Very soon this *Main Central* Stem will proceed through Jefferson City, still further westward; and we venture to predict that the day will come (and perhaps to many who shall read this article), when the freight that is loaded at Baltimore, will pass onward by a continuous line of railway till it is deposited at San Francisco, on the shores of the Pacific. A candid examination of the map, we think, will fully justify our prophecy. The Report has been issued in a beautiful style, from the press of Messrs. John Murphy & Co.

Record of Events.

From October 20th to November 20th, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—One of the first public acts of the Holy Father after his return to his capital was the delivering of an Allocution, in which he recapitulates the events of his journey through his dominions, which he says was undertaken principally to satisfy his devotion to the Mother of God, by making a pilgrimage to her Church at Loretto, and at the same time, visiting every town, village and hamlet that could be reached in his course in order to satisfy himself personally of the condition of his subjects. In this important document, which we give entire elsewhere, His Holiness expresses his deep satisfaction for the cordial affection, with which he was everywhere received by his subjects, and concludes by granting the Catholic world the blessing of general jubilee.

During his journey the Pope had been waited on by a deputation from Civita Vecchia requesting him to visit that City. With this request His Holiness could not comply at the time, but promised to do so soon as convenient after his return to Rome. Accordingly, on the 13th of October, he departed from Rome on his visit to Civita Vecchia, which he reached at 4 o'clock the same evening. The whole population came out to meet him, and his reception was marked by every demonstration of affectionate regard. As usual, His Holiness first repaired to the Cathedral where he received the benediction of the adorable sacrament; from the Cathedral he went to the episcopal palace, from the balcony of which he gave his blessing to the people. At night the City was brilliantly illuminated, and the Pope entered a barge in order to go round the harbor to view the illumination. On the following day the Holy Father assisted at the ceremony of laying the first stone of a Railroad to connect Civita Vecchia with Rome. On the 15th, "after saying mass," writes the correspondent of the *London Weekly Register*, "the Holy Father started, at eight o'clock, to visit the old city of Corneto, which is about thirteen miles from Civita Vecchia. He was received there with great enthusiasm. He visited the old church, where he received benediction, and afterward imparted his solemn blessing from a balcony got ready for him in the Town-hall. Thence he walked through the town, and visited the only Convent of Passionist Nuns which has ever been erected. Also he went to see a Convent of Benedictine Religious, and after receiving some refreshment, drove to the shore of the Mediterranean to visit some salt-works established by a French company. This he went to see in order to encourage the enterprising spirit which induced these speculators to undertake these works. The company had prepared a throne for His Holiness, and implored him to bless the works and all the workmen employed on them, which the Holy Father willingly did. After this, the Pope embarked on board a small steamboat which was placed at his disposition by the French captain, and was waiting for him close to the shore; and on board of it, although it blew a strong contrary wind, he arrived in an hour and a half at Civita Vecchia, where a vast number of people, strangers as well as natives, were assembled to receive him. The rest of the evening he spent in receiving deputations and giving audiences." Subsequently, the Holy Father visited Allumniere, a village situated in a mountainous district, near Civita Vecchia, which is famed for a very rich mine of alum, one of the very few that exist in Europe. His excursion was rendered somewhat disagreeable by the rain; and he shortly returned to Civita Vecchia, and from thence he departed to Rome on October the 17th. It is said that Civita Vecchia is to be enlarged and otherwise much improved.

On the 21st of September, the Cardinals composing the Sacred Congregation of Rites assembled for the purpose of decreeing on the case of the Beatification of the Blessed

Varmondo de Arborcis, Bishop of Jorea, who lived in the eleventh century. The favorable opinion of the first Congregation had been confirmed by His Holiness on the 17th. The cause had specially submitted to the Congregation by the present Bishop of Jorea, Mgr. Arborio Mella, of the family of Marquises of Gallinaria, of which the blessed Varmondo was a member. The Sacred Congregation has also taken steps towards the introduction of the cause of a great number of servants of God, who in these latter times have been cruelly put to death by idolatrous enemies of the Christian faith in Corea, Cochin-China, Tonquin, in China, and in Oceanica. Their numbers amount to 94, of whom 83 belong to the Corea, 5 to Cochin-China, 2 to Tonquin, 3 to China, and 1 to Oceanica. Some of them, such as Mgr. Imbert, Bishop of Capsa, and 6 Missionary Priests, were members of that illustrious Seminary of the Foreign Missions in Paris; one was a Marist priest; the others were natives of the countries above named. Among these glorious martyrs were persons of both sexes, of all ages, and of every condition in life. In consequence of the favorable decision of the Congregation, the Holy Father was pleased to sign a Commission on the 24th of October.

His Holiness, with that characteristic generosity which he always manifests in the cause of science, recently gave 500 Roman crowns towards procuring a complete set of magnetic and metereological instruments for the new Observatory of the Roman College.

The papers of Rome announce the death of Cardinal Francisco de Medici, by apoplexy, on the evening of the 11th of October. The Cardinal was a native of Naples, and was in the fiftieth year of his age. The Abbe P. Ruffetti, of Bologna, has been lately raised to the Episcopal See of Bertinoro. The learned Abbe was for a long time manager of the *Vero Amico*, an excellent journal of Bologna.

France.—Among the most important events of the month is the death of the distinguished French General, Eugene Cavaignac. He fell dead while out shooting; his disease was the apoplexy.

Gen. Cavaignac was born at Paris, December 15th, 1802. He entered the army at an early age, and in 1828 held a command in the French expedition to Morea. In the revolution of July, 1830, he was in garrison at Arras, and both there, and afterwards, at Metz, he openly avowed revolutionary principles. In consequence of this he was sent by the government to Africa, where he greatly distinguished himself. After the capture of Tlemeen, in 1836, he was left in command of the citadel of that place, in which perilous situation he displayed great bravery, repeatedly repelling the attacks of the Arabs. From that time he was actively engaged in the Algerine war, and rose rapidly in the service.

When the republic was inaugurated in the spring of '48, Lamartine, who was placed at the head of the provisional government, raised him to the rank of commandant of the military province of Algeria. This tribute was paid to him by the poet-statesman, not only because he knew his eminent fitness as a soldier for the post, but because of his well known attachment to constitutional republican government.

In this position he remained until he was elected by a most appreciative constituency to the Legislative Assembly. He continued in that body until the Lamartine Provisional Government failed, when he became President. In the Assembly, his consistent affection for conservative republicanism was most thoroughly tried. He opposed with equal firmness the restorative of legitimacy as represented in the person of Henry, Prince of Chambord, the return of the Orleanists to power, in the person of the Count of Paris, and the spread of red republicanism and anarchy, as personified by Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Raspail.

It was mainly owing to his unshaken and iron firmness that the revolution was put down in June, 1848. It was true he received powerful aid from Lamoriciere and other gallant spirits who loved liberty, regulated and controlled by law. But he never hesitated or faltered, and where none but Bonaparte had ever succeeded, he too was successful—we mean in the quelling of a Parisian mob, when it had been thoroughly organized and had raised barricades. There is no other instance of success upon the part of those

who had tried this experiment, but the suppression of the "Insurrection of Sections," by Napoleon the Great.

He remained in the office of provisional president until the election under the constitution p t forth by the Legislative Assembly. All remember how he was beaten by Louis Napoleon for the office of president. Although he received 1,600,000, yet his rival was elected by an almost unsurpassed majority. When the result was announced, however much he might have regretted it, notwithstanding he was in possession of the government, and notwithstanding the army was devoted to him, he quietly, like a true republican, submitted and went into retirement. At the time of his death, he was a member elect of Imperial Chamber of Deputies, which was shortly to assemble in Paris.

It is rumored that the Emperor contemplates dividing the empire into five great military governments, namely: Paris, Nantes, Lyons, Toulouse, and Strasburg; to bestow these governments on the four marshals who served in the Crimea—the fifth being given to Randau, former governor of Algeria; and, by this measure, to neutralize the power of Paris, and humble her to the same rank as the provincial capitals she has always treated with so much contempt. Pelisier is to have the command of Paris, Canrobert of Lyons, Bosquet of Toulouse. The Corps Legislatif, is expected to be shortly convoked, as it must meet within six months from its dissolution.

All the soldiers of the French army, who have served for two years are to receive an unlimited furlough, and it is said that by this measure the army will be decreased by 50,000 men.

A curious discovery has lately been made while repairing the building formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club, during the great revolution, and now known as the Hotel de Londres. The club which guided the destinies of the revolution during several years had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progress so far, and no farther; and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interests might lead him to sway the opinions of the club. Robespierre, whose ambition rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been matter of surprise to the historians of the time, that he could so long maintain his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed:—A small room, a hiding place in the thickness of the wall, has just been discovered, opening by a trap door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and, thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding place must have been often occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen, the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing paper, from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florian, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt frill, and bore testimony to the truth of history, which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quitted it but the moment before; and, singular enough, the marks of his feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles with which the flooring is composed.

General Orgini has lately embarked from Marseilles for Italy. His Mission to Rome is said to be to communicate to the Holy Father in the name of the Burman Emperor, that the Catholic missions will not only be tolerated in the Burman Empire, but will also be encouraged and aided by the Government. It is stated that buildings are provided for public instruction at the expense of the emperor, and that funds will be provided by him for the maintenance of European professors attached to these educational establishments. It is also thought that His Burman Majesty will shortly have a Catholic Hospital established under the care of religious sisters, and churches built as soon as the number of Christians in the Empire render it necessary.

The Fate of the American Steamer Pacific.—The following from a recent number of the *Moniteur* will be read with interest, as it gives, we believe, the only account ever obtained of the ill-fated Steamer Pacific.

"The maritime prefect of Brest has transmitted to the Minister Secretary of State for the Navy and the Colonies, a note, written with a pencil, in English, and which was inclosed in a glass bottle, found on the 14th of September, 1857, on the Strand of Melon, in the Department of Finistere.

"Great interest is attached to this note, which appears to have been written by a passenger on board the American Steamer Pacific, supposed to be wholly lost, with all hands, in 1856. The following is the contents verbatim:—

"'Steamship Pacific, Eldridge, commander; Smith, passenger. Steamship Pacific run between two icebergs. All hands lost. On the 1st of April, 1856. Just going down, 2 P. M.'"

"The word 'April' is written over a word effaced, for the author of the note had first commenced with a capital M, as if about to write March."

Spain.—A new Ministry has at length been formed. Martinez de la Rosa is first Secretary of State to the Queen, and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Joseph Casans, Minister of Justice; Finance: M. Mon; Navy: Admiral Bustillos; Interior: Bermudez de Castro; Public Works: Salaveria; War: Admiral Armero, President of the Council. The Admiral has been twice Minister of the Navy, in 1840 and in 1848. M. Salaverria has held the position of Minister of Finance in the Cabinet presided over by General O'Donnell. All the members of the new cabinet belong to the liberal conservative party.

England.—The fall of Delhi and the incidents attending it, occupy the English journals almost to the exclusion of every other matter of interest; Delhi was finally taken after an assault of four or five days, on the 20th of September. The storming of the city was attended with heavy loss on both sides. The English loss is estimated at 1178 men killed and wounded, among whom are 61 officers. The King of Delhi escaped with his family, but finally fell into the hands of the English. His life was spared, but his two sons with fifty others of the defenders of the ill-fated city, were shot on the spot where they were taken. General Neill was killed in the assault, and General Nicholson subsequently died of the wound received on that occasion. General Havelock crossed the Ganges from Crownpore with 2500 men, and relieved Lucknow just in time to save it from being blown up by the besiegers.

Among the many acts of atrocity committed by the Sepoys at Delhi, on the day on which they entered that City from Meerut, was the murder of a most excellent missionary, Father Zacharias. The following particulars of this melancholy event, is given by the Rev. Father Gleeson, Catholic missionary at Agra, in a letter to the President of All Hallows College.

"Our poor priest also fell a victim on that terrible day. When he heard of the slaughter that was taking place around him, he retired to his little chapel, took the crucifix in his hand—Oh, sacred emblem, Oh, holy consolation in the midst of dangers—he took, I say, the crucifix, the image of his suffering Lord, in his hands, and determined to await the final moment. His expectations were not long delayed—his enemies appeared—he appealed to their mercy, but the Mussulman knows no mercy, no lenity when armed in the cause of his prophet and his religion. The good father's death was short. Account gives it to us in the following way:—He was dragged from his chapel, his arms were cut off, then his legs, and finally the head was separated from the trunk, and thus perished, in the year of our Lord, 1857, the good, or I should rather say, holy martyr, Father Zacharias, after the short missionary career of two years in India."

It is stated, but probably without any foundation, that Cardinal Wiseman would shortly go to Rome, and the Most Rev. Dr. Errington, Archbishop of Trebizona, would succeed the Cardinal in England.

Mr. James Morrison, a merchant of London, said to be worth twenty millions of dollars, died recently.

Ireland.—We have lately had occasion to notice the erection of a monument to O'Connell, the great Liberator, and to Moore, the poet. It is now with pleasure that we record the fact that initiatory steps are being taken to erect a monument in honor of

the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew. Hogan, the distinguished sculptor, who wrought the admirable statue of O'Connell, has been engaged to execute a bronze statue of Father Mathew for the City of Limerick, while a similar one is soon to rise in the city of Cork. It is pleasing also to find that the movement is also participated in by all classes, without distinction of religion. W. Smith O'Brien has written an admirable letter on the subject to J. F. Maguire, M. P. in which he says:

"He (Father Mathew) won for himself and for his cause, a triumph such as has rarely been achieved on Irish ground—that of obtaining from those who differed with him in religious convictions a degree of confidence and attachment which could scarcely be surpassed on the part of those who worshipped at the same altar with him. For myself, whether he be or be not canonized as a Saint by the Church at Rome, I am disposed to regard him as an Apostle who was specially deputed on a Divine mission by the Almighty, and invested with power almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to repress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation. If I had read in history that such success had attended the labors of an unpretending Priest, whose chief characteristic was modest simplicity of demeanour, I own that I should have distrusted the narrative as an exaggeration; but we have all of us been witnesses to the fact that myriads simultaneously obeyed his advice, and, at his bidding, abandoned a favorite indulgence. Even now, though the fervor of a first impulse has long since departed, we have the satisfaction of perceiving that the enduring effect of his teaching has been to establish total or comparative abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors among the population of Ireland."

College of Maynooth.—The Board of Trustees has appointed the Rev. Matthew Kelley, D. D. Professor of Belles Letters, to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, rendered vacant by the promotion of Dr. Russell to the distinguished position of President of the College.

A Reformatory for Cork.—The following remarks of Mr. Sergeant Berwick, addressed to the Grand Jury of the County of Cork, at the opening of his Court, contain many sound and practical observations:

"I would not have occupied your time with these observations, having on more than one occasion pressed the matter on your consideration, and you yourselves having on one occasion expressed your anxiety that my suggestions should be carried out, if it were not that I can announce to you that there is not only a hope that a Reformatory for the juvenile population of the city and county may be established, but it is in course of formation, under the superintendence of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; and when such men as these have determined to carry it out, if assisted, they are sure to succeed. It is a society, you are all aware, which has been established for purposes of charity, and I must say I have more hope for the success of any experiment of this kind when I find zealous persons, such as they are—whose whole object has been works of charity, and who are bound together in the manner that society is—come forward and accept the trust. It will, therefore, be undertaken by Catholics, and will necessarily be a Roman Catholic institution. I must say, and it is not only my own opinion, but what I have ascertained from eminent philanthropists in England, who have adopted the system of Reformatories—that it would be impossible to conduct the Reformatories efficiently, if there were a mixture of creeds in the parties instructing the children. Mixed education is a most excellent thing among the ordinary classes of society, for the time in which they are engaged for school education; but when you come to deal with the whole period of the children's time, from morning to night, particularly when you have to deal with their hearts it must be done by persons devoted, not merely to their secular, but religious instruction; and it would be therefore impossible to bring persons of different religious persuasions to act harmoniously together in the education of children in one establishment. Equally anxious as I would be to have the Protestant children cared for and tended as to have the Roman Catholic child converted—I mean converted from wickedness to honesty and virtue—still I am quite satisfied the two ought not to be combined."

Austria.—Nothing of interest has occurred during the last month. A rumor was current that a meeting of the Emperors of Austria and France would likely take place at no distant period. Munich is designated as the place of their meeting. His Eminence Cardinal de Schwazenburg, who had been appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff, Visitor extraordinary of the Dominicans in Austria, recently visited the Convents occupied by that Order in Vienna, and introduced there, in concert with the Superior General at Rome, the primitive observance of the order. When the reform was proposed to them, they were left free to embrace the primitive observance of the statutes, or remove to any other Convent of the Order in Austria. Only four accepted the reform, the others went to other Convents where there will be no immediate change.

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—*Confirmation.*—On the feast of All Saints', twenty-seven persons were confirmed by the most Rev. Archbishop in St. Joseph's Church, Taneytown. In the afternoon of the same day, at Vespers, twenty-one persons were confirmed by the same most Rev. Prelate, at the Church of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, near Emmittsburg. On Monday, the Commemoration of All Souls, forty persons were confirmed at the Church of St. Joseph, in Emmittsburg; of this number, fourteen were converts to our holy faith. In the afternoon, a convert aged eighty-two years, was confirmed in Uniontown.

An interesting interview recently took place between the President of the United State, and the students of Georgetown College. The Cadets of this venerable institution, under the command of Capt. C. E O'Sullivan, and accompanied by the President of the college, paid a visit to President Buchanan at the "White House," by whom they were most cordially received. Captain O'Sullivan delivered an eloquent and appropriate address, to which the President replied in his usual frank and happy manner. What was said of Georgetown College, by Capt. O'Sullivan in his address on this occasion, might be repeated of every Catholic Institution in the country. Take the following paragraph:

"Around your excellency you will also see a few reverend members of the faculty of our institution, who are here desirous to testify their respect for you, sir, both as a man and an Executive. Last November, when the battle of the Union was being fought in the outside world, within our little community reigned peace and harmony. No fanatic voice was lifted up in our halls in support of faction; no rostrum was there erected from which men of God poured forth invective against their fellow-men who differed from them in political views; no exhortation was there given us to throw down the Book of Light, and grasp the rifle wherewith to drench our smiling fields in blood. No! but full of patriotic love, obeying the counsels and imitating the zeal of our noble hearted guides, we placed our trust in Him who quells the tempest with His look, and to Him did we appeal for our country and for right."

2. Diocese of Philadelphia.—*Ordination.*—On the Feast of All Saints', the Rev. Peter Crane, O. S. A. was elevated to the dignity of the Priesthood by the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, in the Chapel at Villanova College. *Confirmation.*—The Sacrament of Confirmation was recently administered to sixty-five persons by the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, at St. Joseph's Church, and forty-five at St. Mary's Church, at Lancaster, Pa.

3. Archdiocese of New York.—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes administered the Sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, the Feast of All Saints, to two hundred and seventy-three persons at St. Raymond's Church, Winchester, N. Y.

4. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—On Sunday the 25th of October, the new Church of St. John the Baptist, in Logan, Hocking County, Ohio, was dedicated to the services of Almighty God by the Rev. H. Lange, assisted by the Rev. C. Borgess and the Rev. Wm. Barrett. The Town of Logan is a place of some importance, having nearly 2,000 inhabitants. The Church is of frame, 60 by 30 feet, and owes its erection to the zeal and energy of the Rev. Mr. Lange, the attending Pastor.

5. Diocese of Pittsburg.—*Religious Reception.*—On Wednesday the 21st of October, Miss Honoria Ford called in religion, Sister Mary Ursula, received the white veil of the Sisters of Mercy in the Convent Chapel of St. Xavier's Academy, near Latrobe. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. Kearney.

6. Diocese of Buffalo.—*Religious Reception.*— On Sunday, the Feast of All Saints, three young ladies took the religious veil from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop Timon. Their names, says the *Buffalo C. Sentinel*, were respectively, Misses Ann Hnmphrey, Elizabeth Ryan, and Elizabeth Carroll; in religion, Sisters Mary Augustine, Mary Thomas, and Mary Francis. The first named is an English lady, and a convert to the faith since her arrival in this country, having been received into the bosom of the

Catholic Church by the Rev. F. O'Flaherty, at Auburn, some four years ago. This reception has added three useful members to the Convent of St. Joseph's, at Holy Cross, and insures their valuable aid and pious zeal in behalf of the one hundred and thirteen orphan boys at present under the maternal care of these good Sisters of St. Joseph. The other two young ladies have been for some years residents of this city, and Miss R. is a native of Leland Bridge, County of Carlow, Miss C. a native of Paul's Town, County of Kilkenny, Ireland.

From a correspondent of the *Catholic Telegraph*, we take the following interesting sketch of the visitation of his Diocese by the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding:

On Sunday the Feast of All Saints, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered Confirmation to fifty persons in the Church of St. Augustine, Lebanon, Ky. On the previous day, he had arrived at Lebanon on the *first train of cars* which reached that thriving town. The railroad is nearly sixty-seven miles long, and it is a branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Its completion is due mainly to the energy and enlightened enterprise of the good county of Marion, which is the most Catholic county in the State, fully half the citizens being Catholics. Great was the rejoicing of the people at the arrival of the first train cars at the Lebanon depot.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop visited the Female Academy of Calvary, near Lebanon, on All Souls' Day and said Mass at the Church attached to it, for the repose of the Faithful Departed. Many of the neighboring Catholics were present. The Academy has about seventy boarders. On Wednesday, the Bishop was at St. Mary's College, which contains at present one hundred and fourteen boarders, all of whom seemed happy and intent on advancing in science and religion, under the efficient administration of the Rev. President and Vice-President.

On Thursday the Bishop went to Loretto, where on the following morning, he confirmed fourteen, all but one pupils of the academy. On the same morning, he went through a heavy rain to the Church of Holy Cross,—the oldest in the Diocese,—where he confirmed sixty-one persons, who were in attendance, in spite of the elements.

On Saturday, the Bishop confirmed thirty-nine at the old church of St. Vincent, where he made the necessary arrangements for the building of a new church next year.

On the same day, he visited the Trappist at Gethsemani. They are generally well, in spite of their austerities. Their new church, and a portion of their vast monastery, are covered in, though not completed. When finished, the monastery may contain hundreds of monks.

7. Diocese of Wheeling.—The Right Rev. Bishop of Wheeling is now in Europe raising funds for the benefit of the Catholic Institutions in this destitute and extensive diocese. By the latest accounts he was at Vienna, where he was most cordially received by the Emperor and Empress, and other eminent persons.

8. Diocese of Milwaukie.—The following interesting particulars of the late visitation by the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, are condensed from the *Kirbheu Zeitung:*

On the 18th of October, the Bishop proceeded to Greenbay, where he gave confirmation in several churches, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Smeddink and De Vivaldi. Some six or seven discourses were preached on this occasion by the Bishop and his two assistants, in English, German, Low Dutch and French. After dinner he dedicated the new church of St. Bernard; during which function the ceremonies were explained to the people in the same four languages. At night there was a solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in St. John's Church, at which many of the respectable Protestant citizens were present, with every mark of respect and attention. The Bishop preached in English. Next morning he dedicated the new church of Holy Cross, and confirmed therein two hundred and twenty-five persons.

On Tuesday, he dedicated the new church at Deperes (six miles south of Greenbay), in honor of St. Ignatius, whose disciples had, twenty years ago, built a chapel on this very spot, to celebrate the mysteries of a Faith, the confession of which they subsequently sealed with their blood. After dinner, Bp. Henni set out for Dock Creek, and there dedicated the new church in honour of St. John Baptist, in which he confirmed subsequently several persons. In both places sermons were preached in English, French, German and Flemish.

On Thursday, the Bishop reached Little Chute, some 25 miles distant, where he confirmed 217 children.

Next day they were welcomed on their arrival at Cruse's Settlement by the whole congregation, with music, banners, &c.—Dismounting, they joined the procession, which moved in solemn order to the new church, which the Bishop dedicated in honor of the Holy Angels. On the following day, he dedicated another new church at Menasha, under the invocation of St. Charles Boryomeo, and after preaching in German and English, confirmed 113 children.

On Sunday, the 25th, he reached Oshkosh, a handsome town upon the lake, and confirmed one hundred and three persons. At the various functions before and after dinner, the Bishop preached no less than six times in English and German.

Thus ended a visitation which comforted the hearts and strengthened the faith of more than 10,000 Catholics, and gave six new temples to the worship of the Most High. The number of the confirmed was over 1,000.

On the Feast of St. Charles Boromeo, in the Cathedral, Milwaukie City, the following gentlemen were raised to the dignity of the priesthood, by the Right Rev. Bishop Henni: Thomas David, Patrick J. O'Farrel, Peter F. Montague, and Franz Jacob Bloesinger.

On the 5th of October, the Rev. Bishop Henni received twenty-two postulants at the convent of Notre Dame, belonging to the German School Sisters of our Lady.

9. Diocese of Newark.—On Sunday, November 15th, the Right Rev. Bishop Bayley administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to thirty persons at Beverly. On the morning of the same day he preached in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, from the gospel of the day. Towards the close of his discourse, he alluded in the following feeling language to the present times so oppressive to the poor:

"The poor on the earth shall always have hard times. 'The poor you have always with you,' says our Blessed Lord. But they need not be hard times to you, my dear friends, if you wish it; let us be faithful to our duties, ever trusting in the mercy of God, he will not desert us in times of need. We are his creatures, and if we love him for his own sake, he will not suffer us to perish. This world is not our home, we are travelling onward to our true home—heaven. What if misfortune, and trouble, and poverty, and pressing want overtake us on the way? Shall we murmur at the decrees of God? Or bearing patiently the little trials of life, move hopefully onward to the end? God forbid! It is not for us to murmur, who have received so many favors from God, but to bear patiently the crosses of this world for love of Him, who cheerfully suffered every privation, and insult, and persecution, and death, for love of us."

The Church at Beverly was dedicated by the same Right Rev. Prelate, on the 18th of October.

10. Diocese of Nashville.—On Sunday, the 10th of November, the corner stone of a new Church was laid in Edgefield, near Nashville, Tenn. by the Right Rev. Dr. Miles, Bishop of Nashville. We are pleased to learn that two additional Churches will shortly be commenced in Nashville, to meet the wants of the increasing Catholic population of that City.

11. Diocese of Portland.—On the 8th of November, a beautiful Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, in the City of Portsmouth, N. H. by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, who preached on the occasion.

12. Diocese of Dubuque.—*Religious Reception.*—On the 21st of October, the touching ceremony of the reception of three young ladies took place in the Chapel of the Convent of the Visitation, in Keokuk City, Iowa. The names of the postulants are, Miss Strange, Miss O'Brien, and Miss O'Connor, who took in religion the names of Sister Mary Magdelene, Sister Mary Vincentia, and Sister Mary Candelt. The Visitation Academy of that city is in a flourishing condition, and is held in the highest estimation by all classes of the citizens.

OBITUARY.—Died recently, the Rev. R. D. Woodley, S. J., Pastor of St. Thomas' Church, near the town of Port Tobacco, Md. The deceased was a native of Virginia, and during the prevalence of the yellow fever at Norfolk in the summer of 1855, visited the plague-stricken city and administered to the wants of the victims of the disease.

Died, on the 7th of November, at the Convent of Visitation of this city, Sister Mary Joseph Jenkins, in the 37th year of her age.

Died, at St. Peter's Asylum, Cumminsville, Ohio, November the 16th, Sister Gonzola, in the 34th year of her age, and the 14th of her religious profession.

Died, in Lowell, Mass, Sister Mary Francis, of St. John's, near Munster, Ohio, in the 33rd year of her age; and in Chillicothe, Sister Christiana, in the 22nd year of her age.

Died, on the 20th of October at Albany, N. Y., Sister Elenora, a Sister of Charity.

May they rest in peace.

The

Metropolitan.

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THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

A FEW THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE PROPOSED NEW TRANSLATION.

The announcement that the Holy See has given its approbation to a new translation of the Sacred Scriptures into English from the Clementine edition of the Vulgate, has been received with a general expression of satisfaction among Catholics. It is also an additional subject of gratification, that the task had been committed to the hands of the Very Rev. John Henry Newman, whose extensive and varied learning, deep research, and exquisitely classical English, so admirably fit him for the great work. That the impulse came from his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, we can hardly doubt after having read his able article on Catholic Versions of Scripture in the Dublin Review for April, 1837, and since reprinted in his Essays. But if twenty years have elapsed without witnessing the realization of his hopes, his present position, the number of scholars who can be engaged on the work, render it now not only feasible but facile, and if effected under his guidance and supervision, the new translation will have a stamp of authority with it, that will render our version in future as respectable as it has now become inferior.

When our own illustrious Biblical scholar, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore, published his new version of the Four Gospels, many objected to his departure from the Rhemish, supposing doubtless that our present New Testament is a reprint of the Rhemish Testament of 1582. Such a supposition is a perfect fallacy. Cardinal Wiseman has well remarked: "To call it (i. e. any present text) any longer the Douay or Rhemish version, is an abuse of terms. It has been altered and modified till scarcely any verse remains as it was *originally published; and so far as simplicity and energy of style are concerned, the changes are in general for the worse.* For though Dr. Challoner did well to alter many too decided Latinisms, which the old translators had retained, he weakened the language considerably by destroying inversion where it was congenial, at once, to the genius of our language and to the construction of the original, and by the insertion of particles where they were by no means necessary. Any chapter of the New Testament will substantiate this remark. For instance, in Heb. xiii, which we have accidentally opened, the Rhemes edition (1582) has, v. 9: 'With various and strange doctrines be not led away!' This has been altered into: 'Be not car-

ried away with various and strange doctrines.'* The Latin is: 'Doctrinis variis et peregrinis nolite abduci.' Again, v. 16: 'Beneficence and communication do not forget,' has been changed into: 'And do not forget to do good and to impart.' The Vulgate has: 'Beneficentiæ autem et communionis nolite oblivisci.' Again, we take examples quite at random—II Tim. ii, 16: 'Profana autem et vaniloquia devita: multum enim proficiunt ad impietatem.' This the old version translated: 'But profane and vain speeches avoid; for they do much grow to impiety.' In the amended version (1750) we have: 'But shun profane and vain babbling, for they grow much towards ungodliness.'† This correction is taken verbatim from the Protestant version with the exception of 'grow towards' instead of 'increase unto more.' But the change was injudicious: for the Latin compound vaniloquium, or the Greek κενοφωνια is exactly expressed by 'vain speech,' whereas the word 'babbling' corresponds to the entire word and cannot have the epithet 'vain,' for thus the phrase would represent the absurd tautology 'vanum vaniloquium.'"

After deploring too the substitution of the un-catholic phrase "the Lord," "the Savior" for "our Lord," "our Saviour," the learned Cardinal proceeds: "But it had been well if Dr. Challoner's alterations had given stability to the text, and formed a standard to which subsequent editors had conformed. But far from this being the case, *new and often important* modifications have been made in every edition which has followed, till at length many may appear rather new versions, than revisions of the old, and we should have even less reason to complain, had these systematic variations been the only vicissitudes to which it has been subject. The mass of typographical errors to be found in some editions is quite frightful, from many of them falling upon important words, and not so much disfiguring them, which would lead to suspicion and thereby to detection, as transforming them into others that give a correct grammatical, but unsound theological sense."

Such is Cardinal Wiseman's sad picture of our present Catholic Bibles and Testaments in English, and yet it does not contain all their defects; as a writer in the Catholic Mirror last year, apparently Archbishop Kenrick himself, showed, that words and even whole lines have been omitted in every English version published for more than a century!

The translation of the Bible by Wickliffe, like those of modern Protestants, was not an attempt to give the inspired word of God an English dress so much as a translation that would tell against Catholicity. That the Church so viewing it should check as far as possible these peculiar adaptations of the Bible, is a course which necessity required. When the erroneous translations of Tindale and Coverdale, with the Bishops' and the Genevan Bibles, were scattered broadcast; Bibles in which words were mistranslated to give a seeming evidence against the Church, Bibles so fond of idolatry that they never mention idols, so fearful of the Church that they never utter the word‡—then the Church encouraged correct translations,

*The 16mo. London edition; 8vo. Bible, New York, 1844; the 8vo. Testament, New York, 1850, have "led away," while the 4to. Bible. Philadelphia, 1790, has "carried."

†The Philadelphia 4to. has: "Shun profane and vain speeches, for they grow much towards impiety." The 16mo. London Bible; the 8vo. Testament, New York, 1850; and the 8vo. Bible, New York, 1844, correspond with the Bible of 1750.

‡It is unpleasant to make charges of bad faith, yet what is the fact. In the Family Christian Almanac, published by the Tract Society for the year of grace 1858, we read at page 33: "The Papist tried to destroy the Bible and kill Bible principles:" and yet

and the Bible appeared in the various European languages. How high these rank we may infer from the fact that Protestantism has never been able to gather from them all such a list of errata as Ward made out from the English Protestant versions alone.

The first modern Catholic version in English was made by members of the English clergy whom the persecution drove abroad. Among these at the College of Rhemes was Dr. Gregory Martin, an Oxford divine, renowned there as the greatest Hebraist and Hellenist of the university. Applying himself to the task with zeal he translated both the Old and New Testaments, after which his work was revised by William Allen, afterwards a Cardinal, and by Richard Bristow and William Reynolds. There was "lack of means," as the preface to the Testament tells us, "to publish the whole in such sort as a work of so great charge and importance requireth," and they accordingly issued the New Testament alone at Rhemes in 1582, with notes by Dr. Richard Bristow. The volume was approved by the faculty of the University of Rhemes, but has never received a Roman approbation. The English clergy soon after were compelled to remove to Douay, where the Old Testament appeared in 1609-10, with notes by Dr. Thomas Worthington, and was approved by the University of Douay.

This translation excited great indignation among the Protestants, and many charges were brought against it, but the one most commonly made and echoed from that day to ours, from Fulke and Cartwright, the Anglican and Puritan writers of the day, down to T. Hartwell Horne, is that it was not purely English; that Martin "retained the words *azymes, tunike, holocaust, pasche,*" says Horne, "and a multitude of other Greek words untranslated, under the pretext of wanting proper and adequate English words by which to render them."* *Pasch, tunike and other Greek words* is admirable and fairly exhibits the learning of the censors. The Protestants translated the Hebrew *Pasch* into "To pass over," and then manufactured a new English word, *Passover*. The Septuagint and the Vulgate retained the original Hebrew word, and Martin wisely did the same. *Tunic* is Latin, and was well retained to imply the garment intended.

This charge of retaining Latin words has always struck us as most unfounded. In fact all the versions have translated too many names of feasts, ceremonies, garments and the like. If pasch is to become passover, baptize should be dipin or wash, circumcision a cuttingaround, holocaust burntup, and synagogue a meeting house. The various Jewish feasts would be better understood in all time by retaining their Hebrew name than by attempted translation. The phrase "Feast of tabernacles" needs an explanation now, for the word *tabernacle* has lost its original meaning of *tent*. The use of modern names of dress, money, &c., for the ancient, is intolerable and would not be endured in the translation of a classical author. The word *coat* answers for almost every thing: *shoes* are put for *sandals*, so as absolutely to mislead the purely English reader. Even children are sufficiently acquainted from pictures, statues, &c. to know a tunic, toga, san-

in the same little book is an account of the invention of printing, stating that "the first printed copy of the word of God" was issued in 1455, but silently passing over the fact that all were then Catholics, leading the unwary to suppose that it was printed by Protestants.

* Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, ii, 246.

dals, and yet from the English Bibles would dress the Apostles in coats and shoes paying out pennies. How ridiculous this is in some cases may be seen in John xxi, 7, where St. Peter is represented to have "girt his coat about him for he was naked." Passing over the mistranslation of γυμνος, *nudus*, which does not mean naked in cases like this, how can any common reader see how St. Peter if naked could make a decent appearance in company by merely putting a coat on?

In fact this charge is groundless as against Dr. Martin: Protestant and Catholic alike retain for convenience or from necessity many foreign terms, and many words which Dr. Martin thought necessary in an appendix to explain are now in daily use such as advent, amen, catechumens, condign, evangelize, gratis, neophyte.

There were subsequent translations of the New Testament, one by Nary, a native of Ireland, and another by Dr. Witham, a native of England, but neither replaced Martin's. Geddes attempted a new translation of the whole Bible, which was censured and never completed.

In 1749-50 Dr. Challoner revised Martin's translation and compiled new notes to the whole Bible.* His alterations are alluded to in the extract from Cardinal Wiseman and need no further notice here. But as his Eminence remarks, his editing merely induced others to make fresh alterations. As successive publishers prepared editions, the Bishops or Clergymen deputed by them to superintend the work made various changes, now returning to Martin's, now resuming Challoner's, and again striking out in a new translation. The typographical errors, changes and omissions, seem all to have been overlooked. There are whole lines omitted in every edition from 1750 to 1850, showing how carelessly the supposed comparison with the Vulgate was made.†

To enable the reader to see some of the variations used we annex a few taken at random from the New Testament at hand, which could be swelled considerably were a full collection of editions at hand at the moment.‡

Matt. ii.—Rhemish, 1582.—6. And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel!

7. Then Herod secretly calling the sages, learned diligently of them the time of the star which appeared to them."

6. Bible, 4to, Philadelphia, 1790.—And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art

* Barnard's Life of Challoner, p. 93, says 1750, yet we have a copy of his Testament published in 1749.

† Among these typographical errors pointed out by a recent writer are Josue vii, 17; Judges v, 4; Exodus viii, 22, xxxv, 23, xxxvi, 34; Job xii, 3; Genesis iv, 14.

‡ The following is, we believe, a complete list of Catholic Bibles and Testaments printed in the United States:

Edition.	BIBLES.		
1. Quarto	M. Carey	Philadelphia,	1790
2. "	"	"	1805
3.? "	B. Dornin	"	1822
4. "	E. Cummiskey	"	1824
5. Octave	"	"	1824
6. Fol. Haydock	"	"	1825
7. Octavo	John Doyle	New York,	——
8. "	F. Lucas, Jr	Baltimore,	1832
9. "	"		
10. Quarto	D. & J. Sadlier,	New York,	
11. Octavo	E. Dunigan	"	1843
12. "	P. Donahoe	Boston,	——
13. Quarto	Haydock, Dunigan & Bro.,	New York,	1852
14. "	(abriged) Vertue & Co.	"	1852

Edition.	TESTAMENTS.		
1. Quarto	M. Carey	Philadelphia,	1805
2.? "	"	"	1811
3. Duodecimo	W. Duffy	Georgetown,	1817
4.? "	B. Dornin	Philadelphia,	1822
5. "	E. Cummiskey	"	——
6. 24mo.	"	"	1829
7. 12mo.	W. Williams	Utica,	1829
8. 24mo.	F. Lucas, Jr	Baltimore,	1832
9. 8mo.	Leavett	New York,	1834
(a Protestant reprint of the Rhemish of 1582.)			
10. 12mo.	D. &. J. Sadlier	New York,	1842
11. 18mo.	E. Dunigan & Bro.	"	1845
12. 8vo	Hewett & Spooner,	"	1847

not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth a ruler, who shall rule my people Israel.

7. Then Herod privately calling the wise men, enquired of them diligently the time of the star's appearing to them. Donahoe's 8vo. Testament has the same except *the* ruler for *a* ruler, and *inquired* for *enquired.*

6. Dunigan's Testament, 16mo. Bible, 8vo., New York, 1844; 16mo. *Belfast,* 1853.—And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel.

7. Then Herod privately calling the wise men learned diligently of them the time of the star which appeared to them.

5. Pictorial Testament, 8vo. New York, 1850.*—And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the Ruler that shall rule my people Israel.

7. Then Herod, privately calling the wise men, inquired of them diligently the time of the star's appearing to them. Bishop Challoner's, 1749, and Sadlier's Testament, New York. 6 as in Pictorial, 7 as in Dunigan's.

Matt. xi, 25.—I confess to thee. Rhemes, 1585; Challoner's, 1749; London Bible, 16mo.; New York, 8vo. Bible, 1844; Testament, 1850; Dunigan's Testament, New York; Sadlier's, New York.

I give thanks to thee. Bible, Philadelphia, 1790; Donahoe's 8vo. Testament and Bible, Boston.

Matt. xi, 26.—For so hath it well pleased thee. Rhemes, 1582.

For so hath it seemed good in thy sight. Challoner's, 1749, and modern editions.

Hebrews vii, 5.—And certes they of the sons of Levi. Rhemes, 1582.

And indeed they of the sons of Levi. Philadelphia, 1790, and Donahoe's Bible and Testament.

And indeed they that are of the sons of Levi. Challoner's, 1749; Dunigan's Bible, 1844; Dunigan's, Sadlier's and the Pictorial Testaments.

Philippians iv, 6.—Be nothing careful. Rhemes, 1582.

Be not solicitous about any thing. Philadelphia, 1790; Donahoe's Bible.

Be nothing solicitous. Challoner's, Dunigan's, Sadlier's and the Pictorial Testament; Octavo Bible, N. Y., 1844; London 16mo.

Philippians ii, 7.—Exininated himself. Rhemes, 1582.

Emptied himself. Challoner's Testament, 1749; Dunigan's 8vo. Bible, Dunigan's Testament, Sadlier's Testament.

Debased himself. Philadephia, 1790; London, 1850; New York, 1850; Donahoe's Bible.

Philippians ii, 10.—Celestials, terrestrials and infernals. Rhemes, 1582.

Of those that are in heaven, on earth and under the earth. *Modern version.*

Celestials, terrestrials and infernals. *New Baptist version!*

Such is the condition to which editors have brought our Bibles and Testaments. Who these editors were will be a matter for some future Bibliographer. Archdeacon Cotton whose volume *Rhemes and Douay* contains an account of almost all the editions with references to their principal variations and typographical errors and omissions, gives much information but fails to tell us the names of the editors of the several texts now current. In our own course of reading and search we have found but one edition with a reviser's name: and only one that does not profess to be Martin's Rhemish version of 1582.

* It has no allusion to Rhemes on the title page.

In this state of affairs two courses were open to adoption as a remedy for the evil. Either to take Dr. Martin's or Dr. Challoner's text as a basis and correct it, or to make an entirely new and independent translation. The people generally, no less than the clergy, cling to the names Rhemes and Douay. They have been long identified with the Catholic version, and there is a reluctance to favor a new translation. Induced probably by this the illustrious theologian of the American Church, the Most Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, began his great work of giving a revised version. Of his labors he has thus far published three volumes, *The Four Gospels*, New York, 1849; *The Acts of the Apostles, The Epistles of St. Paul, The Catholic Epistles and the Apocalypse*, New York, 1851; *The Psalms, Books of Wisdom, and Canticle of Canticles*, Baltimore, 1857. These volumes were issued however as essays; the edition was small, and they were not designed to supersede the Testaments in circulation, and remain, so far as a new version of the whole Bible is concerned, detached parts. Of their great use to the clergy and theological student from their excellent critical and explanatory notes, there can be no question, but we are now speaking simply of the text. Five or six volumes more will be needed to complete it, and every Catholic must desire that he will speedily issue these. Then an edition of the whole Bible can be issued under his accurate and learned supervision which will at once become a standard. Indeed without awaiting the conclusion of the whole we most sincerly desire that he would publish his New Testament in a small cheap form such as those now in use. Considering what the present editions of the Testament are, it is a matter of regret and shame that we have not already availed ourselves of the text as corrected by one scholar so eminent as the Archbishop of Baltimore, whose accuracy and nice observation have so well fitted him for the difficult task of revision: for though it may be easy for any Biblical scholar to point out uncouth or incorrect passages in our present versions, yet to detect all and give a proper rendering is a labor of which few are capable.

The new movement in England seems to be for an entirely new translation. It will require several years for its completion: it would be idle to enter upon any reflections upon it, before the plans and views of the translators are given to the world or before the manner of publication is even announced.

The brief remarks which we have made are intended merely to give a history of the original Rhemish and Douay version, of the authorized and unauthorized or at least unacknowledged alterations made in it, of the total want of any uniformity now and the necessity of a remedy for what has become a real evil.

THE FIRST SNOW DROP.

Flowers are a precious gift from God!
When springing from earth's barren sod,
Religion to our hearts might speak,
Were they as lonely and as meek.
The snow-drop which first greets the eye,
Proclaimeth spring is drawing nigh,
Albeit the winter storms are loud,
Nature is covered with a shroud
Of white, unsullied, stainless snow
Fairest of all things here below.
E'en thus in darkest hours of gloom
Angels will hover round the tomb,
By whom celestial hopes are given
Of never ending bliss in heaven.

THE CHURCH.

The Church is that society which our Divine Lord established to teach mankind the truths of religion; to point out to the fallen children of Adam the road which leads to eternal happiness and to train and perfect them in that holiness which will fit them to enjoy the citizenship of heaven. As these ends respect the whole course of time, the Church was destined by her divine founder to exist through all ages. "Go teach all nations; lo, I am with you all times even to the consummation of the world." Hence the Church must exist; it must be always visible; always pure in faith and in morals; for if Christ be with her, as he promised, no admixture of error can ever defile her teaching. She has come down to us unchanged from the days of the Apostles: she will continue thus unchanged until the end of time, ever distinguished for the unity and holiness of her children, her disinterested and boundless charity. "The generation of Christians," says St. Bernard, "can never come to an end; neither can faith perish from the earth, nor charity within the Church."

Our Lord, whose life on earth was a period of suffering, trials and persecution, foretold that his Church, like himself, should suffer; that she should be persecuted by the powers of the world; that she should be distracted and torn by heresies and schisms; that scandals would arise from the undutiful conduct of her own children; in a word that, "the wheat and the cockel would both grow together until the harvest." For three hundred years from the time when her divine teaching was first heard upon the plains of Judea, the veriest machinations of earth and hell combined, were exerted against her with the wildest fury. Persecution after persecution raged against her. Her children were slaughtered by thousands, and hunted like wild beasts; and when driven from the face of the earth, they took refuge in dens and caverns, where the light of day never penetrated. There her ministers offered up the Eucharistic mysteries,—the holy sacrifice of the Mass,—the same that is offered at the present day from ten thousand altars. Here they broke for the faithful the bread of life;—the bread which gave them strength to confess the name of Christ before tyrants, and brave the terrors of the dungeon, the rack, and wild beasts. But instead of crushing the Church, these persecutions only served to increase its numbers and to extend its domain. The blood of the martyrs, as it has been beautifully observed, was the germ of new Christians.

But scarcely had the flame of pagan persecution subsided, when heresy assailed the doctrines of the Church. The pernicious teachings of Arius and other heresiarchs, striking at the very foundation of Christianity, were promulgated with a bold defiance, that, to all human appearance, seemed to threaten the very existence of the Church which our divine Lord promised should exist to the end of time. But their efforts, though often aided by the secular power, failed to adulterate, or change a single article of faith; on the contrary, by the special interposition of Divine Providence, their very assaults were made the means of giving a clearer and fuller expression to the doctrines assailed. Learned and holy doctors, such as an Athanasius, a Chrysostom, a Cyril, an Austin, were never wanting to refute and confound each error as it appeared. The voice of the universal Church was heard—the bishops representing the entire Christian world, with the Pope, the vicar of Christ, at their head, assembled in solemn conclave: all novelties and innovations were condemned, the truth declared in authoritative decrees, and defined in language so clear as to make equivocation and subterfuge impossible.

The Church again has been repeatedly assailed by the perverse conduct of many calling themselves her children. Even of those, who have been called to minister at her altar, many have betrayed the trust confined to them, and dishonored their sacred calling. But her standard of morality has never been lowered. Never has she ceased to confront and oppose corruption and vice with the laws of the gospel; and to the Catholic it is a consoling reflection, that even in the worst periods of her history, when vice was most prevalent, she possessed thousands of devoted children, eminent for their sanctity, whose lives were a standing protest against all prevailing disorders.

Thus the constant victory of the Church over the power of her oppressors, over heresies and schisms, over corruption and vice; her perpetuation to the present time, with all her early vigor and purity, is a perpetual miracle of God's protecting power. "The floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat against that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." What claims to our veneration and love has that Church, which in its enduring strength, no less than in its marvellous origin bears the visible impress of divinity! What can be more worthy of our admiration, than this spirtual kingdom, which amidst the changes of all earthly institutions, dynasties and kingdoms, stands unchanged and unchangeable! All things else have felt the pressure of decay. The tyrants that oppressed her, the impious who disturbed her peace by the preaching of heresy and schism, have long since sunk beneath the waves of forgotten time; but the Church still endures, without a single power, privilege, or prerogative changed or diminnished, manifestly verifying the words of her divine founder: "Lo, I am with you all days."

"There is nothing more majestic," says Bossuet, "in the conduct of Jesus Christ, than his foretelling, on the one hand, that his Church should never rest from attack, either by persecution from without, or by ever-emerging heresies and schisms, or through the relaxation of discipline, introduced by declining charity; and his promise, on the other hand, that notwithstanding all this, nothing should ever avail to destroy her life or break the line of pastors, who hand down from generation to generation the authority received from Him, the holy doctrine He taught, and the salutary sacraments of grace. 'I have appointed you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain.' This was his promise to twelve poor fishermen—'their fruit shall remain;' and surely this stamps all his words with the seal of truth."

What a glorious testimony to the truth of this prophecy is the visible existence of the Church to the present day! How gratifying to Catholics is the reflection, that from the venerable Pius IX, who now holds the keys of this kingdom, the Church may be traced back to St. Peter, who received them from Jesus Christ! Even on a mere human estimate, what authority can compare with that of the Catholic Church, which combines in herself the authority of all the generations that have preceded us, and all the traditions of our race to its very origin. The very fact of her existence bears witness to her supernatural character; and her exemption from the universal law of change and decay is a proof the most conclusive, that God is with her as He promised, even to the present time, shielding and protecting her amidst the fiery shafts of persecution, the blight of heresy and the decay of morals. And so shall it be! Such she shall continue, despite of all violence and opposition, while time shall endure. It would not be an unprofitable task for Catholics to make occasionally a passing meditation upon the divine character of their Church; to study her history; to contemplate her past glory, her present grandeur, her future destiny. In the discharge of this pleasing labor, a thousand incidents would arise to reanimate their faith, challenge their obedience, and rekindle the ardor of their affection.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XVI.

THE GREY NUNS; OR, SISTERS OF CHARITY OF MONTREAL.

Canada, that country of Catholic birth and Catholic feeling, not only preserved the orders established in it by colonies from Europe, but has created new ones, vocations never being wanting among the descendants of the early settlers by the Saint Lawrence. Of these more than one in its vigor has sent its offshoots even into our land, and the blossoms of virtue, sanctity and devotedness that they have produced, realize the hopes of the founders and protectors of the new houses. The Sisters of Charity of Montreal, or, as that city of Mary more generally calls them, the Sœurs Grises, which the later coming Irish Catholics in happy obliviousness of technical words translate *Grey Nuns*, are an order founded in the last century,—founded when the French rule was tottering in Canada.

A General Hospital for the poor orphans, the crippled and incurables, had been founded in 1688, at Montreal, by a pious layman named Charon, who hoped to form a brotherhood to serve the sick. His attempt proved fruitless. God had reserved the task for Madame d'Youville.

Mary Margaret Du Frost de la Jemmerais was born in 1701, at Varenne, near Montreal, where her father, a navy officer from Medreac, near St. Malo, had settled with his family, showing himself as active an officer in the Provincial land forces as he had been in the navy: bearing the standard of France into that western New York into which the sisterhood founded by his daughter, has come to bear the standard of a more than mortal king. Her mother was Mary Renée de Varennes, daughter of Pierre Boucher de Boucherville, one of the earliest writers and officers in Canada. Of the piety of her parents we may judge from the fact that both their sons became priests, though civil careers were open to them, and that eight others of their descendants have since been elevated to the priesthood.

Mary Margaret, after a careful education at the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, returned to aid her mother, whom her father's premature death had left in great distress. After seeing her sisters married, she was united in marriage, in 1722, to Francis Magdalen You d'Youville, the son of one of the companions of Lassalle, in his western explorations. Her marriage proved one of suffering for her, as her husband was harsh, careless, and so wasteful, as soon to come to poverty. Misfortune did not harden her heart; she turned and began to aspire to perfection. When her husband was suddenly taken from her, in 1730, and left her to support her two infant sons, she cheerfully bent to the designs of Providence, and securing their education, devoted her life to good works, visiting the sick and taking some cripples into her own house. Several pious ladies having joined her, she, with Mlle. Catharine Demers and Mlle Mary Thaumur de la Source, drew up and signed on Candlemas day, 1745, a plan of their society. So great was the good achieved by this little family of devoted women, that notwithstanding a strong opposition, the Court transferred to them, in 1753, the General Hospital of Montreal. There is no poor house in that Catholic city; the Hotel Dieu is open for those struck down by disease; the General Hospital, when placed in the hands of the Sisters, invited all other human miseries to enter. Till then a few poor old men had alone found a wretched shelter there; now, men and women, the cripple, the orphan, and, ere long, the foundling and the repentant woman, here found a home. Madame d'Youville found it overwhelmed with debt; she twice beheld

the buildings reduced to ashes, but full of the spirit of the Saints she rejoiced in tribulation, and with her poor people chanted the Te Deum as they beheld the fire sweeping all before it. Burned in 1765, when they contained 118 persons, the building rose five years later more commodious than before. Canada had then fallen into the hands of England; the revenues of the hospital had gone; the generous French officers were replaced by indifferent or hostile Englishmen. "Ever on the eve of wanting everything," she wrote, "we never want, at least, necessaries. I daily admire Divine Providence, which deigns to use such poor subjects to do some little good"

The Sisters by their labors and by the generous aid of the Sulpitians, bore up amid all trials. The public at first treated them coldly, but soon made them the almoners of their liberality. After many difficulties in which the very existence of her community was threatened, Madame d'Youville obtained a formal recognition of it in 1755, when Monsigneur de Pontbriant, bishop of Quebec, approved their simple rule on three pages, and authorized the dress which they had adopted. As at first, they had been termed in contempt *Sœurs Grises*, Madame d'Youville adopted a dress of grey. It is rather what we would call camblet, with a girdle of black cloth; the cap of black wool, and a bonnet of black gauze, without a veil; they wear also a silver crucifix and ring. This habit was duly assumed on the 25th of August, 1755.

The pious foundress of the *Maidens of Charity*, as the bishop named them, now devoted herself to form her Sisters to a true religious spirit; neither multiplicity of affairs, the troubles produced by the fatal war, the care of the sick and wounded, countrymen and enemies alike could disturb her equanimity or make her forget for a moment the weight imposed upon her as foundress of a new institute. Her every action was a lesson. In her deep and fervent devotion to the Eternal Father, which she in a singular manner cultivated in herself and propagated in others, she found the great art of uniting the exercises of the active and contemplative life, the prayer of Mary with Martha's charitable toil.

To the English prisoners she showed the utmost kindness, and won many of them to the faith. On several occasions she saved the soldiers who, pursued by her countrymen or their Indian allies, fled to her convent for shelter. Some she hid in the vaults of the church till a favorable moment; one she saved by a simple stratagem. She sat working at a tent when an English or Provincial soldier burst into the room. In a moment she understood his position, and raising the tent pointed to it: the soldier threw himself under, and the next moment an Indian, panting with excitement, rushed in, tomahawk in hand. Mother d'Youville silently pointed to an opposite door—the Indian supposing that she indicated the direction taken by the fugitive, rushed through it—and the next moment the charitable Mother hurried the soldier to a place of safety. When evasion was possible he returned to his camp to find Amherst's cannon pointed against the convent, which, from its position without the town and its stout walls, they took for a stronghold. The General immediately sent some officers to visit the house and assure the Sisters of their perfect security.

After the overthrow of the French power, religion seemed tottering, but while all was still in doubt and uncertainty, Madame d'Youville was extending her works of mercy. At the sight of an infant, whom she found on the ice murdered, doubtless to conceal a crime, she resolved to receive all foundlings that should be presented, and bring them up gratuitously. Generous resolution in one whose very means of existence was precarious! Her community was indeed on

the verge of ruin, for the French king repudiated a debt of 100,000 francs due the Sœurs Grises for work and advances in money and provisions, and close upon this repudiation came a terrible conflagration in Montreal which laid her convent in ruins.

She rebuilt it, however, acquired an estate to secure a future revenue to the hospital, increased the number of Sisters, previously limited, and died on the 23d of December, 1772, encouraging her community to persevere in the ways of regularity, poverty, obedience and mortification, but especially of mutual union, to which, by God's grace, she had endeavored to form them.

Her life of active charity had been signalized by wonders of God's interposition; when the last coin of the hospital was reached, it suddenly multiplied to meet their wants; barrels of flour are found in an empty room; the wine lasts for months, though drawn from constantly; a spirit of prophecy frequently descended upon her, and one promise that her convent would not again be destroyed by fire, has been realized on numberless occasions.

Under her pious successors, Mothers Lemoine Despins, Coutlée, Saint-Germain Lemaire, the community acquired solidity; and the Sisters, whose rule compiled by Mgr. de Montgolfier, was formally approved in 1790, have never ceased to walk in the footsteps of their holy foundress. Their works of mercy are not confined to the original hospital: in the city of Montreal they also direct St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, erected in 1847 for children of Irish parentage, and the hospice St. Joseph, established in 1853 by Mr. O. Berthelet, for orphan girls and aged women. Out of the city they have houses in various parts of Canada: that at St. Hyacinth, dates from 1840; that at Red River, from 1844; Bytown, from 1845; and Quebec, from 1849.

The zeal which they displayed during the fearful summer of 1847, when the ship fever swept away so many thousand emigrants, and threatened the whole city, made all anxious to have colonies of this devoted order which points to seven Sisters who then died martyrs of charity.*

The Right Rev. Amadeus Rappe, visiting Montreal about 1853, was filled with admiration for these devoted Sisters, who thus serve Christ's poor, not only sheltering them in the hospital, but visiting them in their homes, carrying relief of every kind. He earnestly solicited them to grant him a few Sisters for his diocese. In 1856 a little colony of four arrived at Cleveland, accompanied by the Superior General and one of the assistants. Bishop Rappe placed them at Toledo, a place which he loves especially as the field of his first labors. A Catholic soon gave them a house, into which the Sisters soon gathered poor orphans, while two of their number daily visited the poor amid heat and cold, rain and sleet, bearing the word of comfort and such alms as their own poverty permitted.

During the year 1857 houses of the order have also been opened in Detroit and in Buffalo, the last due to the zeal of Rev. Father Chevalier, oblate.

*Faillon—Vie de Mme. d'Youville; Paris, 1852. De Courcy de la La Roche Heron, Les Servantes de Dieu au Canada. p. 69.

MADAME LE VERT'S TRAVELS.

Souvenirs of Travel. 2 vols., by *Madame Le Vert.* New York: S. H. Goetzel & Co.

Mrs. Le Vert has written a very agreeable book of travels which is remarkable not only for the immense variety of its incidents, but for the geniality which is so unusual among tourists. The majority of modern wayfarers are faultfinders,—faultfinders directly, or faultfinders by comparison. If the state, the city, the village, or the person they decsribe, are not, in some way censurable for inherent sins, they are made to appear dark by comparison with ourselves or our country. But Mrs. Le Vert began right from the moment she stepped on board the steamer in New York: "My own heart," she says, "*bounded with joy* as the shores of the beautiful bay melted into distance. The dream of my life had been to visit Europe. . . . . My emotions were full of radiant delight, as bright and sparkling as the myriad diamond drops which fell in showers from the swift moving wheels of the glorious steamer." A sentimental, or less honest and less joyous nature, would have been pathetic and regretful in bidding her "native land good night!" The spirit with which she began her travels, on the first visit to Europe, is maintained throughout the journey of 1853: and, when she went abroad again in 1855, the opening passage of her memoranda, under the date of 12th February, is so charmingly full of character that it deserves to be treasured as a sample of those qualities which have made her the most popular and perhaps the best known woman in our country.

"I am seated with my bonnet on," she says, writing my last words, and they are blessings upon my mother, my father and my child. Blessings upon the friends who love me! *Should this be the last line my hand ever traces, may the memory of me never awaken a pang in a human heart, but linger around it like the aroma of precious flowers! In peace and good feeling to the whole world, I venture upon the perils of the vast ocean, with a full assurance of the protection of that mighty Power 'who ruleth over earth and sea.'*"

These few lines contain the key notes of this accomplished lady's career. How long we have known her it might be considered ungallant to publish; but as we never met without kindest recognitions since the day "when we were boys and girls together,"—as the old song says,—so may we frankly declare that in our delightful recollections of her conversations we do not remember her utterance of a harsh, ill natured or disrespectful word. When she could not praise she was silent,—not silent, however, with an expressive shrug or glance which are so fatal from the eyes and shoulders of many a belle. Indeed, she is happy, only in making others happy;—and, could such a traveller fail to see every thing in the old world *couleur de rose?*

Admiring these qualities in our authoress, we should, under any other circumstances, feel bound not to depart from them ourselves; but unfortunately, reviews, like Iago, "are nothing if not critical," so that we shall take the liberty to find a fault—and but a single fault—with our fair friend, when we complain of the frequent *rapidity* of her narrative. She observes and comprehends so quickly herself that she does not pause long enough to elaborate details for the enlightenment of those who are not her fellow travellers, but her readers. Sometimes she

catalogues matters a little too much, and that, too, now and then, when one perceives that she is too full of the results of gratified observation to have patience to impart it.

From these observations, the readers of our Magazine will understand that we consider Mrs. Le Vert's book valuable for something more than its story. The tone and temper with which the story is told, are lessons of life,—of kindly, loveable life,—to all women. It would give us real pleasure, to extract many descriptions, sentiments, and happy turns of thought; but our space is so limited, that we are compelled to confine ourselves to the following narrative, describing an interview of this accomplished Protestant lady with our Holy Father:

ROME, ITALY, *April 19th*, 1855.

I cannot sleep to-night, precious Mamma, until I have written, and told you of the delight we experienced in being presented to the Pope of Rome, and of the affectionate and captivating kindness with which he received us. A cordial letter from our excellent Bishop Portier introduced us to Monsignore Barnabo, to whom we were indebted for the favor of this private audience.

Yesterday morning a charming note came from Count Borromeo, informing me that his Holiness would gladly receive a visit from us at four o'clock this afternoon. Hence at that hour we drove to the Vatican (the winter residence of the Pope), attired, according to the etiquette of the court, in deep black, with long black veils thrown over our heads. Passing a group of Swiss Guards at the foot of the marble stairway, we were conducted by an officer along corridors, and through great apartments, to the ante-chamber. The walls of this room were glowing with the radiant pictures of Raphael, of Murillo, Titian, and Guido. As we stood admiring these masterpieces of painting, Monsignore Talbot (an English Bishop) joined us, and we then proceeded to the reception room, which was a long saloon, with exquisitely frescoed ceiling, but no adornment of furniture.

Near a table, at one end of the room, his Holiness was seated. He arose when we entered. Monsignore Talbot presented us, and immediately retired. As we approached him, he held out his hands, and in a sweet voice said, "Welcome to Rome my friends." I knelt before him and kissed his hand, with the earnest reverence I would feel for an honored parent. At once we glided into conversation, and were soon completely charmed by his genial manner, so honest and truthful. He is an exceedingly handsome man, about sixty years old, we were told, although he appears much younger. His features are fine, and his eyes beautiful. The expression of his mouth is indescribably sweet, and his smile possesses a magnetic charm which draws to him all hearts. Every word and look revealed the generous and sympathetic nature, which, were it within his power, would gladly shield every human creature from sin, suffering or sorrow.

He spoke of our country, and its onward progress, with deep and warm interest, calling it the "noble land of Washington." The New World, he remarked, had always been very dear to him, for the early days of his life as a priest had been passed in Buenos Ayres, South America. Its vast pampas he had traversed, and crossed over the Andes to the Pacific shore of the continent. During his residence in Chili, Pope Gregory had recalled him to Italy, and soon after named him Bishop of Imola. Oh! Mamma, it was a perfect enjoyment to listen to his descriptions of those far-away lands, and of the sublime scenery of the lofty mountains whose summits are nearest heaven.

We conversed at first in French and Spanish (English, the Pope said, he could never learn); but fearing it might be some effort to his Holiness to speak them, I begged he would address me in Italian, which, although not so familiar to me as the other languages, I could understand exceedingly well. How glad I was afterwards this thought came to me, for his utterance of the Italian was as soft and melodious as the strains of music, so rich, full, and sonorous. The orations of Cicero, and the verses of Virgil, were worthy of a language harmonious like this; for, though the Italian is somewhat changed, it is still the daughter of the Latin, and has all the exquisite grace of expression and flowing elegance of the parent tongue.

Then, the dear Pope dwelt with touching eloquence upon the goodness of God, which had so miraculously saved him from a terrible death, during the accident at the Convent of St. Agnese. He related to us the incidents of that frightful scene. Some catacombs had been recently discovered near the church, and his Holiness went to visit them, accompanied by a large suit of cardinals, bishops, and foreign ambassadors. After they had explored the subterranean home of the dead, they proceeded to the convent near by. In a great, old room of the building, long unused, the monks had prepared a collation. The Pope was seated in an immense oaken chair, with a high back and enormous arms. Before he commenced partaking of the refreshments, a number of boys from a neighboring school were brought in to receive his blessing. He had just given it to them, and had commanded the servants to bring him some of the delicacies to distribute among the children, when a fearful crash was heard, and the floor sank into a vault below, thirty feet deep. Shrieks of terror, and appaling cries of the wounded, resounded through the convent. The crowd without, rushed along the corridors leading to the banquet room. The walls alone were standing. Far below there was a mass of rafters, and stones of the paved floor, and crushed and bleeding bodies. "Save our Father! save his Holiness!" was the first thought animating the hearts of the throng around. Through the vaults below, they found their way to the scene of disaster, and removing tables, chairs, and mangled forms of men and children, at last they reached the great oaken chair, which had fallen over the Pope, and thereby preserved him from serious injury, perhaps from instant death. They raised it, and to their joy the good Pope was unhurt. His hands were clasped in prayer for the suffering creatures around him. He seemed to have no thought of himself.

"Oh! how frightful must have been your emotions, when you felt the floor sinking beneath you," I exclamed, as I listened. He looked at me almost reproachfully, as he said, "No my daughter, I was calm; for in that fearful moment, I felt I was in the hands of a gracious God, who would save me, if it were his divine will; but my heart was pierced with agony, as I heard the screams of the innocent children, and I thought of the poor mothers rendered desolate by this horrible accident; for I then believed many were killed, and that others would die of their wounds. However, the result has proved less severe than I imagined, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, I trust all may recover."

The Pope asked O. her name, and she replied, "Octavia;" while I added, "She bears my name, your Holiness, and I was called after the Roman Octavia, whose character my mother greatly admired." Whereupon his Holiness uttered a most charming panegyric upon the character of my illustrious namesake, saying, "You should be proud of that name, for the Roman Octavia possessed every virtue and grace which should adorn a woman. Even now, in Rome, you will

find an undying remembrance of her noble and generous qualities, and many monuments to her memory."

Thank you a thousand times, Mamma, for giving me the name of *Octavia.*

I wish I could repeat to you all the words the Pope said, they were so genial, sparkling with intellect, and warm with kindness. After one hour's interview, we bade him farewell. But ere we left him, he gave me his benediction. As I knelt before him, he placed his hand upon my head, saying, "May the blessing of God descend upon you, and his Holy Spirit guide you into all truth; may God's providence protect you and yours, and bring you in peace to the world of the redeemed." The tones of his voice were so solemn, so full of affectionate feeling, tears of gratitude burst from my eyes, as I eagerly, and with the utmost veneration, kissed the hands he extended to raise me up. Then I asked him to bless my child; and she, kneeling before him, likewise received his benediction, and we withdrew. M. D., as well as your two Octavias, was deeply impressed with the honesty, the truth, and nobleness of the Supreme Pontiff, and with a sincere admiration of his kind manner and cordial reception of us.

In the ante-chamber we meet again Monsignore Talbot, an extremely intelligent man, who had spent some years travelling in the United States. He accompanied us to our carriage, and after a little pleasant conversation we drove away. It was a bewitching afternoon, and the grand colonnade of St. Peter's was bathed in a golden flood of the sun's parting rays. The fountains were joyously casting up their bright waters, and "earth and air seemed in a holiday mood."

It is impossible for me to tell you, Mamma, how happy I was, thinking of the sweet visit to his Holiness, and looking upon the grandeur which encircled me. The blessing and the prayer of that saintly man will be forever precious to my soul, and dear to me as the memory of the loved and the lost.

I will write soon to Bishop Portier, and tell him of the message from his Holiness which he charged me to deliver. It is very kind, and manifests how deep an interest the Pope feels in the spiritual welfare of his distant children.

Octavia has been long asleep, and I am quite weary, for it is past the midnight; but I care not for the lateness of the hour. I have faithfully given my darling Mamma a picture of the scene, and a true history of the incidents of our interview; and I will now knock at the "golden gate of dreams," first asking the good God to bless Mamma, and dear little Netta, for the sake of their loving

"Octavia."

THE SEASONS.

A rosebud, wet and glittering with the dew,
Sweet, bright, and beautiful, yet weak and frail,
Fairest 'mid flowers that grow, or ever grew,
In lordly garden or in sunny vale.

That bud is now in bloom, and oh, how bright!
The air is burthened with its perfumes round;
The sweetest flowers are nothing in the sight
Of those who have that lovely treasure found.

The rose begins to droop—its leaves to fade,
For frost and storms o'ercloud and dim the sky;
Soon in the dust its beauties will be laid,
For wint'ry winds, and ice, and snow, are nigh.

Behold where once that stately flower stood
In pomp and majesty: where has it gone?
'Tis dead, 'tis lying 'neath the icy flood,
The flower no more—the stalk remains alone.

HASSAN ABDALLAH; OR, THE ENCHANTED KEYS.

Continued from page 682.

I collected dry leaves and small branches of trees, of which he made a small heap; then turning an enchanted diamond towards the sun, which was then in its meridian, a ray of light issued from the precious stone which set the materials in a blaze. He next drew from under his robe a small iron vase and three phials; the first, of ruby, contained the elements of winds; the second, of emerald, contained a ray of moonlight; and the third, which was of gold, contained the blood of a phœnix. All these substances he placed in the vase, and added the heart and brain of the serpent. He then opened the book and put the vase on the fire, pronouncing, at the same time, some words which, to me, were unintelligible. When he had finished, he uncovered his shoulders, as the pilgrims do at their departure, and dipping a portion of his garment in the mixture, handed it to me, desiring me to rub his back and shoulders with it. As I did so, I observed the skin swell out and wings spring forth, which, visibly increasing in size, soon reached the ground. The Arab spread them and began to rise in the air. Fear of remaining in this doleful place lent me courage, and laying hold with all my might of the end of his girdle, I was borne up along with him, and in a few moments we bade farewell to the black rocks of this fatal valley. Presently, as we pursued this aërial tour, we found ourselves soaring above an immense plain, surrounded by a precipice of crystal, tinged with azure and purple. The earth seemed formed of golden dust, and the pebbles upon it looked like precious stones. Before us were the lofty walls of a city crowded with magnificent palaces and delicious gardens. Lost in admiration of this glorious scene, the Arab forgot to keep his wings moving, and we descended rapidly towards the ground, which I, of course, reached first, he falling upon me. I then perceived his wings gradually diminish, and by degrees wholly disappear. When I noticed this to him, he replied that, unfortunately, science was limited in its powers; it enabled him to construct wings of great power, but could not avail for their preservation beyond a certain time. "To become the possessor," said he, "of the ingredients which you saw me employ in forming these wings, I have spent thirty years of my life, the lives of many men, and money sufficient for a king's ransom. The wings helped me but for a few moments, long enough, however, for my purpose; they have borne me to glory and fortune. Rejoice, Hassan Abdallah; behold Aram, the city built on columns, the mysterious city!"

We then approached the walls; they were built of alternate layers of bricks of gold and silver. The battlements were of marble, cut and sculptured by the hands of genii. There were eight gates in the walls—the number of the gates of paradise; the first was of silver, the second of gold, the third of agate, the fourth of coral, the fifth of pearl, the sixth of topaz, the seventh of emerald, and the eighth of ruby.

The Arab informed me that this city had been built by the famous enchanter Tchedad, the son of Aad, who had exhausted upon it all the treasures of earth, sea, and sky. He wanted in his pride to rival the glory of the Almighty by this piece of workmanship; but God, to punish him, struck him and his family with lightning at the very instant he and they were solemnly taking possession of the

palace. An impenetrable veil hangs over the city ever since, and no one has been able to discover it.

We went forward, invoking the name of God; the streets were lined with palaces adored with columns of marble, agate, and all kinds of costly materials; streams of odoriferous waters embalmed and refreshed the atmosphere; trees of wondrous form furnished a delicious shelter from the rays of the sun, and in their branches birds of song produced concerts of ravishing sweetness. The very air that one breathed seemed to fascinate the mind, and to lift it up to heaven.

The Escape of Hassan Abdallah and the Arab from the Enchanted Valley.

The Arab, taking me by the hand, conducted me towards the place of Tchedad; its construction, in point of art and splendor of adornment, was unspeakably magnificent. Terraces, formed of colored crystal, were supported on a thousand columns of gold. In the midst of the palace was an enchanted garden, where the earth, breathing of musk, bore fruits and flowers of marvellous richness and beauty. Three rivers surrounded the garden, flowing with wine, rose-water, and honey. In the centre of the garden there was a pavilion, whose dome, formed of a single emerald, overshadowed a throne of gold covered with pearls and rubies

On the throne there was a small chest of gold; the Arab opened it, and found in it a red powder. "Throw away this dust," I said, "and fill the casket with precious stones."

"Poor fool that you are," he replied; "this dust is the source of all the riches of the world; it is red sulphur. A small portion of it is sufficient to change into gold the basest metals. With it I can build palaces, found cities, purchase the life of men and the admiration of beautiful women. I can even, if I please, cause myself to become prince and king; but I cannot by it prolong my life a single day, or efface an hour from my by-past existence. God alone is great! God alone is eternal!"

Whilst he thus spoke, I employed myself in collecting precious stones and pearls, filling with them my girdle, pockets, and turban.

"Unhappy man!" he cried, "what are you doing? You will bring down upon us the vengeance of Heaven. We are only permitted to touch this casket; and if we should attempt to carry out of the valley a leaf from one of these trees, or a stone from off the ground, instantaneous death would be our lot."

I immediately emptied my pockets, much to my regret, and followed my master, not however without often turning my head aside to look at the incalculable riches spread around me. Fearing that I should fall a prey to the seductions of wealth, my master took me by the hand and led me out of the city. We quitted it by the path by which we came, but more slowly than we approached. When we arrived at the crystal precipice it opened before us, and we passed through it; when we had done so, we looked about in vain for the wonderful plain and the city,—they could no longer be seen. We found ourselves on the brink of the river of quicksilver, and crossed the bridge. Our camels were feeding on the flowery herbage, and I ran to mine with delight, as to an old friend. After refastening our girths, we mounted and set out on the road to Egypt. We were three months in reaching Cairo. During all this time I suffered many privations; my health was destroyed, and I endured every kind of evil. From some fatality, the cause of which was unknown to me at the time, I alone was exposed to all the accidents of the journey, while my companion continued in health and comfort, passing safely through every danger. I discovered afterwards that all my misfortunes arose from my having in my possession the enchanted keys. This was one day towards the close of our journey, when the Arab confessed to me that he was aware of this fatal quality of theirs, and that it was in order to free himself from it that he purchased me. When I wanted to throw away the accursed keys, he withheld me. "Patience and resignation," said he, "and these virtues only, can exhaust their evil influence, and for your own sake I would advise you to keep them to the end. All will turn out eventually for your good."

A few days after receiving this communication we arrived at Cairo, and I immediately ran to my home, the door of which was open and broken, and the interior occupied by crowds of famished and prowling dogs, who had taken up their abode there. A neighbor, who heard me calling out in an agony of despair, opened her door, and said to me, "Hassan Abdallah, is that you? Well may you be astounded! Know that some time after your departure,—that is, about five months ago,—some thieves, knowing that you were absent, and that there was no male slave left to take care of your house, broke into your house during the night, insulted the women, and went off with all the property that you had left. Your mother died a few days after, in consequence. Your wife, in her destitution, resolved to go to Alexandria, to her brother. The caravan which she

accompanied was attacked by the Arabs of the desert, who, being enraged at the resistance they met with, put all to the sword without mercy."

On hearing these sad tidings, I shed many tears, and returning to the Arab, accused him with being the cause of all my misfortunes. "God is the author and end of all things, he said to me, and then, taking me by the hand, led me along with him. It appeared that on the same day he had hired a magnificent palace, to this he now compelled me to repair and reside with him; and for my consolation, he told me that he would share with me the treasures of science, and teach me to read in the book of alchemy.

Here we resided a long time: whenever his costly fancies caused him to be in want of money, he used to have several hundred-weight of lead conveyed secretly to him, and when it was melted he threw some small portions of red sulphur into it, and in a moment the vile metal was changed into the purest gold. In the midst of all this luxury, I continued ill and unhappy; my feeble body was unable to support the weight, or to endure the contact of the rich clothes and the precious stuffs with which I was covered. The most delicate food was served up to me in vain, and the most delicious wines; I only felt disgusted and disinclined towards them all. I had superb apartments, beds formed of sweet smelling and costly woods, and divans of purple; but sleep, in spite of all, was a stranger to my eyes.

I called on death, but he refused to come to me. The Arab, on the other hand, passed his time in pleasure and feasting.

The palace gardens extended to the banks of the Nile; they were planted with the rarest trees, brought at great expense from India, Persia, China, and the isles. Machines, constructed with great skill, raised the water of the Nile, and, caused it to fall in fresh and brilliant jets into marble reservoirs,

"Mid orange groves and myrtle bowers, that breathed a gale of fragrance round,"

mingled with the perfumes of jasmines and roses; there were silken pavilions, embroidered with gold, and supported on pillars of gold and silver; brilliant lamps, enclosed in globes of crystal, shed over all a light soft and effulgent as that of the moon.

There, on each returning night, the Arab received his companions, and treated them with the utmost magnificence. His liberality made every one who approached him his friend, and they styled him the Great, the Magnificent.

He would sometimes come to see me at the pavilion, where my illness compelled me to remain, a solitary prisoner. On one such occasion, he paid me his visit after a night of pleasure, early in the morning. He was heated with wine, his face red, and his eyes shining with a strange lustre. He sat down beside me, and taking hold of my hand, began singing, and when he had concluded, shut his eyes, leaned his head on his breast, and appeared to fall asleep. Alarmed at length at his unnatural stillness, I leaned over to him: his breathing had ceased, he had expired.

Perceiving that all help was useless, I began to rummage his pockets, his girdle, and his turban, in the hope of finding the keys of happiness and of wisdom, but could not discover them. I thereupon, in spite of my bad state of health, and without losing a moment, laid hold of the casket containing the book of alchemy and the red sulphur; and considering that I might lawfully regard myself as the

legitimate proprietor, I carried it secretly to my former house, which I had previously caused to be rebuilt and provided with new furniture.

Returning to the palace just as I had left it, I began to cry aloud, and to ask for help; the slaves and servants ran immediately to know what was the matter, and I then sent them to bring the best physician, even the caliph's, if he could be found. When the medical men came they declared that the stranger had died by the will of God. I then gave orders for the funeral.

His body, attired in the richest vestments, was placed, exposed to view, in a coffin of aloe-wood, lined with gold. A cloth of a marvellously fine tissue, which had been manufactured for a Persian prince, served for a coverlet. Fifty servants all dressed in mourning attire, bore, in turns, the coffin on their shoulders, and every good mussulman who passed by, hastened to lend his assistance, if it were only by a helping hand.

A considerable number of women, hired for the purpose, following the bier, uttering plaintive cries.

The keepers of the mosque sung sacred verses, and the crowd repeated, "God is God! These is no God but God! He alone is eternal." In this order accompanied by numerous friends whom the Arab had made by his generosity, we proceeded to the cemetery, southward of the city, and near to the gate of Bab-el-Masr (the gate of victory). I gave a purse of gold to a skilful architect, with orders to raise a tomb to the memory of my master.

Returning to the palace, it fell to my lot, of course, to preside at the funeral repast. This painful duty was scarcely over, when I saw some officers from the caliph arrive, who were commanded by his order to take possession of the wealth contained in the palace, and which belonged to him, as a stranger's heir. I was driven away, and left the palace, taking with me, in appearance, nothing but the dress which I wore, but, in reality, the owner of an inestimable treasure.

Betaking myself to my house, I resolved to live there an unknown and peaceful life, passing the time in the study of the sciences, and only using the red sulphur to impart benefit to others in secret.

A curious and jealous neighbour having ascended the terrace of my house one evening, and seen me at work, effecting the transmutation of the lead into gold, told my secret to his wife, who repeated it at the bath, and next morning all Cairo was acquainted with it.

The report reached the ears of the caliph, Theilon, who sent for me, and told me that he knew I possessed the great secret of knowledge, and that if I would share it with him, he would overwhelm me with honors, and associate me with him in rank. I refused to the impious man the distinguished favor which God had denied to him. Transported with rage, he caused me to be loaded with chains, and thrown into a gloomy dungeon; and being baffled in his attempts to penetrate my secret, he placed the casket and the book under the care of a person on whose fidelity he could depend, hoping to force the secret from me by the sufferings which he made me endure. In this state I have lived for forty years. By my persecutor's orders, I have been made to undergo all kinds of privations and tortures, and only knew of his death by my being relieved from punishment.

This morning, when kneeling on the ground at my devotions, I put my hand on a strange and hard substance. Looking at it, I perceived that it was the fatal keys which I had years ago buried under the floor of my dungeon. They were so worn by rust and damp, that they crumbled into powder in my hand, and I then thought that God intended to have pity upon me, and that my afflictions

were about to end, either by death or the alleviation of my sufferings. A few moments after, your officers came and set me at liberty.

"Now, O king!" continued the old man, "I have lived long enough, since I have been permitted to approach the greatest and most upright of monarchs."

Mohammed, overjoyed at performing an act of justice, thanked Heaven for having sent him such a treasure, and being desirous to prove its reality, he caused one thousand hundred-weight of lead to be melted in immense caldrons; and having mixed some of the red powder in the fiery mass, and pronounced over it the magical words dictated to him by the old man, the base metal was instantly changed into pure gold.

The caliph, in order to propitiate the favor of Heaven, resolved to employ this treasure in the building of a mosque which should transcend by its magnificence every other in the world. He collected architects from all the neighboring countries, laid before them the plan of a vast edifice, unfettered by the difficulties or expense of its execution.

The architects traced out an immense quadrangle, the sides of which faced the four cardinal points of the heavens. At each corner a tower of prodigious height was placed, of admirable proportions; the top of the structure was surrounded with a gallery and crowned with a dome of gilt copper. On each side of the edifice one thousand pillars were raised, supporting arches of an elegant curve and solid construction, and on the arches terraces were laid out with balustrades of gold of exquisite workmanship. In the centre of the edifice an immense pavilion was erected, whose construction was of so light and elegant a nature, that one would have thought it reached from earth to heaven. The vault was inlaid with azure-colored enamel and studded with golden stars. Marbles of the rarest kinds formed the pavement, and the walls consisted of a mosaic formed of jasper, porphyry, agate, mother-of-pearl, sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones. The pillars and arches were covered with arabesques and verses from the Koran, carved in relief, and painted. No wood was employed in the building of this wonderful edifice, which was therefore fire-proof. Mohammed spent seven years in erecting this celebrated mosque, and expended on it a sum of two millions of dinars.

Although so old, Hassan Abdallah recovered his health and strength, and lived to be a hundred years of age, honored with the esteem and the friendship of the caliph.

The mosque built by the caliph Mohammed is still to be seen at Cairo, and is the largest and the finest of all the mosques of that great city.

One day, very shortly after the completion of the mosque, the caliph and Hassan Abdallah were absent for three days on a journey. Mohammed communicated to no one but his first vizir his intention; but on his return he assembled his whole court, and informed them that the object of the expedition had been to bury the casket, with the book and the powder, where it was impossible they could ever be discovered. "I have done," added Mohammed, "what I could to consecrate this wonderful treasure, but I would not trust even myself any longer with so dangerous a temptation."

TORQUATO TASSO.

From the *Lamp*.

Torquato Tasso, the illustrious author of the "Jerusalem Delivered," was born at Sorrento on the 11th of March, 1544. He was the son of Bernardo Tasso and Porzia de Rossi. His early years (spent at Naples,) were marked by indications of great genius, and he was sent to a college of Jesuits. A deep feeling of religion took possession of his youthful mind, and in one of his letters he describes the devotional feelings with which he first received Holy Communion. His religious sentiments never forsook him through life.

In 1554, when in his tenth year, Tasso went to Rome with his father, who was attached to the fortunes of Ferrante, Prince of Salerno. On this occasion he composed a very feeling sonnet on parting from his mother, who died soon afterwards, while he was pursuing his studies at Rome. His father was anxious that young Torquato should study jurisprudence, and the youth went to Padua; but his taste for poetry could not be overcome; in his eighteenth year he produced his poem of "Rinaldo," and in the following year he commenced his immortal epic, the "Jerusalem Delivered." In 1565 Tasso was invited by Cardinal d'Este to pass some time in Ferrara, at the court of the cardinal's brother, Duke Alfonso, where he was received with much attention; but his love for the Princess Eleonora, one of the duke's sisters, provoked the hostility of that prince, though it did not, until another period, lead to any personal persecution. Having passed some time in France, Tasso returned to Ferrara, and composed his beautiful dramatic poem of "Aminta," which was performed with much success.

In 1575 the "Jerusalem Delivered" was published, and though it met with severe criticism from some, was welcomed by fair critics as a fine poem, and it rapidly became popular. It was about this time that a morbid irritability seems to have taken hold of his mind, and in a fit of anger he struck one of the servants of the Duchess d'Urbino, sister of Duke Alfonso. This was in 1577, and he was then arrested. He escaped from restraint, and went to Sorrento to his sister, but again was received into favor by Duke Alfonso; but Tasso, who had returned to Ferrara, left it soon, having received treatment which made him indignant, and he went to the Duke of Mantua; but as he acted towards Tasso coldly, the poet wandered about Italy, of whose literature he was destined to be the proudest ornament, and again he repaired to the court of Ferrara. Here he again received some insults, and he attacked the duke, who sent him to be treated as a lunatic at the hospital of St. Anne, where the poet was detained for seven years. Tasso here wrote some very sober prose, which was shown to the duke, who however, refused to liberate him. The poet Shelley thus describes Tasso's manuscripts at Ferrara, and his cell at the hospital:—

"There is here (Ferrara) a manuscript of the entire "Gerusalemme Liberata," written by Tasso's own hand; a manuscript of some poems, written in prison, to the Duke Alfonso; and the satires of Ariosto, written also by his own hand; and the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini. The "Gerusalemme," though it had evidently been copied and re-copied, is interlined, particularly towards the end, with numerous corrections. The hand writing of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression

in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of some thing beyond the present and tangible object; and as we do not agree in physiognomy, so we may not agree now But my business is to relate my own sensations, and not to attempt to inspire others with them. Some of the MSS. of Tasso were sonnets to his persecutor, which contain a great deal of what is called flattery. If Alfonso's ghost were asked how he felt those praises now, I wonder what he would say.

But to me there is much more to pity than to condemn in these entreaties and praises of Tasso. Tasso's situation was widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day; for, from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor. But then there was no hope. There is something irresistibly pathetic to me in the sight of Tasso's own handwriting, moulding expressions of adulation and entreaty to a deaf and stupid tyrant, in an age when the most heroic virtue would have exposed its possessor to hopeless persecution, and, such is the alliance between virtue and genius, which unoffending genius could not escape. We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Sant' Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door which, for seven years and three months, divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands. The dungeon is low and dark; and, when I say that it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the doge's palace of Venice. But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies. It is low, and has a grated window; and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damps. In the darkest corner is a mark in the wall where the chains were riveted which bound him hand and foot. After some time at the instance of some cardinal, his friend, the duke allowed his victim a fire-place: the mark where it was walled up yet remains."

In 1586 Tasso was released, at the urgent request of the son of the Duke of Mantua, and going to that court, he was now received with generous kindness. After some time, he went to Rome and to Naples, and passed some years in a wandering and restless life. In 1594, Cardinal Aldobrandini procured a decree from the pope that Tasso should be crowned with laurel, like Petrarch; but the poet fell ill, and died on the 25th of April, 1595, having past his last illness in exercises of deep devotion. When the pope's blessing was brought to him on his deathbed, he exclaimed, "This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned, not as a poet in the capitol, but with the glory of the blessed in Heaven." He was interred in the church of St. Onofrio. The present pope has caused to be erected a beautiful monument to the illustrious poet, to whose memory there has been, hitherto a modest tomb.

The following extracts from the translation of the "Jerusalem," by Fairfax, will give the reader a better idea of the genius of Tasso than any criticism:

THE CRUSADERS APPROACH JERUSALEM.

The purple morning left her crimson red,
And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gather'd new;
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread;
Arm! arm! they cried; arm! arm! the trumpets blew;
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast,
So hum small bees, before swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
Their forwardness he staid with gentle rein;
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat,
To stop the current near Charybdis' main,
Or calm the blust'ring winds on mountains great,
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain!
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
For well he knows disorder'd speed makes waste.

Feather'd their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tired thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light;
But when the gilding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appear'd in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to descry;
Through dang'rous seas and under stars unknown,
Thrall to the faithless waves, and trothless sky;
If once the wished shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleased so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That rev'rend fear and trembling with it brought,
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suffer'd pain,
There where he died, and where he lived again.

THE ARMY PRAYS FOR VICTORY.

The Christian armies' great and puissant guide,
T' assault the town that all his thoughts had bent,
Did ladders, rams, and engines huge provide,
When reverend Peter to him gravely went,
And drawing him with sober grace aside,
With words severe thus told his high intent:—
Right well, my lord, these earthly strengths you move,
But let us first begin from heav'n above.

With public prayer, zeal, and faith devout,
The aid, assistance, and the help obtain
Of all the blessed of the heav'nly rout,
With whose support you conquest sure may gain.
First let the priests, before thine armies stout,
With sacred hymns their holy voices strain:
And thou, and all thy lords and peers with thee,
Of godliness and faith ensamples be.

Thus spake the hermit grave in words severe;
Godfrey allow'd his counsel sage and wise:—
Of Christ the Lord (quoth he) thou servant dear,
I yield to follow thy divine advice;
And while the princes I assemble here,
The great procession, songs, and sacrifice,
With Bishop William, thou and Ademare
With sacred and with solemn pomp prepare.

Next morning the bishops twain, the hermite
And all the clerks and priests of less estate,
Did in the middest of the camp unite
Within a place for prayer consecrate:
Each priest adorn'd was in a surplice white,
The bishops donn'd their albes and copes of state,
Above their rochets button'd fair before,
And mitres on their heads like crowns they wore.

To thee, O Father, Son, and Sacred Spright
One true, eternal, everlasting King,
To Christ's dear mother Mary, virgin bright,
Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing;
To them that angels down from heav'n to fight,
'Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon bring;
To him also that of our Saviour good
Washed the sacred front of Jordan's flood.

Singing and saying thus the camp devout
Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wide,
Towards Mount Olivet went all this route,
So call'd of olive trees the hill which hide;
A mountain known by fame the world throughout,
Which riseth on the city's eastern side,
From it divided by the valley green
Of Josaphat, that fills the space between.

Hither the armies went and chanted shrill,
That all the deep and hollow dales resound;
From hollow mounts and caves in every hill
A thousand echoes also sung around;
It seem'd some choir that sung with art and skill
Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground,
For oft resounded from the banks they hear
The name of Christ and of his mother dear.

CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

(From the French of Viscount Walsh.)

No. I.—*The Circumcision.*

A FESTIVAL so solemn as the Nativity of Christ should have an octave. Accordingly, for many centuries, the eighth day after Christmas, was celebrated under the title of the *Octave of the Birth of Jesus.* It was about the year 660 that this festival first received the name of the *Circumcision of our Lord.*

An old book, speaking of the celebration of this day, says:—"Jesus Christ has wished to show us in this mystery that though his divinity was joined to his humanity, he did not come to dispense with the law."

At the commencement of the year, the church offers to the meditations of the faithful, a divine example of submission to the established law; saying, as it were, to them: "For the days that are to come, remain obedient to him who commands you in the name of God. Behold, He who bore on his divine person no stain of sin, stood in need of no baptism, of no circumcision; but as he came to teach humility, even He subjected himself to the common yoke."

In the law of Moses there was nothing prescribed regarding the locality where circumcision was to take place; we can easily, therefore, believe that the son of Mary was circumcised in Bethlehem, where he was born, since the Magi afterwards found the divine infant in this same village.

It was on the day when the newly-born babe shed his blood, that he received the name that he was to bear among men. The Son of God could have taken the most glorious names, those that had been rendered illustrious by the great kings and conquerors of the earth. But it was the name of JESUS, that is, SAVIOUR, that he preferred to them all. As we read in the hymn of the Circumcision:

"To increase their own glory, conquerors take names from the countries subdued by their arms. But thou! O Jesus! thou takest a name that announces deliverance. Thou hadst rather deliver than conquer."

When I was at college, I remember that our teachers recommended us to write on the first page of our exercise books, a sentence on the glory of God, to exalt, as it were, and sanctify our labor. In the holy name of JESUS, thus stamped on the first day of the christian year, I discover something similar; in order that the days which follow this first day may be advantageous to us, religion marks its first moment with a name of Redemption and Salvation. Just as the farmer, who wishes to irrigate his meadow lands well, conducts the watering streams from the purest and healthiest spring.

In consequence of the habits confirmed by custom, New Year's with us is too little sanctified. The duties of *Society* infringe too much on the duties of *Religion.* On this day of visits and congratulation, one benefactor is often forgotten,—GOD, who lends the years to the world in order that men may prove themselves.

The church often grieved over the remains of paganism, by which the first day of the new year was signalized. Presents, so much cherished by us all when we receive them, and still more dear when we can bestow them, so eagerly expected and so highly prized by children, were often anathematized by the early Fathers of the Church on account of their pagan origin.

The Council of Tours, held in the year 566, informs us that on the first day of January, christians should oppose their psalms and litanies to the impious songs

and superstitions of the Pagans—showing that New Year's was less a day of festivity than of expiation, a day without an *Alleluia* in the office.

Towards the end of the seventh century, the church dispensed with the three days of fast prescribed by the councils for the end of one year and the beginning of the next, and the faithful received lively exhortations to substitute the *poor* in the place of *friends*, and to convert *gifts* into *alms*.

All christian charity is enclosed in this precept; the centuries, in their onward march, may introduce some changes in the ceremonial of religious festivals, but they never change the spirit of Catholicism; *that* remains always pure, exalted, full of love and kindness, and mercy and justice. And when the centuries shall be accomplished, it will return to the God that made it, as the angels, who visited the patriarchs and the saints, returned to heaven with their ivory feet unsullied by a single speck of earthly dust, without a single feather of their wings being ruffled. The custom of presenting gifts and compliments, then, remained, but religion strove to sanctify it with her wisdom and her charity.

I well remember a New Year's day when—I was then at Rouen—about nine o'clock in the morning, I entered the church of St. Maclou. It was crowded with people, and the venerable priest was in the pulpit.

It well became the poor inhabitants of that poor quarter of the town to come on the first day of the new year, and implore of God strength to labor and resignation to suffer; for with the poor strength and resignation are the cardinal virtues.

The good pastor was addressing his flock in a paternal tone that reached their hearts, and I, standing in the crowd, took so much pleasure in listening to him, that I have not yet forgotten his words.

"Many amongst you," said he, "have come to wish me a happy new year; I thank you for your kindness. But to be a happy new year to me, it must not be an unhappy new year to you. To you, then, my dear children, in my turn, I wish the arrival of a happy new year, of a year without misery, of a year without sore trials, of one of those years of virtue that lead to the eternal years.

"To you, my dear children, who listen to me so attentively, who wear no splendid garments, who sparkle with no dazzling colors, to you I also wish resignation and patience. Oh! wear, like christians, your humble garments, and if you obtain the happy new years that I wish you, before long your Almighty Father will exchange your poor attire for cloaks of purple and gold, like to the mantles of kings."

Being in the crowd, I was an eye-witness of the emotion that prevailed. It seemed as if between the flock and the pastor, the children and the father, the christians and the priest, there existed but one heart and one soul. So intimate was the bond of their union.

I have had many new year's days, both of prosperity and of adversity; I have been present at the grandest assemblages, when I was one of the crowd that had hastened to present their best wishes to the great ones of the earth; I have seen many things on these occasions, but I have forgotten them all. How does it happen, then, that I have so well remembered this exchange of wishes between the priest of St. Maclou's and his poor parishioners? It is because religion had impressed her seal on this scene, and nothing could efface it.

There are many people who pass from one year to another without experiencing the least emotion, who even smile with disdain when you tell them such is not the case with yourself. I am not one of those stoic philosophers. I confess that never without the deepest sensations can I count the twelve strokes of the clock

that announce the departure of the thirty-first of December. When the last stroke has struck, I still listen for a few seconds to the vibration; it seems to be the last sigh of the expiring year; it is only when that vibration ceases that the new year is born.

At such a moment I must recall a religious thought; if not, the emotion would be too mournful; for seldom does a year fall into the gulf of eternity without taking with it some dear friend wrapped in his shroud!

With hope for the future, and resignation for the past, I address the new-born year:

"Hail, fair daughter of Time! Hail, unknown stranger! Thou comest amongst us covered with a veil; we can not see whether thy countenance is smiling or stern, whether thy closed hands bring us fortune or misfortune, whether the folds of thy robe enclose peace or war; thou art a mystery to us. Still, thou comest to us from God, and we gladly give thee warm welcome. Hail! Blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord!"

The day that begins the new year appears to me so solemn, that I wish religion had even a greater share in its celebration. Sometimes when a fountain is to be opened for the inhabitants of a city, you see a bishop come and bless the waters that are about to flow. In like manner, I would wish to see a solemn benediction, on the altar, of the days of the coming year.

Under heaven is there any resemblance greater than that existing between the flowing waters and the passing days? The waters go to the ocean, the days to eternity. But though old ocean may not ask the swelling floods, "Why are you so restless and so discolored?" God will ask our days, "Why are you not pure?" *Let us try then to keep them free from stain.*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something; be not idle—
  Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
  Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
  Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
  Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
  Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
  With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
  Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
  Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
  Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
  Give and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
  From this perfect fountain-head:
Freely, as thou freely givest,
  Shall the grateful light be shed.

THE VILLAGE RUIN.

From the Works of Gerald Griffin.

The lake which washes the orchards of the village of ————, divides it from an abbey now in ruins, but associated with the recollection of one of those few glorious events which shed a scanty and occasional lustre on the dark and mournful tide of Irish history. At this foundation was educated, a century or two before the English conquest, Melcha, a beautiful daughter of O'Melachlin, a prince, whose character and conduct even yet afford room for speculation to the historians of his country. Not like the maids of our degenerate days, who are scarce exceeded by the men in their effeminate vanity and love of ornament, young Melcha joined to the tenderness and beauty of a virgin the austerity and piety of a hermit. The simplest roots that fed the lowest of her father's subjects, were the accustomed food of Melcha; a couch of heath refreshed her delicate limbs; and the lark did not arise earlier at morn to sing the praises of his Maker than did the daughter of O'Melachlin.

One subject had a large proportion of her thoughts, her tears and prayers—the misery of her afflicted country, for she had not fallen on happy days for Ireland. Some years before her birth, a swarm of savages from the north of Europe had landed on the eastern coast of the island, and in despite of the gallant resistance of her father (who then posessed the crown) and of the other chiefs, succeeded in establishing their power throughout the country. Thorgills, the barbarian chief who had led them on, assumed the sovereignty of the conquered isle, leaving, however, to O'Melachlin the name and insignia of royalty, while all the power of government was centred in himself. The history of tyranny scarcely furnishes a more appalling picture of devastation and oppressive cruelty than that which followed the success of this invasion. Monasteries were destroyed, monks slaughtered in the shelter of their cloisters; cities laid waste and burnt; learning almost exterminated; and religion persecuted with a virulence peculiar to the gloomy and superstitious character of the oppressors. Historians present a minute and affecting detail of the enormities which were perpetrated in the shape of taxation, restriction, and direct aggression. The single word Tyranny, however, may convey an idea of the whole.

Astonished at these terrible events, O'Melachlin, though once a valiant general, seemed struck with some base palsy of the soul that rendered him insensible to the groans and tortures of his subjects, or to the barbarous cruelty of the monster who was nominally leagued with him in power. Apparently content with the shadow of dominion left him, and with the security afforded to those of his own household, he slept upon his duties as a king and as a man, and thirty years of misery rolled by without his striking a blow, or even to all appearance forming a wish for the deliverance of his afflicted country. It was not till he was menaced with the danger of sharing the affliction of his people that he endeavored to remove it.

Such apathy it was which pressed upon the mind of Melcha, and filled her heart with shame and with affliction. A weak and helpless maid, she had, however nothing but her prayers to bestow upon her country, nor were those bestowed in vain. At the age of fifteen, rich in virtue as in beauty and in talent, she was recalled from those cloisters whose shadows still are seen at evenfall reflected in

the waters of the lake, to grace the phantom court of her degenerate father. The latter, proud of his child, gave a splendid feast in honor of her return, to which he was not ashamed to invite the opressor of his subjects and the usurper of his own authority. The coarser vices are the usual concomitants of cruelty. Thorgills beheld the saintly daughter of his host with other eyes than those of admiration. Accustomed to mould the wishes of the puppet monarch to his own, he tarried not even the conclusion of the feast, but desiring the company of O'Melachlin on the green without the palace, he there disclosed to him, with the bluntness of a barbarian and the insolence of a conqueror, his infamous wishes.

Struck to the soul at what he heard, O'Melachlin was deprived of the power of reply or utterance. For the first time since he had resigned to the invader the power which had fallen so heavy on the land, his feelings were awakened to a sense of sympathy, and self-interest made him pitiful. The cries of bereaved parents, to which till now his heart had been impenetrable as a wall of brass, found sudden entrance to its inmost folds, and a responsive echo amid its tenderest strings. He sat for a time upon a bench close by, with his forehead resting on his hand, and a torrent of tempestuous feelings rushing through his bosom.

"What sayest thou?" asked the tyrant, after a long silence. "Shall I have my wish?" No answer! "Hearest thou, slave? What insolence keeps thee silent?"

"I pray you, pardon me," replied the monarch, "I was thinking then of a sore annoyance that has lately bred about our castle. I mean that rookery yonder, the din of which even now confounds the music of our feast, and invades with its untimely harshness our cheering and most singular discourse. I would I had some mode of banishing that pest—I would I had some mode—I would I had."

"Ho! was that all the subject of thy thought?" said Thorgills—"why, fool! thou never wilt be rid of them till thou hast burned the nests wherein they breed."

"I thank thee," answered the insulted parent; "I'll take thy counsel. I'll burn the nests. Will you walk into the house?"

"What first of my request?" said Thorgills. "Tell me that."

"If thou hadst asked me," replied the king, "a favorite hobby for the chase, or a hound to guard thy threshold, thou wouldst not think it much to grant a week at least for preparing my heart to part with what it loved. How much more, when thy demand reaches to the child of my heart, the only offspring of a mother who died before she had beheld her offspring."

"A week, then let it be," said Thorgills, looking with contempt upon the starting tears of the applicant.

"A week would scarce suffice," replied the monarch, "to teach my tongue in what language it should communicate a destiny like this to Melcha."

"What time wouldst thou require, then?" cried the tyrant hastily.

"Thou seest," replied the king, pointing to the new moon, which showed its slender crescent above the wood-crowned hills that bounded in the prospect. "Before that thread of light that glimmers now upon the distant lake, like chastity on beauty, has fulfilled its changes, thou shalt receive my answer to this proffer."

"Be it so," said Thorgills; and the conversation ended. When the guests had all departed, the wretched monarch went into his oratory, where he bade one of his followers order Melcha to attend him. She found him utterly depressed, and almost incapable of forming a design. Having commanded the attendants to withdraw, he endeavored, but in vain, to make known to the astonished princess the demand of the usurper. He remembered her departed mother, and he thought of her own sanctity, and more than all, he remembered his helpless condition and

the seeming impossibility of doing anything within the time to remove from his own doors the misery which had already befallen so many of his subjects, without meeting any active sympathy from him. Was this the form which he was to resign into a ruffian's hands? Was it for such an end he had instilled into her delicate mind the principles of early virtue and Christian piety? By degrees, as he contemplated his situation, his mind was roused by the very nature of the exigency to devise the means of its removal. He communicated both to Melcha, and was not disappointed in her firmness. With a zeal beyond her sex, she prepared to take a part in the desperate counsels of her father, and the still more desperate means by which he proposed to put them into execution. Assembling the officers of his court, he made known to all, in the presence of his daughter, the flagrant insult which had been offered to their sovereign, and obtained the ready pledge of all to peril their existence in the furtherance of his wishes. He unfolded in their sight the green banner of their country, which had now for more than thirty years lain hid amongst the wrecks of their departed freedom, and while the memory of former glories shone warmly on their minds through the gloom of recent shame and recent injuries, the monarch easily directed their enthusiasm to the point where he would have it fall, the tyranny of Thorgills and his countrymen.

On the following day, the latter departed for the capital, where he was to await the determination of his colleague. Accustomed to hold in contempt the imbecility of the conquered king, and hard himself at heart, he knew not what prodigious actions may take their rise from the impulse of paternal love. That rapid month was fruitful in exertion. Couriers were dispatched from the palace of O'Melachlin to many of those princes, whose suggestions for the deliverance of the isle he had long since received with apathy or disregard. Plans were arranged, troops organized, and a general system of intelligence established throughout the island. It is easy to unite the oppressed against the oppressor. All seemed almost to anticipate the wishes of the sovereign, so suddenly his scheme was spread throughout the country. The moon rolled by, and by its latest glimmer a messenger was dispatched to the capital to inform the tyrant that O'Melachlin would send his daughter to meet him at whatever place he should appoint.

There was an island on the lake in Meath, in which Thorgills had erected a lordly palace, surrounded by the richest woods, and affording a delicious prospect of the lake and the surrounding country. Hither the luxurious monarch directed that the daughter of O'Melachlin should be sent, together with her train of fifteen noble maidens of the court of O'Melachlin. The address of the latter in seeming to accede to the wishes of the tyrant, is preserved amongst the annals of the isle. It requested him to consider whether he might not find elsewhere some object more deserving of his favor than "that brown girl," and besought him to remember "whose father's child she was."

Far from being touched by this appeal, the usurper, on the appointed day, selected in the capital fifteen of the most dissolute and brutal of his followers, with whom he arrived at evening at the rendezvous. It was a portentous night for Ireland. Even to the eyes of the tyrant and his gang, half blinded as they were to all but their own hideous thoughts, there appeared something gloomy and foreboding in the stillness of nature, and seemed even to pervade the manners of the people. The villages were silent as they passed, and there appeared in the greeting of the few they meet upon the route an air of deep-seated and almost menacing intelligence.

Meantime, with feelings widely different and an anxiety that even the great-

ness of the enterprise and the awakened spirit of heroism could not wholly subdue, O'Melachlin prepared himself for the painful task of bidding farewell to his beloved daughter. Melcha, already aware of his design, awaited with the deepest anxiety, yet mingled with a thrilling hope, the approach of the auspicious moment that was to crown her ardent and long-cherished wishes or to dash them to the earth for ever. Alone, in her royal father's oratory, she lay prostrate before the marble altar, and wet with floods of tears the solid pavement at its base. She prayed not like a fanatic or a worldling, but like one who understood with a feeling mind the real miseries of her country, and knew that she addressed a power capable of removing them. The step of her father at the porch of the oratory aroused the princess from her attitude of devotion. She stood up hastily upon her feet, like one prepared for enterprise, and waited the speech of O'Melachlin. He came to inform her that all was ready for her departure, and conducted her into an adjoining chamber, that he might bid her farewell. The father and daughter embraced in silence and with tears. Believing from the error of the light that she looked pale as she stood before him, he took her hand and pressed it in an encouraging manner.

"Follow me," he said, "my child, and thou shalt see how little cause thou hast to fear the power of this Norwegian Holofernes."

The king conducted her into another room, where stood fifteen young maidens, as it seemed, and richly attired.

"Thou seest these virgins, Melcha," said the monarch.

"Their years are like thine own, but under every cloak is a warrior's sword, and they do not want a warrior's hand to wield it, for all that is woman of them is their dress. Dost thou think," he added tenderly, "that thou hast firmness for such a task as this?"

"I have no fear," replied his daughter. "He who put strength into the arm of Judith can give courage to the heart of Melcha."

They departed from the palace, where the anxious father remained a little longer, until the fast advancing shades of night should enable him to put the first steps of his design into effect. As soon as the earliest stars began to glimmer on the woods of Meath, he took from its recess the banner which so long had rested idle and inglorious in his hall, and the brazen sword which was once the constant companion of his early successes and defeats, but which now had not left its sheath since he received a visionary crown from Thorgills. Girding the weapon to his side, he drew the blade with tears of shame and sorrow, imprinted a kiss upon the tempered metal, and hastened with reviving hope and energy to seek the troop who awaited him in the adjoining wood. Mounting in haste, they hurried along through forests and defiles which were in many places thronged with silent multitudes, armed, and waiting but the signal word to rush to action. They halted near the borders of the lake of Thorgills, where a number of currachs, or basket boats, were moored under shelter of the wood. After holding a council of war, and allotting to the several princes engaged their parts in the approaching enterprise, O'Melachlin remained on shore, casting from time to time an anxious eye to the usurper's isle, and awaiting the expected signal of his daughter.

The princess, in the meantime, pursued her hazardous journey to the abode of Thorgills. The sun had already set before they reached the shores of the lake which surrounded the castle of the tyrant, and the silver bow of the expiring moon was glimmering in its pure and tranquil waters. A barge allotted by Thorgills for the purpose, was sent to convey them to the island, and they were welcomed

with soft music at the entrance of the palace. The place was lonely, the guards were few, and the blind security of the monarch was only equalled by his weakness. Besides, the revel spirit had descended from the chieftain to his train, and most, even of those who were in arms, had incapacitated themselves for using them with any energy.

Melcha and her train were conducted by a half-intoxicated slave to an extensive hall where they were commanded to await the orders of the conqueror. The guide disappeared, and the princess prepared for the issue. In a little time, the hangings at one side of the apartment were drawn back, and the usurper, accompanied by his ruffian band, made his appearance, hot with the fumes of intoxication, and staggering from the late debauch. The entrance of Thorgills was the signal for Melcha to prepare her part. All remained still while Thorgills passed from one to another of the silent band of maidens, and paused at length before the "brown girl" for whom O'Melachlin had besought his pity. A thrill of terror shot through the heart of Melcha as she beheld the hand of the wretch about to grasp her arm.

"Down with the tyrant!" she exclaimed, in a voice that rung like a bugle call. "Upon him, warriors, in the name of Erin! Bind him, but slay him not!"

With a wild "farrah!" that shook the roof and walls of the abhorred dwelling, the youths obeyed the summons of the heroine. The tornado bursts not sooner from the bosom of an eastern calm, than did the band of warriors from their delicate disguise at the sound of those beloved accents. Their swords for an instant gleamed unstained on high, but when next they rose into the air they smoked with the streaming gore of the oppressors. Struck powerless by the charge, the tyrant and his dissolute crew were disabled before they had even time to draw a sword. Thorgills was seized alive, and bound with their scarfs and bands, while the rest were hewed to pieces, without pity, on the spot. While this was done, the heroic Melcha, seizing a torch which burned in the apartment, rushed swiftly from the palace. The affrighted guards believing it to be some apparition, gave way as she approached, and suffered her to reach the borders of the lake, where she waved the brand on high, forgetting in the zeal of liberty her feminine character, and more resembling one of their own war-goddesses that the peaceful Christian maiden, whose prayers and tears, till now, had been her only weapons. Like a train to which a spark has been applied, a chain of beacon-fires sprang up from hill to hill of the surrounding country, amid the shouts of thousands gasping for the breath of freedom, and hailing that feeble light as its arising star. The boats of O'Melachlin, shooting like arrows from the surrounding shores, darkened the surface of the lake, and the foremost reached the isle before the guards of the tyrant, stupefied by wine and fear, had yet recovered courge to resist. They were an easy prey to O'Melachlin and his followers; nor was the enterprise thus auspiciously commenced, permitted to grow cold until the power of the invaders was destroyed throughout the isle, and Melcha had the happiness to see peace and liberty restored to her afflicted country.

In the waters of that lake which so often had borne the usurper to the lonely scene of his debaucheries, he was consigned amidst the acclamations of a liberated people to a nameless sepulchre, and the power he had abused once more reverted to its rightful owner.

In one thing only did the too confiding islanders neglect to profit by the advice of Thorgills himself. *They did not burn the nests.* They suffered the strangers still to possess the sea-port towns and other important holds throughout the isle

an imprudence, however, the effect of which did not appear till the reign of O'Melachlin was ended by his death.

The reader may desire to know what became of the beautiful and heroic princess who had so considerable a share in the restoration of her country's freedom.

As this had been the only Earthly object of her wishes, even from childhood, with its accomplishment was ended all that she desired on earth. Rejecting the crowds of noble and wealthy suitors who ardently sought her hand, and preferring the solitude of her own heart to the splendors and allurements of a court, she besought her father, as a recompense for her ready compliance with his wishes that he would allow her once more to retire into the convent where she had received her education, to consume her days in exercises of piety and virtue. Pained at her choice, the king, however, did not seek to thwart it; and after playing her brief but brilliant part upon the theatre of the world, she devoted in those holy shades her virgin love and the residue of her days to Heaven.

Such are the recollections that hallow the Village Ruin, and dignify its vicinity with the majesty of historical association. The peasantry choose the grave of the royal nun as the scene of their devotions; and even those who look with contempt upon their humble piety, and regard as superstition the religion of the buried princess, feel the genial current gush within their bosoms as they pass the spot at evening, and think upon her singleness of heart and her devoted zeal. Long may it be before feelings such as these shall be extinguished.

A GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word! a gentle word!
How soon and well it wins a way
Into the heart by anger stirred,
Each stormy impulse to allay;
It turns aside the shafts of hate,
It cools the fever of the brain,
It charms and cheers the desolate,
And soothes the poignant pangs of pain.

A gentle word! a gentle word!
Doth all the powers of passion thwart;
An advocate that's felt and heard
Far as the blood that warms the heart.
Its tenderness doth win a store
Of mercy from the fount Divine;
Love's golden key, that opes the door
Of gentle friendship's closen shrine.

A gentle word! a gentle word!
It falls like dew on drooping flowers;
'Tis like the music of that bird,
Whose song is heard at evening hours.
It re-unites all friends and aught
That's parted by the voice of wrath,
It heals the wounds by sorrow wrought,
And scatters sunshine o'er our path.

[*Selected.*]

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

A Necessary Meditation for Catholics.—Oh, the unfathomed sweetness of this mystery of prayer! Do let me say it again. One of the ends for which we came into the world was to make intercession. One of the ends for which our Saviour shed his precious blood was, that we might make acceptable and efficacious intercession. One of the things that God is waiting for us to do now is intercession. Yet, how much time do we habitually spend in the delightful exercise of this great privilege? How we talk of popes and cardinals, of bishops, priests and religious orders. How we overflow with the prattle of devotion or ecclesiastical gossip.

We have a criticism for everybody's conduct in everything. We could teach them better. We could show them the right way. We take higher views, and burn with hotter zeal. We get an easy character for piety, by tattling much and fluently about God, and by making ourselves very tiresome to others, by our fidgets about ecclesiastical plans, and the interests of Catholicism. *Conversational* fidgets for the most part, and stopping there; we are not to the fore when doing, tedious doing, is required. O yes, we have all of us got a psalm, and a prophecy, and a doctrine. The Corinthians could not come near us in the variety of our wisdoms and our gifts. We could beat them down; we could surprise St. Paul; so exuberant, so oracular, so necessary to God, His Pope and His Church, does our talk show us to be, or at least show that we think ourselves to be! Now, I wonder how much we pray. I wonder what proportion our secret intercession bears to our open criticism. I should fear it was very little, for I can not help fancying that if we prayed more we should feel that we prayed so little, that we should not dare, for shame's sake, to talk at all. I have a great notion of the spirit of concealment being something like two-thirds of practical christianity. I will be bound our praying people lie hid among those who never tell us how deeply they are interested in Catholic affairs. The eye that is quick to see a fault, and the ear that loves to listen to criticism, and the tongue that brags,—these will be the signs of a praying soul,—when the rainbow comes to be the emblem of despair, and not before!

Faber's "*All for Jesus.*"

A Reflection.—Each look, each gesture, each action of the Redeemer is designed for our instruction in the pathway to heaven, our only true country. The earnestness with which Jesus poured out his soul before his heavenly Father in the garden of Gethsemane should teach us the holy art of praying fervently with submission to the Divine will, being content to receive with equanimity and love the goods and evils of life, knowing that the wisdom of the Godhead arranges their distribution unto all creatures. Jesus, infinite goodness, deal with me in mercy and clemency; regard not my sins I beseech thee, but let thy precious blood shed on the cross, cancel them, and thus prepare my soul for the tabernacles of eternal rest. Amen.

Mother and Daughters.—It is a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their music, their fancy work, and their reading—beguiling themselves to the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of a neglected duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, that "poor mamma is working herself to death;" yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.

THE CITY OF DELHI.—Delhi, which has recently attracted so much attention, is a celebrated city in the Bengal presidency of India, and was anciently the metropolis of the Patan and Mogul empire. Its population is some 200,000. That Delhi, in its period of splendor, was a city of vast extent and magnificence is sufficiently evinced by its ruins, which are supposed to cover nearly as large a surface as London, Westminster, and Southwark. The present inhabited city, E. and N. the ruins, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, and called by him Shahjehanbad, about seven miles in circuit, is situated on a rocky range of hills, and is surrounded by an embattled wall, with many bastions and intervening martello towers, faced along its whole extent with substantial masonry; and recently strengthened with a moat and glacis by the British government. It has many good houses, chiefly of brick. The streets are in general narrow, but the principal are wide, handsome, and, for an Asiatic city, remarkably clean; the bazaars have a good appearance. There were formerly two very noble streets; but houses have been built down their centre and across, so as to spoil them; along one of these, running from the palace S., to the agger-gate is the aqueduct of Ali Merdan Khan, re-opened by Capt. Blane in 1820. The principal public buildings are, the palace, the Jumma Musjeed, or chief mosque, many other mosques, the tombs of the Emperor Humayoon and Sedfar Jung, &c., and within the new city the remains of many splendid palaces belonging formerly to the great dignitaries of the Mogul empire. Almost all these structures are of red granite, inlaid in some of the ornamental parts with white marble. The general style of building is simple, yet elegant; those of Patan architecture are never overdone with ornaments so as to interfere with their general severe and solemn character. The palace, as seen from a distance, is a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, towering above the other buildings. It was built by Shah Jehan, is surrounded by a moat and embattled wall, which towards the street in which it stands is 60 feet high, and has several small round towers and two noble gateways. Heber states that as a kingly residence it far surpasses the Kremlin at Moscow; but, except in the durability of its materials, it is inferior to Windsor Castle.

The soil in the neighborhood of Delhi is singularly destitute of vegetation; the Jumna annually overflows its banks during the rains, but its waters in this part of its course are so much impregnated with natron that the ground is thereby rendered barren rather than fertile. In order to supply water to the royal gardens, the aqueduct of Ali Merdan Khan was constructed, by which the waters of the Jumna, while pure and wholesome, are conducted for 120 miles to Delhi, immediately after the river leaves the mountains. During the troubles that followed the decline of the Mogul power the channel was neglected, and when the English took possession of this city it was found choked up in most parts with rubbish. It is the sole source of vegetation to the gardens of Delhi, and of drinkable water to its inhabitants, and when re-opened in 1820 the whole population went in jubilee to meet the stream as it flowed slowly onwards, throwing flowers, ghee, sweetmeats, and other offerings in the water, and calling down all manner of blessings on the British government. The deficiency of water is the great drawback upon the city and its province, since Delhi is otherwise well fitted to become a great inland mart for the interchange of commodities between India and the countries to the north and west. Cotton cloths and indigo are manufactured, and a shawl factory, with weavers from Cashmere, has of late been established here. Shawls, prints, horses are brought from Cashmere and Cabul; precious stones and jewellery are good and plentiful; and there are perhaps few, if any, of the ancient cities of Hindostan which at the present time will be found to rival modern Delhi in the wealth of its bazaars or the activity of its population.

At the S. W. extremity of the city stands the famous observatory, built, like that of Benares, by Jye Singh, Rajah of Jyepoor, and formerly containing similar astronomical instruments, but which, together with the building itself, have been since partially destroyed. Near the Ajmeer gate is the Medressa, or College of Ghanselud-Deon Khan, an edifice of great beauty, for the repair of which, and the revival of its

functions, the government has very liberally contributed. The Delhi College is now divided into the Oriental and the English departments, astronomy and mathematics are taught on European principles, and in 1830 there were 287 students. According to Abel Fazel, no less than seven successive cities have stood on the ground occupied by Delhi and its ruins. Indraprast'ha or Indraput was the first, and the residence of the Hindoo rajahs before 1193, when the Affghans or Patans conquered; it was the seat also of the first eight sovereigns of that dynasty. Sultan Baleen built another fortified palace—Moez-ud-deen; another on the banks of the Jumna; and others were built in different parts by succeeding sovereigns, one of which was near Cattub; and lastly, Shah Jehan, towards the middle of the 17th century, chose the present spot for its site, which is certainly more advantageous than that of any of the preceding cities. In 1011 Delhi was taken and plundered by Mahmoud of Ghinzee; in 1398 by Timour; in 1525 by Babber, who overturned the Patan dynasty, and commenced that of the Moguls; in 1796 the Mahrattas burned the suburbs; and in 1739 Delhi was entered and pillaged by Nadir Shah, who did not retain possession of it. Since 1803, together with its territory, it has virtually belonged to the British, and is the seat of the resident who has exclusive charge of the Emperor and Royal Family; conducts all the ordinary negotiations with States in the N. W. of India; in the judicial and revenue departments, possesses all the powers of the Sudder Court, and also of the revenue board within the five divisions of the Delhi territory. The annual stipend of the Delhi Emperor and family amounts to £150,000.

A Son the Hangman of his Father and Brother.—The following remarkable case occurred during the reign of Oliver Cromwell: at the Derby assizes, a family consisting of a father and his two sons, were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged for horse stealing, when the bench entertained the cruel whim, as there was a difficulty in finding a hangman, to extend mercy to one of the criminals on the barbarous condition that he should hang the other two. The offer was first made to the father, when he enquired, in bitter anguish: "Was it ever known that a father hanged his children? How can I take away those lives which I have given?" He bowed, gave up the offer and his life. It was then given to the eldest son, who declined to act upon it. The proposition was then made to the youngest son, John, who accepted it with an avidity that seemed to tell the court that he would hang half the creation on such terms, and he performed the fatal work without remorse on his father and brother; and he acquitted himself with so much dexterity, that he was appointed to the office of public executioner, or Jack Ketch of Derby, and several of the neighboring counties, and continued it to an extreme old age. So void was he of feeling of distress, that he rejoiced at distress for sake of his perquisites—a guinea and the bodies of the executed. "He died,' says Brady, in his Varieties of Literature, "about the year 1705, loving none and beloved by none; he spent a life of enmity with man; the very children pelted him, and the mothers endeavored to stop the infant cry with the name of John Crosland."

The Vatican contains eight grand staircases, and two ordinary ones, twenty courts and squares, and four thousand two hundred and twenty-two rooms. With all its galleries, grounds, and appurtenances, it has been computed to cover as large a space as the city of Turin.

It is almost impossible to divest human nature of fear. When the Emperor Charles V read upon the tombstone of a Spanish nobleman—"Here lieth one who never knew fear," he observed, "then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married till she had spun herself a full set of linen. Hence, all unmarried women have been called spinsters, an appellation they still retain in certain deeds and law proceedings, though many are not entitled to it.

A Catholic Missionary in a Chinese School.—Our guardians themselves manifested an interest in us. If we went into the country, the younger soldiers tried to evade the notice of the older ones to exchange a few words with us. One of them, approaching us with two very young men, had conversed with us for nearly a quarter of an hour, writing on his hand the words that we could not understand, when he said to us, on perceiving some person coming towards us, like a schoolboy who does not want to be seen by his master, "Silence, here comes the *dog!*" It was an old guard, with a severe and distrustful countenance.

Another day, I entered into a house whence issued confused sounds of infantine voices: this was a school. Here we found about a hundred little girls squatted down on their knees, with open books before them, and reading aloud their lesson, and tracing the lines with two fine sticks furnished with a ball at the extremity. Our unexpected visit did not prevent these young girls from continuing their duties, whilst their curiosity was straining a point to get a look at us. At the sight of these poor children, instructed by a man and a woman who were quietly smoking their pipes in a corner of the room, I thought of the many religious women, of our Sisters in France, who would be ready to quit their native country and come to Hakodadi, to form the hearts and minds of these little girls. *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*

Sisters of Charity in China.—A few days afterwards I had the pleasure of finding myself again in a friendly land. I was at Ning-po, with Mgr. Delaplace and his excellent Missioners. Whilst there I visited the two establishments of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul. There, as in France, in the Crimea, and everywhere else, these chaste spouses of Jesus Christ are characterized by their boundless devotedness and their intelligent care for the numerous little children whom they bring up, for the sick whom they nurse, the sufferings of every kind which they relieve and sanctify. After three days, which passed over but too swiftly, with confreres and sisters, we continued our voyage. Thanks to Commander Maisonneuve, who kindly gave me a room on the poop, I was enabled to offer up Mass almost every day. God knows whether I thought of my poor Japanese! After a favorable voyage, we cast anchor at Hakodadi, on the 20th May. *Ibid.*

Remarkable Preservation.—During the late rebellion in Rome, one of the Benedictine Convents suffered the greatest insults from the infuriated mob, who compelled the community as being nearly all French, to submit to have the house searched by a lawless banditti at all hours of the day and night. It happened one day during this trying period, that the bell rope became entangled in the belfry, so that one of the servants had to go out on the roof, and climb, by a small ladder into the belfry, in order to free it, seeing which, it is supposed the revolutionary party thought, or at least, pretended to think, it was by way of conveying some signal to the French camp, and so on that night at 11 o'clock, a band of them, most ill-looking and lawless, burst into the Convent, charging the inmates with holding communication with their Gallican friends, and protesting that they had orders to poinard every one of them. Saying this they rushed up the winding staircase, using horrible language while in the act of doing so. One of the nuns who had, as if by inspiration, just finished writing on several slips of paper the well known inscription on the miraculous medal: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee," and who happened to be near the top, hearing the noise and finding they were coming up, let fall a shower of the little papers on their heads, when suddenly the leader stopped short, and exclaimed, "We can go no further; there is something in this house; we are only losing our time. After all," he continued, "these are poor helpless women, we will not hurt them." Saying this, all the band retreated quiet as lambs, after entering as furious tigers. All praise to Jesus and Mary.

The temper which recognizes the good that is in the world, is more maturely wise than that which searches for the evil.

Moral Courage.—Sidney Smith, in his work on moral Philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage, or independence of mind:

"A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one day, he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

The Great Benefit of Assisting Daily at Mass.—Make every effort, says the glorious St. Francis de Sales, to assist *daily* at the Mass, in order that with the priest you may offer up the Holy Sacrifice of your Redeemer, to God His Father, for yourself, and for the whole church. Temporal blessings are frequently poured upon those who obey this injunction of the saint. Take the following in proof:

"It is related in the life of St. John the Almoner, of some tradesmen, who lived in the same town, that one of them who had a large family, and daily heard mass, lived most comfortably, while the other, who had no one to support but his wife, could scarcely live, though he worked day and night, not allowing himself time to go to church service, perhaps on Sundays. Wondering at this, he once asked his more devout fellow tradesman, how it happened. "I'll show you," replied the other, so he led him to mass next morning. "Here it is," said he, "that I lay up treasures for the next life, and procure a sufficiency for this, for you know our Lord, said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all things else shall be added unto you.'"

Graphic Description of Jerusalem.—The Jerusalem correspondent of the Boston *Post* graphically describes the ruin and desolation of the Holy City. He says:

The women, clothed from head to foot in white sheets, with faces concealed by a black veil, resemble so many ghosts just risen from their subterranean abodes; more especially as they have a great fancy for cemeteries, where they daily congregate to howl. No sound of youth—there are no boys in streets—no sound of wheels—there are no carriages—the dogs, mangy and wolfish, snarl and snap when you disturb them in their daily work as scavenger, and make the livelong night hideous with their contentions—the very birds do not sing, but cry to each other with a dissonant chirp, or complain with a harsh murmur. From the horrors of the city, if we pass to the environs, we find naught but bare rocks around—stones and dust beneath—the bright sun, reflected, from every object, burns into the brain—no grass, no trees, no green thing—the promenades are cemeteries—seats are whited sepulchres. Here have been buried whole generations of Jews, here are the bones of the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Chaldean, the Persian, the Greek, the Syrian, the Roman, the Saracen, the Crusader, the Turk. In fine, Jerusalem is naught but a "heap" of mouldering bones and shattered houses.

Shocking.—A lady, who had hired a western country girl for a "help" in the family, was grately mortified to see the new hand poke her head into the parlor one afternoon, where visitors were making a call, and ask! "Ma'am, did you just now call me; I thought I heard a *yell*?"

A Greek proverb says, that it is through God's love for them that children die whilst they are innocent.

FROST IN THE HOLIDAYS.

The time of frost is the time for me!
When the gay blood spins through the heart with glee,
When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,
And the footsteps ring on the musical ground;
When the earth is white, and the air is bright,
And every breath is a new delight!

While yesterday sank, full soon to rest,
What a glorious sky!—through the level west
Pink clouds in a delicate greenish haze,
Which deepen'd up into purple grays,
With stars aloft as the light decreased
Till the great moon rose in the rich blue east.

And morning!—each pane is a garden of frost,
Of delicate flowering, as quickly lost;
For the stalks are fed by the moon's cold beams,
And the leaves are woven like woof of dreams
By night's keen breath, and a glance of the sun
Like dreams will scatter them every one.

Hurra! the lake is a league of glass!
Buckle and strap on the stiff white grass,
Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,
And swiftly turn upon scoring heel;
And our flying sandals chirp and sing
Like a flock of swallows upon the wing.

Away from the crowd with the wind we drift,
No vessel's motion so smoothly swift;
Fainter and fainter the tumult grows,
And the gradual stillness and wide repose
Touch with a hue more soft and grave,
The lapse of joy's declining wave.

Here the ice is pure; a glance may sound
Deep through the awful dim profound,
To the water dungeons, where snake-weeds hide,
Over which, as self-upborne, we glide,
Like wizards on dark adventure bent,
The masters of every element.

Homeward now, the shimmering snow
Kisses our hot cheeks as we go;
Wavering down the feeble wind,
Like a manifold dream to a poet's mind,
Till the earth, and the trees, and the icy lakes,
Are slowly clothed with the countless flakes.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Puritan Sabbath Laws.—Article the 17th. No one shall run on the sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere except reverently to and from church. No 18. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the sabbath day. No. 19. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother shall kiss her child on the sabbath day.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Visitation Manual; a Collection of Prayers and Instructions, compiled according to the Spiritual Directory and Spirit of St. Francis de Sales. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

"I am delighted with the New Prayer Book," was the exclamation of a friend of ours a few days ago, after having examined this new work; and such, we are sure, will be the exclamation of every Catholic in the country, after having carefully perused this excellent manual.

We have had occasion from time to time to examine various prayer books, but of the many which have come under our notice, we have not met with one with which we are better pleased than the Visitation Manual. It is compiled with great care, chiefly from the writings of St. Francis de Sales, the illustrious founder of the Order of the Visitation, and contains much that is new to English speaking Catholics. It contains copious prayers for all the public services of the Church, and private devotion, while it abounds in many excellent meditations and short instructions, particularly on the subject of Indulgences—a feature with which we are especially pleased. Were any thing else wanting, apart from the intrinsic merits of this Manual, to commend it to the faithful, it will be found in the unqualified approbation which the work has received from our own illustrious Archbishop.

The following from the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, expresses more fully some of the particular and important features of this new Book:

"The Visitation Manual seems to us to be one of the best Prayer Books issued for a long time. It contains every thing needed for Catholic devotion; suitable prayers for morning and evening, for Mass and Holy Sacraments, in a word for all stated times, or casual circumstances that may arise in the life of a Christian. That it contains no arbitrary forms of prayer, introduced without the sanction of the Church or in opposition to her liturgical forms, is more than abundantly vouched for by the approval and recommendation with which it has been honored by the learned and venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, whose exactness in such matters is universally known. A feature of the book has pleased us in an especial manner, viz. the *liturgical* distribution, if we may so call it, of the devotions, which it contains for the chief mysteries of Our Lord and His Holy Mother, and the festivals of the principal Saints. The Messrs. Murphy have brought out this handsome book of near 700 pages in a most creditable style. The type is bold and distinct, and especially in those portions of the Manual which are calculated for daily use. The publishers have issued copies in every variety of binding; and we know of no book more suitable for a holiday present. We hope that the Manual will meet with the success it deserves."

2. Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness: or Narratives of Shipwreck and Indian Captivity; Gleanings from Early Missionary Annals. By *John Gilmary Shea*. Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another work from the pen of Mr. Shea, to whose talents, patient research, and indefatigable labors the Catholics of this country are already under so many obligations. Indeed there are few men among us who have labored more zealously in the cause of Catholic literature than the author of the book before us. How much of interest—of deep and thrilling interest to every Catholic in the country, has been rescued from oblivion, and made familiar to every Catholic household by his "History of the Catholic Missions," the "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi," and other valuable works? And still his labors continue. Scarcely has one work been issued, when another is announced from the same prolific pen; while his numerous contributions to Catholic periodicals and the weekly press have served to edify and instruct thousands, who read them without knowing the writer.

The Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness is a volume of deep interest. It abounds in thrilling incidents, and will be read with eagerness by all who feel an interest in the lives of those holy men, who first planted the cross in the wilderness of America.

3. Records of the Revolutionary War. By *W. T. R. Saffell.* New York: Pudney & Russell. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book contains much that is rare, valuable and interesting, especially to the descendants of the heroes of '76. It embraces a full detail of the correspondence of the most distinguished officers of the War of Independence; the names of the officers and privates of the several regiments and companies; the general orders of Washington, Lee and Greene, at Germantown and Valley Forge; with a list of distinguished prisoners of war. It also contains the Half-pay Acts of the Continental Congress, the Revolutionary Pension Laws, with much other matter that will render it useful as a book of reference.

4. Balls and Dancing Parties. From the French of *Abbé Hulot.* Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have read this book with pleasure, as it harmonizes with the views we have long entertained on the subject matter of which it treats. Dancing is an amusement, if not criminal, at least dangerous to morals; and indeed, after pondering the array of testimony, here produced against it, from the holy Scriptures, Fathers, Councils and Doctors of the Church, one might almost conclude that it is an amusement absolutely forbidden.

But then, are Catholics prohibited to dance at all times, and under all circumstances? It is not our province to answer this interrogatory. It is a question that should be asked and answered in the confessional. We know several excellent clergymen, who have permitted, or at least countenanced it. But, "on account of the manner in which it is now carried on, dancing is scarcely to be permitted, since, for the most part it is the occasion of sin." Such was the language of the illustrious Pontiff, Benedict XIV, uttered a century ago. Such is the language of the Church generally on the subject of dancing and balls, while certain dances, such as the *waltz* and *polka*, which, to use the words of the learned Father Gellois, "cannot be indulged in not even for a single occasion without incurring the guilt of mortal sin."

For ourselves, we are no favorers of dancing; we are opposed to it as an amusement at all times, and on all occasions. But at the same time we are not disposed to fetter our views upon those who may think it allowable under certain circumstances. To Catholics we would say, on this subject, as on all others involving matters of conscience, hearken to the voice of those divinely appointed to guide us in the pathway of heaven. Whenever the pastors of the Church command, let obedience follow. Whatever the priest condemns, fly from it as something accursed of heaven.

Literary Intelligence.

Foreign.—Unless we turn to do justice to merit forgotten in the rush and hurry of publishing during the last few years, we fear that Literary Intelligence must be a sort of deceit, pretending to announce what is not. In Europe no new work of any importance or magnitude has been announced save a new *Bullarium* by Maurizio Marocco of Turin, which promises to be most accurate as it is most needed; that prepared by Cocquelin and printed at Rome by Mainardi having been long difficult to procure.

The missionary Abbe Huc has in press the third volume of his Christianity in China, which will soon appear also in English. This volume will enter into more difficult yet more interesting ground, the development of the missions founded by Ricci, and the conflicting views of the missionaries of the various orders on this subject.

In England we notice nothing new from the Catholic press except a work already announced, "*Churches, sects and religious parties, or some motives for my conversion to the Catholic Church,*" by an ex-clergyman of the Established Church, and one whose connection with an organ of the Establishment gives his views more than usual force.

Señor Sinibaldo de Mas, Spanish ambassador in China, has published a work entitled: "*L'Angleterre, l'Inde et la Chine*" (1 vol. 8vo., Tardieu, Paris), in which, strange to say, this representative of the Catholic Queen, condemns the conduct of France in protecting Catholic missionaries in China, and defends England's trade in opium.

Among recent French works, Canon Laforêt's "*Dogmas Chrétiens exposés, prouvés et vengés*" is highly praised. "La mission de Jeanne d'Arc, examen d'une opinion de Mr. Jules Quicherat," a warm defence of the heroine of France by Athanasius Renard, receives its meed of applause.

The French translation of the great Catechism of the venerable Peter Canisuis is now completed, and we find also announced as ready *Les Saint Lieux*,—a pilgrimage to Jerusalem by the way of Austria, Hungary, Slavonia, the Principalities, Constantinople, the Archipelago, Lebanon, Syria, Alexandria, Malta, Sicily and Marseilles by Mgr. Mislin, mitred Abbot of St. Mary's at Degin, Hungary, a work which we have heard mentioned in terms of high praise.

Father Bianchi's treatise on the Ecclesiastical Power in its relation to the temporal sovereignty, has been translated into French, and deserves especial notice. The author is an Italian observantine of the order of St. Francis.

In Germany the fifteenth immense volume of Father Damberger's *History of the Church and World during the middle ages*, has appeared—a work of immense research and erudition. George Voigt, a son of the historian of Innocent III, has published the first volume of a life of Pius II (Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini), full of the erudition, but unfortunately not full of his father's impartial spirit. Another of the family, John Voigt, has just published a *History of the Teutonic Knights;* and Signars, professor of Philosophy at Freisingen, a work on the life and science of the B. Albertus Magnus, (Ratisbonne), 1857.

American.—When the crisis in the commercial world began in this country, the publishing trade here felt the difficulty among the first, and is recovering most slowly. This we noticed before, and we cannot yet see any improvement. Works announced are kept back, others projected are laid by indefinitely. We are sorry to learn that the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac*, published for upwards of twenty years by the late Mr. Mr. Lucas and his successors, is to be discontinued. It is to be regretted, that the publishers did not announce their intention of discontinuing it at an earlier date, in time for some other House to issue it, and thus keep up the connection.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have issued *The Thousand and One Days*, a collection with the beauties, but without the faults of the Arabian Nights: a book consequently that can be safely put in the hands of children, and one that will interest and instruct them.

The other Catholic publishers have not given any new announcements or new works. Appleton & Co. have issued under the quaint title of "*Pictures of my married friends, by Uncle Ben*," a volume of tales that may be read in any Catholic family, so Catholic is the spirit and tone. There is an ease in the narrative, a grace and felicity of expression, a pathos in the natural touches that make us look forward to a further acquaintance with Uncle Ben. The pictures are chiefly of ill married couples, *damas mal maridadas*, aye, and ill married husbands too, but Jerome and Susan Daly is a picture of truth and beauty.

We mentioned in our last some American works that had been welcomed in Europe, but omitted Professor Walter's *Life of Sir Thomas More*, which has been translated into French; the *Mission Book of the Redemptorist Fathers;* and Bishop Spalding's *Review of D'Aubigné*, were reprinted in Ireland.

Mr. Shea, has issued the second volume of his continuation of the Jesuit Relations. It is entitled "*Relation de ce qui s'est passé de plus remarquable à la Mission Abnaquise de Sainct Joseph de Sillery et dans le nouvel établissement de Sainct François de Sales en l'année* 1684, par le père Jacques Bigot de la Compagnie de Jésus."

Editors' Table.

"A happy New Year!" Whether thoughtlessly or seriously uttered, what a variety of emotions arise at this salutation! '*Fifty-seven*, with its heavy calendar of ills, of follies, and crimes, has flitted by and passed almost imperceptibly into the bosom of endless time. It has gone, leaving behind to many of us naught but the sad remembrance of misspent days, hours, moments, which we would give worlds to recall. But while we may have occasion to look with regret to the past, let us also look with confidence to the present, and with hope to the future. It was the saying of an eminent philosopher, that it is the great business of life to go forward; that is, to improve in virtue as we advance in years.

As Catholics, we have many reasons to rejoice on looking back over the year that has passed. We have witnessed the expansion of our holy religion. The Church has increased. New altars have arisen, new religious institutions have been founded, new colleges, schools, and academies have been erected—the living and speaking evidences of the growth of Catholicity in our happy country. As citizens we have been singularly blessed. A munificent Providence has shed upon us his choicest favors; our fields have teemed with an abundance; happiness and prosperity, with scarcely a single interruption, have rested upon the country.

May the same blessings, the same good fortune attend us during the coming year. With these sentiments, we again greet our readers, patrons and friends with *a happy new year!*

"To friends that are true,
To the old and the new,
To the far and the near,
We wish them good cheer,
We wish them, we wish them a happy new year!"

Winter.—Every season has its charms, and though winter is perhaps of all the dullest, yet it is not without its pleasures. To the contemplative mind, it brings many subjects of pleasing reflection. In the change which nature has wrought in every thing around us, we read the impress of the mighty hand of Omnipotence. There is, exclaims the poet, in alluding to the lessons taught by the contemplation of nature—

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

The very appearance of nature on some occasions during the winter is in itself a subject of deep interest. What can exceed the beauty and elegance caused by the frost, when every twig and every blade of grass is beset with innumerable glittering drops, or covered with a silvery plumage of almost inconceivable delicacy:

"When every shrub and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seems wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,
While through the ice crimson berries glow."

And even when naught else is to be seen, the holly, the ivy, and the mistletoe, enliven the dreariness of the season; and the eye rests with complacency on the *brumal flora* blooming solitary and alone in the deserted garden of nature.

"When the bare boughs of leafless trees
Scarcely murmur to the breeze,
When the dark and wintry cloud
Screens the welkin like a shroud,
Flora yet the swain invites
To the garden of delights."

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.—Our esteemed friend and contributor *R.* sends the following spirited ballad on the memorable battle of New Orleans. This battle, considered in its results, is perhaps the most remarkable recorded in history, and well worthy the pen of a poet. It is moreover a battle, the memory of which should be cherished in a special manner by the people of America. It was the death struggle of British oppression with American freedom; the grave in which was interred the last remnant of British power on the soil of America:

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

January 8th, 1815.

A BALLAD.

All gloomy broke the morning of that well-remembered day,
The thick and chilling swamp-fed mists, but slowly rolled away;
The mighty Mississippi thundered coarsely on our right,
And anxiously behind our works we waited for the fight.

For before us lay an army that was never known to yield
To mortal foe, for shot or blow, in breach or battle-field,
Who'd met the proudest hosts of France, and swept them out of Spain,
Whose might the forts of Badajas had sought to stem in vain!

They knew that they outnumbered us, they counted two to one,
Were rich in warlike armament—of us some had no gun—
And they called it mad presumption to dare to stop the way
That led to the fair city they already deemed their prey.

But *we* too on that city thought—we knew that it contained
Our dearest ones, our happy homes, our altars unprofaned;
If once they entered New Orleans, oh! fearful were its fate!
As many a shuddering city could with tears of blood relate!

Yet quietly we kept our posts, without a thought of dread,
We felt ourselves like *Lions* with brave Jackson at our head;
Though our foes were twice as many, though our men were twice as few,
It could never frighten JACKSON, or his iron will subdue.

So our hearts are strong, our cause is good, our country's looking on,
The last drop of our blood we'll shed ere New Orleans is won;
Sooner shall its smoking walls a heap of ruins lie—
Come on! we're ready, Englishmen! your utmost we defy!

Still all around is silent, still the mists are hanging low—
When—suddenly, a crashing peal gives notice of the foe—
See! there they come on left and right, 'mid battering cannons' roar!
Oh countrymen! be true and steady, now or nevermore!

Have you seen the hissing lighting flash across the midnight sky?
Have you heard the deafening, crackling din of red volcano's cry,
When the solid earth is rending o'er the raging fires below?
So blazed and roared our cannon at the first glimpse of the foe!

Yet, on they come with steady step—the ground is heaped with slain,
The dense array is channeled wide with many a bloody lane—
But loud above the cannon's roar is heard their charging drum,
No thought of flight or fear with *them*, still on they sternly come.

But, louder yet than charging drum, more keen than trumpet-blast
Swell the kindling tones of Jackson, as our lines he gallops past;
Now cheering, now commanding, he inspires each shrinking soul,
As we hear his words above us, like the pealing thunder, roll:—

"Remember Norfolk plundered! the capital profaned!
Remember all their savage deeds with lust and murder stained!
The burning wrongs on land and sea, the insults on us cast—
Long have you wished for vengeance, *now*, the time is come at last!"

Oh! mortal foe can never stand our deadly vollies now,
In vain they cheer, in vain they charge with fixed and dauntless brow.
In vain the bleeding, broken ranks bold Packenham leads on,
He falls! he's slain! the English fly—hurrah! the day is won!

Now ride for your life to New Orleans, dispel the terror there,
And when the glorious news is heard, let joy bells rend the air,
On this blessed Sunday morning let all gratefully unite,
To thank the great and righteous God that watched us in the fight.

For the mighty ones are fallen, and the proud are lying low;
Their vaunted rights o'er land and sea are shattered at a blow;
Glorious thy deed, America! the spartans did no more—
A deadlier blow was never dealt at foreign foe before!

And as the noble General advances through the throng,
O daughters fair of New Orleans, chaunt forth your proudest song.
For faithful he's his promise kept, full well redeemed his vow,
And well may roses strew his path and laurels deck his brow.

The bloody day has passed away, but long shall ages tell
Of the free men that resisted the invading foe so well;
Oh, never can our country, in her brightest future scenes,
Forget her noble Jackson and the fight at New Orleans! R.

Record of Events.

From November 20th to December 20th, 1857.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rome.—Accounts from Rome during the last month are extremely limited. The Marquis Miglioramenti, Sardinian Representative at Rome, has been recalled. The reasons of his recall have not been clearly stated. The English papers give the following as the case: M. de Rayneval, the French ambassador, before sending to his government his celebrated report on the general condition of the Roman administration, not only showed it to the Sardinian charge d'affairs, but gave him a copy of it. M. de Rayneval omitted in this copy several passages of the original respecting the foundation and elements of the administration, which would have been very unpleasing to the political sentiments of the cabinet at Tunis; but what he gave was more than sufficient to disclose the substance and spirit of the document. Marquis Miglioramenti, to whom it was shown in confidence, grossly abused the trust of his colleague, and sent a copy to Count Cavour. Thus it was that the report came to be published in the *Daily News* and *Times*, and also that the *Moniteur* could maintain that the text published in the newspapers varied from the original in several important passages. After the discovery of this indiscretion, Marquis Miglioramenti naturally came into great disrepute both with the other resident members of the diplomatic corps and with the cabinet of his Holiness. Having been guilty of an abuse of confidence, he could not be pleasantly situated among his respected colleagues; he had become an instrument without use—an agent without character. The Sardinian government perceived the false position in which Miglioramenti, by his own fault, had placed himself, and recalled him.

Some change is likely to be made in regard to the Knights of Malta. It appears, since the oft-mentioned employment of the Knights as the nucleus of the military force of the Holy See was abandoned, that their institute has already reached a new epoch of existence, leading to further development in the spirit of its original foundation. Representations have lately been made to his Holiness on the part of the Order and other personages of distinction, with a view to the transference of the seat of the Vice-Grand Master from Rome to Jerusalem. The residence for a knightly noviciate and a hospital for pilgrims are to be joined. About the means to found this new mission there will be all the less difficulty, if the French government does not reject a very large money claim of the Order, dating from the first empire. The Empress of the French has applied for the insignia of the Order of Malta. Two German members, in concert with the Patriarch, M. Valerga, are engaged on these matters in Jerusalem.

Sardinia.—Count Siccardi, one of the authors of the infamous laws for the violation of the Church property, lately died in Turin. Like so many other persecutors of the Church, in his last moments he called most loudly for the assistance of the minister of religion. The *Univers* gives the following item concerning Piedmont: "A pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Chambery and the Bishop of Annecy has been issued, upon the subject of the Elections about to take place in the kingdom of Sardinia. Parliamentary institutions in the South of Europe have this fatal evil, that being looked upon as a part of the Revolutionary and anti-Christian movement, those who are well affected to the Church and the cause of order, as a general rule, refuse to take any part in them, either as electors or representatives; and thus the representation of the nation is thrown into the hands of a mischievous minority. We knew this, on former occasions, to have been extensively the case in the Sardinian kingdom. The Prelates therefore direct their Clergy (strange as the necessity of such an admonition seems in English ears)

"to take part in the elections," and add that they are "morally bound" to vote only according to their consciences, uninfluenced by any intrigue, and to support none except men of honor, of known integrity, and, above all, religious men sincerely attached to Catholic principles."

Spain.—At latest dates from this country, the accouchment of the Queen was looked for daily. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had arrived at Madrid, where they would remain until after that event.—The following interesting account of the termination of ten days spiritual exercises recently held in Madrid is given by the correspondent of the *Dublin Tablet:* "Yesterday terminated the spiritual exercises which for the last ten days have been given by the Archbishop of Cuba to the female part of the community in Madrid. They have been held in the great Church of Santo Tomas, and so great have been the crowds, both morning and evening, who have thronged thither for hours before the service began, as to have rendered it almost dangerous, especially on account of the inefficiency of the police. It is calculated that nearly three thousand in the morning and the same number in the evening have attended daily. No man was permitted to enter, though the Civil Guard were several times obliged to transgress the rule, and to make their way in to enforce order.

On the last day of the exercises, when the Papal Benediction was to be given, the whole street of Atocha leading to the church was crowded by women of every rank enveloped in their mantillas, and pressing towards the different entrances of Santo Tomas. Hours before the time the church was crowded to suffocation, not only the main body of the building, but the eight side chapels, the tribunes, the choir, and the organ-loft. Guards were placed before the doors; yet still the stream poured in. A low murmur even reached the street like the roaring of the sea at a distance. This continued till the arrival of the Archbishop, when immediately all was silent. Monsenor Clairet has nothing remarkable in his appearance. He is short; his physiognomy undistinguished, except by the brightness and intelligence of his eyes. His air is simple and unpretending. He has a marked Catalan accent, but his voice is peculiarly sweet and penetrating in its tones. There is nothing in his discourses of what may be called eloquence; no beautifully-rounded periods or elegant phraseology; but he has an extreme facility of language. And the secret of the impression which he produces upon his hearers appears to consist in the sincerity, the fervour, the deep saint-like earnestness with which he addresses them in words which seem to come from the very depths of his heart. The honest fervour which breathes in his discourses carries his hearers along with him, and there can be little doubt that immense benefits will result from his labors.

After the Papal benediction he bade his flock farewell, and said:—"I beseech of you that when I die you will commend my soul to God." Then the whole congregation, as if moved by one irresistible impulse, exclaimed, "*Si Senor!*" The effect was so extraordinary, proceeding from these thousands of voices, that the guards outside could not understand what this shout in the silent church portended. After a pause, he added: "And when I am in Heaven I shall commend *your* souls to Him." Then there was a sound of weeping and sobbing, and even cries amongst these impressionable people. And soon after, as the thousands poured out of the church, they came silently weeping, or saying to each other, in low tones, "He is a Saint, if ever man was!" We saw him hastening away quietly to gain his own dwelling, a poor modest apartment adjoining the church of the Italianos, in which church he says Mass every morning and hears confessions. His life is as abstemious as that of the early Saints. A few boiled potatoes and a little rice compose his whole food."

France.—Some little excitement is said to have been created in Paris by an *on dit* that an explosion is imminent between France and England. The Emperor is said to feel or feign great indignation at the diplomacy of England, and the language of Palmerston and the *Times*. The feelings and the condition of the people generally in France may be gathered from the following, taken from the *Weekly Register:*—"The middle

classes in France have never been so contented nor shown such an aversion to change as at the present time. They are said to be enjoying the fruits of an experience which has taught them to dread the Utopian promises of reformers, and schemers of a liberty which they can never enjoy more really than at present; the liberty to become wealthy, through the means placed in their power by a vigorous and watchful government; to become happy, through the free exercise of their religion; to become useful members of the large family of France, by the numerous means opened to them of assisting their fellow-creatures in the universally spread system of charity, to which all can contribute according to the power and willingness of each. Everything is falling into the most beautiful order,—religion being called in to preside in all public functions. The courts and tribunals are one instance; they have just been opened at Paris and throughout the kingdom, everywhere by Masses being offered to ask the guidance of the Holy Spirit."

The Archbishop of Paris, as it is well known, is remarkable for his charity; but, although he can always find money when the necessities of the poor are in question, yet, when his valet represents to him that parts of his wardrobe require replenishing, he makes an excuse that the poor require assistance, and that it will be better to wait until bread becomes cheaper. A few days since the valet despairing of ever persuading his eminence that some new shirts were absolutely necessary for him, adopted an ingenious scheme to effect the purpose. He informed the Archbishop that a poor gentleman was in such distress that he could not purchase linen to make the respectable appearance he was required to do, and the Archbishop immediately gave him money for the purpose. On dressing some days after, the Archbishop said that the shirt given him by his valet was a new one, and asked where it came from. The servant replied that it had been purchased with the money the Archbishop had given him, for that the poor gentleman of whom he had spoken was his Eminence himself.

England.—The Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on the 3d of December. The royal speech on the occasion was short, and as usual with such documents, exceedingly vague and undefined. In the Lords, the Earl of Derby expressed his opinion that the only paragraph in the speech, which was any way satisfactory, was that which spoke of the peace of Europe, and censured the government for its course in India. In the Commons, D'Israeli was very severe on the government for not having convened Parliament at an earlier period in view of the commercial crisis, and for having on their own responsibility violated the Bank act of 1844. He attributed the Indian revolt to the annexation of Oude, and blamed the Government for not having endeavored to find out the cause of the revolt before taking measures for its suppression. He hoped the Premier would lose no time in laying his measure of Parliamentary Reform before the House.

Since the fall of Delhi, little news of importance has been received from the Indian revolt. The papers, however, are filled with accounts of the most revolting deeds of atrocity, committed by the English after the capture of the city. Very grave statements, says the *London Morning Star*, have been made in private and official circles, respecting certain transactions at Cawnpore and Dinapore, and which are supposed to afford an explanation of the late order of the Governor-General of India in favor of clemency and justice, and of the strong accusations made by General Gutram against soldiers under his command. These matters cannot be long concealed from the public. They point to new massacres that have taken place at Dinapore and Cawnpore; but unfortunately the soldiers charged with the more recent deeds of horror are English, not Sepoys. We will mention what the statements to which we refer really are, premising that the information we give is derived from reliable authority. It is said that at Cawnpore and the neighborhood, the Queen's 78th regiment put to death no fewer than ten thousand people; or, according to another version, killed all the natives they could get at, whether men, women, or children. At Dinapore, a portion of the Sepoys, at great personal risk, remained faithful, and refused to march with the mutinous regiment; but the Queen's 10th, after its encounter at Arrah, went to the barracks where

the faithful Sepoys were, and said: "What! are these black devils to be spared merely because they have given up their arms?" Then, amid curses and imprecations, they turned the unarmed Sepoys into the barrack-yard, and had killed a considerable number of them before the massacre could be stopped. This, however, is the mildest version of the Dinapore affair. The bayonet as well as the bullet, was used by the soldiers of the 10th, and one of their victims was a woman. In the Bombay Gazette we have an account of the practice adopted by the English army in blowing Sepoys from their guns. It is a mode of punishment which evidently casts the wheel, the gallows, and the guillotine into the shade, and appears to be accompanied by mutilations and horrors that probably have no parallel in the whole history of mankind.

The following extract from a letter from an officer to his friends in England, gives the particulars of the execution of the Delhi princes: "A few days ago, Capt. Hodgson (of ours) went out and captured the king, and brought him in a prisoner. He is at present confined in his own palace. A few days later he went out again, and came up with the King's sons and grandson. He had only 100 native horsemen of his own regiment with him, and the enemy about 10,000—3,000 of whom were fully armed Sepoys. Hodgson saw it was no use attacking them, so he sent an emissary to tell the princes that the game was up with them, and that they had better surrender, which they did after some time, and came up to Hodgson, who immediately surrounded the carriage with his men. He sent for their arms, and, after hesitating some time, these also were given up, with seven elephants and lots of stores. On reaching the jail, Hodgson ordered the princes out of the vehicle; they, imagining all was not right for themselves, began (native-like) to talk, and say they hoped there might be an inquiry into their conduct. Hodgson said, "Cheeproks" (be quiet), and ordered them to take off all their fine clothes. When this was done, he said: "Now get in again," and ordered the driver to proceed. He then beckoned to one of his men for a carbine, and with his own hand shot each and all of the three princes. He then took their bodies into the city and laid them out for inspection in front of the Kostasallie, where these wretches had laid out their victims during the massacre."

We are happy to announce, says the *Weekly Register*, the reception into the Catholic Church of the Reverend James Marshall, M. A., of Exeter College, Oxford, and Curate of St. Bartholomew's, Moor-lane, and author of a work lately published, "The Life of the Rev. James Marshall, of Clifton," (the writer's father), whose change from Presbyterianism to Episcopacy excited much attention some years back.

The Rev. Henry Collins, M. A., formerly of St. Saviour's, Leeds, was also lately received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Coffin, in the Chapel of Grace Dieu Manor, the seat of Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq.

Ireland.—The Tenant Right agitation still continues its slow but steady movement. On this subject a recent Irish paper has the following remarks: "We believe that measures are about to be taken to convene, early in January, a meeting of the Liberals of Longford, in favor of Tenant Right. Recent evictions in this county, and the number of notices to quit, served within the last three months, imperatively demand exposure, and demonstrate the necessity for a determined Tenant Right movement. The Everard case in England, and the evictions in the Highlands of Scotland on the Sutherland estates, have created considerable excitement in the sister kingdoms. These cases will, doubtless, be brought before Parliament early in the session—and our Irish representatives should be, in time, instructed to bring the much more grievous wrongs of the tenantry of Ireland under the consideration of the legislature. We know of cases in Longford and Leitrim, compared with which, for oppression, cruelty and injustice, the English and Scotch cases sink into insignificance. These instances of an inhuman and iniquitous system should also be laid before Parliament. Redress cannot be extended to English and Scotch tenants, and be denied to the still more wronged and oppressed tenantry of Ireland."

The Statue of Father Mathew.—Hogan's model for the intended statue of Father Mathew, has arrived at the Cork Institution. The figure has been modeled in white plaster, and stands about two feet high. The body is encased in the characteristic frock, with a large medal hanging at the breast, but only the upper portion of the coat is visible, as the folds of a large cloak envelope one arm and the lower portion of the figure. The moment selected seems to be that of administering the pledge, as we judge by the depression of the hand, and the slight elevation of the right arm. An inclination forward has been given to the body, and the right foot is advanced considerably beyond the other, while counterpose is given to the figure by the left arm, a little retreating and holding in his hand a book inscribed "Temperance." The likeness has been very happily preserved. *Cork Examiner.*

Since his return, the Most Rev. Archbishop Cullen has published a long and most triumphant vindication of his letter to Dr. Yore, from the attack made upon it by Lord St. Leonards. He has proved conclusively that the Crimean Fund was used, as far as Catholics were concerned, solely with the infamous view of kidnapping and proselytizing Catholic children.

Belgium.—At the latest dates, the approaching election is the great subject on which all minds are at present engaged in Belgium. The correspondent of the *Dublin Tablet*, thus speaks of the state of things there at present:—The Catholics seem determined to maintain the reputation of *acting up to a principle*. This they have honorably done at all times, and it is to be regretted that in other places the same energy amongst the Catholics has not been manifested. At Louvain, however, at Namur and at Courtrai, the Catholics do not seem disposed to let the 10th of December pass without a smart struggle. They seem to understand the serious importance of their present situation, and that to save Belgium from a revolution extraordinary efforts must be used. Although there may be some who, disgusted with the proceedings of the anti-Catholics, retire from the contest, there are still others who are determined to combat the enemy. The triumph of the anti-Catholics in the late municipal elections, although very significative, does not give a fair proof of the sentiments of the entire country. If the Catholic party is divided into active and non-active bodies, they are pretty well united in political principle. On the contrary, the Liberals are divided in principle, and find themselves in opposition the one with the other, moderate Liberals contesting with Republicans—hence a chance that matters may not terminate so badly as one is inclined sometimes to fear.—Within the last twelve months free-trade agitation has made great progress in Belgium, and assimilates with the liberalism of the country. It is currently understood that Lord Palmerston is no stranger to this procedure. The Free-traders here push commercial liberty far beyond their *confrères* of England. Their meetings at Charleroy, Ghent and Courtrai, have signally failed. In the last named town a curious incident took place: The Rev. Canon de Haerne, late representative for Courtrai, and who contests again for his seat in the next Parliament, delivered an address against the principles of free trade, and quoted an English author, Burn, in his work entitled "The Darkening Cloud." The Free-traders, hoping to damage the Rev. Canon's interest amongst his supporters, announced a meeting for the refutation of the Canon's discourse. But the refutation was directed rather against Burn, the English author, than the late Hon. Representative of Courtrai, thus out-Englishing the English, and bringing down upon the Free-traders no small amount of derision. This society puts forward its candidates also, and, since in the large towns of Courtrai, Ghent, Charleroy, &c., the most part of the Liberals are manufacturers and protectionists, this further diversion amongst the Liberals tends further to brighten the hope of a greater success for the Conservatives than they otherwise would have had.—I informed you in a preceding letter how great was the disposition in this country to imitate England in her worst phases. The tendencies in the elections are purely English. It seems that the Conservatives do not entirely repel the introduction of commercial liberty, but contend for it on the graduating scale, as Sir Robert Peel introduced his first measure on the corn

laws. They are not disposed to allow themselves to be treated by England as she has treated Ireland, and allow themselves to be cajoled with the bright prospects held out to them by Lord Palmerston and the Free-traders as a stepping-stone for Protestantizing their country.

GERMANY.—*Destructive Explosion.*—The powder magazine of the Federal fortress of Mayence, on the Rhine, blew up at three o'clock, on the afternoon of the 18th November, killing and wounding a large number of persons. The shock was felt at Wiesbaden, on the other side of the Rhine. We gather the following particulars from the foreign papers: The upper part of the town of Koestrich and the Gaustrasse, were almost totally destroyed; the great church of St. Stephen being among the ruined edifices. Persons who visited the scene of the catastrophe shortly after the occurrence state, that the magazine contained 75,000 kilogrammes of gunpowder. Not only have the windows in every part of the town been broken, but even in the surrounding villages. Enormous blocks of stone from the ramparts have been carried to an incredible distance. It is dangerous to walk in the streets on account of falling houses. The explosion was distinctly heard at Bingen. The damage is estimated at more than a million of florins. According to credible information, two Austrian and nine Prussian soldiers and fourteen civilians were killed; seventy-four Prussian and ninety-four Austrian soldiers and three hundred civilians, more or less dangerously wounded. The powder which exploded was in a magazine situated in an isolated tower, forming part of the entrenchments which command the city on the west. The upper part of the city, the Koestrich and the Gaustrasse, are completely in ruins. The church of St. Stephen, a fine old building, has been destroyed and two others very materially injured. Windows were broken in all the villages around, and large fragments of masonry were hurled to an enormous distance. A large stone, weighing upwards of 600 lbs., was blown into the air, and falling on the roof of the Café de Paris, near the theatre, broke through, and went down into the kitchen on the ground floor. The shock was felt on the other side of the Rhine, not only at Castel and at Bieberich, opposite Mayence, but at Wiesbaden, which is from two to three leagues distant. An educational establishment of young English ladies has been destroyed, but the pupils and other residents of the house escaped. The greatest precautions are necessary in approaching the ruins of the tower, as shells are from time to time exploding.

AUSTRIA.—The news from Austria is unimportant. The Emperor has formally sanctioned the reduction of the army.—The monetary pressure has been severely felt throughout the empire, and many failures have taken place.

RUSSIA.—The Russian government has devoted five millions of roubles to the rebuilding of Sebastopol. It may be said that this sum has been expended in the reconstruction of the fortifications, and the restoration of the public buildings, such as the hospital, and the churches which were destroyed by the allied armies. It is true that the Treaty of Paris forbids the rebuilding of the *southern* fortresses, but we imagine that the stipulation will not be rigidly observed, and, besides, the northern defences, which *have never been taken*, may be made more impregnable than ever, while a slight alteration in the harbor will render Sebastopol even stronger than when the allied forces first sat down before its far-famed walls.

POLAND.—From a late number of the *London Weekly Register*, we have the following items of news touching the ecclesiastical affairs of Poland: The three Bishops proclaimed a year ago by the Holy Father—viz., the Archbishop of Warsaw, and the Bishops of Kujavia and of Podlachia—have taken possession of their respective sees after a delay caused by the proceedings of the Government. The two Bishops were consecrated at Warsaw, in the month of January last, by particular favor of the Emperor, inasmuch as that under the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, all Bishops were compelled to be consecrated at St. Petersburg. His Grace the Archbishop already

possessed the Prelatial character. The installation of the Bishop of Podlachia, which took place at Janow on the 5th of June last, was attended with unusual splendor. The present Bishop, Mgr. Scymancki, replaces that great Confessor of the Faith, Mgr. Gutknowski, who suffered imprisonment and persecution (His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, it will be remembered, highly approved and warmly praised his conduct in his Allocution of 1842), and who, having been expelled from his See for his love of peace, lived a holy life in one of the monasteries of Leopol, in Gallicia. The recollection of these circumstances were saddening, but, on the other hand, the piety, virtue, and great worth of the new dignitary caused a feeling of gratification, and on all sides people came forward to return thanks to God, and to honor one of the most eminent men of the Church of Poland. Mgr. Scymancki is now sixty-four years old, and comes from a Capuchin Monastery, and to him is due the merit of having successfully re-established that order in Poland. During thirty years he has been on several occasions elected Provincial and General Commissioner of the Order. He is an excellent preacher, and has labored for twenty years as missionary. His Apostolic zeal has no bounds, and all Poland knows and venerates Father Benjamin. Mgr. Scymancki has published an admirable Pastoral, wherein he particularly inculcates devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which the whole past history of Poland shows to have been a characteristic of its people, and to her care and mercy he advises all to have recourse, as a sure means of smoothing away the difficulties affecting their native land. At the present moment four out of the eight sees in Poland are provided with pastors.

Sweden.—During the late discussion in the Swedish Diet on the royal proposition relative to religious liberty, M. de Kock, the Chancellor of Justice, said that, if the proposition were not voted, the tribunal would be compelled to pass sentence on seven Swedish women, accused of the crime of having three years ago quitted the evangelical church and embraced the Catholic faith. They would, added the minister, be necessarily condemned to exile. This argument, however, as is proved by the result, had no influence on the decision of the States. The proposition was rejected by a large majority.

Switzerland.—In Switzerland, the Radical Government is again carrying the old war against the Order of the Jesuits. No Jesuit is allowed to tread the soil of the Canton of Lucerne, the very scene of their former triumphs, and the Canton of the Valley has been called upon by the Federal Government to enact a similar measure. But that canton, clinging to its cantonal independence, has refused to comply. The Catholic or Conservative, and the Liberal or Revolutionary parties in the canton of St. Gall, are so evenly divided, that at the recent elections the latter polled 19,000 votes against 17,000 of the former. The education question is, of course, one great element in the strife. In 1805, after the dissolution of the great Abbey of St. Gall, the foundation and endowment of a place of education for the Catholic inhabitants, with an Ecclesiastical seminary, was decreed. It was to contain a town school, a grammar school, and a college. In 1835, a normal school for Catholic teachers was added, though the college never was established with a view to gain. But in 1855, by convention with the Protestant population of the canton and the Protestant townsmen of St. Gall, a place of common education in the higher branches was erected, and the Catholic grammar school, and normal school, and school of industry, were merged in the common cantonal establishment for both religions. To this the Catholics pay their proportion of 33,000 francs per annum. There remained for the Catholics to found a cantonal classical school for themselves. The Catholic College of the Grand Council—*i. e.*, the Catholic division of the General Grand Council of the canton—has made provisions for this Catholic classical school which have been disallowed by the Select Council of the canton as interfering with the other places of mixed education, and great excitement has resulted. So far our Protestant informant; and the whole transaction is highly instructive. Catholic property is first confiscated, and a part of it allowed to them for educational purposes. Worse than confiscation happens next, for their educational establishments

are converted into mixed schools, where the faith and morals of their children are endangered. The third step is, that when they try to guard themselves by erecting a separate school, while they still have to pay for the mixed schools, they are met by a prohibition. *Tablet.*

The West Indies.—*Nuns in the Island of Dominica.*—On the 2d November, four Sisters of the Order of Our Lady of the Orphans, left Norwood for Havre, where they would be joined by three other Sisters from the mother-house at La Deliorande, and from thence they were to sail on the 5th instant for the island of Dominica, in the West Indies. They were clothed in the sacred habit of their Order, and were accompanied to the railway station by his Lordship, the Bishop of Southwark, who gave them his last benediction as they departed joyously on their glorious mission of charity. Dominica is the principal island of the Diocese of Roseau, and contains a population of 23,000 inhabitants; of this number at least 20,000 are Catholics, the greater proportion being people of color. These poor negroes are generally warm-hearted, good Catholics, fervent in their faith, and eager to be taught their duties; but they are deeply imbued with the habits of that former slavery from the effects of which they are but just emerging. When the Right Rev. D. M. Vesque took possession of his Diocese in March last, he saw with deep anxiety the greatness of the task which lay before him. Divine Providence has called him to no less a work than that of the amelioration and redemption of a whole race—the field for labor was as boundless as could be desired by the ardent soul of the most enthusiastic. After surmounting the many obstacles by which the Evil One is ever ready to delay the commencement of good works, his Lordship immediately addressed himself to the wants of the thousands of souls confided to his Pastoral care. He had to heal dissensions, to remove prejudices, to struggle with poverty, to educate the ignorant, to eradicate vice, and to raise the social position of a people. But, alas! where are his fellow-laborers in so vast an undertaking? without Priests, without religious communities, and without the necessary appliances for education, where is he to seek for help? In looking around for aid, his Lordship's mind would naturally revert to England—to Norwood, and to that holy community with which he has so long worked in a cause still dear to his heart. Knowing as he does the devotion and courage of these religious on behalf of the destitute children of England, well might he desire to have their assistance in his new Diocese, and they have gladly responded to his call. Thus another noble band of the daughters of Our Blessed Lady, Mother of the Orphans, has gone forth to a distant portion of the world, there to prosecute the great objects of their Order, by soothing the sorrowful and comforting the afflicted. *Register.*

Catholicity in India.—In the midst of the many sanguinary scenes which have been in various parts of British India, it is natural to expect that Catholicity should suffer and the Church should have new martyrs. The ministers of religion and persons consecrated to God have not everywhere been shielded by that sort of special protection which has been so evident in some of the recitals we have published. The *Gazette Ecclesiastique* of Schwytz, published a short time ago a letter of the Right Rev. Dr. Anastasius Hartmann, dated from Rome, in which he gives some interesting details which he has just received from India, and of which the *Chroniquer de Fribourg* gives the following summary: "The Rev. Father Anastasius deeply laments the dangerous position of the Catholic missions in India. The Nuns in Bombay have been obliged, by late events, to return to Europe. At Agra, the Cathedral, the Bishop's House, the College, the Orphanage, and the Convent, have been burned. It is feared that similar devastations have been committed upon the buildings of the various missions in other provinces. At Delhi, Father Zachary (of Venice), and several native christians, have been cruelly murdered. Several of the native princes had asked for missionaries, and particularly the Capuchin priests: for example, the Princes of Nepaul and Betiah. And up to the day of the insurrection the Catholic missionary was esteemed and preferred to the Protestant."

Domestic Intelligence.—Affairs of the Church.

1. Archdiocese of Baltimore.—*Church Consecration.* The new and handsome church of the Immaculate Conception in this city was solemnly consecrated on the 8th of December. The ceremonies commenced as early as seven o'clock, and were concluded about eleven. The Right Rev. Dr. Timon, the venerable Bishop of Buffalo, officiated on the occasion. The solemn high Mass which followed was said by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond.

2. Diocese of Philadelphia.—*Confirmation.* The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, on the Sunday Nov. 29th, administered the sacrament of confirmation in St. Joseph's church (German), Easton, at early Mass, to twenty-five persons, and afterwards, on the same day, to sixty persons in St. Bernard's. In both churches there were several converts among those confirmed. In the afternoon, at Vespers, the Right Rev. Bishop preached a most eloquent and instructive sermon, and gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in St Bernard's church, which is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Thomas Reardon.

Church Dedication.—On Sunday the 13th of December, a new chapel was dedicated to the service of the Most High with all the solemnities of the ritual by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, assisted by several clergymen and the seminarians of St. Charles' College. In the afternoon Rev. Father Hewitt, of New York, preached a most eloquent sermon on the Immaculate Conception.

3. Diocese of Hartford.—*Religious Reception.* In the Convent chapel of Our Lady of Mercy, Providence, on the 27th of November, Miss Sarah Jane Rock received the habit and the white veil of the Order, taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Ignatius.

4. Diocese of Portland.—The progress of Catholicity in this new diocese is a source of much gratification to Catholics generally. We mentioned last month the dedication of a new church in Portsmouth; we now subjoin the following additional particulars from the correspondent of the *Boston Pilot:*

The 8th of November, the Octave of All Saints, was a joyful day for the Catholics of Portsmouth. Their pretty church of the Immaculate Conception, was dedicated to the supreme worship of Almighty God, by the Right Rev. D. W. Bacon, D. D., of Portland, Me.; assisted by the pastor, Rev. P. Canavan, Rev. Mr. Egan, of Augusta, and Rev. P. McLaughlin, of Bath.

St. Mary's is built in the simplest Roman style. It measures 90 by 45 feet. The pews and front organ loft are beautifully painted in black walnut. The Altar is a gem. As the church is dedicated in honor of her who is the absolutely Immaculate, yea, as ever pure as is her adorable Son from original sin, the good pastor has erected an altar on the gospel side of the grand altar, in honor of the Immaculate Conception. On this lesser altar stands a beautiful pillared Corinthian temple, in which is enshrined a rich statue of the B. V. M. Never have we seen a miniature dwelling so exquisitely chaste. It is worth while to see it.

On the arrival of Rev. Mr. Canavan here, he found the mere shell, or skeleton, of an unplastered church on an unfenced lot. The concern was sold by auction for less than $300! But, by the Rev. gentleman's energy, zeal and prudence the church is neatly finished in all its details, and a mere nominal debt remains unpaid. His truthfulness, frankness, and warmth of character, have won for him the respect of his Bishop, the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the affections of his flock. This worthy priest has also purchased an excellent pastoral house.

The church, notwithstanding the rainy day, was crowded. The Protestants, who swelled the throng, did well—behaved reverently.

5. Diocese of Louisville.—On Sunday, 15th of November, the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered the sacrament of confirmation at St. Catharine's church, New Haven, to 78 persons. Subsequently the Bishop visited St. Thomas' Preparatory Seminary, where he was much edified by the exemplary conduct and diligence in study of the young candidates for the holy ministry who are there assembled. They are fifty-two in number, and many of them youths of great promise. The same Rt. Rev. Prelate confirmed fifteen pupils of the Nazareth Academy in the beautiful church of the Sisters of Charity. This academy contains upwards of two hundred boarders. Thirty-three persons were confirmed in the chapel of the Dominican Sisters at St. Catharine's; and seventy-four in the new church of St. Rose.

6. Diocese of Newark.—On the first Sunday of Advent, the 29th of November, the sacrament of confirmation was administered in the mission of Belleville and Bloomfield, New Jersey, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bayley, to 179 children and adults, several of whom were converts from heresy or infidelity to the fold of Catholic unity. Of this number, fifty-three were confirmed at first Mass, said by the Bishop in the new church of "Our Lady's Immaculate Conception," of West Bloomfield, which, on the same morning, had been previously blessed and dedicated.

7. Diocese of San Francisco.—*Religious Reception.* The interesting ceremony of the reception of Miss Nora Boute into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, took place at the church of St. Rose, San Francisco, on the 18th Oct. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Allemany, assisted by the Archbishop of Oregon, Dr. Blanchet, and by Rev. Fathers Quin, Slatterly, Carrol and King. The name chosen by the young lady in religion is Mary de Sales.

8. Diocese of Pittsburg.—The new German Church of the Holy Trinity, in Pittsburg, was dedicated on Sunday, 22d November, by the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor.

9. Archdiocese of St. Louis.—On the 8th December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick conferred the Holy Order of Priesthood, in the Cathedral of St. Louis, on the Rev. Henry Muhlstephen, from Prussia, and Rev. Philip Lawrence Henderikx, from France. On the 12th, a young Indian girl, a pupil of St. Mary's school, received the Holy Sacrament of Baptism.

10. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.—*Ordination.*—On the 17th December, Messrs. James McGillicaddy and Edward Higgins, received tonsure and the four minor orders in the Cathedral, at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell; and Messrs. James Hayes and Theodore Kuhlmann were ordained subdeacons. The ordained belong to the Society of Jesus. On Friday morning, Rev. Messrs. Hayes, Kuhlmann, and Hart, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, were ordained Deacons.

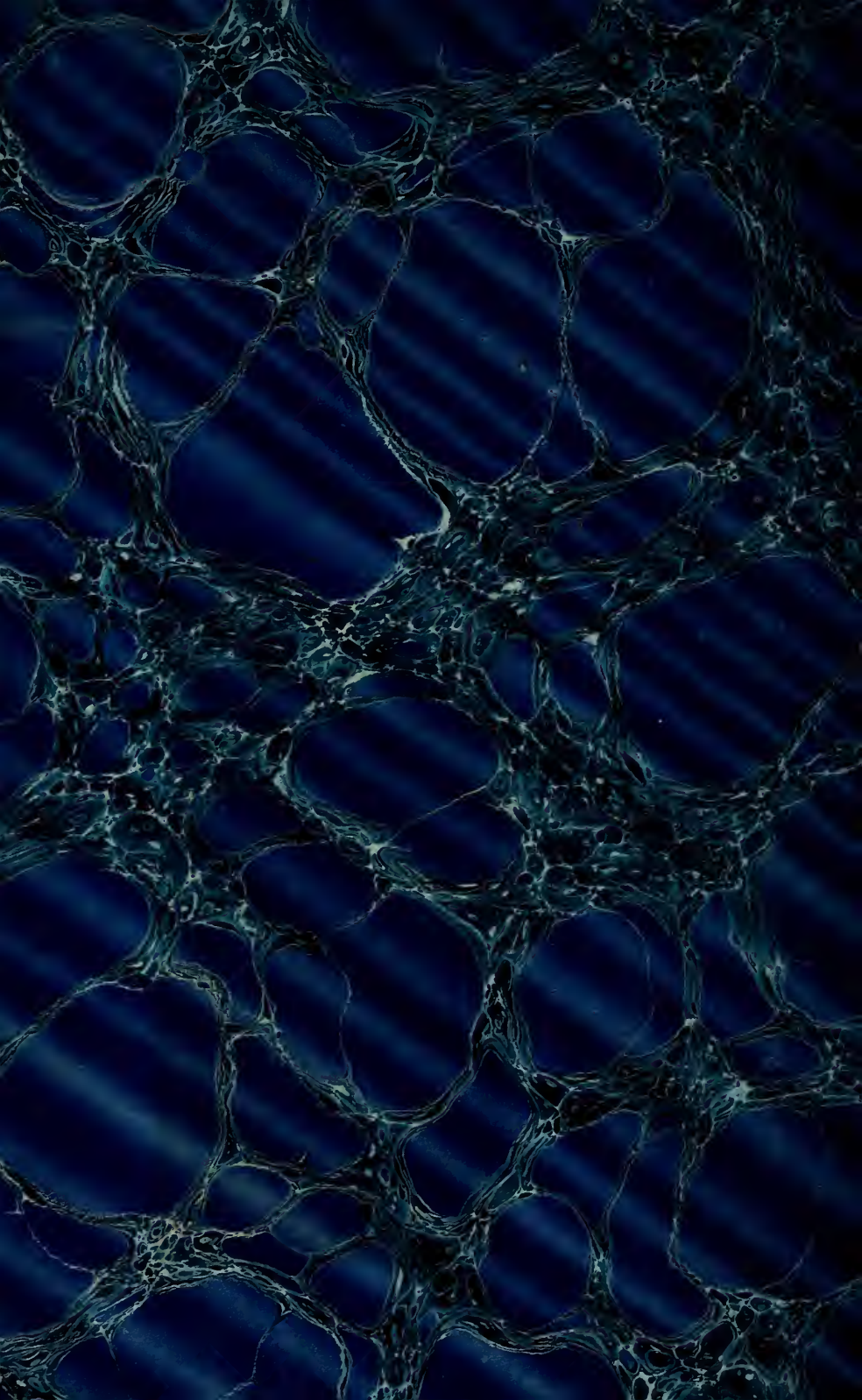
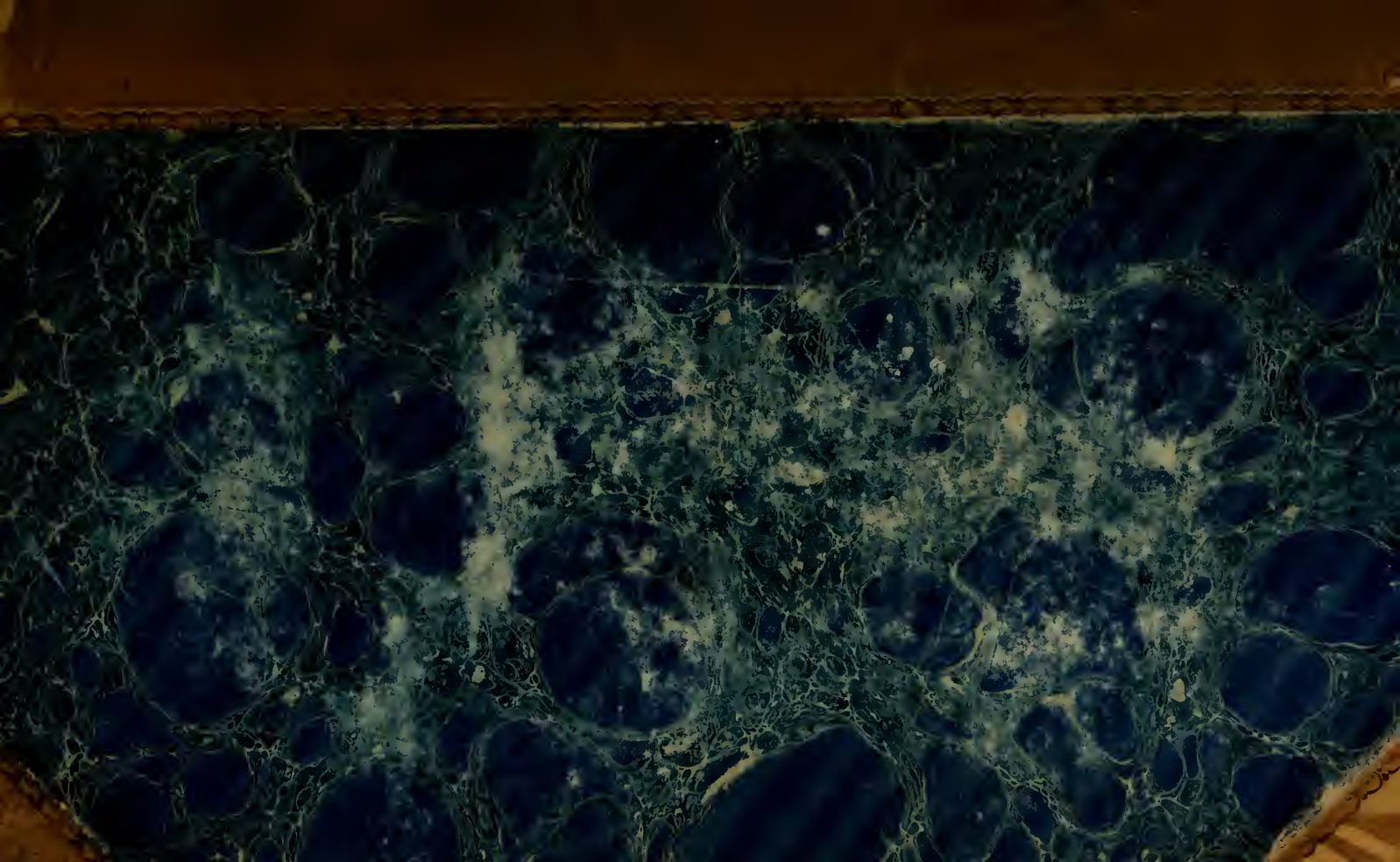
The corner-stone of the new church to be erected in Hamilton, was recently laid by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell.

11. Diocese of Covington.—*Ordination.*—At a Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral of Covington, on Sunday, December 6, the Right Rev. Bishop Carrell conferred the first Clerical Tonsure on Mr. F. Leming, and the Holy Order of Priesthood, on the Rev. Andrew Michel of Baden.

OBITUARY.—We record with deep regret the death of the Rev. George Fenwick, S. J., which took place at Georgetown College, on the 28th November. The deceased was in the 56th year of his age. He was a brother of the late Bishop Fenwick.

Died, on the 24th November, at his residence, in Malone, N. Y., the Rev. Bernard McCabe. The death of this esteemed priest was occasioned by the burning of the portion of the dwelling which he occupied. The fire broke out in his room and suffocated him in the smoke and flames before assistance could be brought.

Died, on the 12th November, at Lowell, Mass., Sister Frances, belonging to the Order of Notre Dame, in the 32d year of her age. *May they rest in peace.*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